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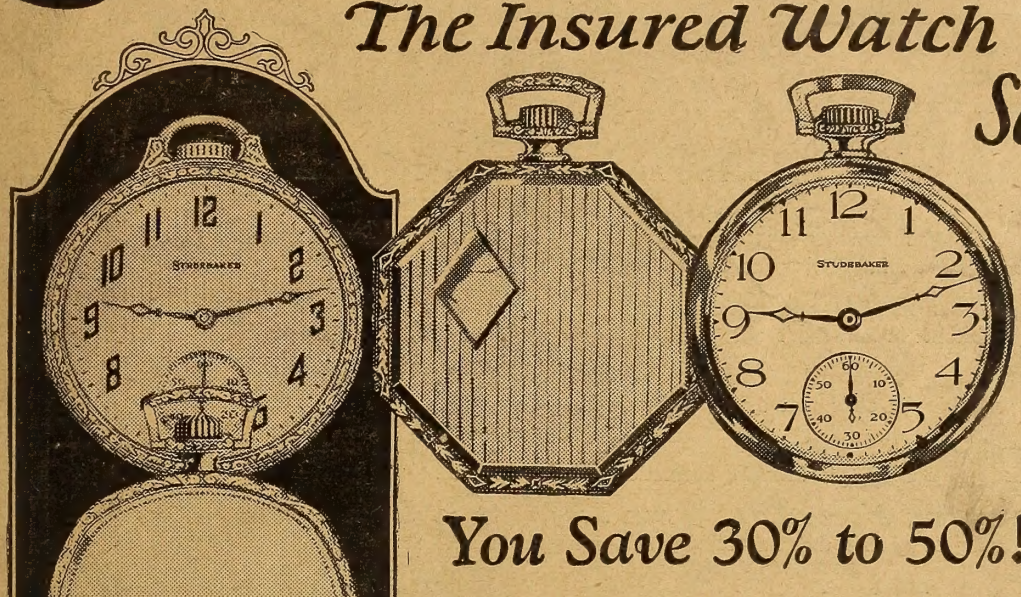
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MONTHLY

Picture Play

Volume XXVII — Number 1

Contents for September, 1927

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What the Fans Think 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

Their First Kiss 15
A photographic study of William Boyd and Mary Astor in a scene from "Two Arabian Knights."

The Future of the Stars . . . . . Sidney K. Bennett . 16
An astrologer makes some interesting prophecies.

Just a Natural-Born Actress . . . . . William H. McKegg . 19
Janet Gaynor just had it in her, that's all.

Good Old Hokum! . . . . . Alma Talley . . 20
Say what you will, it's the stuff that draws the crowds.

Along "The Trail of '98" . . . . . Margaret Reid . . 22
The great Klondike gold rush is brought dramatically to the screen.

That Elusive Something About Lois Moran . . Sara Oyen . . . 25
What is that intangible quality that has carried this youngster to the top?

His Wife Is His Salesman . . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 27
So says Eddie Cantor, comedian, and reveals a few other things about his life and career.

Do Clothes Mean More Than Beauty? . . Bill Colling . . . 28
Yes, according to Herbert Brenon, who discusses the value of distinction in an actress.

In and Out of the Studios 30
Random kodak pictures of players in their informal moments.

Not a Hollywood Girl . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 34
Eleanor Boardman is too individual to be classed as just another movie actress.

Favorite Picture Players 35
Full-page rotogravure photos of eight popular players.

Thanks for the Buggy Ride . . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 43
During which Richard Dix confided many secrets to our interviewer.

Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander . . 44
Fanny the Fan gossips nimbly of the comings and goings of the stars in Hollywood.

The Stroller . . . . . Carroll Graham . . 48
A strolling humorist's comments on life in the film colony.

Bebe—the Eternal Child . . . . . Myrtle Gebhart . 50
Bebe Daniels' mother discusses her effervescent daughter.

I Knew Them as Extras . . . . . Margaret Reid . . 52
But Gwen Lee and Lorraine Eason are far beyond that stage now.

Manhattan Medley . . . . . Aileen St. John-Brenon . 54
Snatched glimpses of film folk on their brief visits to New York.

His Father's Son 57
Some of the screen stars are photographed with their sons, or vice versa.

Continued on the Second Page Following

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ALL MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS

The Screen in Review . . . . . Norbert Lusk . . 58
A critical survey of the latest films.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases 62
A table of tips on all important pictures now showing.

A Girl to Be Envied . . . . . Madeline Glass . . 63
But, says Ann Rork, there are also drawbacks to being the daughter of a producer.

Film Struck . . . . . Roland Ashford Phillips 65
The last installment of this diverting novel of the movies.

Was She Only a Flash in the Pan? . . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 69
Is Dolores Costello slipping from the height she so suddenly reached.

Hollywood High Lights . . . . . Edwin and Elza Schallert 70
Lively paragraphs of news from the movie town.

Smilin' Through with Monty Banks . . . Katherine Lipke . . 74
A long-cherished dream of the comedian is at last being realized.

All for a Laugh . . . . . Margaret Reid . . 83
Glorifying the men who write the funny subtitles.

What's In an Eyebrow? . . . . . Dorothy Wooldridge . 84
More than you'd think—just watch the players and see.

When Japan Goes to the Movies . . . . Mona Gardner . . 86
A colorful account written by a girl traveling in the Orient.

It Pays to Be a Cat 88
Provided, that is, your mistress is a movie actress.

Secrets of a Movie Star's Married Life . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 89
Esther Ralston becom[illegible] confidential about her marriage to [illegible] George Webb.

Nize [illegible]abies 91
Photos of some of the Hollywood infants with their parents.

Information, Please . . . . . The Picture Oracle . 102
Answers to questions of our readers.

When Hollywood Gives a Party



YOU have only to pick up PICTURE PLAY to read about somebody's party in Hollywood. Often you have wished that you might be told something more about it than just the list of guests. For one thing, you have wanted to know what they had to eat. And you have probably wanted to know what rival hostesses do to compete with each other.



Now it can be told—and for the first time. In the October PICTURE PLAY you will read all about what's what when the stars entertain, and particularly all about their food. Elza Schallert, who is not only a delightful writer but a practical housekeeper, has written an amusing and informative article dealing mainly with food. It is quite unlike any story PICTURE PLAY has ever published, and you will learn a great deal from it.



Cullen Landis, about whom many fans have inquired, has given to Margaret Reid his first interview in years. It presents the young actor in a most sympathetic light, grateful for the interest shown in him and eager to come back. Also, in the next issue, the wedding of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky is minutely described by a guest, and Jackie Coogan is observed at school behaving not quite as you would expect. Jetta Goudal is placed under the microscope by Malcolm H. Oettinger, that you may see the exotic star as she really is, and—but space forbids complete mention of all the information and entertainment you will find in the next number. Don't miss it!



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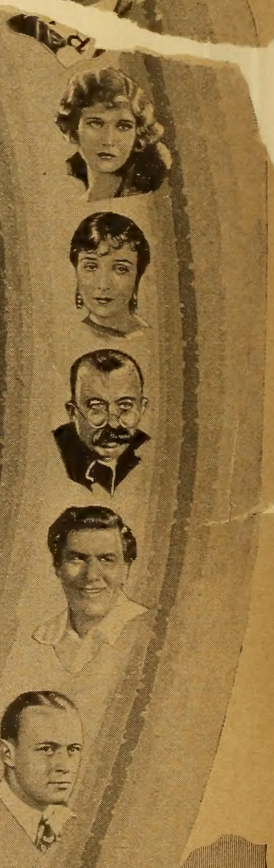


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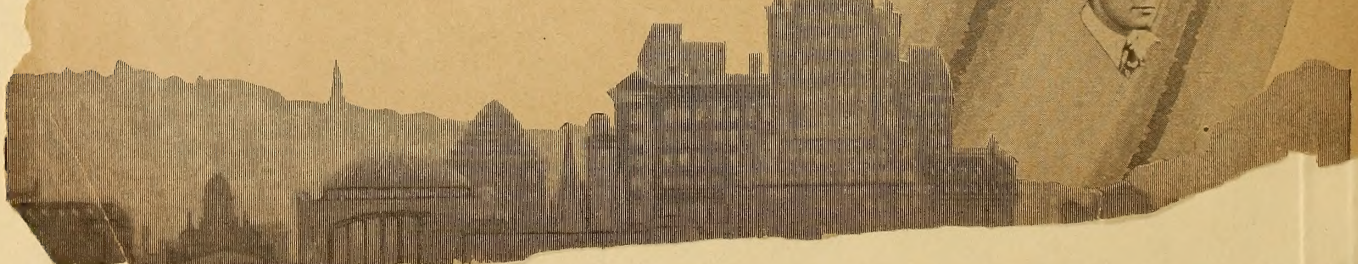
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Suddenly I Broke Away

and Held Them Spellbound

As I review that tense dramatic moment when I electrified that meeting, it all seems strange and weird to me. How had I changed so miraculously in three months from a shy, diffident "yes" man to a dynamic vigorous he-man? How had I ever dared give my opinion? Three months before nobody ever knew I held opinions!

ALL my life I had been cursed with a shy, timid, self-conscious nature. With only a grammar school education I could never express ideas in a coherent, self-confident way. But one day my eye fell upon a newspaper article which told about a wonderful free book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*—a book that was causing widespread comment from coast to coast—a book that was being read not only by millionaires, but by thousands of others. It discussed men like me and explained how we could overcome our handicaps.

At first I was skeptical. I thought these defects were a part of my natural makeup—that I would never be able to overcome them. But some subtle instinct kept prodding me to send for that free book. I lost no time in sending for it, as I was positively amazed at being able to get cost free a book that made absolutely plain the secrets that most successful men have used to win popularity, distinction, money and success.

As the weeks wore on and I absorbed the principles of this remarkable method, I became conscious of new physical and mental energy, a new feeling of aggressiveness, and a resurrected personal power that I never dreamed I possessed. Then came that day in the general meeting when the president called on the assembled department heads and assistants for suggestions on the proposed new policy.

Three months previously, the forces of indecision, timidity, and inability to talk in public would have held me to my seat. But suddenly that new power took possession of me and drove me to my feet. That wonderful 20-minute daily training at home had taught me to forget myself and think only of my subject. Almost automatically the ideas which had heretofore lain dormant in a mental jumble, now issued with a vigor, clearness and enthusiasm that astounded me no less than my boss and associates. And I noticed with a silent exultation the rapt, intent look on my audience as my story unfolded itself smoothly and eloquently.

Today the men whom I used to greet deferentially I now meet with an air of cool equality. I am asked to conferences, luncheons, banquets, etc., as a popular after dinner speaker. And my talents are not confined to business matters but have made me an interesting conversationalist at social affairs. I am meeting worthwhile people, I own a good job, a good home, a good car. I am the happiest man that ever lived.

And I frankly and candidly admit that I owe all of these blessings to that wonderful little free book *How to Work Wonders with Words*.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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What the Fans Think



What Constitutes a Real Fan?

"ONCE She Raved—Now She's Bored" headed the letter from "Diana" in a recent issue. Diana said that she used to read all available movie magazines, and attended the movies regularly. So she called herself a fan. Now, after three years of being that kind of fan, she has suddenly become bored.

Why, I wonder? Does Diana choose her pictures wisely? Does she follow the reviews that are written for the very purpose of directing us to interesting entertainment? It seems to me no one could be bored if they took PICTURE PLAY in its entirety and profited by its contents. The question arises, was Diana a real fan before? Has she not been going through the vociferous-reading, idealistic stage, in the process of becoming a real fan? I think so. We all pass through it, but boredom should not be the result!

What *is* a real fan, you may ask. There are two stages in the development of a true fan. First, as I said, one goes through the idealistic period, during which the players seem like gods to us and we permit no word of criticism to be spoken of them—they are perfect, glorious. Then comes the broad-minded stage, and we begin to see the film people as human beings, subjected to temptations and liable to err even as the rest of us might err. We admire and adore them as much as before, only in a more reasonable way. Since coming to Los Angeles, I've found the movies far more interesting than before for the very reason that I have come to realize that the movie people are *human*.

Diana objects to having the intimate details of the lives of the cinema people published, but these are really essential. They furnish a point of contact between the players and the fans. Our president is subjected to the same supposedly unhappy fate of being a public character who cannot be famous and at the same time be "shut in."

MRS. OLIVE THOMPSON.

724 West 47th Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Are the Stars as Bad as They're Painted?

When a man is a banker or a lawyer or a writer, nobody thinks of him as a dissipated man. But just let him be an actor and every one has heard this or that scandal about him.

We don't know *what* to believe. We've never seen the players, so we can't tell when a thing is true, and when it isn't. We hear such *awful* things about them. Some one saw this or that star, and my heavens, how homely she was, and awkward!

We read about Charles Chaplin and the accusations his wife makes against him.

Won't some one please speak up and give us a good argument in favor of the stars? Some one who knows them and has worked with them. Please!

We have to believe either the worst of them or the best—and we'd prefer the latter.

INTERESTED.

525 Fifth Avenue,
Brooklyn, Hibbing, Minnesota.

The Stars Are Hard-working People.

I wonder where the idea originated that the moving-picture players lead a life of leisure, that the studios are houses of jazz, and that the stars are anything but humans. You soon lose any such idea if you go in for a picture career, and only too suddenly wake up to the fact that the actors are hard-working people—from the unknown extra to the prominent star. We hear a lot about how hard and discouraging the life of an extra is, but the stars themselves have a pretty hard struggle, too—to hold their places and, most of all, to please the fickle public.

We hear tales of the fabulous salaries our brilliant stars receive, but have we ever taken into consideration that they also have enormous bills to pay? For instance, the stars are required to make a showing—they must entertain extensively. This costs money. Then, there are their homes and cars to keep up, their personal wardrobes and servants—all requiring a lot of cold cash.

Besides which, they have plenty of worries—yes, stars worry. They meet with a good deal of grief at the studios, for, after all, the studios are nothing but factories. The prominent players are constantly under the terrific glare of the Kleig lights, which often results in their being stricken with temporary blindness. And how the stars have to work, acting their scenes over and over again, struggling to please the director, working day and night in order to get the picture finished! Then they must have fittings for their screen costumes, sittings for photographs, conferences with the executives—all this to please the public. [Continued on page 10]

Reprinted from July 30 Love Story Magazine

Would You Care to Jilt a Millionaire?

SHE was just a model in a gown shop but she was very beautiful and a millionaire saw her and wanted to marry her. It was her one chance to get away from poverty, and thinking that she loved him, she agreed to marry him. Then on the very day of the wedding—on the way to the church, in fact—she discovered that he was not true to her and that she did not love him. What did she do? What would you have done in her place? Read "The Unhappy Bride," by Georgette MacMillan in LOVE STORY MAGAZINE next week.



* * *

RUBY M. AYRES' excellent serial has just ended and now we have "The First Extra," one of several short stories which she has written for you. It is a wonderful glimpse of the love of a modern girl.

* * *

EVERY night when she came home from work, Elsie watered the plants and tended them carefully, but the soil was poor and they would not thrive. Sometimes she felt that love was like that, that it would not be lasting except in luxurious surroundings. But she had a lesson to learn; don't miss reading about it next week in "The Flower of Love," by Mary Spain Vigus.

AND poetry! Heading our lists of poets this week we have Pat Costello, who has written "A Gift from Heaven." It is the dearest, sweetest bit of verse we have read in a long while. And there will be "Vain Wishes," by your favorite, Franklin Pierce Carrigan, and a sweet bit, "I Love You," by L. Ozelle Mathis.

* * *

RHEA JEWETT has written a two-part story for you. It begins next week and the title of it is "Oh, Best Beloved!" It is a thrilling love mystery. Be sure to tell your dealer to save LOVE STORY for August 13th for you, so you won't miss the second part.

* * *

ANTONIA loved Dick so much that she was glad to be even the second best girl in his life. But things took an unexpected turn and she found that she didn't have to be content with second best. Don't miss this delightful story by Violet Gordon next week, "Love's Second Best." It is just brimful of romance and the very latest in slang.

* * *

GWEN TOLLIVER will also have a sweet little short tale for you in next week's issue. Look for "Love's Confession."

* * *

HEART THROBS," Margaret Gibbons MacGill's excellent serial, will be continued next week in LOVE STORY MAGAZINE.

* * *

AND don't miss "Love" on page 89 next week. It is a collection of ideas from famous people on love—the most important thing in the world.

* * *

A VACATION idea—take a LOVE STORY MAGAZINE with you to the hills, the mountains, the shore, or enjoy it at home.

Ask Your News Dealer for Love Story Magazine—15c per copy

Continued from page 8

Stars are human like the rest of us and suffer at times from headaches, fatigue, ill health, and so forth, so remember this the next time you enjoy a star's work on the screen. And don't hesitate to write them nice letters, and when you want to offer them suggestions to improve their work, do so. They are glad to hear from their public.

Only do not be too harsh or too critical, for, despite whatever may be said to the contrary, the stars are hard-working people! THE EXTRA BOY.

Culver City, California

Is That Nice?

In the June issue of PICTURE PLAY there was an interview with William Boyd in which it was suggested that he is a "breezy, one-hundred-per-cent American hero." Horrors! Does a "one-hundred-per-cent American hero" say to his hostess, as Mr. Boyd is quoted to have said to Pola Negri, "I don't think you're beautiful. And I don't think you're the greatest actress, by a long run. And, what's more, I'm going home."

Is that nice, Mr. Boyd? Perhaps such speeches are not out of place around oil derricks, but in a drawing-room, heavens! The only excuse that could be offered would be that Mr. Boyd was trying to be witty. If so, it was a mighty poor attempt. An etiquette book would do him good. If he is a typical "American youth," I salute the foreigner!

I wish, now, to hand a bouquet to Mr. Conrad Veidt. His portrayal of *Louis XI.* in "The Beloved Rogue" was superb. Mr. John Barrymore has my sincerest thanks for suggesting that Mr Veidt should come to America for that part. A FAN.

San Antonio, Texas.

Did Pola Love Rudy? Nonsense!

I want to throw the biggest brickbat I can find at one of screendom's greatest stars—Pola Negri! When the world was plunged into grief by the death of our idol, Rudy Valentino, Miss Negri announced that she had been engaged to him. And we were grieved. We could imagine her sorrow. I had always liked Pola. She is a lovely woman and a fine actress.

But ask me if I like Pola *now,* and my answer will be a big "No!" And why? Because, only nine months after the death of Rudy, she announced her engagement and approaching marriage to Prince Serge Mdivani! Of course, Miss Negri deserves her happiness, but my goodness, why did she say to the newspapers that this was the *first* time she had ever really loved! Could she truly have loved our Rudy if that's what she says now? Applesauce!

MARIE O'HARA.

2406 Eighteenth Street, Tampa, Florida.

Sympathy for Pola.

I'd like to know why every one is handing brickbats by the dozen to Pola Negri? Whose business is it, anyway, why she went to New York after Rudy died?

I don't think it's going to cause the downfall of a kingdom even if she was pretending. Anyway, how could a person make herself faint? Pola's wonderful, but I don't believe it's in her power to do anything like that.

At any rate, I'd have some amount of respect for another person's grief

EDITH M. PERRIN.

6318 City Line, Overbrook, Pennsylvania.

Novarro Not in Gilbert's Class.

I have been reading with interest the letters written about Ramon Novarro, and it seems that the fans are just bent on comparing him with such artists as John Gilbert and John Barrymore.

In a letter about Novarro written by Marion Young, she stated that Jack Gilbert, without his mustache, would suffer a tremendous loss in popularity. She seems to have forgotten that he wore no mustache in "The Big Parade," and in that he gave his most powerful characterization. He has gained thousands of new fans by his realistic portrayal of his rôle in that film.

When Ramon Novarro can come into John Gilbert's class and portray rôles as difficult as those that Gilbert has done, then, and not before, will he get the tremendous popularity that Gilbert has today. RICHARD MAURICE.

Richmond, Indiana.

Hard Words for Corinne Griffith.

Recently, my husband and I saw Corinne Griffith in "The Lady in Ermine," but she is certainly no lady or she would have refused to play in such a picture. We found it decidedly unpleasant, and idiotic besides.

Corinne Griffith, while usually easy to look upon, was not even that in this picture, and will she ever, ever stop using her annoying expression of open mouth and raised brows?

The whole movie industry, in our opinion, needs a good housecleaning—pictures, actors, directors, and producers. We're sick and tired of their eternal marriages, divorces, scandals, and so forth.

MRS. G. H. B.

Webster City, Iowa.

Another Good Actress Gone Wrong.

Much has been written regarding Madge Bellamy's improvement as an actress since she sacrificed her beautiful long tresses in favor of bobbed hair. So many seem to think that when she sheared her locks and started to jazz things up a bit on the William Fox lot, she at last climbed out of a rut and up the ladder to glory.

But to my way of thinking, Madge Bellamy has fallen *into* a rut instead of out of one! She has lost that beautiful spiritual quality that used always to radiate from her, no matter in what sort of production she appeared. The characters she portrayed in such unforgetable films as "Havoc" and "Lazybones" were of an inspiring, uplifting nature; while the blah-blah flappers she interpreted in "Summer Bachelors" and "Ankles Preferred" were far removed from the heights of idealism on which I had placed her. Indeed, she finished herself, in my estimation, when she went in bathing without anything on, in one of her pictures. The sheer silliness of it—ruining a thoroughly capable actress of the Lillian Gish quality by putting her into the sort of characterizations that any of our large army of flapper actresses could undertake. The instigator of the plot should be shot at sunrise.

Dear Madge Bellamy, if you see this, don't feel too badly. You're not the first actress who has passed through the back door of a studio with a lily in her hand.

MARTIN BOYER.

80 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

She's Seething with Indignation.

A letter from Miss Viola Davies in a recent issue made me positively seethe with righteous indignation. It teemed with catty criticism of Ronald Colman. Who is this Viola Davies that she should criticize one of the screen's most-sought-after leading men?

Did Miss Davies see that most wonderful picture, "Beau Geste," or "The Dark Angel?" If so, then her criticism is not worth the paper it is printed on. Regarding his love scenes, she says she is disgusted with him because he does not, literally speaking, sweep his leading lady off her feet with his ardent wooing. She evidently forgets that Ronald comes from a country where men hold themselves aloof in their love affairs and try as much as possible to hide their true feelings from the loved one. Being a countrywoman of his, I speak from experience. To me, Mr. Colman is everything that a gentleman should be, and if he were given the rôle of a passionate gallant, I am certain he could put the necessary fervor into his part. SADIE HILLHYNES.

63 Victoria Street, Larkhall, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

Beware, Ye Barrymore Knockers!

I always get a lot of enjoyment out of reading "What the Fans Think," and never before has my anger been aroused as it was when I read the comment of Jamie F. Hess in a recent issue. This fan said, "I always repair to the basement and devour a large keg of tenpenny nails whenever I hear any of the following overworked phrases," one of which was, "Greatest actor on the screen, applied to that Lon Chaney imitator, John Barrymore."

Any one who calls John Barrymore a Lon Chaney imitator is either blind or else just plain feeble-minded! I'd like to ask Jamie Hess just what rôle Barrymore has played in that branded him an imitator of any one! Why, he and Chaney can't be compared! Chaney makes a business of distorting himself, a thing which Barrymore never does. If Jamie Hess was referring to the sequence in "Don Juan" in which Mr. Barrymore impersonated *Neri,* let me say this: Lon Chaney would have required make-up to disfigure his face like that—Mr Barrymore didn't use any. He changed his whole countenance simply by manipulating the muscles of his face and "dropping" his jaw.

I have all the respect in the world for Lon Chaney—I think him an artist—but he could never have produced that effect without artificial aid, nor could he have portrayed so well as Barrymore the agony of the disabled hero in "The Sea Beast." I never saw such a marvelous piece of acting in my life! And the love scenes in "Don Juan" were positively wonderful!

I am a most ardent admirer of John Barrymore, and any one who dares knock him or say a word against him, in my presence, is going to wake up six weeks later and spend the rest of his life wondering what hit him.

A BARRYMORE FAN.

5033 Brooklyn Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Three Conrad Nagel Fans Speak Up.

Talk about frothing at the mouth! A certain epistle written by one Lillian Partos in a recent PICTURE PLAY placed me in a mood where I could very easily have placed a white cap on every wave in the Atlantic.

"Anemic, pallid, colorless Conrad Nagel better than the vivid, sparkling genius, John Gilbert! Ye gods!" Those were her words.

I agree with everything Miss Partos says about Mr. Gilbert. To deny any of her descriptive adjectives or to say that John Gilbert isn't the possessor of a striking personality, would be folly. He has portrayed too many delightful characters and given me too many hours of entertainment for me ever to donate anything but praise to him. *But*—Conrad Nagel appeals to me in every sense in a wider and more superior way than John Gilbert. Versatile, cultured, chivalrous Conrad Nagel! Did some one say anemic? If Miss Partos was referring to Mr. Nagel's appear-

ance, she must be blind. He has one of the finest physical builds on the screen to-day. His face is well filled out, his features good. Colorless? If that means his acting, Miss Partos is greatly in error. Any one versatile is certainly colorful. Miss Partos should remember that Mr. Nagel has not had the benefit of the sparkling, vivid atmosphere that most of Mr. Gilbert's pictures have lent him. He has had to put sparkle and life into mediocre pictures that were saved only by his great acting ability.

Did Miss Partos see the pathos and sincerity of Mr. Nagel's performance in "Memory Lane?" Don't tell me that wasn't finished, and real. Is Conrad Nagel a one-track actor? No! I wonder how many were fortunate enough to witness "There You Are" and "Tin Hats." I happened to be present in a crowded house when I saw "There You Are," and the laughter that shook that theater was such as I hadn't heard since Douglas MacLean played in "The Hottentot."

Mr. Gilbert expresses passion in his love scenes, Mr. Nagel tenderness. They are both artists, and both possess a great amount of genius. John is striking, Conrad appealing and manly.

Conrad forever! LINDA LANE.
11 Western Avenue, Augusta, Maine.

As I am a very ardent Conrad Nagel fan, I am so pleased over the letters about him that have appeared in recent numbers of PICTURE PLAY.

There was also, however, some time ago, a short letter from Lillian Partos that made me a little sore. It was about Conrad's getting his just deserts, and then when I started to read a later issue, lo, and behold I found Miss Partos in fits because L. J. S. had dared praise the most wonderful and talented actor on the screen to-day. That made me *real* sore "Anemic, pallid, coloress Conrad Nagel, hoisted about by strings" Well, if that is all Miss Partos knows about good acting, I hope she goes in one grand fit and never comes out of it.

It is true that Conrad has not had very colorful parts of late, but given a real part, like his *Paul* in "Three Weeks," he can act perfectly, and certainly without the aid of strings! His "Three Weeks" was even greater than John Gilbert's "Flesh and the Devil."

Although I like Gilbert very much, I like Conrad Nagel a lot better and I hope M.-G.-M. will wake up and give him something more worthy of his great talent. I hope they give him some sweet, tender love story that our boyish, lovable, irresistible Conrad can play to perfection.

I think he deserves our loyalty and support not only because he is such a fine actor, but also because he is such a fine character—a loyal citizen, a wonderful husband and father, and a stanch member of the church of his choice.

MAE SCHEPECK.
1715 Stephenson Street, Marinette, Wisconsin.

May I add another bouquet to that of "Miss Bookkeeper's" in praise of Conrad Nagel? He is indeed a splendid actor, and can always be relied upon to portray his parts in a smooth and finished way. But, of late, he has been, alas, the victim of poor stories.

While I'm about it, I should like to say a word of praise for George Cooper I make it a rule to see that clever comedian at every opportunity. I've followed his work for years and have noticed that it's only recently that the directors have given him parts worthy of his delightful personality. More power to you, George!

Now, I must disagree with Miss Bookkeeper.

First, Conrad Nagel is certainly not what she terms ordinary. Conrad can be as convincing in full dress as in khaki and hob-nailed shoes.

Second, being blond is not a handicap to him, and when the Latin craze dies out, she will find that it's not only the gentlemen who prefer blondes.

FRANK DANE.
"The Gorilla" Co.

Please Don't Spoil Our Clara.

There is only one actress on the screen whom I have ever truly admired. There are those whom I rave about for a few days after seeing their pictures, such as Bebe Daniels, Norma Shearer, and Colleen Moore, but the only one whom I continue to adore, though I have not seen her for ages, is Clara Bow. That adorable, devil-may-care attitude of hers is what won her such immense popularity.

So I certainly was furious and extremely sorry when I read an article in one of New York's newspapers declaring that Elinor Glyn, in her direction of the photoplay called "It," had changed our sparkling, tousle-headed Clara into a commonplace vamp—that she had made Clara camera-conscious and had totally spoiled her.

Now I have not seen "It" as yet, but it hardly seems credible to me that my adored, natural-acting Clara could be made so self-conscious—no, not even by half a dozen Elinor Glyns. I'll never believe it until I see it with my own eyes. But should it turn out to be the truth, I shall always despise the woman who spoiled our darling Clara.

In a recent edition of PICTURE PLAY I saw a picture of Clara in evening dress and holding a little papillon dog. Her hair was straight and carefully combed into place. She didn't look herself. Please, Clara, take off the evening dress and put on a sports sweater, muss up your hair, and carry a tennis racket! You are a peach! FLORA H. LONDON.
29 Lansdowne Avenue, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

"It" Did Not Have "It."

I'm writing in disapproval of the Paramount production of Elinor Glyn's "It." In addition to the usual Glyn story, it had, as an added insult, Her Majesty, Madame Elinor Glyn herself. Her entrance into the film was extremely silly, and caused much amusement among the audience on the night I saw it.

Not even the exellent acting of Clara Bow, Antonio Moreno, Jacqueline Gadsden, and others could offset the commonplace plot of "It." It seemed to me, by the way, that Jacqueline Gadsden stole the feminine acting honors from Clara Bow. Miss Gadsden should be given more notice.

Will the producers ever heed the clamor of the fans and reissue the old masterpieces, especially Rudy's and Wally Reid's pictures? They would certainly make more money than the cheap trash being turned out now. Let's have once more "The Sheik," Nazimova's "Camille," "Passion," "Othello," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Male and Female," "The Three Musketeers," "Blood and Sand," "Foolish Wives," "The Merry-Go-Round," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Marriage Circle," and others.

V. KEITH SUTTON.
Bethany, Pennsylvania.

Something Wrong Somewhere.

In recent years I have read innumerable articles in various movie magazines advising pretty girls and handsome young men to keep away from Hollywood because there was more than enough talent already there. Some even went to the trouble to depict hundreds of starving, penniless, and downtrodden youths roaming the streets in search of odd jobs here and there. Other articles, with the aid of pictures, showed immense mob scenes, stating that it was only through great good fortune that one was able to earn five or, at the most, ten dollars for a single day's employment in this manner Recently I read that the Central Casting Office had closed its door to further candidates for the screen. Is it that the producers out there are all blind, or am I suffering from mental derangement?

There is something wrong somewhere. I often wonder how much longer the American public is going to pay good money to see a lot of old-timers doing flapper rôles, or even to watch some Scandinavian, Italian, Spaniard, Swede, or any other type of foreigner earn a salary, which, if compared to that of our chief executive, would seem ridiculous. Would it not be far better to send the Garbos, the Nissens, the De Puttis and others, back where they belong and give the people of our own country a fair deal? Would it not be better to cast Mae Busch, Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Anita Stewart, and many more like them, in mother rôles, and give us more stars like Clara Bow, Olive Borden, or Alberta Vaughn, who have youth, talent, and good looks? It is my firm belief that there is quite a bit of "housecleaning" that ought to be done pretty soon out there in Hollywood.

Before closing, I want to present imaginary bouquets to Holmes Herbert, Charles Delaney, and Lon Chaney, of course. Then there are bricks for Ricardo Cortez and Lya de Putti. Now I'm through, for a while.

DONALD H. MCCAMPBELL.
1010 South Forty-fifth Street, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

One Nice Thing About "Picture Play."

One thing I like very much about PICTURE PLAY is the way it helps along beginners who show promise. I have made it my hobby to pick out the youngsters playing bits who seem worth watching and then I follow their careers, waiting to see if they prove true to the promise they show.

One of these was Natalie Kingston. I consider her one of our future stars, and a very bright one. I was very glad to see her at last given featured parts, and wish her all the luck possible.

PAULINE GOODWIN.
2714 Bainbridge Avenue, New York City, New York.

Criticism of "Picture Play."

I thoroughly agree with George Patterson, who stated that entirely too much space in PICTURE PLAY is devoted to actresses practically unknown to the public, such as Carmelita Geraghty and Julanne merit, they would probably be too busy making pictures to attend every party in Hollywood, as these two seem to do.

PICTURE PLAY has many interesting sections, but from now on I hope it will be filled with pictures and news of the *live wires*. HARRY M. SMYTHE.
Brooklyn, New York.

Two Indignant Replies to Miss Zebroe.

This is from a very indignant fan in answer to a letter from Mary L. Zebroe in a recent issue I think that Allene Ray is one of the most beautiful actresses on the screen, and Miss Zebroe said that she is *not* beautiful. And Allene most emphatically *can* act! If Miss Zebroe would

M. G. M.'s Great Contest

★ ★ ★

It Pays to Read the Stars

★ ★

A valuable prize is waiting for YOU!

★

COME on, fans—make your "star-gazing" pay! Find out how well your eyes and your memory work together—and profit by proving that you know your astronomy!

The star-gazing game is fun in itself—and a large cash prize awaits you for playing it. Here's hoping your eyes, wits and memory serve you well! If they do, the prize is yours.

★

These are the rules of the contest:

Elsewhere in this magazine, you will find a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertisement. Study the pictures of the stars shown there and write a list of their names. Name your favorite star. And, in 8 words or less, write a suitable slogan for each star. (As, for example: "Lon Chaney—the man of a thousand faces.")

The person sending the most correct list of names, with the set of slogans found best in the opinion of the judges, will be awarded $100 and an autographed picture of his or her favorite star.

The fans sending the 50 next best lists and slogans will all receive autographed pictures of the stars they mention as their individual favorites.

M-G-M reserves the right to use, in any way, any or all slogans submitted, paying $5 for each slogan so used.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by September 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Pringle-Cody Contest of June

VIRGINIA KRISLE
1108 Wood St., Texarkana, Texas

C. H. USSERY
Box 24, Tuscaloosa, Alabama

only see her in "The Green Archer," she would certainly change her tune.

I have seen every one of Miss Ray's serials that has been shown here, and so far, she has not once disappointed me. And every time a new chapter in one of the serials is shown, the theater here is packed.

How any one can criticize John Gilbert is more than I can understand. He is the very best actor on the screen. He has magnetism and—well, he just can't be beat. Some one said, "Where would John Gilbert be without his mustache?" That person couldn't have seen "The Big Parade," in which he wore no mustache.

Richard Barthelmess is another splendid actor. Greta Garbo, Renee Adoree, and Vilma Banky could easily make up for all the deficiencies of other foreign players, but I like every one of the foreigners. I'd like to know where the movies would be *without* the foreigners.

I have seen Martha Sleeper in a few comedies. She would be darling in pictures like those Gloria Swanson has played in, such as "Stage Struck" and "Fine Manners." Here's wishing her every success! B. D. V.

Norfolk, Virginia.

To my opponent, Miss Texas:

I think you are mistaken about Allene Ray. Allene, in *my* opinion, is a much better actress than Ruth Roland. She is not only beautiful, but she can ride a horse, drive a swift motor, and is an expert dancer and swimmer. And she *never* uses a double When her serials come to this town, there is not a seat to be had in the theater, which holds three thousand people. Berlin is no jerk town, either.

I hope my opponent, Mary Louise Zebroe, will see and read this letter.

LEONA M. HAYES.

448 Champlain Street, Berlin, New Hampshire.

Further Words from Miss Zebroe.

I have received a letter from a fan in Idaho. It seems that this fan disagrees with what I said about Allene Ray and Ruth Roland in my letter in a recent issue of PICTURE PLAY. She seems to think that *she* is the only one entitled to an opinion.

If she had just said, "Allene Ray is beautiful, and a much better actress than Ruth Roland," I wouldn't have minded, but when I read the next line it made my blood boil. "No one in my city ever goes to see Ruth Roland. Everybody hates her."

I should like to know just what Miss Roland has done to incur the hatred of these people. I doubt whether that fan has ever seen any of her pictures, anyway. Miss Roland hasn't worked regularly in films for several years, so naturally, people don't go to see her—they haven't the chance. I really wonder if that Idaho fan believes that I am ready to swallow all that bunk. She is all upset just because she has found some one whose opinion of Allene Ray's acting ability differs from hers.

"Do you really care for Miss Roland?" she asks me. "And also, why?" Certainly I do. I love her dearly. She is a sweet woman, I know, and has been my favorite for years. If I choose to place Miss Roland at the head of my list of favorites and to keep her name there, isn't that *my* business? As much as I think of her, though, I'll never be guilty of telling another fan that I hate *her* favorite star, just because she doesn't agree with me about Ruth Roland.

MARY LOUISE ZEBROE.

1924 McFerrin Avenue, Waco, Texas.

A Big Laugh for a Poor Film.

I thoroughly approve of the suggestion, made by a fan in a recent issue, that the Wampas should choose some men among their "baby stars" as well as girls. It seems only fair. Equal rights for men, say I.

"Flesh and the Devil," with John Gilbert, really drew a big laugh from audiences here But—it also drew capacity crowds. One of the most torrid love scenes was cut out entirely in the second showing, and some of the others could very well have been deleted with no detrimental effect on the picture. As for the story, it was negligible, to say the least.

KATHRYNE L. YOUNG.

2904 Tenth Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Make the Foreigners Become Citizens.

I have been a reader of PICTURE PLAY for a number of years, but have never written a fan letter until this moment.

I am an American through my marriage to an American soldier and sailor, and am proud of it. All this foreign stuff is just mere talk. Why not give the foreigners a square deal? And then if they do not prove their ability, *then* pan them.

I agree with the letter which my husband, William H. Clark, wrote to PICTURE PLAY a few months ago, in which he stated the situation very fairly—he said, give the foreigners two years in which to decide whether or not they wish to become citizens. If, at the end of those two years, they have decided against becoming citizens, then send them home. If American dollars are good enough to spend, surely it is to Uncle Sam to whom allegiance should be sworn.

I really enjoy Pola Negri, Greta Garbo, and Anna Q. Nilsson, no matter in what pictures they may be playing. They are my favorites among the foreign stars. Otherwise, American stars are good enough for me.

But such things as we read about the stars' love affairs! Such nonsense! Besides, what have we to do with their private affairs? We should not concern ourselves with a star's private life, but just his public life. Would any one with any self-respect care to have his private life discussed abroad? I should say not! If the stars would only pay more attention to their art and forget about whom they next will marry, I think the public would benefit, for it certainly does not help a star's career when we read such trash about them.

We pay to see good acting and not just a lot of beautiful faces with nothing behind them. It is really worth going to the movies when such artists as Clara Bow, Norma Talmadge, Norma Shearer, and a few others like them are shown. They really act, and you feel that your money is not wasted.

I was a Britisher until my marriage to an American, and I certainly do not regret coming to this country. I have my home here, I also earn my money in this country. Why not love it and give it my loyalty? I am proud of my British birth, and of my British parents and brothers and sisters, but it is not to my relatives that I look for support, but to my American husband and American dollars!

MRS. WILLIAM H. CLARK.

710 S. Harrison Street, Amarillo, Texas.

Why *Should* They Become Citizens?

I wish to say something about the letter from William Clark, of Texas. He said, "Make them become citizens," speaking of the foreign players. Now, I'd like to know what difference it makes to us fans whether or not the stars are citizens. We go to the pictures to be amused,

thrilled, to admire the hero, and envy and love the beautiful heroine, but who says to him or herself, "I wonder if he or she is a citizen of the U. S. A.? If she isn't, I won't like her any more." It is really absurd. As to liking the foreigners, I do and I don't. For instance, I like Anna Q. Greta Nissen, and Pola Negri, and I *love* Vilma Banky. Also Lya de Putti is interesting to watch. But I simply detest Greta Garbo.

Another thing—I wonder who likes the news reels. I hate them. If you do not get in at the beginning of the show you have to wade through all the latest events. We can read all about them in the newspapers. It is really very boring.

MARION HESSE.
154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Our Miserly Film Producers.

Mrs. Olive Thompson wrote, in the June issue of PICTURE PLAY, that it is the producers who are to blame for so many foreigners being in our movies. I agree with her on that point.

Her explanation was "that many of our great moving-picture magnates were born in foreign countries, so was it not to be expected that they would give encouragement, and even preference to other foreigners?" But on this point, I disagree with her. Money, not love for their countrymen, is what motivates on film producers.

It has been my impression for some time that the producers believe in the axiom, "A penny saved is a penny earned." They are not paying *all* of their imported talent the fabulous salaries given to the home artists. Greta Garbo's temperamental tantrum proved this. When her old contract of four hundred and fifty dollars per week was changed to three thousand dollars, she became herself again. Do your subtracting and see what a nice little penny the producer was saving weekly on this actress alone

No wonder Greta sulked. She is a box-office attraction and is entitled to her share of the spoils. I am an American and believe in justice. Therefore, Greta is entitled to the things she has justly earned. To my mind, an actor or actress who proves to be a money getter should be accorded fair play, regardless of nationality.

FLETA BELLE.
Truckee, California.

A Charming Star to Meet.

One of the most pleasant interviews I've ever had was with Mrs. Lowell Sherman, alias Miss Pauline Garon, during her recent vaudeville appearance in Boston.

With a chic tailored suit, silver slippers, a smart, tight-fitting black hat, and her pearly white teeth, she was a picture for any movie fan to see.

How any one could write anything disagreeable about this charming little lady is beyond my reckoning, for she is bubbling over with a peppy personality, and is just as enthusiastic over meeting her fan friends as they are to see her. Possibly the young lady who wrote the letter about her in these columns, complaining that she had refused to see her, did not use the right means of approach, for no star would be a star unless the public willed it so, and the only way to become famous is to be interviewed and have it circulated.

I am a firm booster for Miss Garon, always have been and always will be. She has always come up to my expectations in pictures, and my interview with her has confirmed my belief that she is one of the most charming girls in filmdom.

DOROTHY ROURKE.
300 Center Street, Newton, Massachusetts.



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Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. Car., is the mother of two children. She needed more money than the family income provided. So she accepted the very same opportunity I am now offering you. Read what she says: "On account of doing my own housework I can devote only part time to this work. Yet I have made as high as $15 in one afternoon, and the very first week I started I cleared a nice profit of $50.00."

Then there is Mrs. G. H. Miehelsen, Neb. She writes: "I have made more money than I ever made before. One afternoon in 1½ hours I made a clear profit of $16." For more than a year, Mrs. A. M. Wall, N. Dak., has been averaging $30 or $35 a week in spare time. Mrs. Clara Stiteler, Ill., made $17.66 in one hour. Mrs. J. E. Gillam, Mass., says her earnings are a delightful surprise—as high as $13 in one day. Miss Flora Caywood, N. Y., is a factory worker and makes $9 to $10 during noon hours. Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., averages from $18 to $20 a day.

And so they go. Hundreds of other women are doing as well or better. Yet not one of them had a bit of training or experience when they started. So you can easily make as much money as they are making—probably more.



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Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life



"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it's crazy! You are silly to even think about it."

"But, Jack, it's . . . ."

"Mary, how *can* you believe in that crazy music course. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and *without a teacher.* It's impossible!"

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had *always* been for me one of those dreams that never come true. I had longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For *they* could entertain their friends and family . . . *they* were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only *hearing* music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all!

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that they were as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master them!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which *anyone* can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why . . . why . . . " he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . when I learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Everyone compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

* * * * *

If you, too, like music . . . then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

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Photo by Harold Dean Carsey

William Boyd is an American doughboy and Mary Astor an Oriental maid, an emir's daughter, in a new comedy of the war entitled "Two Arabian Knights." But, as this scene from the film discloses, nothing can keep them apart—not even the plots of the natives to do away with the hero. His refusal to take the Arabians seriously not only saves his life but enables him eventually to escape with his lady of high degree.



The horoscope of Cullen Landis indicates that he should play comedy rôles, or character juveniles, and that he is due for a return to popularity.

The Future

What astrology tells about the influences gov this extremely informative article by a well-

By Sidney

IF you have yet to visit Hollywood for the first time you may think it is different in every respect from all other towns. But such is not the case any more than the destiny that shapes the personal lives and affairs of screen actors and actresses differs from that of the cigar-store clerk, the automobile salesman, or the waitress.

If I were a philosopher I could make a striking deduction from this fact, but I happen to be an astrologer, and therefore I apply the natural laws of planetary influences to birthdays.

All of us, whether our sphere of activity is in front of the camera or away from it, get good and bad periods according to the vibrations of the rays from the planets; but a better knowledge of our full powers and opportunities would help a great deal.



Jackie Coogan will one day shine as Hollywood's leading real-estate operator, but may never win back his former position on the screen, according to astrology.

For instance, the case of Cullen Landis shows how incompetent the casting experts are, and how nearly they have ruined a promising career. Even the fans know more about the kind of rôles he —and others—should play than do some of the men and women in casting jobs who are getting enough money to earn at least some of it.

Recently, a letter came from one of Cullen's admirers, who asked why he hadn't appeared in another rôle like *The Notorious Colonel Blake,* in "The Fighting Coward" a few years ago. And any astrologer could take one glance at the horoscope of Cullen Landis and see in a minute that he should always play light-comedy rôles, or parts in which characterization is essential. In other words, anything but a straight hero.

The irony of it is that the studios continue to look for youthful players who can do this sort of thing, while they go right on miscasting an excellent artist like Landis. He has had some very unfavorable planetary aspects of late, but it now looks as though he would get a series of better breaks.

That seems to be the way life is.

Stars, like ordinary mortals, are influenced by the rays of the planets, and go through their good and not-so-good spells. This has been particularly true in the cases of four well-known actors, all of whom were born on the same date in different years, which gives to each of them the same zodiacal position of the sun. I refer to Charles Ray, Harrison Ford, Henry B. Walthall, and Conrad Nagel. These men have passed through several uncertain years, but I am pleased to note, in the testimonies of the planets, that all are on their way back to the prosperity they formerly enjoyed.

The reason for this is that Uranus, the most upsetting planet in the heavens, has been going over the natal sun positions of the folks who were born around the middle of March.

Those of you who celebrate your birthdays on March 24th and 25th are the ones who feel this influence now, but it is not quite as harsh as it has been in recent years on those with earlier birthdays in that month. This is because Jupi-

Warner Richmond, here seen in "The Fire Brigade," is expected to sign a long-term contract, if he has not already done so.



of the Stars

erning the careers of certain players is related in known authority whose predictions will amaze you.

K. Bennett

ter, a planet whose ray has a good effect, is near by at present and is mitigating the troubles Uranus would stir up if acting alone.

While Uranus is not very bothersome right now, it will soon be lashing up a whirlpool in the affairs of those who were born on March 27th, among whom are two famous picture personages, namely, James Cruze, the director, and Gloria Swanson, both of whom should prepare for some startling changes during the next two years.

The probability is that these changes will be somewhat destructive to much they have held rather highly in the past, so they would be wise to look ahead and get ready for the storm. This advice applies, for the same period, to all who were born between March 24th and 28th.

A while back, somebody gave me the birthday of Gloria Swanson—or what was supposed to be her birthday—from which to make astrological calculations. The year given was 1901, and from the standpoint of astrology it didn't seem probable that she could have accomplished all that she has succeeded in doing if she were born in that year. I have also understood that she married Wallace Beery when both were with Essanay in Chicago, and, if that is correct, it would indicate that her marriage occurred when she was little more than a child. So, I'm still wondering when Gloria really was born.



Photo by Ball

Gloria Swanson should prepare for some startling changes during the next two years, as clearly as can be forecast from insufficient data of the time of her birth.



Photo by Freulich

Reginald Denny's planets say that he will not long remain with Universal, but his prosperity will not suffer from any change he may make.



Ricardo Cortez is assured a bright future, but next year will bring troubles. These, however, will not affect his career.

You will recall that Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy attracted wide attention at about the same time. Each gives a birthday party on October 26th, and so each has gone through a couple of poor years for those who cash their pay checks, because of the transit of Saturn, for Saturn's ray certainly does slow things up. It is to be feared that they will have difficulty in ever getting back into the positions they occupied, say, three years ago, although it is quite possible that Miss Peggy Montgomery may be heard from again in motion-picture work after she has graduated from high school.

Jackie, however, will be known as John Coogan, Esq., real-estate *entrepreneur* de luxe of the Pacific coast, if his horoscope is to be credited. Evidence of this is already apparent, for he now owns in trust until he becomes of age, a number of what are called "very valuable parcels," and his practical mind has begun to assert itself.

The transit of Saturn brings mighty tough sledding to those it hits, if one is to harken to the groans and wails of those born during the latter half of November, although those born between the 24th and 27th of that month are able, at present, to save something from what otherwise might be a total loss of health and wealth.

This is especially applicable to Reginald Denny and, from all I hear concerning his recent illness and other difficulties, it *does* apply. But Denny's friends are going to stick by him, and he will come out of it even better than he was before. I cannot say



Photo by Evans Studio

Harrison Ford's career will take on a more fashionable aspect next year, and restore him to the position he occupied as a romantic hero.

that he will long remain under the Universal banner of "Uncle" Carl Laemmle, but his personal fortune and reputation will continue to prosper for some time to come.

Not knowing what the future held for certain players they have permitted to leave the company, has cost Paramount a good deal in the past. But luckily the actors involved have not suffered greatly by their being taken off the pay roll of that studio.

I refer to Gilbert Roland, who has been given two great opportunities by Norma Talmadge, and Ricardo Cortez, who will go far as one of the best character leading men in pictures. He will have some troubles next year, but they will not seriously affect his film career.



Photo by Bull

Conrad Nagel, born on the same day as Harrison Ford, is likewise influenced by favorable stars.

William Powell and Warner Richmond are two highly regarded actors who have the true quality of menace without having to resort to brandishing weapons and making faces. Powell, according to his horoscope, has recently signed a new contract with Paramount, a good thing for all concerned; and Richmond will receive similar recognition a little later. If he is not now under contract, I advise some farsighted producer to sign him at once for a long term, for, like Powell, he is both a good artist and a box-office asset.

Shakespeare muttered a few well-chosen words to the effect that the world is a stage and the people in it are actors who take their various parts in the play of life. If that is the case, and I believe it is, the planets have something to do with casting us for our respective rôles. This is easily seen in the revelations of astrology concerning friends, partners, and marriage relationships. A comparison of the planetary vibrations in the two charts of those involved show whether they will succeed together. This also applies to their combined success before the public as entertainers.

It is natural to draw a parallel between real affection and the portrayal of it on the screen, and it thus becomes a simple matter to predict successful screen partnerships by means of astrology, indicating in advance and without expensive experiment just who will make good as silver-sheet lovers. Consideration must also be given, of course, to their individual capacities as artists.

It is not true that any actor and any actress can make a real hit together. Not every screen couple can render the sympathetic performances of Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill, Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, or Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

Any number of good combinations of celluloid lovers can be selected from the horoscopes of well-known actors and actresses, but they might interfere with the interests of rival producers. For instance, Betty Compson and Richard Dix would do well together; so would Bebe Daniels and Monte Blue; and William Haines and Marion Davies. The combined horoscopes of these pairs, as well as many others, show that they would make big successes if working together in pictures.

With so much complaint being heard about the poor quality of films, it would be well to discover, if possible, the cause. Good stories are often changed unnecessarily, it is true, and that is the major part of the trouble. This condition, however, will take care of itself when the

Continued on page 116

James Cruze, the director, would do well to prepare for the coming storm indicated by his horoscope, which may be destructive to much that he values highly.

Photo by Richee



Just a Natural-Born Actress

Janet Gaynor's recent amazing achievements completely upset the old tradition that an actress must suffer before she can really act. The unusual emotional powers of this youngster, whom all Hollywood is praising, are the result, not of an unhappy past, but of innate dramatic ability.

By William H. McKegg

AN actress, we are told, must go through great suffering and much sorrow in life before she can do really convincing emotional work. To all those in the past, present, or future who hold this belief, I fling the name of Janet Gaynor.

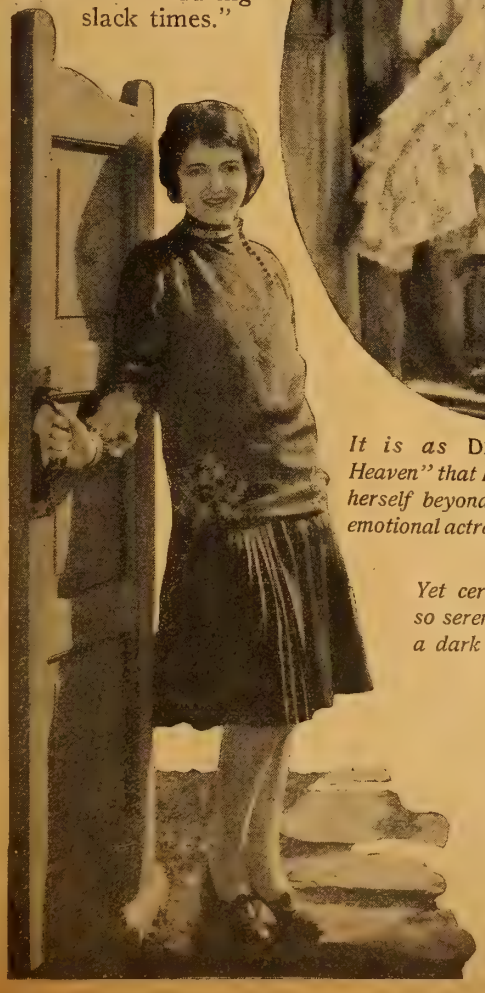
No love tragedies, no bitter disappointments have hovered over Janet's chesnut-brown head. Yet, lacking such, she has during the past year proved herself an emotional actress of the first order. She gave early proofs of her ability in "The Return of Peter Grimm" and "The Midnight Kiss," but now, in "Seventh Heaven," she has surpassed all expectations and taken the film world by storm.

I first met Janet Gaynor in 1924, at a secretarial school in Hollywood. She was then doing occasional extra work at the Hal Roach studio.

"But I can't tell when I'm going to be out of a job," she explained. "Now if I know stenography, I can slip into secretarial work during slack times."



It is as DIANE *in "Seventh Heaven" that Miss Gaynor proves herself beyond all doubt to be an emotional actress of the first rank.*



Yet certainly no one with so serene a smile can have a dark tragedy hidden in her past.



Janet surprised the film colony not long ago by announcing her engagement to Herbert Moulton, young Los Angeles newspaper man.

I learned that Miss Gaynor had been born in Philadelphia, that she had also lived for a while in Florida, Chicago, and San Francisco, and that she was now bent on having a career in the movies.

One day, she did not appear at the school, nor for several days thereafter.

"Where've you been?" I demanded, when she at last returned.

"At Universal!" she replied excitedly, writing her shorthand all wrong. "I'm going back there next week. I think they're going to give me a good deal of work to do."

In order to catch up with the exercises she had missed, she made me stop my own splendid progress to attend to hers, making me hear her as she repeated shorthand rules from earlier lessons.

"The circle," she recited, "may assume the form of a loop where more convenient—say, what is Pola Negri making now?"

Our work ceased, and news of the studios was eagerly discussed, until an instructor, hearing too much talking, entered from an adjacent room and demanded quiet.

As it turned out, Janet found little use for her secretarial training, for after she once got started in the movies, there were few slack times for her. From one film she went straight into another. Then, at the end of 1925, Fox signed her for the lead in "The Johnstown Flood."

From that time on, she was kept so busy that, in spite of the fact that her home is only a few blocks from my own, I didn't, except for occasional glimpses, see her again until I had this interview with her.

She was at the time in the midst of making "Seventh Heaven." I had lunch with her in her bungalow, then went with her to the set,

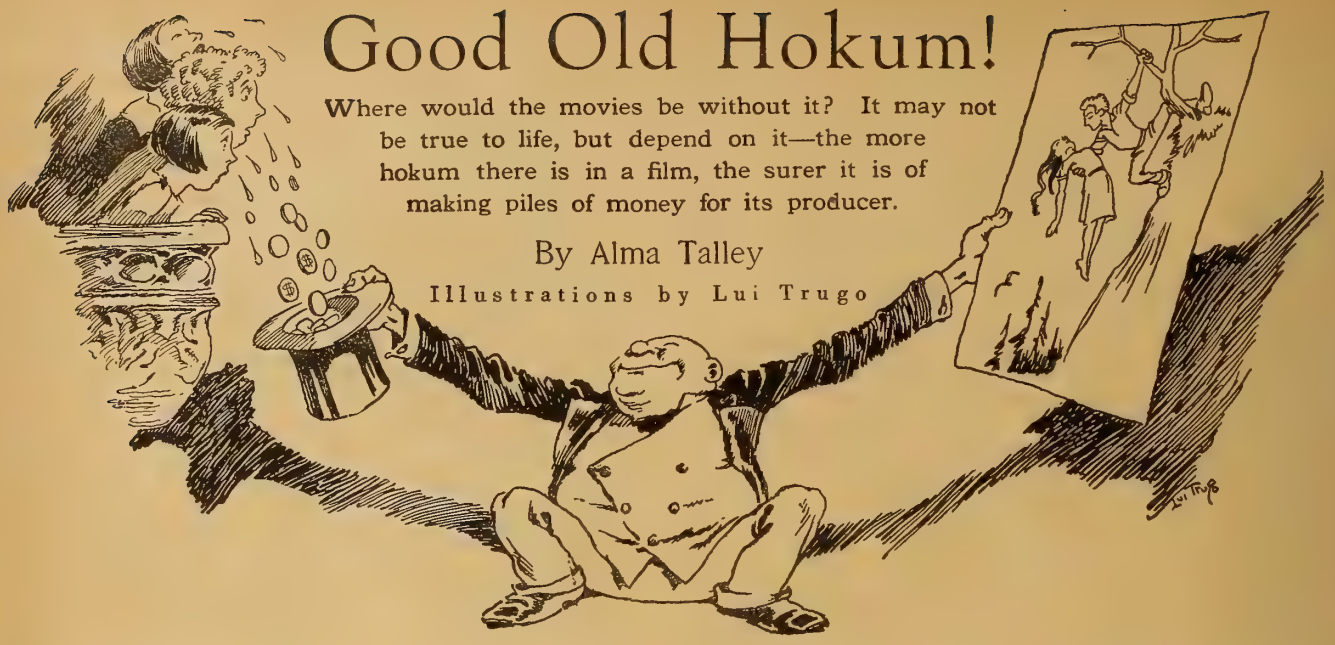
Continued on page 104

Good Old Hokum!

Where would the movies be without it? It may not be true to life, but depend on it—the more hokum there is in a film, the surer it is of making piles of money for its producer.

By Alma Talley

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



"OH, it's good hokum," the critics may say about a picture, with a curl of the lip.

But, despite their scornful tones, when a film is received in this airy fashion by the critics, its producers know at once that, though it may not be art, it's going to be a great financial success. Hokum is just another expression for box office. It's a hard word to define exactly, but film makers know very well what it means.

There are certain definite situations which can be counted on as "sure fire." The rescue of the heroine by the hero, for example. *Minnie* is driving the one-horse shay, when her horse becomes frightened and gallops frantically down the road. There is always a cliff straight ahead. Nearer, nearer, and nearer to the precipice the horse leaps, while the people in the audience gasp, and hang breathlessly onto their seats—knowing perfectly well that of *course* the gal will be saved. Nearer and nearer to the cliff, and then—a flash of *Joe,* the hero, galloping furiously in pursuit. Just as the runaway reaches the edge, and not a moment sooner, *Joe* leaps from his own horse to the back of the frightened steed, or into the driver's seat of the gig, grips the reins firmly, says "Nice Dobbin!"—and *Minnie* falls gratefully into his arms.

That is hokum. It is sure fire. But how many times in real life does a Joe or a John get a chance to rescue a Minnie from a runaway, or from drowning, or from the villain's pursuit, thereby, of course, winning her love as well as her gratitude? The chances are, in real life, that if Minnie does get pulled out of the river just as she's going down for the third time, it won't be by the man she likes. Her rescuer will probably be that gangling Bill Jones, who stutters, and is no fun at all on a party.

You can count the film rescues by the hundreds. Perhaps the most thrilling ever shown on the screen was the one in "Way Down East," that hokum masterpiece, in which Barthelmess saved Lillian Gish from the ice flood.

The horse race is also good movie stuff. *Sally's* father has the best race horse in Cayuga County; if he wins the race, the mortgage payment on the ranch is provided for. The crowd arrives, the race is about to begin. But where is *Pinto,* the jockey who is to ride *Sally's* father's horse? *Pinto* has not appeared! (Of course, he is lying in an abandoned house, drugged by the villain.) "We are ruined!" cries *Sally's* father, wringing his hands. "Not yet," says *Jim,* the hero, dashing for the dressing rooms. He has never been on a horse in his life—is, in fact, frightened to death of horses. But it's all for *Sally's* sake! You know the rest—how *Jim,* in the race, urges his horse on, and creeps up gradually from last place to second, nosing out the other horses, until, just as the finish line is reached, and never sooner, his horse leaps magically ahead and the day is saved.

This is hokum. There is never a suggestion that *Jim,* our amateur rider, should fall off his horse after the first few feet, and get, at the very least, a bump on the head and a mouthful of dust. There are all sorts of variations of the horse-race theme, used in hundreds of films—"The Kentucky Derby," "Sporting Life," "The Shamrock Handicap," for example—but the hero's horse always wins.



In real life, a girl never has the good luck to be rescued by the man she loves—it's sure to be some one she cannot stand —but not so in the movies!

And about that mortgage on the old homestead. In real life, mortgages are usually held by kind business men who never beat their wives, or kick their dogs, or leer at pretty girls. But not in the movies! In films, the mortgage holder is either an old skinflint scheming a foreclosure because a little bird told him there was oil on the land, or a villain with designs on *Little Bertha,* the daughter of the mortgaged household. In real life, there are thousands of Berthas living in mortgaged homesteads, but most of them would be scorned by the family creditors.

And apropos of the villain who wants to marry the heroine by fair means or foul—at the point of a gun, for example—few men in real life would want such reluctant brides. Besides, what's to keep the bride from running away promptly after the ceremony—such a marriage being illegal, of course?

Almost any Western picture could be called "The Hero Never Misses." Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard—all our screen heroes have perfect aim, but the bad men have always neglected their target practice. Their shots are always just a waste of bullets, but the hero never fails to hit home. (He misses the villain-in-chief, however, until the last reel.) The hero is always one man against six or ten or twelve, miraculously dodging a shower of shots. Sometimes he runs out of ammunition and there is a hand-to-hand struggle. This presents a real problem to the audience—breathlessly, they wonder *who* is going to win! Almost every Western film is like this. Movie audiences expect it.



And real mothers are only human, after all—they couldn't possibly be the saintly beings pictured on the screen.

Mother love is also an excellent theme on the screen. Every day is Mother's Day in the movies. Mary Carr, Belle Bennett, and Mary Alden don't get those fancy salaries without reason! "Over the Hill," "Stella Dallas," "Drusilla With a Million" have turned tears into dollars for their producers.

Not that mothers are not loved in real life, too, but who of them has a chance to sacrifice herself to quite such an extent as in "Stella Dallas?" Screen mothers are always wingless angels; real mothers, too, are often so—but they *have* been known to get cross when Johnny has tracked mud all over the living-room carpet, or when Ella hasn't swept under the beds when she cleaned. Or sometimes mother is just cross because that pain in her back is troubling her again, or because she didn't sleep well last night. With all due respect to mothers, they are at least human—but seldom are they human in the movies.

Films are just full of noble sacrifices. If it isn't a mother's sacrifice, it may be a sister's, or a brother's. *William* has been both father and mother to his young brother *Tom,* who is rather a weakling. One day *Tom* shoots a man, and the officers of the law come to arrest him. "I did it," says *William,* stepping forward—never shall it be said that he didn't keep his promise to his parents to take care of *Tommy.* But *Annie, William's* sweetheart, is sure he didn't do it, despite his insistence that he is guilty. She suddenly turns detective, and finally, just as *William* is about to go to the chair, she rushes in with her evidence, and the noble hero is saved. Or perhaps it is *Tommy* who comes to the rescue, when his belated conscience makes him confess just in time.

All this is according to formula in the movies—with many variations, of course. It is hokum nobility—not real nobility. An innocent man suffering for another's crime—that is certainly flouting justice and the law, which are designed to protect society from weaklings like *Tom.*

Part of the hokum in the situation just outlined is the last-minute reprieve. We see the condemned man, with his last moments upon him. The audience is taut with suspense. In alternate shots, we see his rescuer, with the pardon, speeding madly toward the scene in a high-powered car. Nearer, nearer—*will* he make it? Of course. Just in time. In real life, he might be too late—or a phone call from the governor's office could save him the ride. But there wouldn't be so much suspense in a phone call!

The "frame-up" is another favorite film device. Frequently the hero is sent to prison on evidence carefully arranged by some one for purposes of revenge. The simplest form of this is to slip the stolen pearls into the hero's pocket just as the search begins. The plot is usually more complicated than that, but that's the main idea and always gets across.

Horrors! The hero has fallen from his horse! But this is a situation you're not likely to see in the movies—no, that would never do, says Old Man Hokum.



The peculiar will is also an old favorite. *Emma* will inherit her uncle's fortune if she is married by her twenty-first birthday. Otherwise the money is to go to *Cousin Will.* Five minutes before the crucial birthday, *Emma* decides on the husband, but *Cousin Will* kidnaps her. And so on. Fortunately, in reality, eccentric uncles do not as a rule tie so many strings to their money.

Then there is the girl pickpocket who belongs to a gang

Continued on page 96



In a temperature twenty-five degrees below zero, at an altitude of 11,000 feet, "The Trail of '98" company spent three weeks in the mountains of Colorado filming the rigorous outdoor scenes.

Along "The

The great Klondike gold rush, in hardship, is being vividly repro

By Margaret

AND I'll bring you back a million dollars!"

From group to group, all along the seething crowd on what was supposed to be a San Francisco dock, the magic phrase passed. It was on the lips of youths, of old men, of husbands and fathers. It was the brave, reckless promise to those left at home. It vibrated through the frenzy of final leavetakings, through the preliminary roar of the engines. And as the ship, the *City of Topeka,* moved slowly away from the dock and down the harbor, the phrase still came faintly across the water—"I'll bring you back a million dollars!"

And then, of course, a directorial voice shouted, "N. G.! That man in the brown coat left his bag on the dock instead of taking it on board. Let's try it again."

The boat was brought ponderously back to her moorings, the gangways were lowered, and the cargo removed again to the dock. The men aboard disembarked and returned to their families for more farewells. After half an hour of detailed preparation, the scene was ready to be shot again.

Except for the littl circle of people around the cameras, the illusion was perfect. It was not only the actors—nearly a thousand—and the costumes and the setting and the old ship. In some inexplicable way, the aura of excitement that had surrounded the departure for the Klondike of the *City of Topeka* in '98 was living again. The extras felt it. Like an electric current it charged the enormous crowd with the hysterical enthusiasm of a gold-mad town.



Karl Dane lends, of course, a comic touch to the picture.

Outside the camera lines, 1927 proceeded on its way. The harbor—that of San Pedro—was churning with activity. A British merchant ship—the largest in the world—was anchored there for a day. A tiny fleet of little Chinese scows, with scarlet-and-green dragons painted on them, huddled behind a German passenger boat. Farther out, a cruiser was taking on troops destined for China. The Catalina Island excursion boat crossed the horizon, and dozens of little speed boats shot in and out among the bigger vessels.

But on one pier, Clarence Brown was directing the opening scenes of "The Trail of '98" that rigorous drama of the Yukon gold rush. Two of his actors were old vessels that had figured prominently in the actual rush to the Klondike in 1898. One of them, the *Humbolt,* is used now only for repair work. The *City of Topeka* is out of commission entirely—a sad old



Dolores del Rio, as the heroine of the film, is shown, above, inside one of the dance halls in the replica of Dawson City that was built on the Metro-Goldwyn lot.

Trail of '98"

all its original frenzy, as well as duced in the film "The Trail of '98"

Reid

boat with a dangerous list to starboard. But, for the Metro-Goldwyn picture, kind hands had given the two vessels a youthful coating of paint and for the duration of a week they were once more the stanch craft that sailed into the northern seas twenty-nine years ago. They were living their heyday over again —the *Humbolt* returning scarred and wind-tossed to San Francisco with the first news of the gold discovery— the *City of Topeka* setting gallantly out with the first of the gold-seekers on board.

The plot of the film, adapted from the book by Robert W. Service, is sound, and the background vivid. It's melodrama, of course, but life close to the elemental forces of nature is likely to be melodramatic. The fundamental human emotions, such as were brought to the surface by the stark hardship suffered in the Klondike gold rush, are delicate things for directors to handle, the dividing line between the human and the ludicrous being almost invisible. In the hands of Clarence Brown, however, this film of the Klondike is becoming a human document of pitiful soldiers of fortune, with both the tragedy and glamour of high adventure hanging over them.



Miss del Rio and Ralph Forbes as the girl and boy of the story.

Photo by Manatt

Mr. Brown builds his scenes on psychology rather than on action and events. A critic once observed that he was the only director in pictures who understood tempo. This may probably be explained by the fact that what the characters of a film *do* concerns him much less than *why* they do it. Thus, the events in a Clarence Brown picture follow emotions in a logical manner, making for that elusive quality called tempo. Mr. Brown works very little with the script, keeping it only as a memorandum. The casual onlooker might say that he worked almost at random. He feels his way through the emotions of his characters toward the effect he wants.

At times, a Clarence Brown set rather reminds one of a class in psychoanalysis. When a snag is struck in the story— when the only way, for instance, to play a scene seems to be for the girl stoically to watch the boy leave her and then faint, and it doesn't seem real for her to do it that way —then all work is halted until the problem is solved. The company is dismissed from the set, with the exception of a few players, who join the director in his consideration of the question. In scholarly fashion, they attack the diffi-



The company lived in a de luxe train while on location, and after the day's work in the bitter cold, were thawed out by a dinner as elaborate as any served in the best hotels.

culty. At just what moment should the girl's feelings change? Should she be rebellious or resigned? Should the boy turn at the door? Should he be the more anxious to escape because of her sorrow? Eventually, the scene is logically worked out. This method is a lot more trouble than accepting the script as law, but it usually produces a good film.

Every effort is being made to make "The Trail of '98" as authentic as possible. Mr. Brown interviewed dozens of men who had participated in the gold rush from beginning to end, in an effort to find the best technical expert available. He finally chose Frank Smith, whose knowledge of the Klondike at that period is complete. Smith, with a department under him, supervised the building and dressing of the sets that were replicas of real buildings in Dawson City, the center of the gold rush. Mr. Brown himself devoted weeks to intensive research work to be sure that every technical detail would be correct—details ranging from historical dates down to the sort of tobacco favored by the prospectors. Many of the little human incidents in the picture are based on actual occurrences—relatively unimportant but very touching incidents which the director discovered in his study of old newspapers of the period.

Because he has been so exacting, the atmosphere of the film will doubtless surprise you. One detail, in particular, is interesting. Don't look for the well-known movie dance-hall girls effervescing in spangles and tulle skirts. You will see the inevitable dance-hall girls, to be sure, because they really did exist, but they will be wearing *street dresses.*

This detail is the result of what Mr. Brown learned from one Gracie Robinson, now a little gray-haired lady of conservative demeanor, who was one of Dawson City's favorite dance-hall queens. Miss Robinson was discovered by Frank Smith. Mr. Brown invited her to the studio, and learned from her all he could about those almost mythical creatures who danced under showers of gold nuggets thrown to them by the holidaying miners. Miss Robinson spent three months going up the Yukon through blinding storms and raging currents to Dawson City. She lived in a wooden shack, trailed cheerily through water up to her waist, stumbled over gulleys filled in by dead horses to form a passage, danced a hundred and twenty-five dances in one night, and saw on every side of her such stark drama as dramatic critics would brand "hokum."

When Mr. Brown showed her the types and costumes chosen for the dance-hall girls in the film, Miss Robinson immediately objected to the costumes.

"But we *never* wore things like that," she said. "Don't forget how far north we were—we would have frozen to death in those costumes. We danced just in our street dresses."

Russell Simpson as OLE, THE SWEDE, *one of the sour doughs.*



A couple of miles from the M.-G.-M. studio, at the foot of a sunny green hill, was erected a long street of rude wooden buildings. It was covered with mock snow, populated with fur-clad sour doughs and speeding dog teams, and called Dawson City. After several weeks of work on it, the entire thing was burned to the ground, to show you the famous fire that wiped out Dawson City.

The big thrill of the picture will, of course, be the journey through Chilkoot Pass—that desperate trek through blinding snow over the mountain to the gold. The director's original plan was to go directly to the Klondike for these scenes, but this he found to be impracticable. So, dispatching a group of technicians and camera men to Alaska for authentic shots, he took his company into a bleak wilderness in Colorado.

Continued on page 98



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston *With all her boundless enthusiasm for life, there is at times a cool aloofness about Lois that is baffling.*

That Elusive Something About Lois Moran

What is that quality in Lois Moran that made her such an instantaneous success on the screen and has lifted her steadily higher and higher in the movies? The interviewer seeks, in the story below, to discover just what it is, and in so doing, gives an interesting analysis of Miss Moran.

By Sara Oyen

A LITTLE over two years ago, Lois Moran was dancing in the opera ballet in Paris. Her hopes were greater than her achievements. Her name at that time had no value. She was simply a pretty sixteen-year-old girl whose counterpart could have been found almost anywhere in the United States.

Now, a short two years later, Miss Moran has a name to be reckoned with. The new and gorgeous Paramount Theater in New York City first opened its doors to the public with a film in which Lois took the leading feminine rôle. She has a luxurious apartment in a fashionable neighborhood in New York, has

adopted and is supporting and educating a small cousin, and yet is laying by plenty of money for a rainy day. Still not much more than a child, she is tasting rewards which many a trained man still yearns for after a lifetime spent in struggle and labor.

It is true that the movies offer greater opportunities for a rapid rise than any other profession, not even excepting the stage. But even granting this, some extraordinary quality must reside in this young woman to have enabled her, amid the fiercest competition, to achieve a recognition so generous.

It was to try to find out what this quality is that I went to call on Miss Moran while she was in New York.

Her very place of residence, as I have said, was an indication of success. Her New York apartment is located on an exclusive avenue. The exterior of the building is imposing to the point of austerity. But when you step through the door of the Moran apartment, you are immediately in an atmosphere of "just folks."

As I stood in the hallway outside and rang the bell, I could hear the sound of laughter within. The door was opened then by a little girl of six in a pink linen dress—Miss Moran's adopted sister—and I stepped directly into a large living room. Before a fireplace, there stood a low table holding a tray and tea things. There was a young man in the room who was acting as playmate to Lois' little sister. The little girl commanded him to be a lion "with four paws on the ground," but he compromised by remaining erect and carrying her out of the room on his shoulders.

As I waited for Miss Moran, I reflected that, in adopting into her home so small a child, she had manifested at least one trait which must have contributed toward her great popularity with the movie public—namely, sweetness. No selfish, egotistical young woman would voluntarily import into her home a child of six. Children of six take the center of the stage through sheer force of noise and animal spirits. They are apt to awake noisily at six o'clock on a winter's morning. They attract into a home a procession of other children of six.



Photo by Freulich

To all appearances, not a care, not a disillusionment has ever marred her happiness.

However, sweetness is not an extraordinary quality in a young girl, nor is tenderness to children. What other factors had brought about Miss Moran's rapid rise?

She came into the room now, quickly and lightly, and held out her hand, saying, "How do you do?"

She looked exactly as she does in her pictures, except that she is prettier. Her eyes are blue, and her hair a very light auburn. She is thinner than she appears on the screen, for the camera has a curious trick of adding about ten pounds to a person's apparent weight—an optical illusion that cannot be accounted for. She is slim, but not too slim.

She talked in a rather small, breathless voice, as though the world was so charming and wonderful that she simply couldn't stop marveling over it. She does not bristle aggressively with ideas. She talks rather more like a débutante than like a professional young woman. Then what is it that has brought her so swiftly to the front?

Watching her, I concluded that perhaps it was the light that dances in her eyes. It's not the light that lies in a *woman's* eyes, but the light that could lie only in the eyes of a girl. Not a care, not a disillusionment, to all appearances, has ever marred her happiness. She is full of the joy of life.

And what is her reaction to pictures, into which she was so suddenly and completely plunged?

"Oh, I simply adore them, that's all!

"I'm crazy about New York, too. There's no place like it. I love the big buildings going up all around me, and the shops, and the cool air blowing from the sea." She made a gesture—it was as if she felt the youth and energy of New York calling out to her own youth and energy.

"The past few weeks have been just one round of parties," she said.

Her mother, a very young-looking woman, corroborated this. "Yes, it has been Tom and Bob and Harry and George and—my goodness, I can't even remember the names of all the young men you've been going round with during the last two weeks!" said Mrs. Moran.

It is impossible to convey in cold print Lois' dancing, lilting joy, her eagerness for life, her starry eyes, the little catches in her voice as she talks. And yet Lois, with all of her enthusiasm for living, has in her a streak of cool aloofness. The combination of the two contrasting qualities is intriguing.

"Do you know a funny thing?" she exclaimed. "I have never had a thrill out of a single love scene I have acted. Never—not once! Leading men are awfully good looking and nice, too, and I've acted with some of the best of them. I used to wonder, 'How will I feel when they hold me in their arms? Will I get a thrill?' But it's just—comfortable, that's all.

"As for kissing in pictures—ugh!" She made a pretty little grimace of distaste.

"And as for kissing in real life, I have never kissed a man in real life."

It is a unique game, the movies—a game requiring personality plus. The average duration of a woman star's popularity on the screen has been computed to be about six years. At any rate, it is short. This is partly due to the fact that pictures demand youth above all things, and youth soon fades.

They're like Monte Carlo, the movies. Usually, you don't hit it, but if you do, you inherit the earth. Round the bottom of the ladder swarm the extra players, holding on with slippery fingers, crying, "Look! Look! Maybe we've got what you're hunting for. Oh, please give us a chance!"

They are so eager because every man of them realizes

Continued on page 110



Eddie Cantor is strictly a family man, and who could doubt the substantial evidence offered by his daughters, Marjorie, Natalie, Edna and Marilyn?

His Wife Is His Salesman

Eddie Cantor used to carry her schoolbooks, but now she carries the check book of a millionaire comedian.

By Helen Louise Walker

EDDIE CANTOR, I believe, is destined to be one of the important comedians of the screen. And this in spite of his temporary return to the "Follies."

He knows instinctively what is funny. He is one of the keenest showmen in this country. He has a tremendous interest in the psychology of the great majority—the customers, as he calls them. He is a capable actor and a master of pantomime.

He has, moreover, that quality of wistfulness which Chaplin and Langdon have—and which Lloyd and Keaton lack. The knack of portraying the pathetic bewilderment of the misfit soul, the lonely, submerged individual who somehow never knows what it's all about, and whose confusion at life and circumstances has a whimsical pathos all its own.

When I first talked to him, a year ago, he was working in his first motion picture. He seemed nervous and a bit ill at ease.

"There is so much for me to learn," he told me. "This business is so different from the business of the stage. When I was working in 'Kid Boots,' on the stage, I learned a lot about the show business. I used to stand in the lobby of the theater in the evening before the show, and watch the people.

"I wanted to know what kind of people came to see 'Kid Boots.' I wanted to know who sat in the boxes—and why. I wanted to know who sat in the balconies and why they bought the cheaper seats. I wanted to know what the ushers thought of the show—that is always a valuable indication, you know. I wanted to know what every usher and every stage hand was paid. I wanted to know everything about everything.

"I wanted to learn about this business in the same way. But it is harder. The customers are so scattered, and there are so many more of them. I want to know about distribution and exploitation and box-office receipts. It's going to take a long time."

When I next saw him, during the making of "Special Delivery," undoubtedly Eddie had learned! He was telling his director what to do. "I want to take that shot again. I've thought of some new business!"

The scene was one in which he appears in the postmaster's office in a uniform which has obviously been made for a much larger man, pleased all to pieces with himself and his new outfit. The postmaster punctures his elation by telling him with large contempt, "You look like a fish! Get out!"

Eddie wilts before your eyes, becoming, apparently, at least three sizes smaller, and goes out dejectedly.

The orchestra assisted him in his change of mood by going from jazz to some pathetic air. When they were ready to shoot again, Eddie still looked forlorn.

Turning to the musicians, he asked for some gay music. He listened for a moment and then executed four or five steps of a dance which sent the people on the set into howls of laughter.

"Shoot quickly!" he yelled, pausing in his gyrations and striking an absurdly triumphant pose.

The shot was made, and then Eddie and I went to Madame Helene's for lunch.

Continued on page 112



Pola Negri, though an artist to her finger tips, owes much of her compelling individuality to her choice of clothes

Do Clothes Mean

Emphatically yes, says Herbert Brenon, the director. In- good looks count more in a man's success. Read this frank

By Bill

EVERY fan knows that personality is what puts stars at the top of the heap. And, likewise, every fan who has yearned to grace the screen is positive that she has personality in large quantities.

Why, then, are fifty or a hundred fortunate young ladies singled out to take delightfully prominent rôles at delightfully fat salaries, while several thousand equally nice and attractive girls are left with only the sorry solace of reading about them?

As some clever person once remarked, it's a long story, mates.

There are more reasons why my pretty next-door neighbor hasn't been able to break into the movies than there are rabbits in a seventy-five-dollar ermine coat.

She goes to the theater, watches Norma or Gloria or Dolores or Leatrice, checks up her own charms against theirs—and still she doesn't understand why she isn't among them.

But if she paid not quite so much attention to the stars, and watched very closely for a number of times the girls playing minor rôles, or bits, and tried hard to discover why *these* girls aren't billed in electric lights, she might then understand that success in the movies isn't all luck.

And to help her in making this analysis she might bear in mind some of the things which Herbert Brenon says on the subject.

"Good looks," he asserts, "are more important to men than to women stars. A star is made by the women in the audience; the opinion of the men doesn't mean a thing. And the women aren't so interested in the beauty of a feminine star as in her personality and her manner of wearing clothes. Ability to express striking individuality by means of clothes is a woman's biggest asset on the screen."

Maybe these few pointers will explain away some of the heartburnings.

They were the high lights of an interview with the dynamic director of "Peter Pan," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and "Beau Geste," who not so long ago had the distinction of seeing three of his pictures playing in leading Broadway theaters at the same time. In fact, these pointers might almost be called milestones, for the first qualification of a Herbert Brenon interviewer is that he be a good hiker.

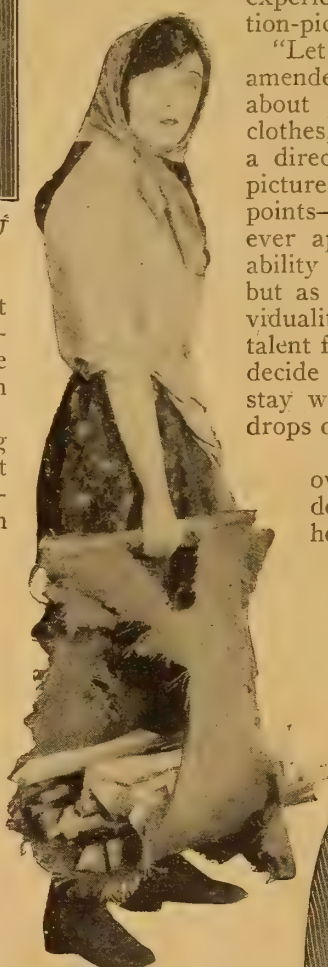
Linking arms with the writer, Mr. Brenon walked him up and down the big stage, through mazes of topless sets and clustered sun arcs and Kleigs, dodging hurrying electricians, burdened prop men, and variously costumed actors.

As he walks, he talks in a quick, somewhat high-pitched and emphatic voice. What he says is based on years of experience as an important factor in motion-picture production.

"Let me make it clear, however," amended the director, "that what I've said about personality, as expressed through clothes, is not the first qualification which a director looks for in an applicant for picture work. She must have other good points—many of them—before she can ever appear on the screen at all. The ability to wear clothes, not just as clothes, but as a striking expression of her individuality, is one of the finer points, like talent for emotional expression, and it will decide whether she will rise to success or stay with the also-rans, until she finally drops out of sight."

Now, casting your eye mentally over the list of stars and near-stars, does that account for some of the hold they have on their audiences?

Of course, the great Pola, for in-



Pola's magnetism triumphed over the rags she wore in "Hotel Imperial."

Neil Hamilton typifies the ideal young American.



More Than Beauty?

dividuality means more than beauty in feminine stars, but interview with an expert appraiser of screen personality.

Colling

stance, is an actress to the tips of her sensitive fingers, but who will deny that much of her appeal is due to her tremendous personality, and that that personality is emphasized and driven home to the audience by her distinctive manner of clothing herself?

If you had never met Gloria Swanson, wouldn't her way of wearing clothes—and the clothes themselves—tell you just what personality you might expect to find in her?

And, on the other hand, how often do you get any impression of personality from the girls in minor rôles, who wear their frocks prettily but without especial distinction?

The reason that personality, and the ability to dress with distinction and good taste, are far more necessary to success than mere prettiness, Mr. Brenon points out, is that women control the ultimate success of the actresses.

Men who wander into theaters may secretly fall in love with the heroine because of her beauty, but if the ladies around him don't get a kick out of her gowns, and the way she wears them, the unfortunate actress should take immediate steps to enter the real-estate business. For the gentler sex in the audience notice her clothes, even to her shoes, and woe to the screen aspirant who is just ordinary.



Photo © by Evans, L. A.

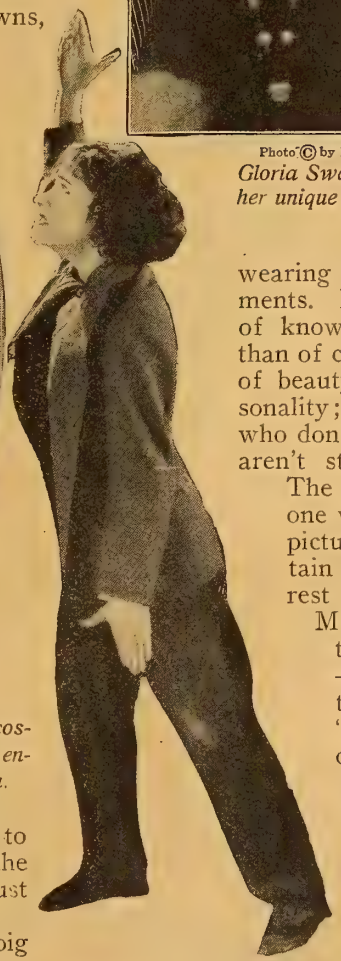
Gloria Swanson's tremendous vogue was started by her unique gowns and ornaments, which were chosen to make her distinctive.



Chester Conklin's sense of the comic is his strongest asset.



Betty Bronson's simple costume, as PETER PAN, *enhanced her blithe charm.*



Gloria, in "The Humming Bird," made a hit without fine raiment.

Swinging around a big wind machine, Mr. Brenon proceeded to elaborate on his subject.

"A woman's personality is expressed most surely and unmistakably in the clothes she wears. Most women fail to take advantage of that fact. They fail to make themselves individual. I don't mean by wearing loud or freakish clothes or ornaments. Individuality is a thing of manner, of knowing how to wear clothes, rather than of clothes themselves. There are types of beauty, just as there are types of personality; but there are many pretty girls who don't stand out from the crowd. They aren't striking or forceful or dominant. The girl with individuality is the only one who has a chance to make good in pictures. The others can go to a certain point—and they stay there the rest of their lives."

Mr. Brenon halted—possibly to let the interviewer catch up with him—and turned his mild blue eyes on the set which was being dressed for "Sorrell and Son," his current production.

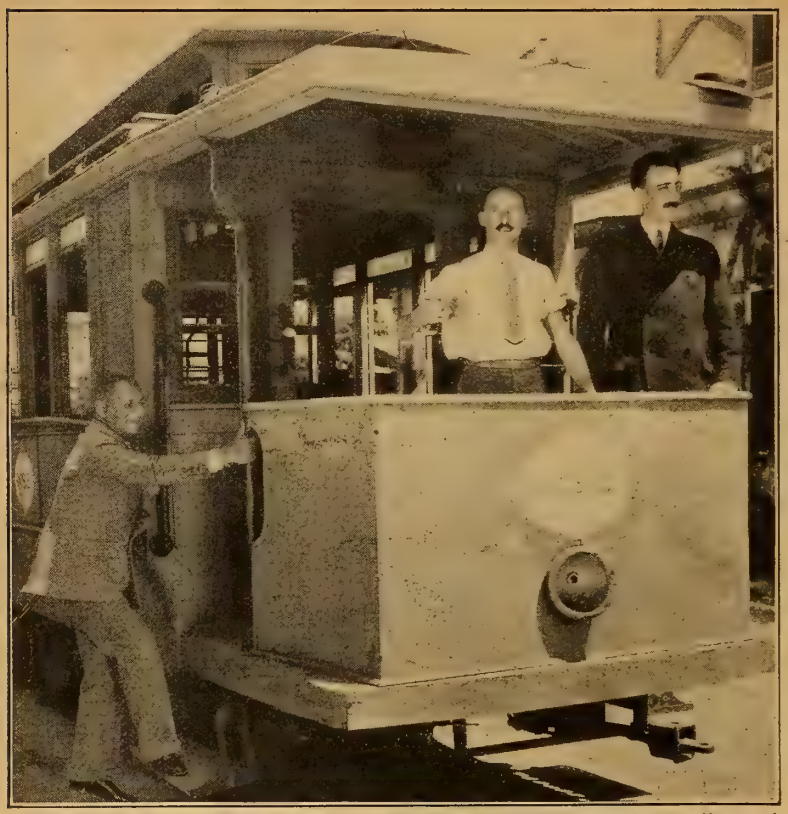
Electricians were wheeling into position giant sun arcs and an array of smaller spotlights; property men were arranging flowers, straightening pictures, dusting the polished floor with mops, and otherwise making the scene ready for the camera men, who were fussily clicking the mechanism of their spindle-legged machines.

Mr. Brenon straightened out some matter which his hurrying assistant—every one who works with him seems to catch his superabundant energy and nervous haste—had brought to him, and grabbed the interviewer's arm. The interviewer had

Continued on page 116

In and Out

Random kodak shots of the moments here and there



Archduke Leopold of Austria becomes the royal motorman of a Hollywood street car, while Erich von Stroheim tries to hook a ride.



"Who could do anything with a face like that?" asks Jack Mulhall, as the beauty specialist in "The Road to Romance." But you should see Dorothy Mackaill when he's through with her.





Above, Sally O'Neil is surprised behind a parasol down on the beach.



Right, Betty Bronson pauses in her reducing exercises to steal a large bite of chocolate cake.

At left, a pair of big black cushion dice bring luck to Warner Baxter as he rolls the bones with Mrs. Baxter.

of the Studios

players caught in their informal round about the movie town.



Jack Luden airily tips his new straw lid to Thelma Todd. It weighs a mere seventy-five pounds, but what's that to a he-man like Jack, Paramount's new Western hero?



If you think Richard Dix doesn't answer his fan mail, just look at this truckload of letters that he's sending to the post office to be mailed.



Below, Helen Cox, one of those incorrigible Christie Comedy girls, plays newsboy in a pair of white kid shoes, and just to be realistic, shoots a couple of phony-looking dice.

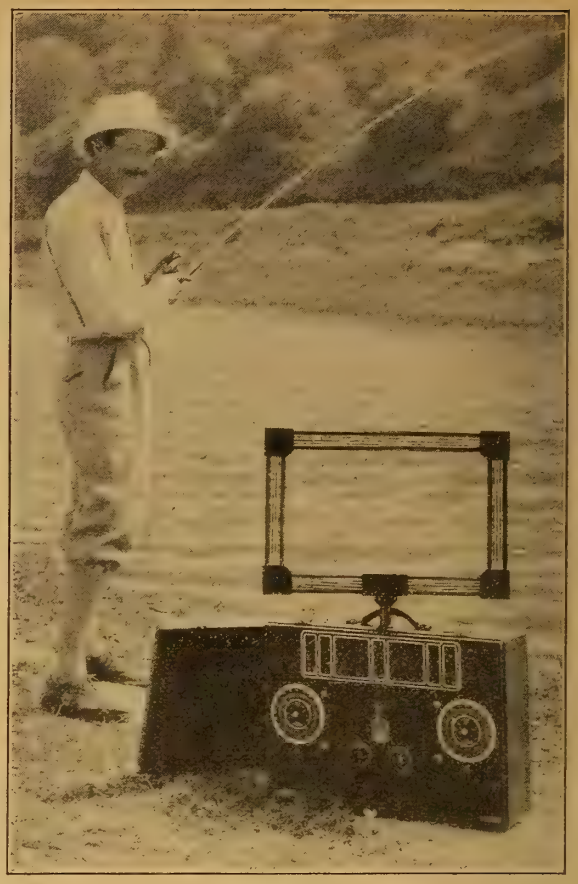


The Queen of Sheba herself couldn't have worn anything more glittering than the bejeweled hand ornaments that have become the latest fad in Hollywood. Dorothy Phillips proudly displays one above.

Who said that cotton stockings were coming back in? "Not for me," thinks Marceline Day, left, as she compares her drab cotton leg with her beautiful sheer silk one.



Henry B. Walthall, right, has discovered that little fishes just love the radio, so he carries his portable set along with him whenever he goes off on a trip, and the finned creatures fairly flock to his hook and line.





Another good girl gone wrong! Marian Nixon has her lovely brown curls cut off so that she can play a flapper rôle in "Out All Night," with Reginald Denny.



Right, Victor Varconi with grim determination attacks the poor unoffending little blades of grass on his lawn.



Virginia Lee Corbin and Yola d'Avril play artist and model down on the beach at Santa Monica. Virginia poses as a life guard while Yola manipulates palette and brush.

We see trouble ahead when Mary Ann Jackson, right, is discovered giving Omar a de luxe bath, with all the trimmings, in the family's best porcelain tub.





"He's just as gentle as a kitten," is what every one says of Numa, the star lion of the screen, and just to prove it Avonne Taylor placidly lets him use her as a foot rest.





Above, Sally Blane and her sister Polly Ann do their setting-up exercises on the sidewalk in front of their home while the other members of the family look on with critical eyes. Sally is one of Paramount's promising young "junior stars."

Left, Claire Windsor takes a tip from the Chinese on how to keep her nails beautiful. Frank Chew, who plays with Claire in "Foreign Devils," shows her the protectors that Chinese aristocrats wear to keep their famous long nails from being broken.



Photo by Alexander

Eleanor Boardman lives in "a rambling, ranchy" house that commands a distant view of Hollywood and contributes much to her serene outlook.

Not a Hollywood Girl

Eleanor Boardman is remarkable for her fine poise, alert mind and cold beauty. She is neither dizzy nor dazzling, but when she voices an opinion there is an eagle perched on her shoulder.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

YOU'RE different, aren't you?" I suggested to Eleanor Boardman, after listening to her avoid stenciled patter.

"Hope so," she replied. "You know, I'm not a Hollywood girl. People suspect me of having my own opinions. And reading books. And speaking my mind."

The ladies of the cinema, bless them, fall into three distinct groups, however they may fight against it or flatly deny it.

There is the beauty-contest group composed of girls blessed with symmetrical figures, pictorially pleasing faces, and a certain amount of screen personality, often negligible.

Secondly, there are the quietly charming ladies possessed of intelligence as well as physical attributes.

And, thirdly, the pyrotechnical meteors, blazing their way across the screen like so many comets—Adorée, Pringle, Nazimova, Naldi, and their sisters of magnetism.

Eleanor Boardman may be classified with the second group, with Florence Vidor and Virginia Valli rather than Jetta Goudal and Betty Blythe. She is a domestic star. But this is not to imply that she is of the Olive Borden, Jane Winton, young-America school. She does not giggle, fuss, or fidget. She is neither dizzy nor dazzling. She is a composed young woman with eighteenth-century calm, twentieth-century ideas, and a medallion-like beauty.

When you meet Eleanor Boardman for tea you will not be startled by her radiance nor shocked by her bizarrerie, if there is such a word. But if you are the person I think you are, you will mark her fine poise, her alert mind, her cold beauty. You will agree that this is no Hollywood girl, as Hollywood girls have come to be known.

"I've never made any big pictures," she said frankly. "'Souls for Sale' started me in regular parts, program pictures. There were two I enjoyed—'Proud Flesh,' which retained only the title of the novel, and one we had to remake completely, finally christened 'The Way of a Maid.' It was made seriously, you see, and proved to be so poor that the office ordered it retaken. This was impractical, so a few added scenes were introduced, a set of kidding titles inserted, and lo! we had satire. 'Proud Flesh' was streaked with burlesque, too. It was interesting. Harrison Ford did a clever job in it. As for the other pictures I've been in?" She raised a rather scornful eyebrow, and smiled. "Pictures have a hard time being good!"

The Boardman entry into picturedom was uneventful. She was an extra for many months without exciting casting agents. Then her chance came.

When Rupert Hughes was making pictures from his own novels, back in the Goldwyn days when authors were eminent, he decided to find an unknown girl to play the part of the innocent country maiden crashing the gates of Hollywood in his best seller, "Souls for Sale."

The search was conscientiously begun and pursued. Extras were interviewed, stenographers tested, cafeterias combed for the not impossible she. But for all the care that was exercised, despite all the zeal, no suitable heroine was found.

Mr. Goldwyn had almost convinced Mr. Hughes that a well-known ingénue should do the rôle, when Mr. Hughes chanced to spy Eleanor Boardman walking down Hollywood Boulevard, of all places. "There," he said complacently to whomever he was with, "is my unknown lead." And she was.

This was what Hollywood calls a "break"—another way of saying "lucky break."

It should be noted, however, that many people get breaks without realizing their worth. There was, for instance, the unknown girl Jimmy Cruze lifted from rural obscurity to play in "Hollywood," another version—happier, too—of the gate-crashing ingénue. Today her name is not even a memory.

The Boardman girl played "Souls for Sale," made an impression, played more leads, gained a foothold, and then signed a contract.

The Boardman girl is a shrewd product of the independent '20s, should this particular decade require a tag. She is worldly but not wise cracking, sophisticated but not cynical, beautiful but not artificial. There is about her an air of serenity that belies her active mind. Hers is a placid beauty. At times she resembles Lillian Gish amazingly, although news of the fact aroused in her little enthusiasm.

She is independence epitomized. When she vouchsafes an opinion there is an eagle perched upon her

Continued on page 108



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

ELEANOR BOARDMAN says she is out of step with Hollywood, and Malcolm H. Oettinger, in the story on the opposite page, points out the qualities that really make her "different."



Photo by Russell Ball

ALICE JOYCE has forsaken the serenity of her Park Avenue home for the hustle and bustle of Hollywood, whither she went to play *Fanny Garland* in "Sorrell and Son." If you have read the book, you will recall *Fanny* as the sympathetic housekeeper at the Pelican Inn.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN has been doing so well in lesser rôles —notably as the vamp in "The Demi-Bride"—that she has been promoted to a more important one in "Love," with Greta Garbo.



Photo by Russell Hall

ONCE more Gloria Swanson proves her independence by her daring choice of her next picture. It will be founded on "Sadie Thompson," the story which inspired the play "Rain."



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

FLORENCE VIDOR'S well-bred beauty continues to hold her fans year after year, while many more vibrant stars are being eclipsed by newcomers. She makes perfect deportment a fine art.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

WHO will be able to resist Leatrice Joy as a Salvation Army lass in her next picture, "The Angel of Broadway?" She may even restore the tambourine to a place in the parlor!



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

THE fans will see Julia Faye as a full-fledged heroine in "His Dog," and may decide for themselves if her rôle is as effective as was her Tartar girl in "The Volga Boatman."



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

RICHARD DIX'S short buggy ride with Helen Louise Walker, as described on the opposite page, was long in confidences. Richard told Miss Walker more of his private opinions than you have ever heard before.

Thanks for the Buggy Ride

Our interviewer goes buggy riding with Richard Dix and discusses love, marriage and stardom with the handsome movie hero.

By Helen Louise Walker

IT was a sleepy village street on a Sunday morning. Townsfolk were drifting home from church along the dusty paths and the village idlers sat on the steps of the hotel veranda and discoursed upon the affairs of the universe. A few "rigs" with teams, and a buggy or two were tied at the hitching rail.

The Richard Dix company, making "Man Power," was on location at the Lasky ranch. Mr. Dix rose from a seat under a tree and came to meet me.

"Where shall we go to talk?" he asked.

I gazed round about the rural setting, and my eyes fell on the horses and buggies at the rail.

"Let's take a buggy ride!" said I.

"All right! Let's!" said Richard.

A cowboy was slumbering in an old-fashioned phaëton with a folding top and red wheels which was hitched to a contented-looking sorrel horse. Richard prodded him and inquired, "May we use your horse?"

"Why, yeh, I guess so," he replied, and we clambered into the buggy much to the mirth of the bystanders, who ceased work to watch our departure.

Richard gathered up the lines somewhat gingerly, asking, "What's his name?"

"*Her* name," returned the cowboy, "is Blondie."

"And is she—safe?"

"Why, yes—she's safe enough—that is, well—she *does* run away occasionally. That's what we use her for in pictures—runaways. But, aside from that, she's quite gentle."

"Oh!" Richard looked at me. I looked at Richard. The bystanders laughed.

"Shall we go?" asked my host, faintly.

"I don't know. Shall we?" I replied, still more faintly.

"You started this thing," he reproached me. "Are you going to back out?"

"No, indeed!" I said, assuming a jauntiness which I certainly did not feel. "Let's go! That is, let's go just a *little* way."

"Giddap, Blondie!" shouted Richard, in approved fashion, and the buggy started with a lurch which almost caused the loss of one passenger at the very outset.

"Mercy!" I gasped, clutching Richard's sleeve with one hand and the side of the buggy with the other. "I had no idea the things joggled so!"

"Say, this is great!" he cried, cocking his feet on the dashboard and holding the lines recklessly in one hand. "I haven't done this since I was seven. Good idea, this!"

"Lovely!" I assented, nervously, as we slithered around a curve. "But—are you sure that's what you do with the lines?"

We jogged down a real country lane, with wild flowers nodding on each side. The sun, shining through the trees, dappled the grass and the dusty road with moving shadows. Birds sang, and a warm breeze blew. Hollywood and the unreal world of motion pictures seemed very far away. Blondie showed no immediate signs of running away, so Richard and I drifted into placid conversation.

We talked about love—naturally, with all that atmosphere surrounding us! It couldn't be avoided.

"I have never married," said Richard, "because I have never met the right girl. I have been rumored engaged a number of times but—this is true—I have never asked *any* woman to marry me. Never.

"What do I demand in a woman? Well, first and foremost, a sense of humor. That is one of the most essential things in any human relationship, I think, but especially in marriage. If you can both laugh at the same things—or at each other—it helps you over a lot of hard places, I feel sure. Laughter is one of the greatest things in life. And a sense of humor is an assurance of a sane outlook and a balanced perspective.

"Secondly, I demand intelligence in a woman. I don't care how beautiful a girl is, if she lacks intelligence, her beauty is without meaning—she doesn't register.

"Thirdly, I want tenderness, sympathy, understanding—that indefinable quality of womanliness which every man wants in his wife. That something which makes you want to confide in her, share your troubles and your joys with her.

"And that's all. I don't care what [Continued on page 100]



Richard was on location making "Man Power" when he and Miss Walker surprised every one by climbing into a buggy and jogging off down a country road.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

It seems strange, after all the years Claire Windsor has been with Metro-Goldwyn, not to see her at their studio any more, but Claire is now freelancing.

Over the

Fanny the Fan rails against the evils as to what rôles should be given Hollywood off on trains, and hob

By The

BELIEVE it or not, I am through with picture premières forever," Fanny announced with grim determination.

"Which, no doubt, will be a great blow to the society editors," I remarked, knowing all too well that nothing would keep Fanny away from any event that would get her name in the papers alongside those of her favorite stars.

"But why?" I asked. You never can tell when one of Fanny's reasons may prove interesting, even if her resolutions mean nothing.

"Oh, they're all terrible," she responded vaguely, in a world-weary tone. "Either they are so well attended and Graumanesque that all southern California turns out to make it difficult for you to get into the theater, or they are so dowdy that you suffer for the poor players who have to get up and bow to a bored audience.

"I've been to two lately, and I can't decide which was worse. The first was 'The King of Kings.' Lots of people didn't even start for the theater until ten o'clock, under the impression that, by waiting, they would escape the welcoming crowds, the speeches, and possibly the prologue, but they were wrong. A seething mass of people filled the streets around the theater from about seven o'clock until two the next morning, when the audience drifted out. There weren't enough policemen and boy scouts in Hollywood to control the crowd so they plunged right out into the street, leaving barely enough room for one car at a time to pass through.

"And it wasn't a nice, orderly crowd at all—they came to jeer rather than to applaud. They climbed onto the running boards of cars and yelled at the people inside, making one feel a little like deposed royalty on the way to execution. Really, I expected a brick to be thrown at any minute. It was just a curious, noisy mob, few of whom recognized even the most distinguished players. 'What's your name, little girl?' they hollered at any one who looked like a celebrity. And instead of being properly thrilled at getting a good look at Gloria Swanson, two men got into a fist fight arguing over whether her car was a Rolls or a Hispano-Suiza.

"But after all I myself suffered, I had little sympathy left for any one else. Just because I was riding in a swell car, the crowd figured that there must be a well-known star concealed in it somewhere and they nearly broke down the running boards clambering on them.

"The prize experience of the evening, though, was Elza Schallert's. Some one in the crowd announced that she was Aimee Semple McPherson, and she was all but torn limb from limb.

"Of course, the audience at that opening read in the papers next day like a complete Who's Who of the movies. But you really can't tell what a picture is all about when the struggle to get in and out of the theater is so terrific. I am going to see 'The King of Kings' again when I am in a better state of mind."



Carmel Myers gave up a film engagement in Germany to play in Herbert Brenon's production of "Sorrell and Son."

Teacups

of big premières, voices her opinions to which players, sees half of nobs at parties with the other half.

Bystander

"Gloria Swanson deserves a medal of honor for her good disposition. She was charming and gracious to all the people who swarmed around her, even if they did almost tear the coat off her back. She and Corinne Griffith struggled together through the crowd and, when they finally arrived in the lobby, Corinne, terribly nervous and a little disheveled—as who wouldn't be?—gasped, 'I don't see how Gloria does it. I was so panic-stricken I wanted to kick and scream.' But Gloria maintained that, if she had, it would have been such a good show that the crowd would have been even less willing to let her through.

"The other opening I went to was 'The Rough Riders,' and a stranger affair I never saw. Not that the picture wasn't good—it was just the audience that was all wrong. Evidently almost every one of importance had already seen the film at a preview, or perhaps the élite won't turn out for any première that isn't staged by Sid Grauman. Anyway, the audience as a whole was positively dowdy.

"At the end of the picture, George Jessel got up to introduce members of the cast who were in the audience. But Charlie Farrell, who was the outstanding hit in the film, couldn't be there that night, as he was in the hospital following a little argument he had with an Arabian pony he rides in 'Bride of the Night.' So the audience rather stoically offered limp applause to George Bancroft and Noah Beery, did a little better by Mary Astor, and grew genuinely enthusiastic only when Bebe Daniels, who of course wasn't in the picture at all, was introduced. Crowds always love her.

"The appalling part of the introductions came when Jessel got down to the last ones on his list. The audience was growing restive, so he grouped the last four—Fay Wray, Arlette Marchal, Josephine Dunn, and another whom I can't even remember. They looked like a misfit chorus about to go into a dance they weren't quite familiar with. I suffered for them.

"Among those absent from almost any première is Leatrice Joy. That girl has the right idea about how to see films. She takes them over to her house and runs them through her own projection machine.

"For such a long time I didn't see Leatrice that I decided she was just a myth. Of course, I kept reading about her in the papers, and a lot of people told me that she was simply lovely in her new picture, 'Vanity,' but the players I don't see once in a while never inspire me to seek out the theaters where their pictures are running."

"What a fine business the theaters would do if many people felt like that!" I remarked.

Fanny cast me a superior smile, as much as to say that other people really had no right to feel as she does about things, anyway.

"But I'll never lose interest in Leatrice again," she went on enthusiastically. "I saw her at a luncheon a while ago and she was as gorgeous as ever. She has the most vibrant, magnetic personality! And I don't blame her for not going out much. She has much more fun staying at home and playing with the baby during the



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Joan Crawford is working so hard jumping from picture to picture that she no longer has time to be the dance-contest girl.



Gwen Lee is Fanny's latest nominee for the rôle of LORELEI *in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" —and absolutely her final one, she insists.*



Photo by Hesser

Though Betty Compson is making a lot of pictures, Fanny defies any one to find a theater where they are being shown.

little leisure time that she has. Baby Leatrice is learning to speak French and German. Leatrice can still keep up with her in French, but the baby can teach her a few things about German.

"I wonder if people outside of Hollywood have such a mania for self improvement——"

"Or if they continually talk about it so much," I cut in.

But Fanny ignored me.

"Lois Wilson," she went on, "threatens to become the most educated girl in Hollywood. Between pictures she has a positive mania for signing up to take lessons in anything from the history of literature and philosophy to acrobatic dancing. And Lois looks so gloriously happy and alive that it inspires other people to try whatever she is doing.



Marie Prevost finished "The Rush Hour" just in time to dash to New York to see a play she hopes to do in films.

"I don't see how she can make pictures and keep up so many friendships and still have time to take an interest in anything else," Fanny wailed. "All I do is rush round seeing the films my friends have made, and seeing travelers off. So many people have gone away in the last few days that the sound of a train whistle makes me grab the nearest book and bunch of flowers and burst into tears.

"Colleen Moore has skipped off to New York and probably to Europe, but there were no farewells for her, because she didn't tell any one she was going. Her husband resigned his position with First National, and evidently Colleen intends not to make any more pictures for them for a while at least. She is under contract to make four more, but she would never be happy making them without John—she stipulated in her contract that he, and he alone, was to supervise her films. So I shouldn't be surprised to see her flee from First National to United Artists.

"Everything happens so suddenly in the picture business. The day before Colleen and John broke with First National, she gave a big beach party for the First National salesmen who were convening here. Everything then was sweetness and light and good fellowship. There was a great deal of handshaking all around, and poor little Colleen rushed about until she was in a state of exhaustion trying to entertain all of her two or three hundred visitors.

"Of course, all her friends turned to and tried to help her. Billie Dove, Carmelita Geraghty, Patsy Ruth Miller, Julanne Johnston, Gwen Lee, Doris Lloyd, and a lot of others autographed innumerable hats, posed for kodak pictures, and laughed at the recurrent jokes, but of course every man present wanted to be favored with a few minutes of the *hostess'* time.

"In the rush for autographs, several of the visitors insisted on having mine, and I felt so guilty about not being any one in particular that I blithely signed any celebrated name that happened to appeal to me at the moment. I was about to sign Pola Negri once, but the man looked as though his eyesight was quite good."

"You started to tell me about seeing travelers off," I reminded her curtly. "I can't believe any one has gone away. The whole of Hollywood seems to be congregated right here in Montmartre."

"Well," Fanny began, "Florence Vidor, for instance. She has gone to Honolulu with her little daughter Suzanne for a month's vacation. Marie Prevost has gone to New York to see a play she is going to do in pictures. Dorothy Gish has gone back to London to make 'The Constant Nymph' for some English company. Dorothy has wanted to do a film of that story ever since she read the book about two years ago. But the Hays organization wouldn't allow it to be screened in this country. Wouldn't it be Dorothy's luck to make a marvelous picture and then not be able to show it in her home country!

"Carmel Myers was going to Germany to make a picture

but she gave that plan up when she was given a chance to play in Herbert Brenon's production of 'Sorrell and Son.' That's Mr. Brenon's first film for United Artists, and he has assembled the most marvelous cast. It sounds like a list of all the clever and ingratiating people you have been rooting for—H. B. Warner, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alice Joyce, and Mickey McBan, among others. Some of the scenes are going to be made in England, but I believe the girls get gypped out of the trip, as only Warner and little Mickey McBan appear in those scenes.

"There are *more* interesting productions under way now—pictures that have rôles that will simply establish forever the people who play them."

"Sounds like the good old days of 'Ben-Hur' and 'Peter Pan,'" I remarked.

"And I do wish," said Fanny, "that the public would rise up and demand that Gwen Lee be given the part of *Lorelei* in Paramount's 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.' She would be perfectly ideal."

"That's at least the fifth person you've elected for the rôle of *Lorelei,*" I reminded her.

"I know," she said, "but I hadn't met Gwen when I picked the others. She is absolutely my final choice."

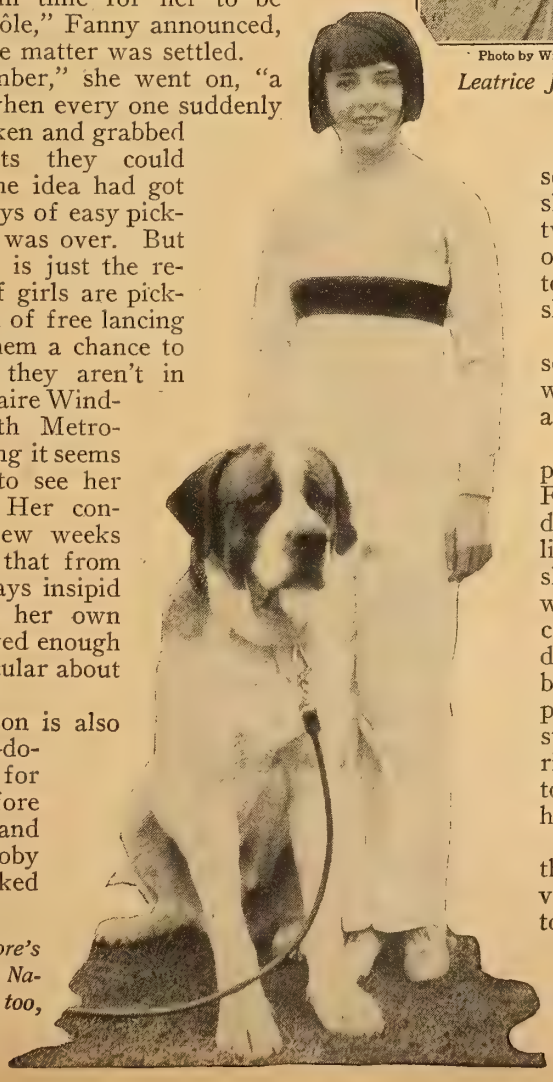
"Unless Jesse Lasky thinks of some one better," I observed. "You know, *sometimes* he *does* have better ideas than you do."

Fanny looked skeptical.

"Gwen's contract with Metro-Goldwyn will expire just in time for her to be available for the rôle," Fanny announced, quite as though the matter was settled.

"Do you remember," she went on, "a few months ago when every one suddenly became panic-stricken and grabbed whatever contracts they could get? Somehow the idea had got abroad that the days of easy picking for free lances was over. But *now,* the situation is just the reverse, and a lot of girls are picking the rocky road of free lancing because it gives them a chance to turn down rôles they aren't in sympathy with. Claire Windsor has been with Metro-Goldwyn for so long it seems awfully odd not to see her at their studio. Her contract expired a few weeks ago and she says that from now on, if she plays insipid parts, it will be her own fault. She has saved enough money to be particular about what she plays.

"Anna Q. Nilsson is also free lancing now—doing some pictures for Universal before starting 'Sorrell and Son.' And little Joby Ralston has worked so hard ever since she started free lancing that she doesn't know what it is to have more than two or three days off. I saw her to-day in a shop on the Boulevard and she was so tired, she wanted to curl right up in the fitting room and go to sleep."



When Colleen Moore's husband quit First National, Colleen quit too, and they skipped off to Europe.



Photo by Wide World Studio

Leatrice Joy finds that Baby Leatrice can teach her a few things about German.

"Is there any one in the film colony you *haven't* seen during the past few days?" I asked, somewhat jealously. *I* could patrol the Boulevard for a week without seeing a familiar face.

"No, I've seen every one," said Fanny, complacently. "Most of them in one afternoon. Frances Marion had her annual cat party the other day, and of course there is no other affair quite like that. Frances expected about forty girls—she figured that a lot she had invited would be working and couldn't come. But *seventy-five* came! They were supposed to drift up some time during the afternoon for tennis or swimming or bridge. Dinner was to be at seven, and later a picture was to be run. But early in the day people started calling up to ask if they could come up right away. They were so anxious for the party to start that they simply couldn't wait until the hour set for it.

"The person who got the biggest thrill out of the party was little Janet Gaynor. She knows very few people in pictures and had never been to a cat party before. All the way up to Frances' house, she kept saying, 'Oh, do you suppose I'll meet Gloria Swanson?' It would have been a gala day for her if she hadn't met a single other person.

Continued on page 98

The Stroller

Astute observations of a humorist on his rambles through the movie town.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



LIKE the sets on which the movies are made, Hollywood consists chiefly of a great deal of front and little else.

Putting up a front is the principal occupation of the inhabitants of the movie colony—until one becomes so well established that the front no longer counts. Then one can return to a natural and comfortable state.

Fancy automobiles, trick clothes, an expensive apartment—these are the commonest means of establishing about oneself an aura of prosperity. If one can't have *all* these things, one concentrates on just one. Extra men wear the trickiest clothes seen on the Boulevard—and sleep in hall bedrooms. An actor buys a fancy new car when he starts a new picture, by paying almost nothing down. That is why there are so many beautiful second-hand cars for sale in town.

A classic example of displaying front was revealed to me in a conversation I inadvertently overheard in a restaurant not long ago. Two gents, unknown to me, but apparently associated with the movies in some way or other, were discussing the then-impending première of "The King of Kings" at Sid Grauman's new Chinese Theater.

"Eleven bucks a ticket for the opening?" said one. "Not for me. I'm gonna go the same way I usually go to these big openings."

He then explained his system. On an opening night it is his custom to don his evening clothes and lurk about the theater until the intermission. During this pause in the picture, he slips unobtrusively into the outer lobby and mingles with the theater patrons who have come outside for cigarettes and a breath of fresh air. Taking his place among them, he bows to celebrities, chats with his friends, and passes a few critical comments on the picture.

As the intermission nears its end, he slips away quietly, edges out into the darkness, and goes homeward.

The parallel screen careers of William Haines and Eleanor Boardman furnish excellent proof of the queer turns that fortune takes in the movies.

William and Eleanor came to Hollywood simultaneously, each having been chosen by a casting director who had made a tour of the country seeking new screen material. They were paid ridiculously low salaries at first. Neither knew anything whatsoever about the movies, and both were tremendously ambitious, and eager to learn.

Eleanor was chosen almost immediately for the lead in Rupert Hughes' picture of movie life, "Souls for Sale." She made a hit in this, was chosen for other leads, advanced rapidly, and soon became an established figure.

William, on the other hand, did almost nothing during his first two years in pictures. Directors wouldn't give him leads, and he was forced to play bits and small parts.

Then came "Brown of Harvard," followed by "Tell It to the Marines," and later still, "Slide, Kelly, Slide." He was a sensation in all three. Metro-Goldwyn has, as a result, advanced him to stardom. Eleanor, meanwhile, has seemingly gone about as far as she ever will go, and though she is established as a leading woman, she will probably never attain the stardom that William reached in three pictures.

I once stood upon a movie set and watched Monta Bell direct a scene in which just two actors appeared. But I counted twenty-two persons on the set, all presumably helping Mr. Bell make the scene. There were two camera men and a camera boy, an assistant director and an assistant-assistant director, a property boy and his helper, a script clerk, and divers electricians, carpenters, and others whose titles I did not know.

I remarked to Bell on the large gathering. He looked helplessly about and said he had no idea what they all did. He didn't hire them, he explained, but on the first day of every picture they all appeared on the set.

"The most expensive thing a studio does," he commented quite sagely, "is to save money."

That is quite true, and becomes more so every day. With the increase of efficiency routine and red tape in the studios, I become more and more surprised that any picture is ever finished. There are now so many efficiency experts and rules and regulations, that the mere process of making pictures is becoming a minor affair, the chief duty of every studio being to keep its routine running properly.

THE STROLLER *took a ride on top of a bus and discovered all sorts of things about Hollywood that he never had noticed before.*



It is in anticipation of considerable praise

that I point out the fact that not yet in this department have I made use of the present "Ask Me Another" rage.

Proud Hollywood residents, defending the movie city from the sneers of the Eastern intelligentzia, point to the increasing number of book stores along Hollywood Boulevard as an indication of the mass intellect of the town.

But this is not so much an indication of suddenly increased intelligence among the film people as a demonstration of Hollywood's present trend toward cultivating sophistication. A flair for culture—principally for purposes of exhibition—is manifesting itself in the movie colony.

Hollywood flappers prattle to you of Ronald Firbank and Carl van Vechten—these two being, apparently, the flappers' favorites.

Juveniles, when not being used in a scene, drag their camp chairs to the most conspicuous spot on the set and make much of reading murky novels realistic in treatment.

"Complex" is Hollywood's favorite word at present.

Hollywood Boulevard presents an entirely different aspect when viewed from the top of a double-decked bus from what it does from an automobile or from the sidewalk.

Inasmuch as it has always been my custom to go about in one of Mr. Ford's straight-four broughams, I never had occasion to ride on top of a bus until recently. And I never would have found out in any other way that Hollywood has a practicing alchemist. I saw his sign in a second-story window and intend to go back some time and ask what he does and how he's getting along.

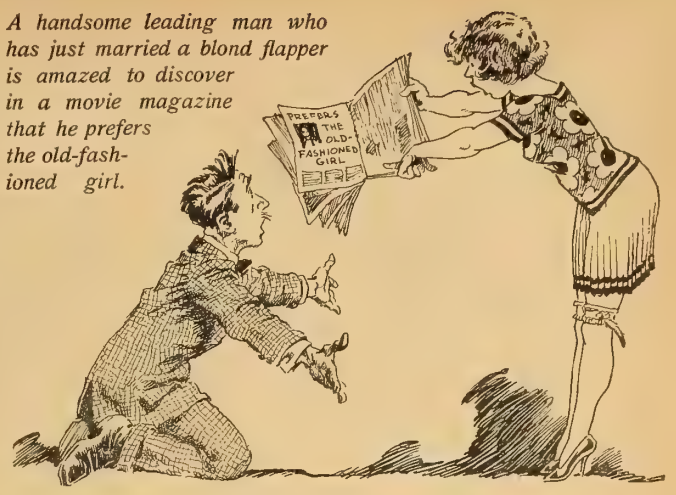
I discovered also that every fourth window on the second floor seems to contain either a mind reader, an astrologer, a palmist, or a swami, open for business and ready to read the past or foretell the future.

I had always thought, until this momentous bus ride, that pool halls were non-existent in Hollywood, but there are a number of them on the floors above the street.

Lastly, I saw a man—not in make-up—with no hat, a walking stick in one hand, and a bag of peanuts in the other, watching with great interest the steam shovel which is working on the plot of ground where the new Warner Brothers' theater is about to rise.

As this is being written, Hollywood is in the throes of several conventions of film salesmen.

If you have never seen a film salesman, look one up and study him carefully. He is a pert and snappy individual, with a line of patter like a vaudeville monologist, who makes his living by convincing cynical theater owners that all the program pictures are "Covered Wagons" and "Ten Commandments." For his briskness, the film salesman can be pardoned. I'd rather try to sell a monocle to a blind man than the best picture of the year to a theater owner. The rest of us merely *suspect* that most movies are not so good. The exhibitor *knows*, by bitter financial experience, that they can't be anything but bad.



A handsome leading man who has just married a blond flapper is amazed to discover in a movie magazine that he prefers the old-fashioned girl.

The Promised Land for every film salesman is Hollywood, and this year, purely through coincidence, the salesmen conventions of several of the larger companies were staged in the movie city almost simultaneously.

Conventions of salesmen in Hollywood mean a lot of riotous fun for the salesmen, much grief for the studio employees, a busy period for the town bootleggers, and a trying week for the stars.

Every one in the movies thinks his job is the most important, and the salesmen are no exception. They argue, not without some truth, that they take impossible pictures and get the money back for the producers. Consequently, they arrive in Hollywood prepared to dictate future policies to the producers, to tell the directors how to direct, and to hobnob with the stars. Also they come prepared to forget all about business and to have a great deal of fun of one sort or another.

It is up to the studio hirelings to provide the fun, so they usually have none of it themselves. It is up to the stars to be "just folks" for the time being. And it is up to the producers to steam up their salesmen to go back home and get fatter contracts. The salesmen, meanwhile, have all the hilarity they can, slap the stars on the back, and ignore the steaming-up process.



Like the sets on which the movies are made, Hollywood, says THE STROLLER, *consists chiefly of front and little else.*

What is an immortal?

Hollywood, it seems, not only has no doubt as to what constitutes immortality but is convinced that there are an amazing number of immortals in town right now.

An organization or a guild or something is going to pick the immortals of the screen, according to recent newspaper announcements. Maybe they will already have been selected by the time this is in print. I always had an idea that one's artistic immortality was more or less a matter for the decision of posterity. But in these up-and-coming times it seems that science may be applied to it and produce immortality while we wait.

A local wise-cracker reminds those who are to select the immortals not to overlook (1) the

Continued on page 100

Bebe—the

Will Bebe Daniels *ever* grow up? No, us some side lights on her incorrigible go and whose unquenchable youth turns

By Myrtle



Photo by Richee

"A marvelous constitution and an inexhaustible supply of energy"—that's how her mother explains Bebe's ability to work like mad all day, then play hard through half the night.

BEBE DANIELS is a swashbuckler, a feminine D'Artagnan striding out joyously to have a good time and conquer, perchance, a few worlds. Adventure, to her, has a prior claim over attainment. Yet the former, with Bebe inevitably leads to the latter.

She works furiously hard, but she will never be a slave to her career. She has worked ever since she can remember and she loves to act. If acting were not so enjoyable to her, she would shrug it aside and seek a vocation more congenial to her spirit of fun.

Bebe has an insatiable appetite for life, color, movement. Success, good times, travel, lovely things—she wants 'em all. Equally happy in flivver or Rolls-Royce, she travels the rutty by-lanes of life with just as much pleasure as the paved highways. She stops as eagerly for a picnic lunch under the elms as for dinner at a smart hotel. Be it a night-club supper to the accompaniment of jazz, or a hot-dog sandwich on a sun-drenched beach, Bebe is equally at home.

She is thoroughly American. Life is a Coney Island to her, and she'll risk her neck, if necessary, to experience the thrill of the figure eights and the loop the loops.



Sports, to Bebe, are not just "exercise," but real fun.

Swimming, fencing, horseback riding—all sports, to Bebe, are fun, not just exercise. She streaks out for the weekly Sunday-morning horseback party that has become an institution in Hollywood. Urging her spirited mount up the tortuous paths of Griffith Park, she leads her crowd a merry chase until, tired and wilted, they rein in at her home for an alfresco breakfast. For the remainder of the day and evening she keeps open house, with charming, informal hospitality.

On occasion, you find her curled up on a lounge, deep in some tale of ancient heroic deeds, or perhaps in the latest modern novel. And then, there is Bebe in jail in Santa Ana for speeding, insisting on having her victrola brought there, and blithely entertaining her friends through the bars. It was a grand lark. There is Bebe dancing, a quivering beam of grace, to the enticement of a cabaret's inspired orchestra. There is Bebe ecstatic before an antique chest, fingering its ancient wood, caressing its bronze hasps. Impetuous over everything.

In her teens, Bebe was a cute comedy kid with a mop of unruly black hair. Those were riotous days, when she frolicked with Harold Lloyd—noisy, tomboy days of shrieks and foolishness.

On her first trip to New York, she was an excited kid, eager for the thrill of riding on the subway. Her second sojourn in Manhattan gave her social polish. And a sophistication which adds to the piquancy of the youthfulness in her which refuses to be dimmed.

Deciding to get a frank mother's comments on her interesting daughter, I sought Mrs. Daniels, knowing that she isn't one to drip honeyed platitudes. As usual, she and Bebe were in the throes of redecorating one of their houses. It's a habit. They have three homes, and one or another is always being done over. Bebe had black cats, cushions, and vases piled in her arms, and was wailing for some yellow vases to carry out the scheme she had in mind for the beach house. A chauffeur and two maids were laden

Eternal Child

never! Her mother, in this story, gives "child," who is never happy unless on the life into a series of exciting adventures.

Gebhart



A rare understanding exists between Bebe and her mother, and they are constant companions.

with bric-a-brac. With a wink at me, Bebe blithely swiped a yellow Chinese bowl behind her mother's back after having been expressly told she couldn't have it.

"Bebe is very natural and sincere," Mrs. Daniels began, when her daughter had departed with her stolen goods. "If she doesn't like you, she has no time for you; if she does, you are her friend, but she doesn't gush over you. At times, she seems distant, and even for me has only a cool little nod. It's because she has something on her mind. You noticed how preoccupied she was to-day? Until she has fixed that beach place the way she wants it, an earthquake couldn't attract her attention.

"I allowed her, as a child, to develop naturally. While I detest infant prodigies, I believe in encouraging a child to express herself. I never said to Bebe, 'You can't do that—you've no talent for it.' I'd say, 'That's very nice, darling, but I think you *could* do it better.' If she wanted to play 'Chopsticks' on the piano instead of practicing her exercises, I didn't stop her. One threat, however, was always sufficient if I thought she was carrying it too far.

"I taught her never to be afraid of anything. She is one of the few girls who have never stood in awe of Cecil De Mille. One evening, years ago, when he saw her dancing at the Sunset Inn with Harold Lloyd, and a friend told her C. B. was watching her, she just said, 'Oh, you can't kid me!' and refused to get flustered. When she saw he really was watching her, she was awfully thrilled, but not frightened.



Charmingly natural and informal, Bebe has—praises be—never entirely grown away from her early tomboy days.

"Later, when she was working under his direction in 'Male and Female,' he was pretty harsh with her one day. After the scene was completed, she gathered up her things and went over to tell him good-by. He was astonished. 'I'm no good—I'm going to quit before you fire me,' she said. He laughed at her and explained that he had criticized her only to try to get the best out of her.

"Bebe is quite fearless, and she has no use for false modesty. Knowing her value, she takes it for granted that others should know it too. Once, before she had signed her contract with Harold Lloyd, she sought a job from Mack Sennett, asking for sixty dollars a week. 'What are you getting now?' he asked. 'Forty.' 'Then why stick me for sixty?' 'Because,' said Bebe—she was only thirteen then—'I think I'm worth it.' She didn't get it, but she wasn't one whit mortified."

Her training quite early gave Bebe a self-confidence that must have been amusing in a child. Widowed when Bebe was three, Mrs. Daniels acted on the stage and screen for a while, held an executive position with the old Kalem company, and wrote publicity. At four, Bebe toddled onto the stage, and has been earning her living ever since, except during the time she spent in school.

At thirteen, hearing that Harold Lloyd was looking for a leading lady, she dressed herself very gorgeously in a beflounced silk gown of her aunt's, laboriously did her hair up into many puffs, and applied for the job. A quaint figure she must have been. She got the job, though a blonde had been wanted, and as *The Girl* opposite Harold, first became known to screen audiences.

Her stardom with the ill-fated Realart company was a setback after she had attained notice in Paramount films, but it did not greatly disturb her. It isn't easy for Bebe to be melancholy. And when she was cast

Continued on page 104



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Gwen Lee, when Miss Reid first met her, was fresh from Chicago, where she had alternated between being a dancer and a fashion model.

I Knew

The third of a series of articles in "Extra Girl" looks back on the days girls, or boys, who have since made traces the rise of Gwen

By Margaret

IF you can visualize a blond Gloria Swanson, with a dash of Mildred Harris in her palmy days, you have as accurate a picture of Gwen Lee's face as I can give you. She has a tall, graceful body that moves with the lazy carriage of a Garbo. Her complexion is smooth and white, with a faint, actually authentic pink in the cheeks. Her eyes are a light, dazzling blue. Everything about Gwen is just right. She glorifies the American girl with absolutely no effort.

When I first met her, she was fresh from Chicago, where she had alternated between being a dancer and a model. We were sister ladies-in-waiting in Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." I liked her at once for her straightforward honesty. Extra people as a class are awful snobs. Their opening remarks to you are generally in the nature of oral pedigrees, with references to old family plantations and so forth—a rather pathetic attempt to bolster up their dignity, practiced only by such souls as are morbidly conscious of their unimportance. But Gwen made no bones of the fact that she came from the Middle West and had supported her mother and grandmother since she was fourteen.

Her mother had been left a widow with no means of support. Gwen had left school and turned her natural gift for dancing to practical account. She gave dancing lessons to little girls in embroidered dresses and big hair ribbons—children not much younger than herself, who used the skill she taught them at their numerous birthday parties, while Gwen was patiently saying, "One, two, three, point," to still other little girls.

In devious ways she kept the family barge afloat, coming finally to Chicago. Almost immediately, she found temporary employment as a model for the exclusive gown shops, alternating this with occasional dancing engagements. It was while she was one day displaying to advantage a Paris creation, that the wife of a prominent film man saw her. She summoned Gwen and engaged her in conversation. Such a "really beautiful girl"—had she thought at all of entering pictures?

Yes, said Gwen, she had thought of it—just as she frequently dreamed of living in a home, not a boarding house, and wearing Paris importations of her own. Well, the lady's husband owned several big film laboratories, one of which was in Chicago. She would be very much interested in arranging for Gwen to have a test made. Gwen was thrilled, but did the lady really think that the comparative security of modeling should be given up for the uncertain chances of the movies? In this particular case, the lady did think so.

Gwen was given her test and afterward saw the result—with dismay. Her ignorance of make-up and the rather inadequate photography had combined to make the film of her far from flattering. Gwen was convinced that hers was one of those faces that just wouldn't do. But the people at the laboratory assured her vehemently that it was the sort of face Edison thought of when he invented motion pictures. They lavished her with encouraging advice. She couldn't help heeding—she was so anxious to succeed. Armed with letters of introduction from her kind benefactress, she took her meager savings out of the bank and moved her family to Hollywood.

Them as Extras

which PICTURE PLAY'S well-known when she worked side by side with good on the screen. This month, she Lee and Lorraine Eason.

Reid



Lorraine Eason was one of those extras always being picked out by the director for special bits of business.

Here, let us salute Gwen as unique. Even when she first arrived, even before she had learned from experience how small are the chances of success on the screen for an unknown girl, she harbored no illusion that her cinematic future was to be a rosy one. If she did achieve any success, why, it would be lovely beyond all imagining, but she counted on nothing.

With the help of her introductory letters, she had little difficulty in obtaining extra work. Between engagements, she acted as a model for a Los Angeles fashion expert. And after working hours she played—for the first time, really, in her busy life. She was so young, she had worked so hard, and here she was in Hollywood! She adored it. One saw her everywhere—at the cafés, theaters, hotels. Working in the movies was all very nice, but it was this marvelous business of having a good time that fascinated her.

Gwen couldn't take herself seriously as an actress. I remember, during "Dorothy Vernon," she used to burst into the extras' long dressing room at the last possible moment. While the dresser frantically fastened her into her complicated costume, Gwen slapped on some grease paint, helped the hairdresser with her coiffure, smoked about ten cigarettes, gulped the coffee that a worshiping prop boy had sneaked up to her, and threw wise cracks over her shoulder at the rest of us. And somehow, through all this, she quite inexplicably gave the impression of languidly loafing. Gwen is the only girl I know who can run for a street car without looking a trifle absurd.

It was inevitable that some one should eventually realize her screen possibilities. Monta Bell, making "Lady of the Night," cast her as one of Norma Shearer's hard-boiled buddies. The part wasn't important, but Gwen was. She was noticed. Her jobs began to improve. Later, Bell used her again—in "Pretty Ladies." On the strength of her work in that, Metro-Goldwyn put her under contract.

This was a shock to Gwen. She could scarcely believe that it was actually true. And then, the most definite change occurred in her. She suddenly realized that she was secure in a job a hundred times more glamorous and interesting than just playing around—a job really worth working at.

She changed completely. Hollywood night life saw her no more. She moved to Culver City—a supreme proof of artistic earnestness. In a little bungalow a few blocks from the studio, she discovered in herself an unsuspected penchant for the quiet life. There are fields behind her little house, stretching away to the mountains. She gets an actual kick out of smelling the early-morning air that blows across them. She even has some chickens in her back garden.

But after the thrill of being signed by Metro-Goldwyn, nothing particularly startling happened to her career. She was given small parts and did them well. The publicity pictures she posed for would, if piled together, sink a steamship. She became one of the most popular persons on the lot. But not until recently was she given much of a chance on the screen.

Then, one day, not so long ago, the front office suddenly realized that the stunning blonde who obligingly filled in wherever she was called, who was willing patiently to pose for publicity pictures no one else would consider, who never argued with any one, who worked overtime without complaint, was possible star material. First National borrowed her for Colleen Moore's "Orchids and Ermine," and when she returned to the home lot, she was handed the rôle in "Adam and Evil" that had originally been intended for Greta Garbo. The part was to have been Miss Garbo's official punishment for quarreling about her new contract. But for Gwen, it is a splendid opportunity.

Continued on page 96



Photo by Maurice Goldberg *Jetta Goudal's arresting personality and flair for clothes make her ever a brilliant and effective figure.*

Manhattan

Brief but colorful impressions of stars

By Aileen

CONSIDER the case of Jetta Goudal. She has much in her favor. She is talented and picturesque, and has that invaluable gift, dramatic instinct, in addition to an arresting and haunting personality. She has clothes sense, and her highly decorative scheme of design makes her ever a brilliant and effective figure.

I remember seeing her some years ago in the anteroom of a Broadway manager's office. She was sitting on a bench, waiting her turn to make application for a job. She was a nobody then, but her inexpensive costume of flaming hue, gracefully cut and tastefully draped with freshly laundered organdy—starched by her own hand, perhaps—attracted the eyes of every one.

She can be very charming, and the elusiveness of her foreign strain is intriguing. She is a fascinating creature, but not in the obvious, Anglo-Saxon way. Hers is a subtle charm.

She has been accused of being temperamental. I have seen a photographer throw down his camera in exasperation after she left the room. I have heard a waiter murmur under his breath as he took away the dinner tray, and yet I am sure Miss Goudal, looking at her sleek, trim figure in the mirror at the end of the day, is never for a minute conscious of the ruffled feelings she has left behind her.

"Mr. De Mille," she will inform you, "says of me, 'Yes, of course she always tries to get her way, and the worst of it is, she is always right!'

"I am not temperamental," says Jetta. "It is only that I am intolerant of stupidity, and yet I never expect more from people than I believe them capable of giving. My little maid, for example—she does her best, and though she often falls far below the mark, I do not scold, because I know she is doing the best she can. The other day, she lost sixty dollars' worth of new lingerie. I said nothing to her because I knew she could not help her carelessness. She can't help it that she is not blessed with more wit. If I blame her for something that is constitutionally lacking in her, I would be the stupid one, would I not?"

There is little that interests Miss Goudal outside her work. She is self-absorbed to a degree, and with her sublime faith in herself and her natural histrionic gifts, there is no reason why she should not become one of the foremost actresses on the screen. Those who saw her in "White Gold" will recall her fire and intensity, tempered withal with a fine repression.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise *Antonio Moreno, home from abroad, reminisced about the days when he used to read the Coolidge gas meter.*

A 20th Century Fairy Godmother.

Esther Ralston is everybody's ideal of a fairy godmother. She has that delicate beauty and grace of form that we all associate with the gracious lady in fairy tales who appears unexpectedly at little princes' cradles or works miracles of happiness for forlorn and neglected beggar maids.

For ten years or more, Miss Ralston waited for her chance to give us a peep at a twentieth-century godmother. And what does a fairy godmother do while she is waiting to wave her wand? Miss Ralston

Medley

visiting or working in New York.

St. John-Brenon

marked time by riding horses in Westerns and serials. Coming from a family of acrobats, she had had her share of tumbling under tents, and had once even gone so far as to have a scene with a lion during the hazardous taming process. For a twentieth-century fairy godmother must be practical.

She first came into cinematic fame when Herbert Brenon singled her out to play *Mrs. Darling* in "Peter Pan," but she didn't come into her kingdom until she appeared in "A Kiss for Cinderella" with her starry wand, and transformed a pumpkin into a coach, mice into white horses, and a pair of old shoes into dainty glass slippers.

And then, the first thing you knew, she was a regular movie actress making hurried trips back and forth across the continent, haunting the New York shops, buying costumes and pretty dresses, being swamped in the paraphernalia necessary to please her public. But withal, she lost none of that sweetness and womanly charm which are so necessary to fairy godmothers in any land or clime.

"But I can't be a fairy godmother forever," says Miss Ralston, "and I think the rôle I am most suited for is that of the wife in a small town, where life is simple, even if not always serene."

Perhaps Miss Ralston is right. Perhaps you will find the fairy godmother of to-day in the sweet, unsophisticated monotony of the small town.



Virginia Valli spent much of her time in New York limping around on crutches.

A Gym for George O'Brien.

Ladies and gentlemen, allow us to introduce to you one George O'Brien, responsive, direct, genial, and all-round regular fellow, visiting New York for the first time. He is more like an enthusiastic college boy than a motion-picture actor, more at home with a punching bag than with mascara and grease paint.

When George came to New York to play the lead in "East Side, West Side," William Fox, producer of that film, decided to make a royal gesture. What would George like above all things? Well, if he were Tom Mix, it would be a horse. If he were any of the girl stars, it would be an unlimited expense account along Fifth Avenue. Lon Chaney would simply revel in the chamber of horrors at Madame Tussaud's, and Hope Hampton would go crazy in a scent shop. But George—why, the seventh heaven of bliss to George would be a gymnasium!.



Esther Ralston, every one's ideal of a fairy godmother, says she would much rather play the rôle of a small-town wife.

So an expert was called in, a corner of Fox's New York studio was partitioned off, and a thoroughly equipped gymnasium was created for the exclusive use of George O'Brien, motion-picture actor and athlete. There was a punching bag, there were Indian clubs, boxing gloves, and everything, in fact, but Calvin Coolidge's iron horse. Moreover, in the dressing room, a marble slab and a shower bath were rigged up. The result of all this was that George spent more time in his private gymnasium than in any other one spot, during his stay in New York.

However, Virginia Valli, who appears opposite him in "East Side, West Side," spent more of her time limping about on crutches, for she



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

James Murray, once a mere doorman at the Capitol Theater, returned to New York as leading man in "The Crowd."

sprained her ankle while on location. It took many visits to the doctor, and numerous sessions off the set before the fair Virginia was able to cast aside her crutches and walk.

Once a Doorman, Now a Movie Hero.

A few years ago, in the doorway of the Capitol Theater, there used to stand a tall blond Irishman with a pleasant smile. Subsequently he removed his talents from the doorway of the Capitol to the entrance to the Piccadilly — now known as the Warner Theater—across the way. A few weeks ago, the same tall, young Irishman, his smile a little broader than before, stood in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel, but he was no longer distinguished by the gold braid and buttons of a ticket taker in a Broadway film palace. Clad in a dark-blue serge suit, he had make-up on his face, and was introduced to me as James Murray, leading man in King Vidor's new photoplay, "The Crowd."

Young Murray is unable as yet to talk about his "career," his "art," or his "public." He hasn't any public yet, for this is his first picture, "And," says King Vidor, who is the man who found him on the M.-G.-M. lot, "I chose him for the part just because he is like everybody else—the average fellow whom you might come across anywhere. He is exactly what I was looking for—to represent just one of a crowd."

A Villain in the Flesh.

Describing the villain in his story, an author recently wrote, "He was sleek, unctuous, insidious," which brings us naturally to the subject of Warner Oland, screen villain de luxe, whose sinister presence hovering around many a lovelorn maiden has menaced the honorable intentions of the "other fellow."

Oland's colorful personality has been in artistic evidence ever since the beginning of the grand-film era. We use the word "artistic" advisedly, for in Warner Oland's impersonations there has been none of the crude, obnoxious absurdities which characterize all too many celluloid villainies. Deft, subtle, intelligent, Oland's diableries have rescued numerous inane situations from the slough of the commonplace.

So if, on your quest for a screen villain in the flesh, you come across a bronzed athletic-looking giant, with a deep knowledge of Ibsen and a healthful, genuine interest in the world about him, look carefully, for though quite unlike the villain in the story, this may be Warner Oland, wicked man *par excellence*.



Just because she overslept, Dolores Costello was accused of evading the press and having something to hide.

Mrs. Coolidge Knew Him When——

Swarthy, suave, and sane, Antonio Moreno stepped down the gangplank after a trip abroad in which business had been mingled with pleasure, and began to turn his thoughts exclusively to business. Meeting me later over the teacups, he confided to me his earnest desire and intention to become a director. But first, he was going to visit the little town of Northampton, Massachusetts, where, as an ambitious lad, he started his career by reading the gas meters of the more opulent citizens.

"I have a kind of a yen," he said, "to look over the scene of my youthful encounters, for I used to tussle regularly with the other youngsters of the neighborhood. I've seen few of them since, except Mrs. Coolidge."

Whereon hangs a tale, which you may or may not have heard before. While in Washington some time ago, Mr. and Mrs. Moreno

Continued on page 114



His Father's Son

What boy with a famous actor for a father could resist the temptation to be an actor, too?



Ernest Torrence's young son Ian has played only occasionally in the movies, but he has his eye on the screen and will probably blossom forth as a popular juvenile one of these days.

It's plain to see whose son Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is. He and the former matinée idol are shown below.





Gary Cooper's father, Judge Charles H. Cooper, above, had destined his son for the law, but the movies were too alluring.

Richard Walling's father, William Walling, right, was a well-known stock-company player at one time. Now he and Dick are both movie actors.



Joseph Schildkraut learned all he knows about acting from his famous father; then Rudolph followed his son from the stage to the screen.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., shown with his father at the top of the page, was not taken seriously as an actor at first, but he's now proving himself a worthy son of the popular idol.



The Screen

The latest offerings of the

By



Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have achieved a high place for themselves, by reason of their beautiful acting in "Seventh Heaven."

ONE of the great successes of the year is "Seventh Heaven." It is a triumph for those who aim to give the public what it wants—in this case a charming fairy tale skillfully camouflaged to pass for grim reality, and splendidly acted by personable young Americans in the rôles of French sweethearts, to whom love is all. It is a version of Paris as it is supposed to exist. The total absence of café scenes and fashion parades, hitherto a *sine qua non* in films of Parisian life, is a refreshing novelty and does much to make "Seventh Heaven" *seem* real. But its flavor remains that of "The Two Orphans," in spite of a story taking place during the war.

Diane, beaten to unbelievable limits by her elder sister, and hopelessly desperate, arouses the sympathy of *Chico,* a cheerful young man who works among the sewers. Moved by pity alone, he takes *Diane* to his attic—spacious, picturesque—overlooking the roofs of Paris, and shows her kindness to a degree which, unaccountably, she has never before known.

Shyly they fall in love, almost without knowing it, and are about to be married—*Chico* providing *Diane* with a delicate, lacy wedding gown fit for a Dresden-china figurine—when war is declared, and he is swept out of her life. They agree to hold silent communion every morning at eleven o'clock, so that he will never really be away at all.

The spectator is led to believe that *Chico* is killed in action, but he stumbles, blindly, up the attic stairs at the critical moment when *Diane* is being besought by a military suitor, and the suspense comes to an end in the gentle glow of lovers united.

There is more to this incredible story than appears in a synopsis of the essentials, and more, much more beauty and sincerity and depth in the acting of Janet Gaynor, as *Diane,* and Charles Farrell, as *Chico,* than I can describe here. It is sheer perfection, a rare and lovely presentment of youth in love, as sensitive, as shimmering, as if these young people had spent a lifetime in practicing an art, instead of a few paltry years in Hollywood make-believe.

The direction of Frank Borzage—who did "Humoresque," you remember—could not be bettered. The sentimental, romantic atmosphere lends itself perfectly to his technique, and since Mr. Farrell and Miss Gaynor have never approached their acting in this, Mr. Borzage may justly take considerable credit for their accomplishments.

Nevertheless, the picture as a whole is fairly riddled by inconsistencies and implausibilities—absurdities, if you are less charitably inclined. But they need not be pointed out, nor dwelt upon, because the spirit of "Seventh Heaven" overwhelms its deficiencies, and the leading players are irresistible.

Intelligent College Humor.

"The Poor Nut" is a novelty in pictures of college life, or rather athletics, and is consistently amusing. It has moments of acute merriment, and is altogether excellent. A great deal of credit belongs to that talented director of comedy, Richard Wallace, although to the casual picturegoer it is Jack Mulhall who deserves the major honors for his humorous characterization.

He is *John Miller,* a shy botany student who suffers from an inferiority complex, but who secretly yearns to be a hail-fellow-well-met fraternity man. He represents himself as such in his poetic letters to a girl whose picture he has seen in a newspaper. Also, while he is creating an ideal impression, he says he is an athlete.

The girl suffers a shock when she sees him, but instead of becoming disillusioned she tries psychoanalysis upon him, and forces *John* to train for the athletic hero she insists he can be.

All this is skillfully set forth with the end in view of creating as much laughter as possible. *John's* exploits on the track, the antics of the cheer leader, and the girl's glib application of psychology, all go toward sustaining interest and extracting more than the usual quota of laughter. "The Poor Nut" is wholesome fun.

Jack Mulhall's skill is wasted on the conventional heroes he most often plays, therefore when he is seen in a farcical rôle he makes one admit that he is capable of much more than walking through a picture. He never steps out of the part, and some of his moments are really inspired. Jane Winton is the lovely psychologist, and Jean Arthur prettily practices the blandishments of an old-fashioned girl in giving *John* faith in himself.

Domestic Comedy—Oh, Very.

The three skittish wives who hire as many college boys to amuse them during the absence of their husbands, romp through the screen version of the play "Cradle Snatchers" in about the same form that you would expect, if you are familiar with the original conceit.

It is boisterous fun animated by the spirit of burlesque, and is shot here and there with naughtiness to a degree that sent patrons of the play into roars of merriment, and which does the same to moviegoers, though not so continuously.

Louise Fazenda is the ringleader of the wives, and her cohorts are Ethel Wales and Dorothy Phillips. All give excellent performances, with perhaps more laughter

in Review

silver sheet are analyzed for your guidance.

Norbert Lusk

from the antics of Ethel Wales, as the elderly wife who hardly knows how to handle her boy, than the others. Arthur Lake plays this rôle, while Joseph Striker and Nick Stuart are his companions. The Lake boy possesses the true farcical manner, the others only going through the motions of it. "Cradle Snatchers" is a departure from the run of screen farces, and the idea behind it is typical of the liberality of the times, the censors notwithstanding.

A Gypsy's Revenge.

A gypsy circus of Spain is the colorful background against which Lon Chaney gives a remarkable character portrayal in "The Unknown." Some will think it an unpleasant portrayal, because *Alonzo,* the armless, employs his feet for every purpose that hands are used. But he isn't without arms at all. They are strapped to his sides. *Nanon,* the beautiful daughter of the circus master, trusts him because he hasn't hands to paw her as other men do, and poor *Alonzo* loves her madly. And then, in order to marry her, *Alonzo* has his arms amputated. When he returns to the circus, weeks later, he finds her about to marry *Malabar,* the strong man, whom she had always hated because of his lovemaking, and *Alonzo* furiously sets out to prevent it. He interferes with the strong man's stunt, but the tables are turned and *Alonzo* is killed.

All this is sheer melodrama, of course, but it is skillfully done and Lon Chaney's acting illumines it like a flaming beacon. Strikingly original in characterization and plot as the picture is, it fails to satisfy because it ends abruptly and there are several loose ends in the story which remain unaccounted for.

Joan Crawford is a seductive *Nanon,* beautifully photographed and always a pleasure to watch, while Norman Kerry, as *Malabar,* is brawny enough to evoke sighs from those who admire physique merely.



Emil Jannings, in "The Way of All Flesh," his first picture filmed in this country, contributes an unforgetable character study.

Society As It Isn't.

"Vanity," Leatrice Joy's latest picture, presents a version of high society which only the screen would dare attempt seriously. It is as absurd in this respect as some of the early De Mille excesses, but not nearly so interesting as a travesty.

Her rôle is that of *Barbara Fiske,* a society girl who is so carried away by self-esteem that she ritzes the servants in order to register superiority, and is exhausted by her morning manicure. Building the character on values as false as these, it is to be expected that nothing she does will ring true. *Barbara* incurs the enmity of a sailor, at the recreation hut she runs during the war, when she snubs him after he kisses her. On the eve of her marriage, the sailor reappears as the captain of a steamer in the harbor, and persuades *Barbara* to row out with him to look over the freighter. Though it is night, the girl tells no one of her intention, and arrays herself as for the opera—jewels, orchids, and all. Naturally, there is a rude awakening for this charming simpleton, but she comes out of it safely with the help of a revolver not her own. The occurrence makes her sympathetic toward an erring servant, and presumably qualifies her for perfect wifehood and a happy ending.

There is power in the melodramatic sequence on board the steamer, and Miss Joy's acting is equal to it; but you just can't believe in her after what has gone before. This is a picture totally devoid of a sense of humor. You realize it when Charles Ray gives his bachelor dinner. All his guests drink a toast with their feet planted upon the table in unison, like the chorus in "The Student Prince," and he begs them not to tell *Barbara* how rowdy they were. Alan Hale is excellent in the only consistent rôle, that of the sailor.

Simple, But Good.

The best picture of W. C. Fields is found in his latest, "Running Wild." At that, the story is nothing to rave about, but it is made the most of by the clever direction of Gregory La Cava, and Fields is in his element as *Elmer Finch,* a downtrodden husband and father who has worked in the same office for twenty years without a raise. He comes into his own, however, when he runs out upon a vaudeville stage where a hypnotist is doing his act, and *Elmer* is made to believe that he is a lion. After that he conquers all he surveys.

The picture has a human quality that raises it above the ordinary screen farce of the worm who turns, and Fields is unique in the portrayal of this sort of character. Mary Brian, with little to do, is the heroine.

A Crook with a Heart.

"Alias the Deacon" falls into the class of "human" crook pictures. This means that the leading character,



"Rough House Rosie."



"Vanity."



"The Unknown."



"Cradle Snatchers."

The Deacon, is a card sharp and certainly no better than he ought to be, but he is given to kind deeds and an understanding of human nature, particularly as it is found in the young hero and heroine. It is adapted from the stage play, which was very popular, and so it comes easily and deservedly into the sure-fire successes.

But to some of us, a man who makes his way through the world by fleecing the unwary is apt as not to see victims in a hero and heroine, too. Only, of course, in this picture the heroine is the daughter of *The Deacon's* former sweetheart—and he knows it, though she doesn't.

The high light of all this is found in the acting of Jean Hersholt as *The Deacon.* Finely modulated and skillfully restrained, it is a pleasure to watch the Danish actor who has raised himself from an extra to one of the most accomplished artists in this country. June Marlowe and Ralph Graves are the young people, the latter participating in a rather stirring prize fight, and Miss Marlowe giving a good account of herself in a rôle that makes little demands beyond the portrayal of wistfulness. The omnipresent Ned Sparks plays a crook well.

Miss Davies Goes Ahead.

There is little to say of "Tillie the Toiler" beyond the excellent performance of Marion Davies in the title rôle, because a feature picture based on a comic strip could do little more than offer a characterization. Miss Davies makes a great deal of the giddy, gum-chewing office girl whose native shrewdness causes her to throw over the millionaire who wants to marry her, and return to the lowly suitor she has scorned. All this is superficial, flimsy entertainment, to be laughed at and forgotten. But Miss Davies' performance is not easily forgotten, for it is downright clever and a real creation. Her ability as a comedienne comes from a sound sense of humor and a technique that enables her to express it to the last degree.

Matt Moore plays *Mac, Tillie's* office sweetheart, and George K. Arthur is the manager. Both are good. Harry Crocker brings natural distinction to the rôle of the millionaire, without setting the screen afire with his acting.

Stranger Than Fiction.

"The Secret Studio" is old-fashioned and in bad taste, an attempt at the *risqué* which falls flat with a thud. Briefly—and the briefer the better for me—it's about an eye-rolling country girl who goes to the city to find a career, and who lands a job as an artist's model. This artist is the sort who wears a futuristic smock and maintains a studio for the benefit of his rich and foolish patrons. The girl is the sort who doesn't know what it's all about until the artist displays a painting of her as a nude nymph. The hero is so outraged that he destroys it and scorns the girl, but it gets into the papers and the girl's family scorn her, too. It is hardly necessary to tell you that all this scorn turns to loving understanding in the end.

Olive Borden is the girl. Her figure justifies the undraped painting, but her acting—no, no, Nanette! Clifford Holland, Ben Bard, Margaret Livingston, and Ned Sparks are some of the others.

Clara is at "It" Again.

Clara Bow, now known as the "It" girl of the screen, puts life and vitality into every film she appears in. "Rough House Rosie," her latest, is amusing because of her. Certainly the foolish, far-fetched story has little to offer in itself.

There are cabaret scenes, petting parties, a swimming party in the Park Avenue set—with Tenth Avenue *Rosie* miraculously included—and a championship ring bout. Anyhow, Clara looks beautiful and romps through it all in her sassiest and most fetching manner.

Reed Howes, formerly a star in minor Westerns, plays opposite her, and is appropriately cast as a prize fighter. He has a most ingratiating smile which he turns on and off by way of showing expression.

The subtitles, in George Marion, Jr.'s most hilarious lowbrow wise cracks, help Miss Bow to keep the picture amusing.

Better Than It Sounds.

"Slaves of Beauty" has many laughs, and is built upon an amusing idea. Moreover, it is well acted by Olive Tell, Holmes Herbert, Earle Foxe, Margaret Livingston, Richard Walling and a sprightly newcomer named Sue Carol. It is worth seeing without being a world-beater.

The story has to do with the *Joneses—Leonard* and *Anastasia.* He is a chemist, who is experimenting with a compound to take the place of rubber, while she tries to run a humble beauty shop in the slums. But the terrible odors emanating from the back room, where her husband is boiling his stuff, drive customers away. By accident the freckle-faced boy next door gets some of the clay on his face, and his freckles magically disappear. The *Joneses* are thus "made." *Anastasia's* shop moves from avenue to avenue in its ascent to glittering prosperity on Fifth, but poor old *Leonard* remains humdrum and hopelessly out of the picture.

From this point the film settles down to comparative conventionality, especially when *Anastasia* thinks she is in love with *Paul Terry,* the manager of her shop, and her daughter shows her the error of her ways.

These Russian Husbands!

"The Tender Hour" is the sort of picture producers think the fans will love, because producers think the fans are stupid. It remains to be seen how they react to this.

Billie Dove is a lovely American girl, *Marcia Kane,* who is tricked into marriage to the dissolute *Prince Boris* simply because *Wally Mackenzie,* her American sweetie, doesn't write to her. For all I know, it may be an everyday occurrence for intelligent girls like *Marcia Kane* to be deceived into marrying repugnant Russians; but if *Marcia* had displayed a fraction of the resourcefulness she employed in keeping *Boris* at arm's length after the wedding, she need not have gone through with it at all. But then there wouldn't have been a picture. And as there must be pictures, so must there be silly ones like this.

Boris takes *Marcia* to his palace, which excuses bizarre settings, an orgy or two, a pageant, a duel between *Boris* and *Wally,* and the introduction of three comedians. "The Tender Hour" is a formless thing, neither melodrama nor farce, though running to excesses of both. Montagu Love contrives to perform conscientiously as *Boris,* and Billie Dove and Ben Lyon do a great deal of pawing and mauling in the name of love.

More Love Than Fighting.

In "Fighting Love," the sands of the desert have plenty of time to grow cold while the players indulge in close-ups. Close-up of Jetta Goudal, close-up of Henry B. Walthall, of Victor Varconi, of Jetta Goudal again.

There is a story, of course. The star has a rather amorous mix-up, with three men involved. There is love, and more love, in this picture, but the director didn't bother so much about the fighting mentioned in the title. The Arabs and the Italians have their troubles, portrayed in a rather tepid manner, so that you don't really care who wins.

Jetta Goudal is delightful, Henry B. Walthall plays a husband of convenience with great sympathy, and Victor Varconi is charming as the young lover. The film had great possibilities, had it not, apparently, been photographed with a slow-motion camera.

Dead Calm.

For all its breezy title, "The Whirlwind of Youth" holds scarcely a zephyr of excitement, or I might better say interest. Whatever the novel "Soundings," from which it was taken, the picture is one about which there can be little comment.

Nancy Hawthorne, eighteen and English, becomes aware that she is grown up when a country bumpkin makes clumsy love to her. So her father allows her to go to Paris to study painting and learn to know the world. She falls in love with an Oxford youth who is given to leading his women on, they quarrel and separate, she to become the driver of a Red Cross ambulance, he to be an officer. They meet behind the lines and patch up their differences. That's all—there isn't any more.

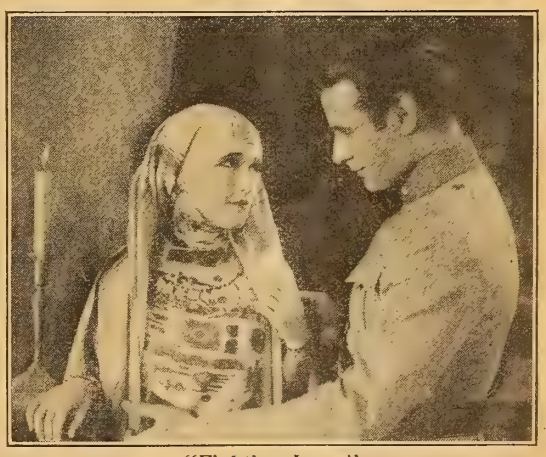
[Continued on page 115]



"The Secret Studio."



"The Tender Hour."



"Fighting Love."



"Tillie the Toiler."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Better 'Ole, The"—Warner. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of *Old Bill,* veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto.*

"Fire Brigade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A real thriller about firemen and fires. Don't miss it. Charlie Ray is his old, lovable self as a boy fireman in love with a millionaire's daughter—May McAvoy.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenious comedy of browbeaten younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Rough Riders, The"—Paramount. Interesting picture built round Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American War, and interwoven with the simple, human love story of a girl and two soldiers—Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack, and Charles Farrell.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Haines as a wise-cracking Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neil as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountaineers themselves enacting the simple but intensely interesting story.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"We're in the Navy Now"—Paramount. Uproarious comedy, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton as a couple of rookies in the navy by accident.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Affair of the Follies, An"—First National. Film of a dancer who is sought by a rich man, but marries a poor clerk, with ensuing quarrels and misunderstandings. Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes, and Lewis Stone.

"All Aboard"—First National. Fast Johnny Hines comedy of an acrobatic shoe clerk who somehow lands in the Arabian desert and saves the heroine, Edna Murphy, from a sheik.

"Annie Laurie" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in mildly interesting picture based on the ancient feud between two Scotch clans. Norma Kerry is the blustering hero.

"Blonde or Brunette"—Paramount. Sly farce at its best. Adolphe Menjou as a jaded Parisian bachelor who becomes involved between a blonde and a brunette. Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal.

"Cabaret"—Paramount. Gilda Gray in sure-fire film of a dancer who foils the villain, saves her erring brother from jail, and captures the heart of the detective—Tom Moore.

"Camille"—First National. Norma Talmadge lovely in unconvincing modern version of Dumas' tragic love tale. Gilbert Roland shines in romantic rôle of *Armand.*

"Casey at the Bat"—Paramount. Wallace Beery in amusing film of baseball in the '90s, with Zasu Pitts as the home-town milliner who wins the heart of our hero.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"Children of Divorce"—Paramount. A high-society film dealing with the unhappy lives of three children of divorced couples. Lots of plot and excellent cast, headed by Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, and Gary Cooper.

"Convoy"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill in secret-service melodrama of a society girl who sacrifices herself to save the United States navy, only to be spurned by every one and clapped into jail. Lawrence Gray and William Collier, Jr.

"Easy Pickings"—First National. Mystery film, with Anna Q. Nilsson in rôle of a "boy" crook who turns out to be a long-missing heiress. Kenneth Harlan is the gentleman hero.

"Evening Clothes" — Paramount. Adolphe Menjou in mildly diverting story of a bankrupt Parisian boulevardier who, when his creditors permit him to keep one suit of clothes, chooses evening dress. Virginia Valli and Louise Brooks.

"Fashions for Women"—Paramount. Gay Parisian farce revealing Esther Ralston in a dual rôle and an array of beautiful clothes. Einar Hansen and Raymond Hatton.

"Fourth Commandment, The"—Universal. Good hokum, with Mary Carr and Belle Bennett both present to keep the tears rolling. Deals with the dire influence of too much sweetness in a mother-in-law.

"Frisco Sally Levy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sally O'Neil in amusing comedy featuring the intimate home life of a family headed by an Irish mother and a Jewish father.

"Getting Gertie's Garter"—Producers Distributing. Slim but harmless farce, featuring Marie Prevost's frantic efforts to return to Charles Ray the bejeweled garter he gave her before he became engaged to another.

"Hills of Kentucky"—Warner. Rin-Tin-Tin again in a film well worth seeing. Tale of wild dog tamed by a child's kindness. Dorothy Dwan and Jason Robards.

"Is Zat So?"—Fox. Featuring the comic results when a down-and-out prize fighter and his manager—George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe—temporarily act as butler and second man in a Fifth Avenue mansion.

"It"—Paramount. Clara Bow makes entertaining this film of an impudent shopgirl who cops the owner of the store, Antonio Moreno, in spite of a ritzy rival.

"Jim the Conqueror"—Producers Distributing. Featuring a feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd and Elinor Fair aligned against each other.

"King of Kings, The"—Producers Distributing. Sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ. H. B. Warner dignified and restrained in central rôle. Cast includes Jacqueline Logan, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, and Rudolph Schildkraut. [Continued on page 117]

A Girl to Be Envied

Because Ann Rork is the daughter of a successful motion-picture producer, Sam E. Rork, who has of course made it easy for her to find a place on the screen, she is very much envied, but there are many drawbacks as well as advantages, says Ann, in having a father for a producer.

By Madeline Glass

FROM the point of view of the average picture fan, Ann Rork is one of the most fortunate girls in the world. In any girl who cherishes a desire to become an actress, Miss Rork's position doubtless arouses pangs of wistfulness if not downright envy. For Ann is the daughter of a successful motion-picture producer—Sam E. Rork. Other girls may have to endure the trials and hardships of breaking into cinematic success, but in the case of Ann, opportunity not only knocked at her door but sat right down on her front steps and waited.

On the surface, the tale of Miss Rork's rise offers such a marked contrast to the usual stories of living on short rations and warming park benches while fighting for recognition, that the average person might discredit her efforts or resent her easily attained prominence.

She has never been an extra. She has never played bits. Her first screen work was in rather conspicuous rôles. True, her work in "Old Loves and New" and "The Blonde Saint" quite justified her having been chosen for the important parts she had in those films, but it is also true that there are no doubt many girls in the precarious extra ranks who could have played the rôles equally well.



"It's true," she says, "that my father can give me good parts in his pictures, but he cannot make the public like me." She is shown here making up for her rôle in "The Notorious Lady."



The very fact that her father is in a position to help her is inclined to prejudice people against her, says Ann.

Firmly maintaining an unprejudiced mind, I paid a visit to the First National studio for the purpose of interrogating Miss Rork concerning her seemingly enviable position. As she and I entered the studio restaurant, a spirit of gay familiarity prevailed. Every one seemed to know Ann, and a series of greetings and friendly quips flashed back and forth. Various persons paused at our table, or sat down for a while and enjoyed a smoke. A studio official offered Ann a cigarette.

"I don't smoke—it's too effeminate," she declared.

She wore a well-fitting riding habit, and looked handsome and impressive. She is larger than the average actress—tall, graceful, and modeled on healthy, well-rounded lines. If she can control her weight, her build should prove an asset, for she is a refreshing contrast to the usual thin, flat-chested flapper.

"I don't mind letting a horse take me for a ride occasionally," she remarked. "It's easier than dieting. Elinor Glyn said I would have 'It' if I would throw my chest out like she does."



Miss Rork, with her graceful, well-built figure, is a refreshing contrast to the thin, flat-chested flapper. She made a distinct impression as the ingénue in "The Blonde Saint."

She giggled, obviously not greatly impressed with Madame Glyn's sage counsel.

I didn't see anything wrong with her chest, but it did occur to me that she was not making the most of her personal assets. Ann is Irish and impulsive, eighteen and intriguing. If she would affect a dark make-up, she could be modeled into a youthful Nita Naldi.

We touched on the subject of modern youth.

"The young people in this business are the most conservative of any I know," declared Ann.

Assertions of this sort will not satisfy the cynic who enjoys reading sensational reports about Hollywood. Doubtless a skeptical minority will respond with, "Oh, listen to the wind blow," and stoutly retain their preconceived opinions of people in the motion-picture industry. But I do know that every actress with whom I have talked, from the gentle Gish to that delectable young roughneck, Clara Bow, has denied any addiction to wildness. One thing is certain—either Hollywood is a decent, conservative town or it embraces a magnificent collection of liars.

Regarding her work, Ann revealed a modest, intelligent attitude.

"It is true that my father can give me good parts in his pictures," said she, "but he cannot make the public like me nor can he make the critics say nice things about me. That part of it is strictly up to me. My position has its advantages and its drawbacks. It is extremely nice to be able to work under my father, but on the other hand I have to guard against envy and prejudice. Every day I speak to dozens of people that I don't know merely because they speak to me. I have to be very careful not to appear upstage."

There is a report that Ann may be cofeatured in a film with Gilbert Roland. Ann's father holds an option on young Roland's services and, by a canny business stroke, has allowed this actor, previously not very well known, to be lavishly exploited by United Artists in two Norma Talmadge productions—"Camille" and "The Dove"—before making much use of him himself.

After our luncheon, "The Prince of Head Waiters," in which Ann appears, was shown in the studio projection room, and I was requested to be present. Ann and I joined a group of vitally interested people who had gathered to put the finishing touches on the film.

Continued on page 105

Film Struck

Our hero, in this final installment, comes face to face with the very man he has most wanted to avoid, but—unsuspected circumstances develop, leading to a surprising conclusion.

By Roland Ashford Phillips

Illustrated by Modest Stein

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Oscar Whiffle is the good-looking young chef of the Rosebud delicatessen in La Belle, Iowa. He has a girl, Gladys Padgett, who is a rabid movie fan, but Oscar hates the movies and everything connected with them.

Lester Lavender, famous screen lover, makes a personal appearance at the local theater. Gladys' infatuation for him leads to a quarrel between her and Oscar. Later the same night, Oscar, coming upon Gladys and Lester in the park, pitches into Lester and knocks him cold. Thinking he has killed the star, he flees, boarding a train for the West.

Alighting at a small station in the Arizona desert, he unwittingly falls in with a troupe of movie people on location, being mistaken for one of the extras. A girl in the troupe, Penelope Hope, known as Penny, makes a friend of him, discovers he is there by accident, and urges him to bluff it out. But Oscar, dismayed at what he has stumbled into, is determined to flee, until he wakes in the morning, discovers that his wallet has been stolen, and realizes that he will *have* to stay.

Hustled onto the set with the crowd of extras, he is singled out by the director, the great DuVal, to do a bit. Terrified, he of course bungles it, but the irate DuVal, instead of firing him, suddenly decides to experiment with this "lump of clay." Oscar is then used in a fight scene with the man who he suspects has stolen his wallet, and in his wrath makes it so realistic that DuVal is elated over his future possibilities. But Oscar, having recovered his wallet during the fight, again makes plans to flee.

Going to the neighboring town of Sapphire that night, he is on his way to the railroad station when he bumps into an old friend from La Belle—Amos Hortle—who is now chief of police of Sapphire. He fears this officer of the law, fearing that at any time Amos may hear of his criminal act from friends in La Belle, but he is forced to accept his hospitality and becomes so befuddled with drink that, instead of catching his train, he accidentally takes a bus that returns him to the movie location.

Next day, he hears from Penny the startling news that Lester Lavender is coming to join the troupe! Though relieved to learn that he has not, after all, been guilty of murder, he dreads the prospect of encountering the star, fearing the charge of assault that will no doubt be brought against him. He once more bends every effort toward escaping, though he hates the thought of parting with Penny, to whom he has grown strangely attached.

Going again into town that afternoon, he is about to make his get-away at last, when Amos Hortle once more pounces upon him, this time with a warrant. The warrant is not, however, for Oscar, but for Penny, who, it develops, has jumped her room rent in Hollywood. When Amos reveals that he already has her under lock and key, Oscar forgets everything to rush to her rescue.

CHAPTER XIX.

AGAIN GOOD-BY.

WHEN they were alone, Oscar hastened to assure Penny that her sojourn under the roof of the Sapphire jail would be brief. He would attend to that quickly enough.

"Amos Hortle is an old friend of mine," he announced. "I'll talk to him after he's cooled off a bit. He'll listen to me all right. Amos isn't a bad sort at heart and maybe you shouldn't have kidded him so much."

"Is he the friend you met last night?" the girl inquired banteringly. "The kindly soul who got you pie-eyed? I thought so. Well, I'll say he ought to do something handsome to square himself. Now don't you worry about me, Oscar," she added. "I've sent out an S O S. It'll bring results—just wait!"

"It—it's a man?" Oscar asked.

Penny nodded. "Naturally."

"What kind?" he persisted, searching the girl's face.

"The kind that wears a flock of diamonds and a number-seventeen collar," Penny answered, with a gayety all too plainly assumed. "Drives a chariot bigger than DuVal's. No hair and fishy eyes."

Oscar winced. "Oh, Penny! You wouldn't! Not that kind!" He understood—he had heard about such things. "You don't care for him, do you?"

"Like a dose of poison," said Penny. "But then——" She shrugged and avoided Oscar's reproachful gaze.

"Don't you let him do anything for you," Oscar commanded. "You just mustn't! Not till I talk with Amos."

"I'm afraid talking won't get us anywhere," the girl rejoined, her eyes clouded, her smile a bit wistful. "Some things just *have* to happen, and we can't get away from them. Just written in the book."

"What book?"

"Oh, that's just an expression. Destiny—fate—the old turn of the wheel."

"If there are any wheels to be turned, I'll turn them," Oscar declared emphatically. "You wait. I'll be right back."

Amos Hortle, cocked back at his desk in the office beyond, looked up speculatively when Oscar presented himself; and Oscar, looking very determined, lost no time in making his purpose clear.

"Now see here, Amos," he began. "You and me are old friends. I'm interested in Miss Holt and——"

"Hold on!" The chief of police held up a warning hand. "I'm an old friend and all that, but I'm also a sworn officer of the law, and you ain't goin' to talk me out of my duty. That's final. The girl stays right here till the Hollywood authorities send after her or advise me to the contrary."

"You mean they'll take her back there?"

"Of course. To face the charges; that is, of course, unless——"

"Unless what?" Oscar demanded sharply.

"Well, unless she produces"—Amos looked down at the telegram on his desk—"the sum of two hundred and sixty dollars," he finished.

"That's what she owes? The whole of it? Paying over that sum would set her at liberty?" asked Oscar.

"Absolutely. My instructions were to find the girl and arrest her unless she forked over the money," Hortle stated grimly.

Oscar did not hesitate, did not dare to reflect upon the unpleasant consequences to himself as he extracted his wallet from his pocket, opened it, and began counting a sheaf of bank notes under Hortle's amazed eyes.

"There!" he announced. "Two hundred and sixty dollars! Correct, isn't it?" There was left, he noticed, only one, solitary dollar bill.

"Good Lord!" Amos exclaimed. "You goin' this far?" He eyed his companion rather disapprovingly. "You must be kind of stuck on the girl."

"The law don't have anything to do with that, does it?" Oscar retorted, his face suddenly crimson.

"I guess not," admitted Hortle, counting over the money. "Guess you're old enough to know what you're doin'," he added. "All right. The prisoner's released."

Oscar, starting for the door, turned back. "This is strictly between ourselves, Amos. Understand?"

The chief grinned. "I get you."

On winged feet and with a beaming countenance, Oscar broke into the room where Penny waited.

"It's all right," he announced happily. "Come along! You—you're unjailed!"

Penny came slowly to her feet, came close to gaze searchingly into Oscar's radiant eyes. "What have you done?" she demanded. "Tell me the truth, Oscar. You—you didn't——"

"Sure I did!" he interrupted hurriedly. "I simply talked Amos into a little reason. I told you we were old friends, didn't I? Shucks, it wasn't hard to do. Amos will just pretend he couldn't find you. There won't be any more trouble. You won't need to call on that —that dose-of-poison fellow who wears a seventeen collar. Not now, Penny."



But the girl still seemed dubious, unconvinced. "Are you speaking the whole truth, Oscar?" she wavered, her lips quivering a little, her eyes suddenly completely blurred. "Are you? Haven't you done something—more?"

"Go ask Hortle, if you don't believe me," he returned defiantly. Then he laughed to hide his own emotions, boldly put an arm about the girl, and led her from the room.

He was surprised to find how dark it was outside. The streets were thronged, their lights twinkling. Time had passed swiftly since his meeting with Amos. A clock, glimpsed in a window, proclaimed the hour—seven thirty! For an instant Oscar's heart sank, and dismal realizations swept over him. His train had gone; his carefully laid plans had again miscarried. But determinedly, with a struggle, he brushed aside all regrets, told himself he didn't mind so much after all. Not now, with Penny safe beside him and her misfortune eliminated. Why, he ought to be the happiest man in the world!

Penny was clinging tight, very tight, to his arm. She seemed so tiny, so helpless, and so dependent upon him. "How are we to get back?" she asked presently.

Oscar had thought of that, too, and wondered. "Oh, we'll manage somehow," he declared cheerfully.

Of course *he* dared not return to the picture city—not with Lester Lavender on the scene. Penny must go back alone, and he must find an excuse to remain in Sapphire. He was in a sad predicament, to be sure, with no money, but he had ridden a freight train before and could do it again. At any event, dawn must see him in a strange country.

"There'll be a bus in town to-night," the girl assured him. "We can catch it, I suppose. Only it won't be going back till late."

They were on the main street now, standing at a brightly lighted corner; and as they stood there, with Oscar vainly trying to get his mental forces into action, a car pulled up beside them. It was a big, splendid, shining car with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel and two men sitting behind in the open tonneau.

"It's DuVal!" Penny exclaimed, in a sharp whisper.

And it was the mighty director himself who leaned out and spoke to the pair. "Going our way, Mr. Watt?" he inquired pleasantly. "You and Miss Holt come along."

The door swung open invitingly. Oscar attempted to make some excuse, but his words were a mumble.

"Plenty of room," DuVal assured him. "Just Mr. Lavender and myself. That train was two hours late."

Oscar felt Penny's fingers tighten on his arm. They urged him forward, but panic filled his heart. Lester Lavender! Sitting there in DuVal's car! He opened his lips to speak, to say something—anything—but the power of coherent speech again was denied him. Mute, he wanted to run, to vanish before the impending doom, but his limbs failed him.



"Hey there, Oscar! Wait a minute!" the sheriff's blatant voice rang out. Oscar's blood seethed, and ferocious thoughts took possession of him—was he never to be free from this pestiferous individual?

Somehow, an instant later, he and Penny were in the car, Penny sitting between DuVal and Mr. Lavender, while he occupied a smaller seat facing them; and presently he heard the director making the introductions.

"Miss Holt, Mr. Lavender." The voice sounded faint and far off. "And this is Mr. Watt."

Mechanically, Oscar was conscious that his icy fingers were gripped by those of the screen star.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Watt," Mr. Lavender declared graciously. "Happy indeed."

Oscar mumbled something, his glassy eyes fixed upon the speaker's dimly revealed countenance, a countenance that seemed all too familiar—yet wasn't. Not wholly. Still, the darkness was confusing, and Oscar was in no mental condition to judge anything clearly. There was, he saw, a strip of courtplaster decorating Mr. Lavender's face, a strip that zigzagged across the star's nose and down one cheek. It altered the man's looks. Then he noted, suddenly, the long black cigarette holder, and it brought a rush of poignant memories.

"Mr. Watt is my newest find," DuVal was saying, rather proudly it seemed. "His first excursion into films. Photographs beautifully. He ought to make a name for himself."

"That's admirable," said Mr. Lavender, smiling. "I congratulate you both."

Oscar fancied now that the screen star was leaning forward, studying him closely with suspicious eyes. He felt hot and cold by turns, and instinctively prepared himself for the worst. He could, he decided, hurl himself from the car if necessity demanded—lose himself in the desert.

But after a time, with the car flying across the sandy wastes, as nothing happened nor seemed about to happen, Oscar began to relax. The realization came to him at length, as his pulse grew less tumultuous and his mind became stabilized, that Lester Lavender had for the moment failed to recognize his recent La Belle assailant.

Security, however, could not long continue—the danger of exposure was merely postponed. In the bright light of day, recognition would be as certain as the rising sun. Oscar simply hoped his luck would continue until the car reached its destination—until he had said good night to the screen star. That achieved, he could breathe more easily.

Penny was animated and talkative, DuVal in a cheerful mood, and Mr. Lavender joined in the spirited conversation. Laughter between the three was not infrequent. But Oscar, still uncertain, said not a word unless directly spoken to, and then answered in monosyllables. His voice might yet arouse suspicions, bring about a dread crisis.

"Say," DuVal said suddenly to the star, "how's that face of yours?"

"All right," Mr. Lavender replied. "I'll keep the plaster on until to-morrow. The damage will never show under make-up."

"I figured that if it did show we could account for it somehow in the continuity," the director said. "You're a rough-and-ready character in this film, you know—might easily have a few scratches. What happened to you?"

The question was casual enough on DuVal's part,

but Mr. Lavender seemed to hesitate, and Oscar stiffened, as though subjected to an electric shock.

"Why, I had a little mix-up on my way from New York," the man began. "About a week ago, in some forsaken little town where I stopped off. I was out alone and a—a ruffian attacked me. Fortunately I was able to use my fists."

"Beat him up, did you?" DuVal asked.

"Well, I believe I did inflict some damage," Lester admitted. "At any rate the miscreant ran away."

"The coward!" Penny cried indignantly. "Wasn't he found? Arrested? Couldn't you identify him again?"

The screen star nodded. "I know who he is and why the attack was made, but I've kept the affair quiet on the advice of the detectives who are trailing the man. And when the culprit is arrested, he'll have a surprise handed him. I believe, with the evidence I hold, I can put him away for a few years."

"Good enough," said DuVal.

"Oh, I hope they catch the scoundrel," Penny chimed in. "Why, he might have injured you seriously—kept you out of work for months."

"Yes, indeed," conceded Mr. Lavender. "I was afraid at first I might be disfigured, but fortunately that was spared me."

Nothing more was said relative to the screen celebrity's injury, and pleasanter topics followed, for which Oscar was thankful. The rattle of the La Belle skeleton had a particularly distressing effect upon the ex-Rosebud chef. The knowledge that detectives had been put upon his trail did not come as a surprise, but it failed to contribute to Oscar's peace of mind.

When the car at length entered the picture city, it drew up before one of the most imposing tents, where a corps of servants, appearing like magic, became electrically attentive.

Oscar was the first to alight. He helped Penny out and stood back in the shadows while DuVal and his star stepped down from the car.

Mr. Lavender gazed about him and drew in a deep breath of crisp desert air. "This is positively exhilarating," he proclaimed. "And what a beautiful set! It has been years since——"

"You'll get your fill of it," DuVal broke in. "These wide open spaces beneath the stars become monotonous after a while. You won't find so many luxuries as you've been accustomed to, Lester."

"I'll get along famously," the star declared. "After a month in the East, this seems like paradise."

"Glad you think so," the director responded. "And before I forget it," he added, "we start shooting at eight in the morning."

"Suits me," the star answered. "The earlier the better."

Members of the ensemble hovered respectfully in the background to obtain a glimpse of the featured player, and Lester Lavender, surveying them, nodded and smiled with a geniality that amazed Oscar. It confirmed all that Penny had had to say relative to the star's conduct and character, his graciousness, and good fellowship.

"Good night, Miss Holt," Mr. Lavender called out, as he followed DuVal into the tent. "And you, Mr. Watt. See you both in the morning."

The screen celebrity would not, Oscar told himself, see him in the morning or any other morning thereafter. Not unless the desert became storm bound or unless death itself came to play a part in the drama. Mr. Lavender, said Oscar to himself, had looked his last upon Mr. Whiffle, alias Watt.

A long, quivering sigh of relief escaped him as, with Penny hurrying to keep up with him, he walked away.

"Another exhibition of your infallible luck, Oscar," the girl breathed excitedly. "Notice how the crowd rubbered? They took it all in. Having DuVal taxi us home—and with Lester Lavender a passenger, too! Some class to us!"

He *had* been lucky all right enough, Oscar mused, but not in exactly the way that Penny meant. It had been the rarest kind of luck to have ridden and talked with Mr. Lavender and *escaped* recognition. His blood began to circulate more freely, and a great load slipped from his shoulders.

"Didn't I tell you Lester was a good scout?" Penny babbled on. "You didn't see anything high-hat about him, *did* you? I'll say not! Could you imagine some of the other film favorites riding in the same car with a couple of nobodies like us? Huh, I guess not!"

"He—he seems to be a nice chap," Oscar asserted, wanting to say something and caring not at all what he said.

"Sure he is. And you seemed to make a hit with him, Oscar. I noticed it right away. Why, he scarcely took his eyes off you all the way from town."

"You noticed—that?"

"Positively. He heard what DuVal said about you and he was sizing you up," Penny declared. "Say, with both Lester and DuVal strong for you, you'll be up among the big ones before the rest of us plodders get a toe-hold on the ladder."

But Oscar only smiled—a very significant and mysterious smile Penny would have thought it, could she have seen it.

"You never can tell about things," he remarked, and very abruptly he added, "Good night."

He walked away with brisk and resolute steps. This, he realized, was good-by, not merely good night, and he knew that if he lingered or began thinking too much about it, he would feel dreadful. The situation might get beyond him and he might make a fool of himself—tears and all that sort of thing.

So he hurried on, not once turning to look back.

CHAPTER XX.

CAME STILL ANOTHER DAWN.

WITH so much on his mind to distress him, Oscar spent several dark, restless hours after he had gone to bed. Sleep refused to visit him, and he lay wide-eyed and miserable on his narrow cot, while all about him men were snoring peacefully, even luxuriously.

His predicament now was far more perilous than it had been the night before or the night before that. On both previous mornings, he had at least been able to walk abroad unafraid. Recognition had not then threatened him. But now, he dared not show his face—not with Lester Lavender on the scene—and what's more, he was penniless.

Once, tortured by dread thoughts of what the morning held in store for him, Oscar slipped from his cot and tiptoed to the tent door, to peer furtively into the shadows that mantled the sleeping, counterfeit city, wondering if he had better dress and vanish now, lest something unforeseen might later thwart him. But the night seemed unaccountably dark. There was no moon, and the stars were dim and lusterless—decidedly unfriendly. So he crept, shivering, back to his cot, to lie awake for several more immeasurable hours.

One thing, however, was certain. At the first early streaks of dawn, long before any one else was astir, he would be out and away, plodding bravely across the sand, with the glory of the sunrise to guide his foot-

Continued on page 92

Was She Only a Flash in the Pan?

Was Dolores Costello's overnight success too sudden to last? One hears comment to the effect that she has not lived up to original expectations, but is it Miss Costello who is at fault, or is it merely that she has been cast in mediocre films unworthy of her talents? These questions are carefully considered in the story below.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WHAT price glory?

I mused in that vein upon the aftermath of overnight success in the case of Dolores Costello, who seems to have taken a little drop—not back into oblivion, but into the annoying position of mediocre stardom.

"The Sea Beast" brought her into the spotlight, and there, under the soft, cascading rays, she remained serenely poised. for a while, her delicate, flowerlike beauty a fit object for the beams to shine upon. Then there followed a series of unimportant films, including "Bride of the Storm," "The Little Irish Girl," and "The Third Degree," none of which amounted to much. Even "When a Man Loves" proved disappointing.

In the circles where critics get together to growl or to bestow laurels, one hears comment to the effect that Dolores has "slipped" a little. But is it that Dolores has slipped, or simply that she has been given poor films, unworthy of her talents?

With the release of "The Sea Beast," she was hailed as a sensational discovery. Was that acclaim merely a freak of the moment? Was it due only to clever direction that she made such a good showing in that picture, and hadn't she, then, the talent to stand the test of the subsequent stardom with which Warner Brothers rewarded her?

In a certain sense, her initial success was parallel to Vilma Banky's. Both have a lyric loveliness and poetic grace of expression. But Vilma, thanks to Samuel Goldwyn's very careful choice of rôles for her, has stayed up. She has not slipped one little bit.

"If I had my way," said Dolores, when I met her for this interview, "I wouldn't make the pictures I'm engaged upon now. I have to *feel* the rôles I act, and sometimes, now, I am called upon to do such improbable things that I cannot feel them.

"I wonder," she went on, "if it was a mistake for me to star so soon? I should really prefer to play just leads opposite some big star in specials that are sure of first runs in important theaters—as I did in 'The Sea Beast' and 'When a Man Loves.'

"My present stories are not all that I might wish." Slim, nervous, white fingers fluttered. "With a firm conviction that I belong in costume films, I want to play in a variety of them, just to prove my point. I'm not content to get only the glory and the money out of starring—I want good rôles, too!"



Miss Costello herself realizes that it may have been a mistake for her to be starred so soon.

"Old San Francisco," her current picture, is a smash-bang, rip-roaring melodrama. The girl is kidnaped by Chinese and locked up in a vault. There are all kinds of trapdoors, secret passages, sliding panels, and winding stairways.

"The Heart of Maryland," the film she made following "Old San Francisco," is laid in Civil War days. It was one of Mrs. Leslie Carter's plays.

"I'd like to do a comedy," said Dolores, "a sort of 'Peg o' My Heart' with humorous situations." I gasped. Imagine the liquid-eyed, limpid Dolores frolicking through a comedy, even though off screen she is more vivacious than on.

So far as I could discern, she is unspoiled. She has no airs. Her attitude toward those whose heads are turned by success was summed up in her comment on a young man who had suddenly become very important—"I find him highly amusing," she said.

Now, as before, she would rather talk of her sister Helene than of herself, and manages usually to switch the conversation to her. I remember when she first came into prominence how she begged that Helene be given the chance instead of herself and insisted upon Helene's talent. I remember how her interviews always resolved into Helene this and Helene that.

It was so upon this occasion. I asked her to tell me something of her travels in her childhood with the Vitagraph Company that made pictures in many countries.

"Oh, you must let Helene tell you about that. She tells things so dramatically. I can't."

Again, when Dolores, the star, was allowed to have her dressing room redecorated to suit her taste, while Helene had to be content with what was allotted to her, Dolores thought of a scheme.

"I put one over on them," she whispered. "Insisted I must have two rooms, one for an office, and after I had got the expensive drapes and everything, I converted one room into a dressing room for Helene."

She spoke triumphantly, pleased at having outwitted

Continued on page 105

Hollywood

A review of the latest news

By Edwin and



Locks of hair from all the stars' heads—that's the aim in life of James Adamson, chief barber of the M.-G.-M. studio. Aileen Pringle has just contributed, above, to his collection.

GLORIA SWANSON has taken her life in her hands, tossed her fate at the feet of the censors, and will next appear on the screen in "Sadie Thompson." This is the lady, as you perhaps know, made famous by Jeanne Eagels in the stage play, "Rain."

Gloria's film will be an adaptation of the short story by Somerset Maugham on which the play was based, and this may prove to be less censorable than the stage version. But even at that, we can hardly imagine *Sadie* being portrayed as a Cinderella or a Pollyanna.

Gloria had a hard time deciding on her next picture. There is no doubt that her popularity has suffered through bad stories, but she is centering high hopes in "Sadie Thompson." It has a much timelier theme, anyway, than "The Love of Sunya," which seemed to us to be terribly antique in idea.

Gloria is looking very attractive these days, and is in much better health than she has been for a long time. She has literally thrown herself into the outdoor sports of the colony, notably tennis, which she plays very well. She lives quietly in her Beverly Hills home, which she almost sold on several occasions during her absence in New York, but which, through some trick of fate, always refused to be disposed of. Gloria is glad now that she kept it.

One thing that she and her husband the marquis do for fun every once in a while is to go down to the beach, and ride the roller coaster, go into the "crazy house," and patronize the other amusement concessions.

Gloria confessed to us recently that she had never attended a girl's cat party until she came back to Hollywood this time. Her first experience was at Frances Marion's recent party.

A Festive Wedding.

For formality there has been nothing thus far in the social records of the film colony to equal the marriage of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky. They even had the banns published prior to the ceremony, and the last few weeks before the wedding were for them one continuous round of social activities.

Frances Goldwyn and Mrs. Abe Lehr, and Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis Lloyd, and Diana Kane were among those who gave parties for the bride. Mrs. Goldwyn and Mrs. Lehr gave a linen shower, Mildred Lloyd a handkerchief shower, and Diana Kane a hosiery shower. Bebe entertained with a large party at her beach home, on which occasion every one brought Vilma some perfume.

Rod and Vilma were married on June 26th, at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. The wedding was attended by a throng of stars. Mrs. Abe Lehr was matron of honor, and Cecil B. De Mille was best man. The bridesmaids were Frances Goldwyn, Diana Kane, Monique La Rocque —Rod's sister—Mildred Lloyd, Bebe Daniels, and Constance Talmadge. The ushers were Ronald Colman, Donald Crisp, Jack Holt, Harold Lloyd, Victor Varconi, and George Fitzmaurice. Fitzmaurice and Diana Kane, by the way, are reported engaged.

Even Quicker Than a Quickie.

Alice Lake has a snappy sense of humor. You no doubt remember her as the star of many of the Metro crook plays made some years ago when she was on the same program with Bert Lytell, Viola Dana and others. Alice recently returned from a vaudeville tour, and the first job that she obtained was in a small picture made at low cost in a great hurry.

"What was the picture—a quickie?" somebody asked Alice.

"No," she replied, "it was a lightning."

A Disastrous Month for Marriages,

June, instead of being a month of many marriages, appears this year to have been one of marital troubles. Most surprising was the news of the separation of Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, who had been reputed to be one of the happiest couples in the colony. One bright morning a piece appeared in the papers stating that Marie had forsaken the family hearth and was living at the Ambassador Hotel, and that Harlan had also gone elsewhere.

Then the break between Viola Dana and "Lefty" Flynn was announced. They had been married just two years.

It is still hoped that both these couples may be reconciled. No hope, however, is held forth in the case of Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh, who, after having been married for ten years, are now divorced.

Agnes Ayres has also secured a decree, separating her from her husband, Manuel Reachi.

Maurice Costello has filed suit for divorce against his wife, the mother of Dolores and Helene.

And the wife of Rin-Tin-Tin's owner, Leland L. Duncan, is seeking a divorce, charging that her husband is interested in nothing but the famous dog star. In view of the fact that Rin-Tin-Tin makes $2,000 a week, this interest can perhaps be understood.

Romance Lags.

Yes, June marriages this year were certainly less numerous than usual.

High Lights

and events in the film colony.

Elza Schallert

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg were reported to have been secretly wed, but that turned out to be merely another idle rumor. The report of the elopement of Leslie Fenton and Alice White also fizzled.

Several engagements, however, were announced. A double wedding is being planned by the Duncan sisters, Vivian and Rosetta—the former to marry Nils Aster, the young Swedish actor, and the latter to marry William Beri, who is in Mack Sennett's laboratory department. For publicity purposes, at least, a pact is supposed to exist between the two sisters by virtue of which one will not wed without the other's consent, and an understanding that, all things being agreeable, they will both try to marry at the same time. Which makes things rather complicated.

Another report links the names of Reed Howes and Gladys Quartaro. Howes is an F. B. O. star, and Miss Quartaro is a newcomer in films.



Photo by Chidnoff

Nils Aster is the young Swedish actor who is playing KIT SORRELL *in "Sorrell and Son," and also, incidentally, he's the young man to whom Vivian Duncan has announced her engagement.*

Will It Ever Be Settled?

The Charlie Chaplin divorce case is dragging out interminably, and sympathizers with the comedian predict that he will be a poor, and perhaps also a broken, man when it is finally over.

So much publicity has already been given to the affair that it is scarcely necessary to go over it, except to state that Charlie recently filed his cross-complaint, in which, on various grounds, he asked for the custody of the two children. He stated that his gross annual income does not exceed $162,055.78—those were the exact figures—and that the total extent of his future income, both in separate and community property, is approximately $1,250,000. He stated his willingness to make a fair settlement on his wife, naming the community property at $266,932.63. But Lita asks $1,250,000 of him.

Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer."

Reports say that Al Jolson will receive $100,000 for playing in "The Jazz Singer." Al is one of the highest-paid of the stage comedians, so this price for his services in the movies really seems quite in order. John Barrymore is said to have received as much for "Beau Brummel," his first starring picture for Warner Brothers several years ago, and Jolson, in his own field, is certainly as great a celebrity, if not a little greater.

"The Jazz Singer" will be a Vitaphone picture, and is expected to do a lot to make the sound-reproducing device more popular with the public. There will be spoken dialogue in many of the scenes, and singing in several others. Jolson is very much interested in making a production in which he can register his voice.

George Jessel, according to the original plans, was to have starred in "The Jazz Singer," but some difficulty arose over the terms of the singing part of the contract, and so he is to do a silent picture, instead. Jessel played in the stage production, but Jolson is much better known to the public. The title of Jessel's new picture is "The Broadway Kid."

Praise for Mary Philbin.

We saw Mary Philbin not long ago in "Surrender," and think she gave one of her best performances since "Merry-Go-Round." The story of the film is very sympathetic, and Mary has a chance to do some effective emotional work in the quaint rôle of the little daughter of a Jewish rabbi, dwelling in a war-ridden town on the Russian-Austrian border.

The film, based on "Lea Lyon," has a Cinderellalike theme, dealing with the heroine's love for a Russian prince, and her willingness to sacrifice herself for the sake of her people. Mary wears some very unusual and somber-looking costumes in the picture, and dresses her hair with a huge braid wound round her head.

The picture was filmed under the supervision of Paul Kohner, to whom Miss Philbin has on various occasions been reported engaged. Ivan Mosjoukine,* the Russian actor, plays the part of the prince.

Harold Lloyd's Popularity in England.

Harold Lloyd, according to a recent contest held by a London newspaper, is the most popular star among the English fans.

The Lloyd votes totaled 682,962, his nearest competitor being Mary Pickford, who had 641,850. Doug Fairbanks ran third, and Charlie Chaplin, fourth.

Others among the most popular players were Gloria Swanson, Tom Mix, Lillian Gish, Adolphe Menjou, Ronald Colman, Ramon Novarro, Buster Keaton, Laura La Plante, Colleen Moore, John Gilbert, Dolores Costello, and Norma Shearer. Miss Costello polled nearly 40,000 more votes than Miss Shearer, which is quite a surprising achievement for a girl who has been on the screen for only about a year and a half. Dolores seems to grow more and more beautiful.

Another Tragic Death.

Hollywood was very much grieved over the recent death, in an automobile accident, of Einar Hansen, the young Swedish actor who came to this country a year or two ago. He was only twenty-eight and was just beginning to obtain a real foothold in films. He was

*Known for a while as Ivan Moskine.

very well liked as a leading man. He played with Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom," and was with Esther Ralston in "Fashions for Women" not long ago.

Hansen had had a good deal of worry over contracts, and had formed the habit of taking lone drives in his car along the seashore late at night. He was found one morning pinned under his overturned car and, just before lapsing into unconsciousness, he told the two garage men who had discovered him that the bright lights of an approaching car had blinded him as he was making a turn and he had plunged over an embankment.

His dog, his constant companion, was standing guard over the overturned automobile when the actor was found, and it was only with difficulty that he was persuaded to let any one approach his master. He accompanied the rescue party to the hospital and remained there until Hansen passed away. It was difficult, even then, to get the animal to leave. The actor's body was shipped to Sweden, where his father is a prominent electrical engineer.

Another sad death was that of Robert McKim, for many years one of the most celebrated of screen villains. He attracted particular attention for his performance in "The Mark of Zorro." Just prior to his death, he had been touring in vaudeville. He died from a cerebral hemorrhage.

Charlie Farrell's Accident.

Charles Farrell was slightly injured recently during the filming of "Bride of the Night." He fell from a horse, suffering a broken foot. He was laid up in the hospital and at home for several weeks. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., spent much time with him during this enforced confinement, as the two are great friends.

Everybody likes Charlie very much. As a result of his performance in "Seventh Heaven," he is rated among the foremost of the new juveniles.

Young Doug Progresses.

Young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is also doing very well. We met him at the theater one evening, and he was elated over being considered for the lead in Corinne Griffith's picture, "The Garden of Eden."

We hear a lot, too, about young Doug's social proficiency. He is very popular in all sets, and sends gatherings into roars of laughter with his imitations of various famous people.

He is a very ambitious young chap. He had a most difficult time, however, breaking down barriers when he first came to Hollywood. Instead of being an advantage to him, the fact that he was the son of one of the most celebrated stars in films proved a handicap. Hollywood simply wouldn't take him seriously on his own account.

Doug, Jr., is becoming more handsome every day, and has inherited much of his father's vitality.

Colleen Stands by Her Husband.

The future destiny of Colleen Moore has been thrown in doubt by an upheaval at the First National studio, and the indications are that she will shortly go over either to United Artists or to Paramount. Colleen has five more pictures to film under her contract with First National, but it is possible that these may not be made. She and her husband, John McCormick, have meantime gone to Europe for a stay of indefinite length.

The trouble started during the convention of First National executives and film salesmen. As a result of certain complications that arose, Colleen's husband resigned his position as production manager. Naturally Colleen sided with him, and that is why she too may leave First National, if she can secure a release from her contract.

Pola Negri and Husband.

Out of the hubbub that attended the return to Hollywood of Pola Negri with her new husband, Prince Serge Mdivani, to whom she was married in France, emerge the following facts that seem worth chronicling:

First: Pola is unalterably opposed to her husband's entering pictures, because, she says, "acting makes men so selfish."

Second: She herself plans to leave the screen in a year or so—maybe!



What a ticklish position for a man to be in! Four pretty girls asking for a ring—now which shall it be, says James Hall to himself, as he hesitates between Louise Brooks, Nancy Phillips, Josephine Dunn and Doris Hill.

Alberto Guglielmi, brother of Rudolph Valentino, was among those to greet Pola at the station upon her return.

A Triumph for Brunettes.

The Christie Comedy studios cite the fact that they have six brunettes under contract, and only three blondes, to prove that blondes are not preferred at the present time in the fun films. The brunettes include Vera Steadman, Caryl Lincoln, Ann Christy, Doris Dawson, and Jane Manners. The last two were signed up just recently. Gail Lloyd and Frances Lee are two of the blondes. The third is Evelyn Egan.

There are a number of young girls being signed up for comedies, as more two-reelers are to be made next season than usual. The Christie studios are supplying a program of short-reelers for Paramount, and Hal Roach is furnishing short comedies for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

So after a period of neglect, short comedies are evidently coming to the fore again.

Youth's Day is Here.

Youth is certainly having its day in pictures—more so than ever. The Fox company has a number of young players on its roster, and has only recently added Lois Moran.

Producers Distributing is going to try out two young newcomers soon in a big sea picture, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," based on the famous Longfellow poem. The two young people who will be featured are Virginia Bradford and Frank Marion.

An Archduke in Hollywood.

Hollywood just must have its royalty. The latest arrival is the Archduke Leopold of Austria. He would have been one of the direct heirs to the throne, had it not been for the upheavals that have taken place in his native country. The archduke may take part in a picture. Erich von Stroheim has been considering him for a film built around the Emperor Maximilian.

A few years ago, one could go scarcely anywhere in the film colony without meeting a duke or an earl or a duchess, but to-day the nobility in Hollywood is scarcer. One reason is that a number of the early arrivals turned out to be doubtful, if not actually bogus.

Doug Gets Cut Up.

Douglas Fairbanks took his medicine early in the filming of "The Gaucho." He received a saber cut in the leg while engaged in a mêlée in one of the scenes of this new production.

Doug was fighting a duel with a soldier, using his new weapon, the bolas—a South American lariat. In the encounter he knocked the soldier's sword out of his hand, and the weapon hit the floor and rebounded. Doug was caught in the leg by the point of the saber, and sustained a slight flesh wound. This did not retard the making of the picture, however, for Doug went back to the set as soon as his leg was dressed.

There will be two feminine leads in the film. One is a very spiritual type and is portrayed by Eve Southern. The other, something of a siren, is done by Lupe Velez, a newcomer from Mexico.



Take your pick, girls—here are the five bachelors of the Fox lot, open to any offers. Left to right, Clifford Holland, Charles Farrell, George O'Brien, Barry Norton and Richard Walling line up for your inspection.

Mary Pickford in the 5-and-10.

Not long ago, we saw Mary Pickford at the studio carrying a huge armful of pots and pans on a set that represented a 5-and-10-cent store. She was filming "My Best Girl," which, from all indications, will be truly Pickfordian, like "Little Annie Rooney," and should therefore be popular. It will be filled with plenty of good old hokum comedy.

For "My Best Girl," Mary clerked for half a day in a real 5-and-10-cent store, just to get into the atmosphere. She managed, somehow, to keep her identity fairly secret.

All the World's a Film Stage.

Don't be astonished if a movie company suddenly wanders into your town and takes up quarters there. It is getting to be the fashion to go away on distant locations. "Wings" and "The Rough Riders" were made chiefly in Texas. Film troupes have traveled all over Arizona, Utah, Oregon, and other Western sections.

Recently, F. B. O. had a company in the northern part of Indiana filming one of Gene Stratton-Porter's novels, "The Harvester." The location was the farm on which Mrs. Porter made her home for eleven years of her lifetime. In the cast of the picture are Orville Caldwell, Natalie Kingston, Will R. Walling, and Jay Hunt.

It should be mentioned, in connection with Mrs. Porter, that the film versions of her "The Girl of the Limberlost" and "The Keeper of the Bees" are rated among the greatest screen moneymakers.

Yet Another Free Lance.

Carmel Myers is out on her own—free lancing. Her contract with Metro-Goldwyn expired some time ago, and Carmel is hopeful of securing better parts now that she has left that company. She was very popular when she originally signed with them, but things haven't been breaking so nicely for her lately.

Carmel is in the cast of "Sorrell and Son." Others in this feature, which Herbert Brenon is making for United Artists on a pretentious scale, are H.

Continued on page 111

Smilin' Through with Monty Banks

Since Monty came to this country from Italy, he has been battered about in slapstick comedies until it's a wonder there's anything left of him, but he has never lost his happy smile and is now at last realizing his dream of producing feature-length comedies of his own.

By Katherine Lipke

THREE times the villain knocked the short, round-faced fellow from the top of the steamer to the deck below. A canvas, stretched out for that purpose, made him bounce back twice, only to be hit again. At last, like the man who went under water three times and came up twice, he sank weakly to rest on the lower deck, bruised and beaten. Lying with his hands coyly snuggled under his head, he murmured softly, "Armand, I am dying," in an excellent *Camille* impersonation.

Just Monty Banks, enjoying his chosen work of a screen comedian—Monty, who never lets anything dampen his spirits or down his enthusiasm, who has for years been dreaming of the time when he would be able to produce his own feature-length comedies, and who has at last realized that dream.

When the Italian comedian was given Harold Lloyd's place on the Pathé roster, following the latter's affiliation with Paramount, he was at last able to branch out from two-reel comedies and develop his fun ideas into longer productions. Four pictures have been made by him since then—"Attaboy," "Play Safe," "Horse Shoes," and "A Perfect Gentleman." It was while he was making the last-named production that I sat by and watched him let himself be battered for the sake of a few laughs.

Part of the story of "A Perfect Gentleman" concerns itself with Monty aboard a steamer bound for South America. He has in his possession an oversized wallet which, unfortunately, belongs to some one else. An assortment of villains are on his trail.

Monty worked three days and three nights making that sequence. On the first afternoon, he climbed aboard the steamer by clinging to a hawser. Even the camera man turned sick as Monty swung across the restless ocean hanging to the rope. He hit the side of the boat with a thud and then proceeded to climb up the rope until he reached the deck.

That was on the first day. In the evening, the aforementioned fight was staged. Over and over, the scene was taken. The comedian kept shouting to the man on the top deck to hit him harder.

"What's the matter with you up there?" he yelled. "Didn't you have any dinner? Are you weak or something? Hit me—don't pet me! This is a fight, not a love feast."

There is something indomitable about Monty. He is always laughing, but it is never careless, placid laughter. It is, instead, the working of an incessant dynamo which chooses to express its power in cheerfulness and smiling persistence rather than in dominating, obvious strength.

His real name is Mario Bianchi. The son of a musical family in Italy, he decided, after the war, to come to this country. He spoke several languages, but English was not one of them. His money wasn't too abundant. There was just enough to buy a one-way ticket to America. Unfortunately, he neglected to state which America he wanted, and was sent to South America. The trip from there to New York was spent in the ship's galley peeling thousands of potatoes.

In New York he changed his name to Monty Banks, taken from the French word *montebank*. He danced for a time in a small café in the Bowery. But at the first opportunity, he came West, determined to get into pictures.

A bit uncertain of his English, terrifically eager to succeed, willing to do anything asked of him, he was great game for directors and producers. In one picture, he was called upon to play something like seventeen parts. There was just one other character in the film.

For a while, he was a stunt man. In one picture, a boy and girl went buggy riding, so much in love with each other that they didn't notice where the horse was taking them. Horse and buggy were to go over a cliff, with the occupants jumping out at the last moment. But Monty was the horse, and no one thought to tell him about the trip over the cliff!



Among Monty's first feature-length comedies was "Play Safe," in which he did anything but that, as can be seen from this picture with Virginia Lee Corbin.

Continued on page 110



Photo by Hoover

You have often seen Monty Banks on the screen, but little has been printed about the Italian comedian. The story on the opposite page reveals the high lights of his unusual life.



This scene from "Lonesome Ladies" officially opens the picnic season, though Jane Winton surely belies the title. For has she not Lewis Stone by her side to murmur consoling words?

Frocks and Frills



Billie Dove, left, in "The Stolen Bride," displays an afternoon coat of primrose broadcloth, sumptuously trimmed with twin beaver.



Exquisite Esther, the roseate Ralston, above, personifies airy summer grace in a pastel frock and coat of chiffon, lavishly tiered with platinum fox.



Kathryn Carver, right, combines black and white fox on the evening wrap of oyster-white satin that she wears in "Service for Ladies."



Josephine Dunn, left, wears an expensively simple dress and cape of artichoke satin, topped by a high-standing collar of mahogany-colored fox.



Mona Palma, left, is the ideal type to wear this smart two-piece sport frock of slate-gray crape, with its colorful, hand-painted blouse.



Dorothy Mackaill, her rebellion against uncongenial rôles now prettily subdued, has paired off with Jack Mulhall once more, to play in "Smile, Brother, Smile," and, later, in "Lady, Be Good."



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Ever since Arlette Marchal paid her recent visit to her native France, she has been reconciled to that strange Hollywood. You will next see her in "Hula," with Clara Bow.

When a Bride Is Stolen



Billie Dove is the star of "The Stolen Bride." This is enough to explain the title, except that Lloyd Hughes is the man who is the heroic thief.

Lilyan Tashman, shown with Billie at the top of the page, helps the lovers out of their difficulties by taking Billie's place as the villain's bride.

The Magic Flame of Love









Those who like plot, and plenty of it, should not miss "The Magic Flame," for in that film they will find complications galore, and enough romance for several pictures.

Ronald Colman plays a triple rôle—one of his characterizations being that of a deep-dyed villain—while Vilma Banky is a trapeze performer in a circus.



Virginia Lee Corbin, who once played in "Jack and the Beanstalk," has grown up enough to frolic with the sophisticates in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

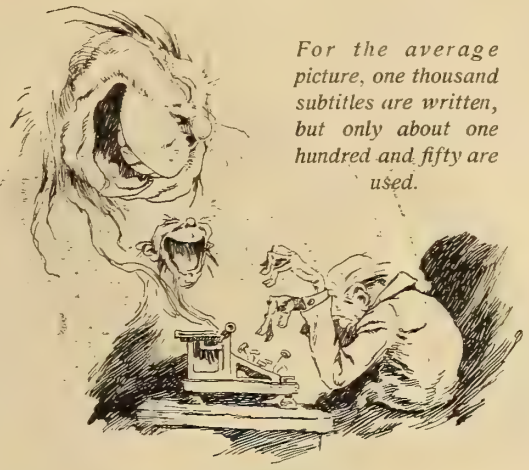
All for a Laugh

Writers of humorous subtitles rival the stars in importance these days. This article explains how they produce laughter to order.

By Margaret Reid

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

THIS will introduce to you the unsung comedians of the screen—men who have handed you as many laughs as Chaplin, as Lloyd, as Keaton. You never think of them, these unseen funmakers, the men who write the witty subtitles. In that brief moment, at the beginning of the picture, when their names are flashed on the screen, you are settling down in comfortable anticipation of the star's first close-up, and are quite oblivious to the preliminary "Photography by," "Titles by," and so forth. But *they* should worry their bright heads about your indifference, their weekly pay envelopes being what they are! What price a little glory when the bacon you bring home is Grade A!



For the average picture, one thousand subtitles are written, but only about one hundred and fifty are used.

We are chiefly concerned in this lesson with the methods of title writers—just how they go about making a dull picture funny, and a funny picture funnier. These men vary in their technique, according to their various temperaments and tastes. But the science is always the same. Those who are most proficient in the science are the big-leaguers—men like Joe Farnham, Ralph Spence, George Marion, Jr., Malcolm Stuart Boylan, and Gene Towne. And the bedrock foundation of their work is *legitimate laughs*. They've got to get the laughs, but they've got to get them lawfully.

Gene Towne, First National's wise-cracking demon, works frankly for what he terms "belly laughs"—the deep, spontaneous guffaws resulting from broad subtitles inserted in broad action. But these titles must be inserted in exactly the right places. Not immediately *after* the comedian winks, or the comedienne turns, but immediately *before*.

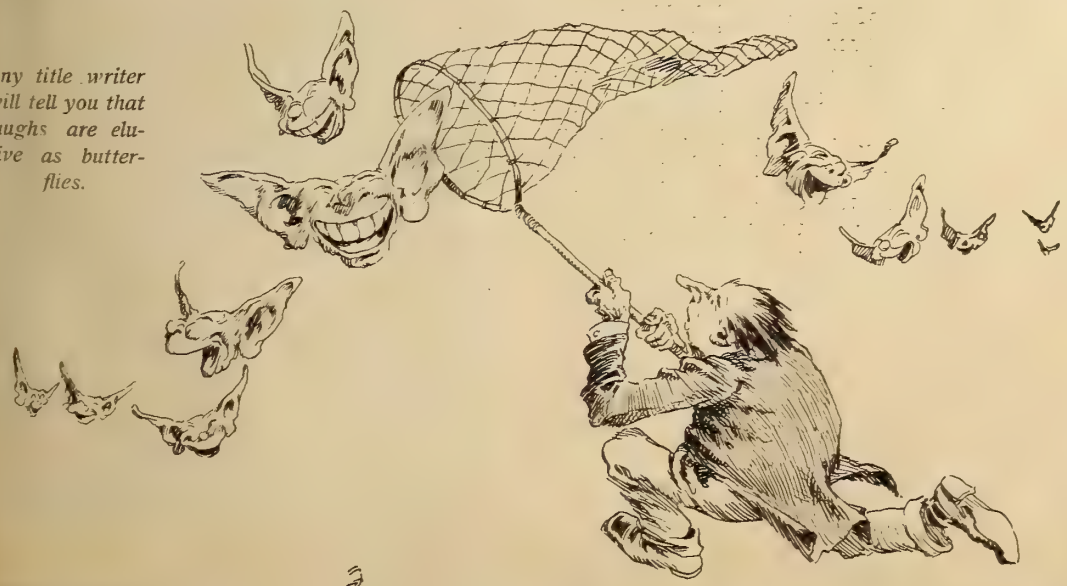
The business of *placing* titles, according to Mr. Towne, is almost as important as writing them. The point of a clever title can be utterly lost if it is placed just a moment too soon, or too late, in the action on the screen. Again, the right people must be given the right titles to speak. The characters who have been established as comic are given the wise-cracks. But it's wrong to tack funny titles onto straight or pathetic characters. In such a case, the title writer is working illegitimately—cheating for a laugh, which he generally fails to get, anyway.

Another device frowned upon by the best title writers is the use of slightly off-color titles in the wrong place. This type of humor requires delicate handling. A faintly *risqué* title will draw a big laugh if it drops logically and casually into a scene. For example, in a recent picture, Gene Towne inserted the subtitle, "He's writing a book on birth control for the Pullman company." Because it dovetailed neatly into the scene, it brought a gale of laughter when flashed on the screen.

"But," emphasizes Towne, "if there hadn't been a reasonable call for it in the scene, it would only have been smutty, and would have fallen flat."

This sort of humor is happily being discouraged. In a recent review of a current production, a New York critic said, in effect, "What chances this picture had are ruined persistently by a set of vulgar, irritating titles. Every one is a cheap wise-crack, based on suggestiveness. The audience finishes in nausea."

Gene Towne's forte is the smart repartee of slightly hard-boiled characters, as in "Just Another Blonde." Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill sitting on a park bench—Dorothy at one end and Jack, shyly, at the other. Buster Collier, Jack's pal, stands in the background, impatient for a clinch. His title reads, "He thinks she's a fireplug—he's parked ten feet from her." Later, Jack, gathering courage and nerve, pulls a heavy line. Whereat Buster says, "He reminds me of Sitting Bull, only he outsits and outbulls him."



Any title writer will tell you that laughs are elusive as butterflies.

Edward Sutherland, Paramount's

Continued on page 106

What's In

More than you'd suspect, as any movie star will tell just how they use their eyebrows for expressing

By Dorothy



Photo by Richee

With the mere lift of an eyebrow, Pola Negri speaks volumes.



By making an upward twist in his right eyebrow in "The Merry Widow," Roy d'Arcy emphasized the fiendish as well as the foppish side of the CROWN PRINCE.

THIS story may be exposing some secrets. Maybe not. Perhaps others have already told the things I mean to tell. But I know my tale will offer some suggestions to young people interested in cinematic art. It's about some of the subtle artifices used in screen pantomine.

Charlie Chaplin won his way to world fame through the use of a derby hat, a trick cane, baggy trousers, and enormous shoes—coupled with an ability to act. Harold Lloyd changed the whole course of his career with a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. Adolphe Menjou elevated the rôle of the sophisticated villain to stellar heights when he learned the value of slightly lifting an eyebrow. Mae Murray discovered the photographic possibilities of the "bee-stung" lip, and Greta Garbo the value of eyes that narrow into little slits.

But nearly every blessed player has capitalized the eyebrow. Run over in your mind the outstanding characterizations of some of the celebrated stars—recall their mannerisms and their facial expressions. Do you not suddenly realize that Menjou and Chaplin and Harry Langdon and Greta Garbo and Roy d'Arcy and many others have made their greatest impression on you through the very clever use of their eyebrows?

Recently, during my rambles through the studios, I have talked to a number of players on the subject and, without a single exception, they have all declared that the eyebrows really do more toward registering thoughts and emotions than almost any other feature of the face.

After a most interesting half hour of watching Harry Langdon at work, I was convinced that he, as much as any one else in pictures, resorts to eyebrowing to express various emotions. When I mentioned this to him, he seemed surprised for a moment, then exclaimed, "Why, I believe you're right!"

He rushed over to a mirror, did a little private registering, then turned and said, "Say, I'd be in an awful fix without them, wouldn't I?"

He stood there making faces at himself in the glass. He said successively, through the use of his brows, "You shouldn't treat me that way!" "What! She has eloped with my rival?" "Aw, go on!" "What's it all about, anyhow?"

That slow, wistful, surprised look of his, with the eyebrows arched, has become famous. It has done more, perhaps, to establish him in films than any other single accomplishment. A trick of the trade, but priceless in value.

I watched Mabel Normand working in a comedy at the Hal Roach studio. She was playing





Harry Langdon's eyebrows are probably as expressive as any on the screen. Read for yourself what they are saying in the two photos above and in the two on the opposite page.



It's time to keep your distance when Mae Murray's eyebrow assumes this cold and aloof expression.

an Eyebrow?

you. And a number of them do tell you in this story all sorts of thoughts and emotions on the screen.

Wooldridge



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Greta Garbo makes profit from the fact that one of her slim eyebrows is slightly higher than the other.

the rôle of a girl in a public dance hall who dances with any one for a nickel and gives half of her earnings to the house.

"As a matter of fact," said Mabel, "if you can't act anyway, neither prolific use of the eyebrows nor of any other feature can make an actress of you. But eyebrows are certainly very important. I use them much more than I realize. Many emotions can be registered, or at least assisted, by their manipulation. Incredulity, horror, deep thought, doubt, astonishment, and many other feelings can be portrayed with the brows. An actor rarely realizes just how much he does use them."



Billy Dooley's arched brows are famous.

Adolphe Menjou frankly admitted that the lifting of his left eyebrow was part of his "stock in trade." He waxed a trifle facetious in discussing it.

"Along with flapping the ears and curling the nose—the latter as an indication of scorn," he said, "lifting the eyebrow is a most important piece of business. I probably should have been a total loss on the screen if I had been bereft of my eyebrow. After all, it can tell more in a second than whole minutes of acting and volumes of subtitles."





Noah Beery advanced the idea that one can listen better with the eyebrows than with the ears.

"Ears are so stoical!" he said.

Pola Negri looked quizzically at me when asked about eyebrows. "Do you weesh to see?" she asked.

She looked me frankly in the eye. An orchestra was playing at one side. Carpenters and electricians and painters were at work on the set. Pola slightly raised one eyebrow and glanced at me, sideways and slant-eyed. The look said, mutely, "*Must* I subject myself to an interview?"

But the next moment, the eyebrow dropped a trifle, and her expression softened to, "Well, well, well—let's go over in the corner and we'll talk about this eyebrow business." And presently, the great Pola was confiding things to me. "Movement of my lips," she said, "would amount to less if I did not at the same time move my eyebrows to conform with my mood. I learned that in Russia."

Greta Garbo, when I sought her out, told me a little secret.

"Did you know," she said, "that no two eyebrows are exactly alike? My left eyebrow is slightly higher than my right but, although this could be changed with make-up, I have no desire to change it, because it looks more natural for them to be different. And anything that is natural is good. The less thought a player of straight rôles devotes to facial tricks, the better. This does not apply, of course, to the character man or woman."



But when Mae's pretty brow curves into an alluring line like this, then all is well.

Billy Dooley, Christie comedian, has a habit of arching his eyebrows to resemble something like the supports of a bridge.

"It isn't possible," he said, "to act without using the eyebrows."

[Continued on page 107]



This scene from a typical Japanese film shows the domination of the "Honorable Grandmother," who rules most homes.

When Japan Goes

Mona Gardner, well-known to readers of "Picture Play," and interesting description of the quaint ceremony of of the native stars in

By Mona



Enji Sato, idol of the younger generation of Japanese.

THERE is the tinkling of cymbals, the reedy trill of a bamboo flute, and the uneven beat of a drum, as a procession winds down the narrow lane of the Japanese village.

Like figures from a Maxfield Parrish painting are the men, in their vividly colored brocades, with their formal headdresses jingling with metal ornaments, and their ceremonial skirts billowing stiffly about them.

Troupes of children on clattering clogs join in behind; dainty little kimonoed women, with beady-eyed babies strapped on their backs, throng from the paper-latticed houses and also join the clacking serpentine. Onward the procession winds along the sun-flecked road lined with bazaars; ox carts move to one side; rickshas pause to let it pass.

At last, it stops before a high, cavernous, barnlike structure—the movie theater—blanketed in fluttering banners of brilliant cottons. Hundreds of these there are, each splotched with black letters a foot or two deep. There is a bustle and stir about the ticket taker's lacquered wicket, and about the doors, as each man in the procession slips out of his clogs and into straw sandals paired in long ranks inside the door.

Into the interior the people sedately file, and just as sedately select their seats on the cushions scattered about the floor. Babies are loosened from their silken hammocks on the women's backs; outer kimonos are shed and folded into a neat pile.

From one side of the big interior comes the clatter of porcelain as the evening meal is prepared, for it is now but four o'clock and the program will not end until ten thirty. Up in front the interpreter takes his place, the lights are darkened, and the flickering shadows begin.

This is the typical theater day of the average rural community in Japan. Pictures come only two or three times a month, and when they do, it is a gala event for the whole township. During the rest of the month, the theater is used by traveling magicians, for town meetings, and for wrestling matches.



Sakuko Yayagi plays sirens with enormous success.

Of course, in the larger towns, movies are being shown every day, and in each of the biggest



On the set at the Shochiku studio—from left to right, Fujino, the director; Yoshino, Japan's Adolphe Menjou; Mona Gardner and Yakumo, a dainty heartbreaker.

to the Movies

is now in Tokyo, and has written this most colorful movie-going in Japan, with the impressions she formed her visits to the studios.

Gardner

cities, there is a section known as Theater Street, a street several blocks long, lined on both sides with nothing but theaters—for movies, classical drama, and marionettes. Here the foreign films vie for popularity with the Japanese-made pictures. Into the country districts, however, foreign films seldom go, because the small-town exhibitors cannot afford to pay the price demanded for them.

As for favoritism, it has reached a high pitch among the Japanese fans, just as it has in the United States. The films of Douglas Fairbanks, for instance, are repeatedly reissued. It is not unusual for three or four of his pictures, ranging from very old ones to his latest, to be shown at the same time in Tokyo. His particular type of athletics has strongly caught the fancy of the Japanese.



Yoshiko Okada, in what her countrymen consider a daring costume.

Harold Lloyd is another of their idols. In fact, his smiling countenance, with the proverbial glasses, is so very well known that one doesn't wear "horn-rimmed" glasses in Japan, one wears "Royd grasse," which translated means "Lloyd glass."



Komei Minami, a juvenile noted for his European clothes.

Rigid censorship of all foreign films is maintained. Those who hurl invectives at the censors in America would probably collapse at the sight of the cutting-room floor in a Japanese censor's office. Manners and customs that we Americans take for granted are looked upon with disfavor by the Japanese, who consider them disgusting and sure to corrupt their young.

Any love scene in which there is an embrace or a kiss is instantly deleted. Such demonstrations are thought by the Japanese to be in extremely bad taste. And for the sake of what they call the artistic, they invariably slash off the happy endings so dear to the American public. However, for the most part, they accept our films gladly, and laugh off many things as just eccentricities of the Americans.

Until quite recently, men played all the female parts on the legitimate stage in Japan, and for some time this was also true of the screen. But now women have

Continued on page 107

It Pays to Be a Cat

Particularly if your missus is a movie actress—because then, oh, my goodness! what a lot of attention you get, and what a lot of camera men come round wanting to take pictures of you!



Phyllis Haver's pedigreed cats are far famed, and with reason, for could there be a more beautiful pussy than the one shown above?



Majel Coleman's glossy black Persian, right, is quite aware that he's the cat's meow, so gives all comers the glassy eye.





Louise Fazenda's little pet, left, is just plain cat, and like all self-respecting, red-blooded cats, has evidently been getting into mischief. But he should worry—he knows that Louise won't do more than shake a finger at him.



Vera Reynolds' handsome Maltese recently presented her with a whole family of little Maltese.

Priscilla Bonner's aristocratic pussy cat, above, is her pride and joy, besides being so nice and soft to cuddle and pet.

Secrets of a Movie Star's Married Life

Esther Ralston, still blissfully happy after two years of marriage, reveals some of the reasons why she and George Webb still adore each other.

By Myrtle Gebhart

MARRY a man older than yourself, defer to his decisions, and let him baby you."

These are the simple rubrics of Esther Ralston, otherwise Mrs. George Webb, bride of two years ago, yet still in the blissful, ecstatic stage.

"People say that I am set on a lace cushion and served bonbons," she continued. "And *that* is as it should be." The golden bob tossed, and the lips of rose pursed knowingly, and I gathered right away that Esther Ralston had cultivated down to a fine point the art of training a husband.

At the door to her set, on a rainy, wind-swept afternoon, she awaited me—a blinding, dazzling vision of beauty. Hair that rippled and sparkled, eyes very wide and very blue—a radiant being, there in the gloom. An ermine coat was wrapped round her; pearls looped her throat, encircled her arms, were laced into a tiara on her shining hair.

I was awed by this vision of glory—until we plunged through the rain into a decrepit, one-lung flivver that was to bounce us over the studio lot to the café.

"Isn't it elegant, a queen climbing into a flivver?" she giggled, as she tripped on her train. And the regal beauty receded into the mist, and a right jolly girl replaced her.



Photo by Chidnoff *Esther insists that she never would have amounted to anything on the screen if it hadn't been for her husband's inspiring influence over her.*

"At the studio I am Esther Ralston, star," she said, as we sat at our cozy luncheon. "My husband does not intrude on the set, but he sees to it that I am surrounded by all to which stardom entitles me. He is a zealous guardian of my career.

"In the evening, at dinner, I am privileged to talk of my work, to cry, to complain, to have hysterics, if I feel that way. I am nervous and high-strung, and George is like the Rock of Gibraltar—silent, immovable, a wall against which I can beat out my petty annoyances. His shoulders are comfortable to weep on. He soothes me, agrees with me, or gently rebukes me.



George Webb, ten years older than his beautiful girl-wife, showers her with gifts, and gave her a new car on their wedding anniversary.

"But the moment dinner ends, I become Mrs. George Webb. No more reference to my career is tolerated. George has laid down that rule, and it is an ironclad one. He lounges in a huge armchair and I crawl into his lap and we talk about the trip we are to take some day.

"You see, I am not so foolish as

to think that my popularity on the screen will last more than three or four years. And when I see it waning, I shall quit. I've seen too many actresses pathetically trying to bridge the gap between stardom and character rôles. It's tragic, the way they cling to the youth that is slipping away. People can talk all they want about ability, but it's looks and personality that make movie stars. When I have reached the peak and start to go down, I hope I shall have the courage to quit.

"It's then that George and I mean to buy a yacht, cruise lazily around the world for a year, then come home and settle down. We have everything planned for that trip. Every evening we go over our map, and it grows more enthralling every time.

"Of course, George and I have our little quarrels—all couples do—but we always make up in a hurry. Once, though, we sat up almost all night quarreling. I wanted to join a club, but George objected on the ground that I could not go out in the evening and still give my best to my work without injuring my health. Finally, he made me see the wisdom of his view. So a play with him on Saturday evening, drives and the beach and calling on friends on Sunday, and a few parties between pictures are the extent of my social activities. George imagines I'm a kind of angel and thinks I might be coarsened by jazz and late hours!

"Really, though, I'm far from being an angel. Don't let the golden hair mislead you. Shall I whisper a secret? I'm *crazy* to smoke cigarettes! No, he didn't actually *forbid* me to do it—he's much too clever for that. Oh, the brains that man has! They awe me sometimes. He merely pushed the cigarettes across the table to me, once when I insisted on having one, and said, ever so gently, 'Smoke if you wish, but if you do, the little shrine in my heart where I set you apart from other women will be damaged a bit.' How could I, after that?

"There's a tip to any man. If he wants to keep his sweetheart from doing something, he should just hint that his ideal of her will be tarnished. Women *adore* being idealized, and will exert marvelous self-control to avoid shattering the halos with which men adorn them."

Miss Ralston recently appeared in "Children of Divorce," which revealed her exquisitely delicate beauty in gorgeous array.

There is in her a subtle mingling of the practical with an elusive charm. A quivering vitality pulses gently under the outward tranquillity of her. She has within her such feeling as, under the touch of understanding directors, has blossomed at times into effective emotional work. This, coupled with her beauty, has lifted her to a high place on the Paramount box-office list.

"I do so love my work," she said, "and isn't it marvelous, what Paramount is doing for me now? I'm the most surprised of all, for I never dreamed I had anything in me. All the credit is due to George. He brought out in me whatever I have now."

"Nonsense!" I remarked. "You made 'Peter Pan' before you were married, and your *Mrs. Darling* was delightful."

"But *not* before I had met George," she insisted. "We knew each other for two years before our marriage. It was he who rescued me from Universal, where I had been smiling vacuously for a couple of years in obscure Westerns. I can see his influence in everything that has happened to me since."



"Boo-boo," short for "Beautiful," is George Webb's nickname for his wife. She appeared in this bridal costume in "Children of Divorce."

I gave up. What was the use of wasting breath trying to persuade this young beauty that Mr. George Webb, despite his many sterling qualities, was not a demigod?

"Oh, I know," she said. "Every one laughs at me. 'You spoil that man,' they say. To me, he *is* a little tin god. Besides"—the golden head nodded with a decisive canniness—"that's the way to keep a man happy—feed his conceit a tiny bit. Men are just like small boys. Make them think they are kings, and they will give you their realms."

George Webb showers Esther with lovely clothes, jewels, and other gifts. A diamond bracelet for her birthday—a new car on their wedding anniversary. "Boo-boo," a contraction of "Beautiful," is his nickname for his golden girl.

"The disparity between our ages—over ten years—frightened me a little at first," Esther said. "George was so stern, I so foolish. He was so much wiser than I—so much more experienced. And when he told me about other women he had known, it used to hurt, but then I began to be rather proud that *I* had captured him. Besides, I reasoned, every man must have a fancied romance or two before he meets the girl he marries. And they gave me pointers, those other women. My jealousy of them was replaced by a grudging gratitude, when George used to tell me their faults. Of one he said, 'She never knew when to stop talking.' Ah-ha, thought I, I *shall*. So now, when he says, with that positive firmness of his, that he doesn't want me to do something, I answer meekly, 'All right, dear,' and usually he relents. Argument never got *any* woman *anything*.

Continued on page 108

H A V E A C A M E L



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WHO ARE THEY?
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SEE PAGE 12

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BEN HUR

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Nize Babies

Some of the youngest members of the movie colony pose for the photographer.

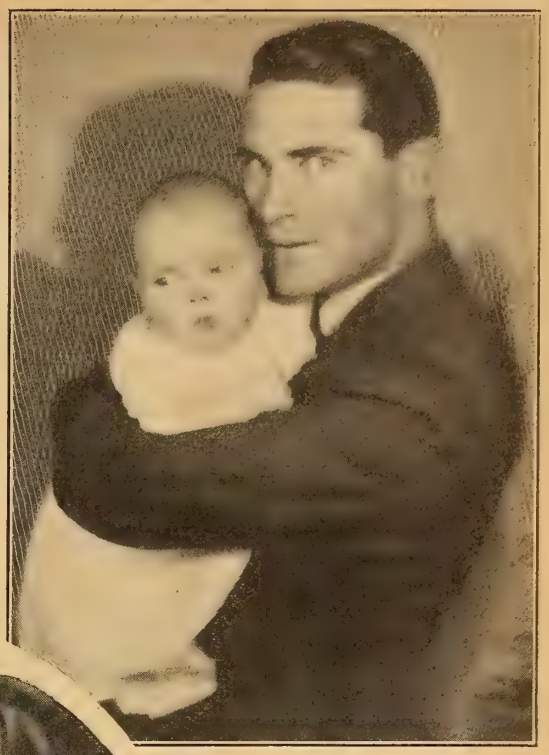


Above, Samuel Goldwyn, Jr., blissfully unaware of even the existence of such a thing as a camera, sleeps peacefully in the arms of his mother, while Aunt Constance Howard peeps over his head.

Right, Clive Brook, Jr., looks benignly down on the world from his perch on his proud father's arm.

Below, the two Chaplin babies, Sydney Earle and Charlie, Jr., strenuously object to being thrust into the spotlight.







Does Lloyd Hughes, above, think his son Donald is the greatest thing on earth? Well, just ask him, or better still, just take one look into his eyes.

Below, Monte Blue's baby daughter, Barbara Ann, helps mother cut her second birthday cake, but she doesn't look a bit pleased over her advancing years.



Continued from page 68

steps. Only he would have no eyes for its prismatic splendor. Destitute, alone, he would be swallowed by the immensity of the grim desert.

Then, very rudely, the dolesome picture was shattered as the blanket was jerked from his cot, and some one prodded him unceremoniously in the ribs, bellowing in his ear.

"Get up! DuVal wants you on the set in ten minutes! We've been shooting for half an hour!"

The some one, Oscar at length discerned, blinking his sleep-drugged eyes, was Carter. He scrambled to his feet and reached automatically for his clothes.

"Didn't you know we were starting at eight instead of nine?" Carter cried. "Come on now, Watt! Step lively! Here, don't put on those duds—I've brought your wardrobe."

Still in a daze and only half awake, Oscar climbed into the hated chaps and flannel shirt, drew on the boots with their jingling spurs, fumbled with the heavy belt. Carter assisted him, urging him to make haste.

"Come on!" Carter clapped the ten-quart hat on Oscar's head, seized his arm, and fairly dragged him from one tent into another. "You can grab a cup of coffee on the run. Hey, Rodney!"

The make-up man appeared with his kit. Oscar slumped into a chair and dumbly suffered the grease to be applied.

"What's the matter?" Rodney queried, while his fingers worked swiftly. "Out late again last night? You sure look it. Better lay off that desert hooch. It'll knock you cuckoo."

But Oscar, only vaguely conscious of what was said, did not have the power to resent the insult, to clear himself of unjust suspicion. More pertinent thoughts gripped him. Bit by bit the dread truth dawned on him, left him numb, stricken.

After all those wakeful, wretched hours of the night, he must have fallen asleep. Dawn had come and passed; already the new day was hours old. To attempt to escape now was impossible, for Carter was beside him, alert, watchful, almost as though he suspected some bit of treachery on the part of the actor.

"You'll catch the devil from the chief if you don't shake a leg," Carter warned, with another glance at his watch. "And I'll suffer too. Better get over to the set now. You can grab off something to eat between shots."

And as the assistant director talked, he steered the benumbed Mr. Watt out of the tent and along the sunlit street toward the cameras.

Only once en route did Oscar falter, hold back. "I—I'm feeling mighty sick," he confessed despairingly. "Guess if I laid down a little while——"

"Quit your kidding!" the other cut him short. "An actor has no business being sick. Step along now!"

And Oscar stepped. There was nothing else for him to do; he tried to be brave, stoic, like a righteous man on his way to face a firing squad.

"Ah, here you are, Mr. Watt!" It was DuVal's pleasant voice that reached him, and it was the director himself whom he saw standing before him. "Prompt as usual, I see. I feel I can always depend upon you. Promptness, Mr. Watt, is the cardinal rule of filmdom. I wish the others would follow your example."

As the director turned away, Carter looked askance at Oscar and murmured, "Apple sauce!"

DuVal now began graphically to sketch the business for the prospective scene, and somehow or other —heaven knows how!—Oscar heard what he said and remembered it, though his mind was in a turmoil and his actions were purely mechanical.

The rehearsal went off briskly. Then the scene was shot. A bit of business which Oscar but dimly recalled and which he had performed with all the spontaneity of a marionette, brought forth a word of commendation from the director. He puzzled over the thing, wondered what the business had been, but his mind was unable to accommodate him.

Then, suddenly, as he started off, thankful for a brief respite, Mr. Lavender loomed before him in cowboy regalia and make-up, with his face wreathed in a smile.

"A neat bit of work, Mr. Watt," he declared. "You seem to possess the gift, the naturalness so greatly admired and desired in the realm of pictures. I assure you DuVal has not been mistaken. And how are you this beautiful morning?"

Oscar made some vague response, stammering, attempting to edge away, but the star laughed, patting him on the shoulder. "Modest, I see," he observed. "You must try to overcome that fault, Mr. Watt. You will find it a distinct handicap in this profession."

Make-up had changed Mr. Lavender's countenance. Probably it had changed his own as well, Oscar reasoned quickly, for the man continued to smile and chat, with never a suspicious look or a troublesome question. But the suspense was wearing, and Oscar was relieved when duty finally called the star to the set. How much longer would this, could this last, he wondered.

"You act as though you expect Mr. Lavender to rend you limb from limb, Oscar," Penny scolded, a moment later, having witnessed the meeting between the two men. "Don't be afraid of him. He won't bite."

Oscar smiled glumly and produced a weak laugh. Little did Penny know! Enough evidence to put him "away for a few years!" Those had been Lester's very words. Small wonder he felt a bit timid in the man's presence!

The morning passed, with Oscar playing hide-and-seek with the handsome, but none-the-less-menacing, film celebrity. The noon recess was a welcome sedative for the ragged nerves of Mr. Watt. He hoped he had been "killed" for the day, but no word to that effect came to him from the powers.

He ate alone, avoiding even the company of Penny, finished his meal hurriedly and slipped from the noisy tent. The usual number of jitneys were now on hand. Any one of them could carry him out of the danger zone, but his make-up and costume handicapped him. And it would be inadvisable to be seen removing them just yet.

Of course he could wipe the grease paint off on his sleeve, he reflected, and it might not be necessary to shed his cow-puncher habiliments, though he could not recall having seen a man of his presumed type on the Sapphire streets. Still, he must take some risk. Perhaps, with the lone dollar he possessed, he might succeed in bribing a jitney driver to carry him to the railroad station. That, he decided, was the thing to do.

But even as he moved toward the nearest car, selecting one whose owner looked mild, disaster overtook Oscar. A disreputable-looking flivver drove up, and Amos Hortle stepped blithely out.

At sight of the man, Oscar's blood seethed, and ferocious thoughts took possession of him. Was he *never* to be free from this pestiferous individual? Was Amos destined to bob up regularly, like a jinx, always at the most inopportune moments, thwarting his plans, upsetting his calculations?

Spurred by a faint hope that the Sapphire chief of police might not yet have spied him, Oscar wheeled and strode briskly toward the set, intending to lose himself as quickly as possible, to hide for the remainder of the day if necessary. But before

Continued on page 94



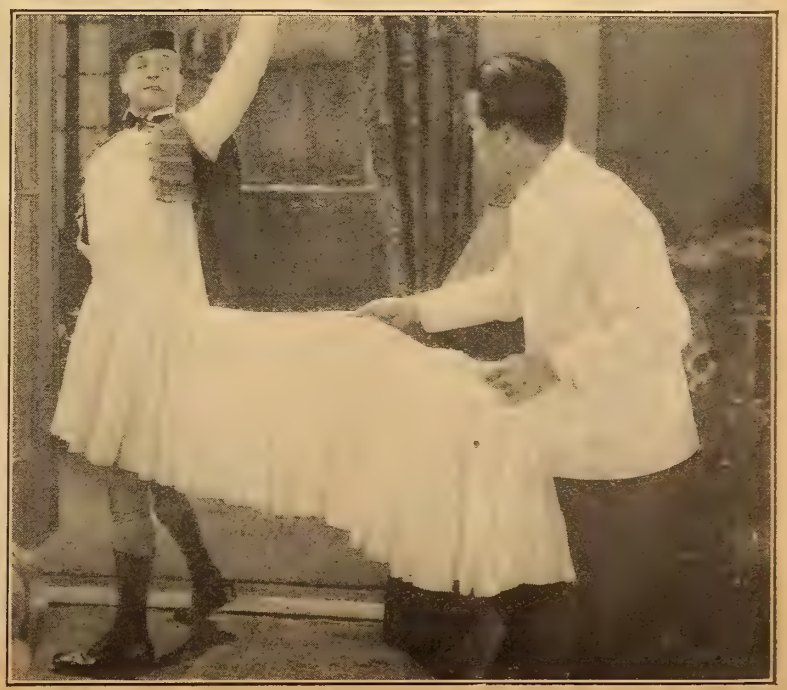
Reggie Raises Cain

And has no trouble in doing it, either, even though the fun in Reginald Denny's latest picture, "Out All Night," takes place aboard ship.



The story begins with his marriage to Marian Nixon instead of ending with it, and it's a secret because Marian is a dancer whose contract forbids wedded bliss. But Reggie goes along just the same, and to be near Marian, he masquerades as a nurse, only to find that he must look after Dorothy Earle, who is sharing his wife's stateroom.





Continued from page 92

he had covered a dozen yards, Hortle's blatant voice rang out.

"Hey there, Oscar! Wait a minute! Want to see you!"

So Oscar, despairingly, but still defiant and undeniably hostile, stopped in the lee of a tent. At least, he figured, he had reached a more secluded spot, beyond earshot and observation of the film crowd. Whatever Hortle had to communicate would not be overheard.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST REEL.

THEN Oscar became suddenly filled with panic. What could Amos be wanting with him now? Had something new developed in Penny's affair? Or was it possible Amos had heard from La Belle? The latter thought chilled him, but it was too late now to take refuge in flight.

"Dog-gone it, Oscar!" Hortle exclaimed, out of breath from his rapid advance across the sand. "What you been keepin' from me all this time? Just had a letter from Joe Cotton, and he tells me La Belle is all excited over your disappearance. Says you vanished in the night without a word to any of the boys."

The breath left Oscar's body. So it had come at last! Amos knew the truth! Joe Cotton, he remembered, had been in the store on that fateful night, and had, in mentioning Gladys and her unknown escort, put him on Lester Lavender's trail. Yet it was strange, he thought, that Amos should be grinning, as though the affair was a joke.

"Why, darn it, Oscar," Hortle went on resentfully, "you'd no business keepin' your friends back home in suspense this way. They think maybe you was killed or something. It ain't right."

Oscar clung dizzily to one of the tent ropes. Was this all? No other news? Was there no suspicion against him?

"Why—why I didn't think any one would be interested," he faltered at length, still trying to account for the other's singular behavior, his failure to pronounce doom.

"You didn't?" Amos returned. "Say, you was popular enough—everybody liked you. You're keepin' something back, Oscar," he charged. "You know you are. Joe's told me things. Listen! Joe says he mentioned to you that night that Gladys Padgett was out walkin' with another fellow. Guess it made you sore, didn't it? He figured it that way, anyhow, and the next day, when you'd turned up missin', he went right to Gladys, thinkin' he'd learn something. And he did. She had a lot to say."

"She—she did?" Oscar managed to get out.

"You bet! It gave the town folks something to talk about all right enough. She said you found her and this fellow in the park and you just naturally set on him and beat the tar out of him—just about left him for dead when you took her home. And Joe finally got it out of her that this fellow was a movin'-picture actor, name of—of Lavender, who'd been showin' in town that night."

Oscar's knees began to sag. It was all out now—everything. He doubtless would have looked ghastly if it hadn't been for his veneer of grease paint. But still Amos was grinning; and surely, Oscar thought, unable to account for it, this was hardly a time for merriment.

"You beat up this movin'-picture fellow and got scared, didn't you?" Amos charged. "You thought you'd killed him sure enough, so you took to your heels and ran off here. That's the way they've got it figured out in La Belle, and what Joe writes me, only of course they don't suspect you turned up in my section. I can see now why you changed your name and warned me not to write back home about where I'd seen you, and why you acted so crazy yesterday when I started tellin' about a warrant. It's all plain enough now. You was scared stiff, wasn't you?"

"I'm not denying it," Oscar stated. Bluffing would get him nowhere; the truth and nothing but the truth must come from his lips. "That's just what happened. My temper got the best of me, and afterward, when I saw the man lying on the grass, I was frightened."

But instead of showing surprise at the confession, Amos laughed and slapped his knee. "Well, you had all your worry and travelin' for nothin'," he declared. "You can go back home any time you want, and welcome. Joe says old man Glotz had to shut down the Rosebud—nobody fit to take your place."

"I—I don't understand," Oscar stammered. The situation was still beyond him. Why was Amos so jubilant?

"The man you beat up was carted off to the hospital, and in the mornin' he blew town—ducked out—he and his partner. Joe said his face looked like it had gone through a meat grinder." Amos laughed again. "He didn't stick around long after he'd come back to himself—didn't stop to swear out a warrant for you, Oscar. He knew better."

"Knew better? What do you mean?"

"Why," Hortle explained, his eyes twinkling, "it turned out he wasn't this Lavender fellow after all."

Oscar gulped. "Wasn't—Mr. Lavender?" he repeated incredulously.

"Nope. Just an impostor—a slick guy passin' himself off as the real actor. Must have looked a lot like him, of course—a double, I think they called him. Works in pictures himself. He'd been pullin' the same trick in some of the other little towns for what he could collect from the theater owners, and was gettin' away with it, too, until you queered his game. Joe said some of the detectives showed up next day, told 'em all the facts, and lit right out after the crook. Seems like they had been huntin' this guy for weeks, on orders from the real Lavender."

"Are you—sure?" Oscar demanded, clutching Hortle's arm.

"Don't see why Joe'd write me lies, do you?"

The fog of uncertainty was lifting, and all the world was becoming rosy again. Oscar's heart, so long racked and tortured by fear, began to thump exultantly. He had been vindicated. Now he was unafraid. He had punished a crook, put a stop to his nefarious practices, and rid Mr. Lavender of an impostor. He wanted to laugh, sing at the top of his voice.

"Amos," he said tremulously, "you've taken a powerful load off my mind."

"I sort of suspected I would," the other returned, and his grin matched Oscar's. "That's why I hurried out here to-day when I got Joe's letter."

Suddenly, as his mind galloped back over the past, Oscar recalled one mysterious incident.

"See here, Amos," he stated. "Something happened in La Belle that same night. I heard police whistles; and after I'd run a few miles out of town, Jeff Tomilson appeared on the road with a gun. I overheard him tell a man there'd been trouble—I thought he said something about murder."

"That so?" Amos shook his head. "Well, Joe didn't write anything about it. Don't think it could have amounted to very much. Anyhow, you wasn't concerned."

Presently, with a wave of his hand, Amos left him, climbed into his tin steed, and plowed valiantly away across the sand. And Oscar, drawing a deep breath, felt like bursting into song, or turning cartwheels; but that wouldn't have been dignified. Not while the visitors whom

Continued on page 109



A Visit with the Del Rios

Dolores del Rio and her husband have settled down contentedly in Hollywood, with only a few fleeting regrets over the home they left behind them in Mexico City.



Dolores has a cozy corner in her living room where she likes to spend much of her time with her books. But in the evening she and Señor del Rio—who, by the way, acts as her business manager—usually settle themselves before the fireplace for an hour or two of leisure.



Their house, of course, is of Mexican design, which helps to keep the señor and señora from being homesick. But with such radiant screen success at the señora's feet, it's not likely that she has much time to think about missing her native land. She and her husband are shown in their dining room, right.



I Knew Them as Extras

Continued from page 53

May Metro-Goldwyn continue to give her good rôles from now on, for she deserves them, and may the road to stardom be a short one for Gwen!

Lorraine Eason is a brunette of the first order. She was seen briefly as the girl in "We're in the Navy Now," and has played in Charley Chase comedies. She appears in the H. C. Witwer "Wisecracker" series, in which, however, the hack photography rather damages her beauty.

There is an almost Oriental lavishness about Lorraine's beauty—full lips, richly curved, great dark eyes with white lids, a softly rounded face and a delicately shaped figure.

She is a Southerner, but she began traveling at an early age. Her father was a government engineer and his work carried him and his family to such places as Havana, Panama, and Buenos Aires. Lorraine's schooling was necessarily spasmodic, but her knowledge of the world became extensive.

Her mother finally placed her in a boarding school in New York, little thinking that Lorraine would emerge therefrom bitten by the theatrical bug. That's just what she did, but Mrs. Eason took it gamely. Lorraine should have her wish provided she remained under her mother's personal supervision.

An interview with Florenz Ziegfeld resulted in his offering Lorraine an engagement in the "Follies." But while she was considering this offer, she entered a movie contest and was one of the four winners to be sent to Hollywood. When the hopeful youngsters arrived in town, however, they were graciously permitted to register as "extra talent," and that was that.

Nevertheless, Lorraine fared very well. She found constant employment as an extra, and was invariably selected for the "front line," the station of the special extras who, instead of being mere blurs in the background, are actually in focus and are occasionally even given bits of business to do.

I first met Lorraine on a cold California night in a studio swimming pool. We were both being used in a picture directed by James Young, and were acting as guests at one of those society garden parties that the public love and the extras loathe. Between jolly dips in the icy pool, the happy guests shuddered around inadequate stoves on the sidelines. Lorraine and I were attracted to each other by a mutual theory that by avoiding the stoves between scenes and continuing to swim violently around the pool, we were more likely to survive. It wasn't a very good theory, but we nursed our resulting colds in company.

Lorraine became, in a short time, a leading woman in funny little Westerns on Poverty Row. She soon lost count of how many she made. She used to finish one at noon and begin the next at two o'clock of the same day. She went on location to ghastly places up in the mountains and out on the desert. She was thrown over cliffs, snatched off horses going at full gallop, tied to the bumpers of speeding trains, buried in snowslides, and beaten by Indians. She finished each film with a few more bruises and sprains added to her collection. But she was a good sport, so she was hired again and again.

At last, however, she was rescued from these strenuous "quickies." Famous Players established the well-known Paramount School and, out of the hundreds of Hollywood entrants, Lorraine was one of the two girls selected to go East to study. After a couple of months, she left the school and entered the chorus of Marilyn Miller's "Sunny." This was fun for a while, but soon the old urge for the movies returned. She came back to Hollywood, Famous Players signed her for the lead in "We're in the Navy Now," she did a few Charley Chase comedies, and then F. B. O. signed her on a long-term contract. They started her off in the Witwer series, and plan to promote her gradually.

Watch her—if only for the sake of your eyes.

Good Old Hokum!

Continued from page 21

of crooks only because she "has never had a chance." This plot can be developed in two ways. Either the girl is taken into the home of our hero in order to prove that she is really good at heart, and that pleasant environment will reform her—as in Constance Talmadge's amusing comedy, "Venus of Venice"—or else, as in Mae Murray's "The Masked Bride," she arranges with her gang to steal from the hero and then falls in love with him and just can't do it! But never forget that, though our *Suzanne* may be a little too agile with her fingers in your pockets, she's a "good" girl just the same. No matter what her surroundings and upbringing and police record, she has waited all this time for the right man.

There is also the "wife-in-name-only" theme, in which the heroine has to marry some one she doesn't love, and the hero doesn't get her until the final fade-out. Corinne Griffith's "Island Wives" was an example of this type of film. And there's the "little-child-shall-lead-them" formula, in which husband and wife are reunited over the sick bed of little *Elaine*. There is the unfortunate romance between the American boy and the little heathen Chinee, or half-breed, which turns out to be all right, after all, because it develops that she was kidnaped in childhood and is really white. "East Is West" used that theme. And there is the plot involving the amazing resemblance between a slum girl and a fashionable lady which enables the poor Cinderella to pose as her more fortunate double, to the advantage always of Cinderella—and, of course, of the star, who can thus play two rôles.

There are thousands of these hokum situations in films, because real life is ordinarily so undramatic that the movies have to seize upon every unusual circumstance and exaggerate it to give it drama. Even the types used in films are exaggerated. The villain, for instance, is usually enormous—as Rockcliffe Fellowes, Walter Long, Dick Sutherland, or Warner Oland. These men are quite appropriately known as "heavies." And if real villains were only half so easily recognized, few people would ever be swindled, or cheated at cards, or seduced! You know in one glance at a movie villain that the man is not to be trusted.

The vamp is usually tall and voluptuous, not at all like the innocent-looking little thing next door who'd run off with your husband in a minute if she had any encouragement. And the vamp always establishes her worthlessness by smoking and drinking—though this procedure now isn't so effective as it was years ago.

The hero is frequently surrounded by children in the first reel—ask Thomas Meighan about that!

All this is hokum. Producers know just how to build up sympathy for the hero and heroine, and how to make you despise the villain and welcome his downfall, for misplaced sympathy would spoil the happy ending. Producers know just what will thrill you, just what will make you gasp, or make you weep. So when you do weep, remember—that the old hokum bucket is waiting for your tears!

The Melting Pot

All nationalities become one in the movies—the Englishman turns Spaniard, the Spaniard turns Frenchman, the Frenchman turns Swede, the Swede turns American, and so on, in a grand jumble of nations.



In "The Soul of Passion," above, Victor McLaglen, who hails from England, and Dolores del Rio, whose native land is Mexico, become a Spanish matador and his lady.

Right, Gilbert Roland, a Spanish boy, and Norma Talmadge, a Brooklyn girl, surround themselves with French atmosphere for the portrayal of *Armand* and *Camille*.

Below, the Scandinavian Lars Hanson becomes a Texas ranchman opposite our own American Lillian Gish in "The Wind."



Above, Vilma Banky, from Budapest, and Ronald Colman, from the British Isles, appear together as an Italian circus girl and a mythical-kingdom prince in "The Magic Flame."

In "The Garden of Allah," below, Alice Terry, of the Middle West, and Ivan Petrovich, of Serbia, portray a titled Englishwoman and her Russian lover.







Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

"She had hardly stepped out of the house into the garden, feeling very little and shy, when Gloria rushed up to her without waiting to be introduced. She simply showered her with compliments on her performance in 'Seventh Heaven'—said she had wanted to telegraph her after the opening but simply couldn't think of adequate words to express herself. Janet was struck dumb, of course.

"It was certainly a day of triumph for her. She met all her favorites —Lillian Gish, Norma Shearer, and Blanche Sweet. And far from getting a chance to tell them how happy it made her to meet them, she was swept off her feet by their compliments for *her*.

"When she was in the swimming pool, every time she came up for air, there was a new group of people on the sidelines waiting to meet her.

"Norma Shearer and I had to tear ourselves away early to go to Estelle Taylor's birthday party. It was something of a problem to think of a gift for Estelle, because Jack always rushes out and buys her everything she shows the least interest in. However, somebody found out that she wanted a big rose garden around the house that she and Jack have built, so we all took her rose bushes.

"Incidentally, Estelle may be in the first picture that D. W. Griffith makes for United Artists. He made a test of her the other day. It is all very well for her to be drawing a salary from United Artists for doing nothing, but I do wish somebody would hurry up and give her a part."

"Don't add that to your prayers," I begged of her. "If every one you like got a good job, you couldn't possibly get round to see all their films."

"Oh, yes I would—somehow," Fanny insisted optimistically. "I've even chased all over town trying to find one of Betty Compson's recent pictures, and that's a hopeless quest. She is making films for one of those here - to-day - and - gone - to-morrow companies down on Poverty Row, but I defy you to find a theater where her films are shown. Now that her husband, James Cruze, has signed to direct pictures for Producers Distributing Corporation, I wish he would use her in one of them. But the first Cruze picture is going to be 'The Pioneer Woman,' and versatile as Betty may be, you'll admit that that hardly sounds like a suitable film for her."

Fanny's nimble tongue rushed on.

"I quite forgot to tell you to be sure to go to one of the previews of 'The Callahans and the Murphys,' so you'll be just as tardy as the rest of the public in hailing the foremost comedienne of the screen—Marie Dressler, of course. She isn't just a comedienne—she's a tragi-comedienne. Even when she is funniest, she almost breaks your heart. I've never heard such prolonged and roaring laughter—not even at a Harold Lloyd picture—as greeted 'The Callahans and the Murphys.'

"I hear that 'Topsy and Eva' is awfully funny. The Duncan sisters are going to make another film as soon as they get that one launched.

"But whatever success they may make in pictures, I am sure they will always be remembered in Hollywood for the housewarming at their beach house. There never was such a party before! There were swarms of people there.

"The usual argument, of course, arose among the guests as to who was the prettiest girl there. The votes were about evenly divided between Claire Windsor and Billie Dove. I'll admit they are gorgeous looking, but I am much more interested in the appearance of girls who are smart and dashing rather than just beautiful. I stuck to my vote for Jane Winton, and I still do.

"Maybe it's her hats that hypnotize me. She wears the smartest hats I've seen. And, by the way, there she is on the other side of the room —I am going right over and ask her where she gets them."

Fanny believes in direct action. She'd be perfectly capable of asking Lois Moran where she got her cosmetics, even though it is perfectly obvious that Providence gave them to her. But on a chance that the hats might, indeed, have something to do with Jane Winton's striking appearance, I tagged along after Fanny.

Along "The Trail of '98"

Continued from page 24

Here they did some very rigorous location work. It entailed more actual hardship than if they had gone to Alaska for the scenes. The timber line in the Klondike is only 3,500 feet above sea level, but Mr. Brown and his company did their work in a vast desolation 11,652 feet up—the height they had to go to get beyond the timber line. Every wind was a blizzard, driving at fifty miles an hour through air twenty-five degrees below zero. Some of the sets were built on top of thirty feet of snow. Frozen ears, noses, hands, and feet were common occurrences.

But the director allowed no expense to be spared for the company's quarters. They lived in a de luxe train, with steam heat at all times. Punctually at sundown, when the wind became too cold to be borne, Mr. Brown invariably called "That's all. Dinner!" through half-frozen lips, and the players, cold, stiff, and exhausted, dashed for the train, which was frozen to the tracks and nearly covered with snowdrifts. Crowding into the warm, bright cars, they ate food as elaborate as any offered by the best hotels in the country, and gradually thawed under its effect.

After three weeks, the company left, leaving the country entirely to the sky, for theirs were the last human footprints in the drifting snow of that region. As a tunnel has been dug through the foot of the mountain to accommodate the train that formerly had to climb over it, the mountain is now totally uninhabited. Even as the movie train was pulling out, a blizzard swiftly covered all traces of the track behind it.

Most of the action of the film occurs in Dawson City, which was reproduced almost in entirety—both exterior and interior. Along its blizzard-swept streets and within its cabins and saloons and dance halls, the story of the boy, the girl, and the bad man progresses—a story lifted from the conventional by brilliant and understanding direction.

Ralph Forbes, who plays the boy, seems destined to make a big hit. This is, so far, the best part he has had on the screen, and Mr. Brown is highly pleased with his work. The beautiful Dolores del Rio picked another plum for herself in the rôle of the heroine. Harry Carey is the menace. Karl Dane, George Cooper, Tully Marshall, Emily Fitzroy, Tenen Holtz, Mickey Bennett, Ray Hallor, Doris Lloyd, and others known throughout the studios as "good troupers" figure in the cast.

The film, which was begun in March, will not be completed until August. That length of time spent on a picture would ordinarily distress the front office, but just mention "The Trail of '98" to Irving Thalberg, young M.-G.-M. executive, and watch his pleased smile. The taciturn Irving smiles seldom, but when he does, it means more than several reams of studio publicity. And if *he* is satisfied with the film, I'd advise you to watch for it at your neighborhood theater.

When Mother Was a Girl

It is more than likely she dressed like these stars, who flaunt the incredible styles of the 'nineties in various films to-day.



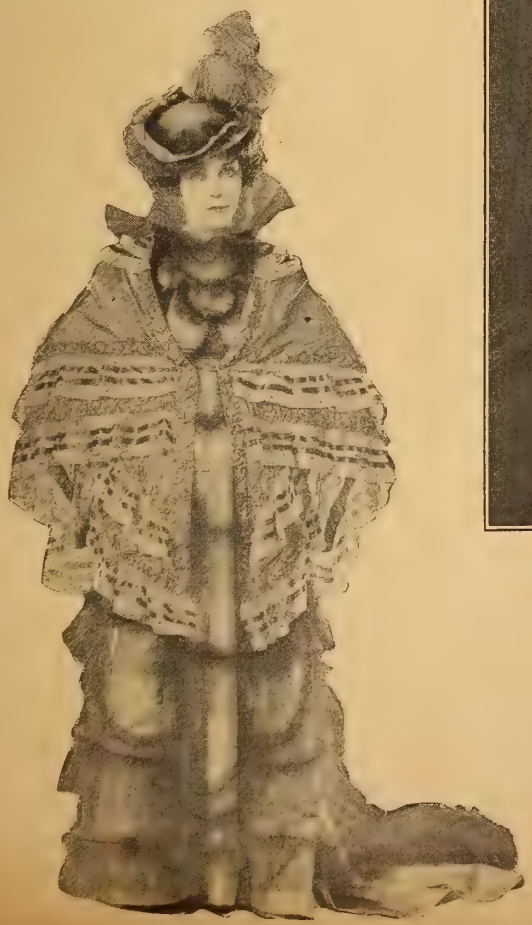
Mary Astor, above, in "The Rough Riders," wears a costume such as inspired the famous "Gibson Girl."

Alma Rubens, below, in "Marriage License," portrayed the unhappy wife as she used to dress.





Patsy Ruth Miller, above, just can't be her sprightly self in the long skirts she wears in "The First Auto."



Zasu Pitts, left, was very chic, according to the fashions of thirty years ago, in "Casey at the Bat."

Dolores Costello, right, showed the dignity of a sweeping train in "A Million Bid," but who wants to be dignified these days?



Thanks for the Buggy Ride

Continued from page 43

she looks like—whether she is blonde or brunette, whether she weighs eighty pounds or two hundred and forty. I make no physical qualifications whatever. I want a companion—not an ornament for the house!"

"H'm," I remarked dubiously.

"Really!" he protested. "Honestly, I don't care whether she is pretty or not! It's like this—— Whoa, Blondie! Hey! Where are you going? WHOA!!!"

Blondie had suddenly roused from her lethargy and was cavorting down the road at an alarming pace, giving voice, the while, to shrill, whinnying sounds, her head high and her ears forward.

"She sees that colt in the pasture over there," puffed Richard, tugging at the lines. "It's probably her long-lost son!"

After much difficulty, he at last persuaded her to pause and turn round, and she started dejectedly back toward the set. Our conversation, thus interrupted, drifted into other channels.

"This thing of being a star is a funny business," said Richard. "It entails far more than most people imagine. When I hear that some one has been made a star or is about to become one, I wish I could tell him a few things. But you can't. Every one has to learn for himself.

"There is a shell—a self-protective shell—which you are absolutely forced to assume. It is a matter, I suppose, of keeping your perspective and maintaining your balance.

"For instance, when you first become a star, you see your name in electric lights on Broadway and you say to yourself, 'Gee! That's great! I must be quite a boy!' That's only human. And folks flatter you. They tell you your last picture was fine. You swell up and think, 'Well—I've arrived!'

"Then, just as you're sitting on top of the world, somebody, apropos of nothing, hands you a dirty one. You just wilt—like this." He sagged, and assumed a most hurt and surprised expression. "You fall hard because you have so far to fall. You have been too high in the clouds, and the bump when you suddenly descend is terrific.

"I remember one time when I was broadcasting over the radio in New York. There were a couple of lovely girls at the studio and they had been very kind and I was feeling jake. Then somebody told me another girl wanted to meet me. She was very beautiful and I thought that was dandy. She came over and we were introduced, and then she said abruptly, 'I think you are rotten in pictures! I think you are simply terrible!' I was jarred, but I put on the proper smile, and said, 'I'm sorry.' But she just wouldn't stop. She went on and on and on, telling me what a bum actor I was. Finally I managed to gasp that I had to go. And I got away. But she had completely punctured my complacence.

"It was a small thing, but it hurt. But the point is that you have to harden yourself alike to praise and blame. If you let these things affect you, you can't work.

"There was another time, soon after I was made a star, when I was asked to appear at a benefit along with some other, longer-established stars. I was all pepped up about it. But when I reached the theater, I discovered that Doug and Mary and a lot of people like that were on the program. *I* was hardly noticed. That taught me something, too.

"And say, do you know, I'm just a fan at heart, myself. I get as big a thrill as any high-school kid out of meeting some well-known actor or actress. I met Norma Talmadge for the first time not long ago. I have always admired her intensely, and it was a big thrill to me to meet her."

Dix is first and foremost an actor. As he talks, he acts out what he says. The play of expression over his features, as he described his various changes of mood on these several occasions, was delicious. His conversation is blunt, straight from the shoulder and businesslike. He is a good-humored, keen, likable chap.

He had a letter in his pocket from Tex Rickard, offering him a substantial sum to fight at Madison Square Garden in New York. It was the result of the showing he had made when training for his fight with Jack Renault in "Knock-out Reilly." He displayed a naïve pleasure over the compliment to his fighting prowess.

"I can't do it, of course." There was a bit of wistfulness, however, in his tone. "You know, that fight with Renault nearly put me out of pictures. I got a black eye, a sprained nose and two broken ribs. But it would be fun if I *could* accept Rickard's offer."

We jogged again into the sleepy village street with its funny, backless buildings, so complete in every detail in front.

"Hi, Roughneck!" Richard called to little Mary Brian, his leading lady, who stood, clad in demure gray chiffon, waiting to work.

"We call her that because it is so distinctly what she is *not*," he told me. "She's just the sweetest little mouse of a girl you ever saw!"

He and Mary went to work and I watched them for a while. An elderly woman—an extra—just behind me, was talking to a companion.

"Richard Dix is such a nice boy!" I heard her say. "So jolly! And he is so sweet to his mother."

I thought that remark summed him up pretty well. A nice boy—so jolly—and I do not doubt for a moment that he is sweet to his mother. He is just the type that would be. And besides all that, he is vigorous, intelligent, handsome, and has a superb physique.

And I *enjoyed* my buggy ride!

The Stroller

Continued from page 49

camera man who never missed a payment on his car; (2) the actress who shared her dressing room with an extra girl; (3) the director who admitted that the cutter saved his picture; (4) the author who didn't beef when the title of his story was changed.

I can well imagine that the movie stars themselves are among the most interested readers of film magazines.

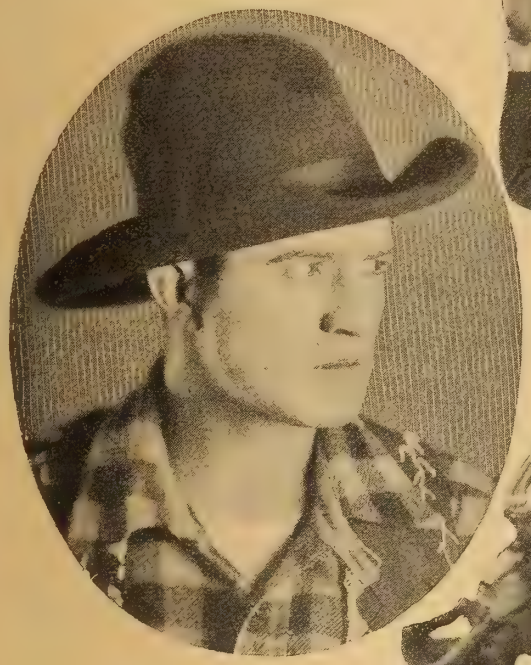
Aside from the natural pleasure of seeing their names in print, they must derive considerable amusement and satisfaction from reading about their favorite hobbies, pastimes, dishes and books, and about their opinions on various subjects, not to mention the fantastic biographies published about them.

A writer decides to prepare an article, for instance, entitled "What the Stars Think of the Modern Girl." He phones the publicity offices of the various studios and asks for short statements from the stars upon that subject. The press agent removes his feet from his desk and writes as many statements as are desired without bothering to consult the stars themselves.

Two months later, Henry Hightower, noted leading man, who has just married a blond flapper, picks up a magazine to discover in print that he prefers the old-fashioned girl. Or Stella Saccharine, who smokes two packages of cigarettes a day, discovers that she "never appears in public wearing rouge." And Mollie Mayfair, late of a musical show, is overjoyed to learn she was educated in a convent.

He-Men of the West

Some of the hard-ridin,' quick-shootin' lariat artists of the screen.

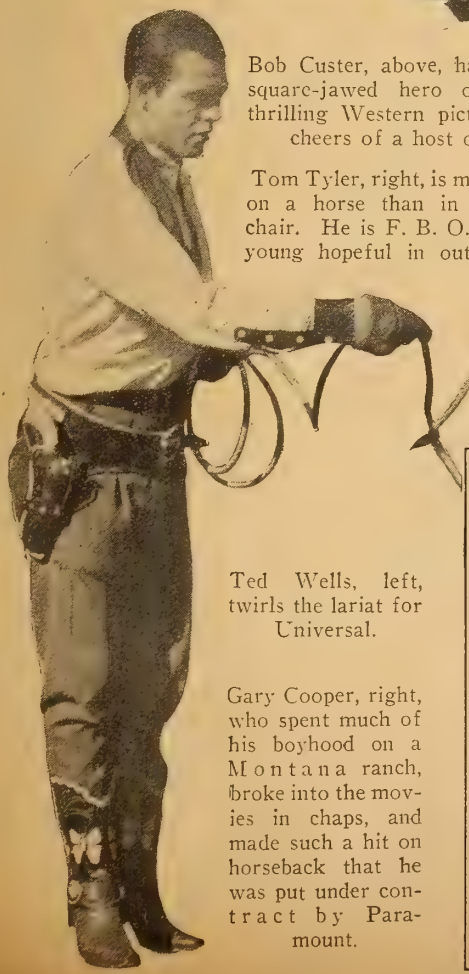




Bob Steele, above, is another of F. B. O.'s flannel-shirt dare-devils.



Billy Sullivan, below, being a nephew of the great John L. Sullivan, started his career as a prize fighter on the vaudeville stage, then played some pugilist rôles in the movies, but now has donned a sombrero and become a full-fledged hero of the plains.



Bob Custer, above, has been the square-jawed hero of many a thrilling Western picture, to the cheers of a host of fans.

Tom Tyler, right, is more at home on a horse than in a rocking-chair. He is F. B. O.'s brightest young hopeful in outdoor films.

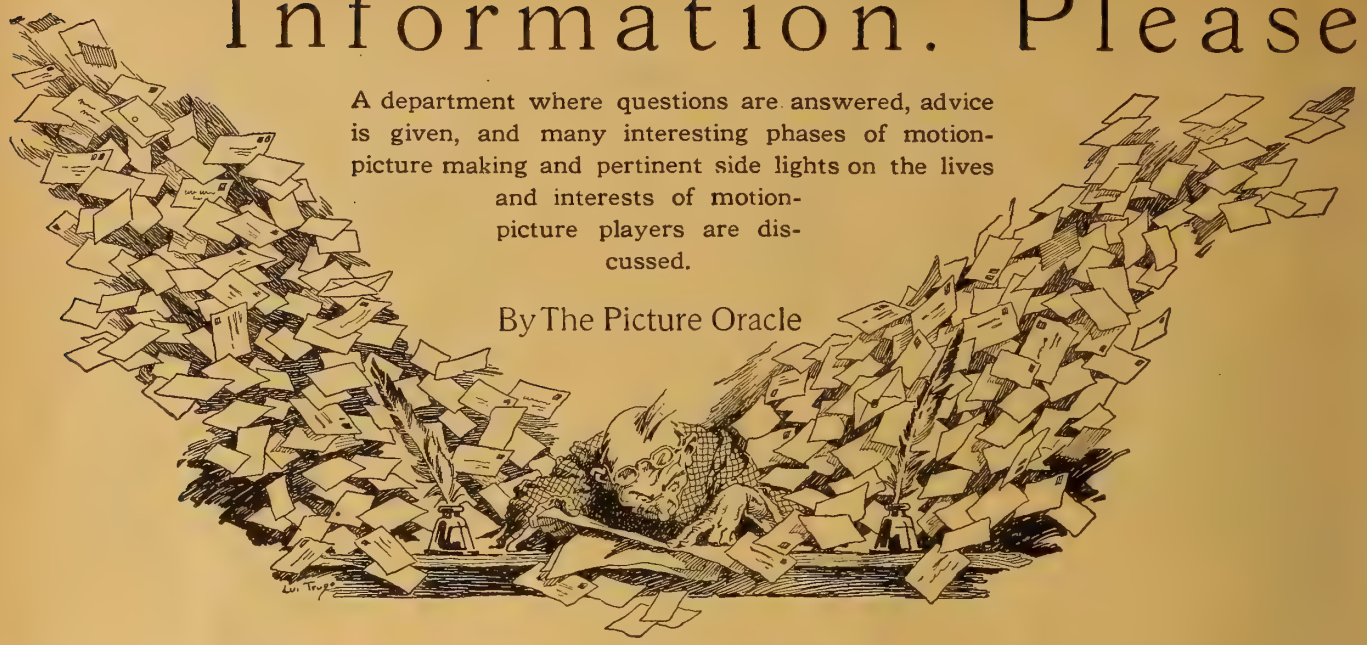


Ted Wells, left, twirls the lariat for Universal.

Gary Cooper, right, who spent much of his boyhood on a Montana ranch, broke into the movies in chaps, and made such a hit on horseback that he was put under contract by Paramount.



Information. Please



A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

MISS WARNER BAXTER.—So you think you'll shut up your mouth? Now don't tell me you wrote all those questions with your mouth! Yes, it's quite true that Dorothy Dalton and Mary Miles Minter have retired from the screen. Dorothy retired shortly after her marriage. Mary Miles got a little too plump for the screen. I don't know their addresses. A quarter is quite enough to send with a request for a player's photo. May Allison is under contract to no particular company. She has done little on the screen since her marriage some months ago. Address Allan Forrest at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. It was Matt Moore who played *Blakely* in "Summer Bachelors." Matt Moore is a free-lance player, Baby Peggy has been touring in vaudeville, so I have no permanent address for either of them. No, Laura La Plante did not start her film career by way of a beauty contest. Laura is five feet two inches, and is very blonde. Nita Naldi is about five feet eight inches. Madge Bellamy's new picture is "Colleen;" Warner Baxter's is "Drums of the Desert."

P. BAGALAURIS.—Well, your letter from the Philippines had a long journey—and, I hope, a pleasant one. Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, January 9, 1903. She is five feet six inches, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and is a blonde. She's married to Rod La Rocque. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. Enid Bennett lives with her husband, Fred Niblo, in Beverly Hills, California. Agnes Ayres recently divorced Manuel Reachi; I have no address for her other than Hollywood, which would doubtless reach her. A yearly subscription to PICTURE PLAY to the Philippines is $2.50.

LUCKY STRIKE.—So you've spent many days and nights trying to picture me? What an extravagant girl you are, spending time so lavishly on what might be called practically nothing! If you really want to get into movie work, why not accept the stage offer you received? In that way, you would acquire experience, and probably friends who could arrange a screen test for you. That's a much better way than going to Hollywood on a chance. Charles Farrell was born in East Walpole, Massachusetts, about twenty-four years ago. He is not married. Ben Lyon is twenty-six, Ramon Novarro, twenty-eight. Both are bachelors. Neil Hamilton is twenty-eight and is married. John Gilbert is thirty-two. He is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Ronald Colman is in his thirties, and is separated from his wife, Thelma Ray.

HAY.—All of us on the staff of PICTURE PLAY were delighted with your charming letter. We try to make the magazine of interest to the fans, to make the stars seem as real and personal as possible in our stories, and when we receive glowing words of praise like yours, it makes us feel that our efforts have not been wasted. The fact that you have not missed an issue of PICTURE PLAY for eleven years should make you one of our most constant readers, if not our most constant.

DOROTHY LEAVITT.—When you say "Please" twice like that, I can't possibly refuse to answer. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, September 17, 1902. She grew up in Washington, D. C., and in New York. She was formerly on the stage, having made her début at the age of two as one of "The Ralston Family, Metropolitan Entertainers." She has played in pictures since 1920, and rose to fame in "Peter Pan."

No. 77.—It seems that I have your number! I don't know how permanent Red Grange's screen career is—it depends on how popular he proves to be with the fans. But he has been making a second picture, "The Motor Maniac." His first was "One Minute to Play." He is in his twenties, and has brown eyes.

MARY BLAKE.—Of course I'll answer your questions—but it's too late to get the answers in any issue earlier than the September number. I have such an oversupply of letters awaiting replies in PICTURE PLAY that I just have to take them in their order. Antonio Moreno returned from Europe in May. Greta Garbo's biography gives her height as five feet six inches, and John Gilbert's gives his as five feet ten inches. I don't know which of the two is exaggerating—perhaps both. They are both Metro-Goldwyn players—address at the end of this department.

BLUE-EYED ELSIE.—I suspect, Elsie, that I probably answered the questions you asked before, but it takes months for answers to appear in the magazine. I've such a long waiting list. For quick replies send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Jack Hoxie works for Metropolitan, Culver City, California. I will tell the editor you would like him to publish a picture of Jack Daugherty, and we will watch for a good one of him.

A FAN FROM MEXICO.—I think you've been reading some movie column a little too literally. "Billie Dove has gone into the 'Follies'" meant that she had done so on the *screen*. "An Affair of the Follies" was a recent picture of hers. She did, however, actually begin her career in the "Follies." Yes, Mira Adoree is Renee's sister. Clara Bow works for Famous Players—write her care of their studio. Ronald Colman has played in pictures since 1923, when he appeared in "The White Sister." He was formerly on the stage in his native England. I don't know where Ricardo Cortez was born. Esther Ralston uses her real name; see DOROTHY LEAVITT, left.

INQUISITIVE INEZ.—Something will certainly have to be done about that. I can't just let you go on being inquisitive. Yes, I share your admiration for Dolores Costello. She has never been married, or even engaged. Neither has Ramon Novarro. The reason you have heard so little about Jason Robards is that he is a recent "discovery" of Warner Brothers, to whom he is under contract. His films include "Footloose Widows," "The Third Degree," "Hills of Kentucky," "Irish Hearts," and "What Happened to Father." He is in his twenties and is married. So far as I know, Clara Bow is not at present engaged. She broke her engagement to Victor Fleming. As to who are the most popular players among the fans, a recent check-up revealed that, of the actors, Lon Chaney gets the most fan mail, and of the actresses, Colleen Moore gets the most. Vera Reynolds' recent films include "Sunny Side Up," "Corporal Kate," and "The Little Adventuress."

PANDORA.—Think of your wanting an autographed photo of me! I'm so flattered. But the photographer just won't take my picture, because he wants to use his camera again. Ruth Roland lives at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles. I don't know whether she still sends out photos to fans, as she has left the screen. She has grown very wealthy in the real-

Continued on page 120

Active Women of Today Are Free

From the Handicap of Yesterday's Worries



(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal *and 2 other important factors*

Positive Protection, Under ALL Conditions, Plus Freedom Forever From the Embarrassment of disposal is provided, This NEW Way, Which is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Women by the Millions.

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ONE no longer fears sheer frocks, but *wears* them. The modern woman meets every day at her best—unhandicapped by even the most trying hygienic situation.

The uncertainty of the old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted with modern protection—protection that is absolute.

Women by countless thousands are constantly flocking to its use. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it.

The name is Kotex—different in every way from any other product of like nature known.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."



"Ask for them by name"

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PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

**Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by*

West Disinfecting Co.

Bebe—the Eternal Child

Continued from page 51

in Westerns, she was more angry than hurt, went to the mat, and got the rôles she asked for.

"A marvelous constitution and an inexhaustible supply of energy," Mrs. Daniels explained Bebe's resilience and her ability to work like mad all day, dance or play bridge half the night, ride, swim, play tennis, fence, shop, and do a hundred and one other things, with never a slackening of her enthusiasm.

"Can't keep her still," said her mother, "unless she gets interested in an exciting book of adventure. When a horse threw her last year, the doctors said she would be laid up for six months. She was up in three weeks."

A question brought the information that her most admired characters are Thomas Edison and Joan of Arc. An autographed picture of Edison, whom she idolizes for his achievements, is one of her treasures. It is her ambition to play *Joan.*

"Romances? Oh, Bebe's always in love—has been ever since she was old enough to blink those big brown eyes at anything male. She had a succession of childish crushes—an Italian boy, a handsome postman, and so on. At thirteen, she was frantic over a man in his early twenties who of course was amused at the child. Curiously enough, a few years later he fell in love with her and she couldn't see him at all!"

We had gone up to Bebe's room to talk—a room that fairly shouts her personality. Walnut furniture, and blue-satin hangings and cushions. On the desk, a typewriter, and spring flowers wafting their fragrance from a red vase. Lacy pillows everywhere—grotesque dolls—trophies—in a cabinet, the thirteen silver cups that she won in dancing contests with Harold—little marble statuettes—colorful prints of famous French beauties.

"Bebe's worst fault is her extravagance," Mrs. Daniels laughed. "Yet it's prompted by generosity. Money, to her, is a thing to be spent, first on others, then on herself. When she was a tiny kiddie, I always gave her a small allowance for soda treats with the other children. And what did that blessed youngster do with it? I found out that she was using it every week for payments on an outfit of silk lingerie for me!

"That girl surely is a booster of the installment plan. In the early days, whenever she signed a contract, she used to dash to a shop to 'make the first payment down,' usually on something for me."

From a gold-and-cloisonné jewel box Mrs. Daniels scooped the treasures which Bebe has, one by one, bought for her. A diamond-and-platinum *sautoir*—a tiny wrist watch set in diamonds and emeralds—and, winking at us bravely from its velvet niche, the "diamonds" ring.

"Bebe always called it that. See, it has seven chips. She was getting only forty a week when she bought it—five dollars down and five a week. It cost her seventy-five dollars.

"I nearly had apoplexy once. Waving her first 'big' contract—one hundred and fifty a week—Bebe made for a jeweler's shop and just about signed away her salary for life—for a fourteen-thousand-dollar lavallière! She was to pay, if you please, a hundred a week, and we were to live somehow—that was to be *my* problem!—on the remaining fifty. The huge opal, set in diamonds, was to be my birthday gift. When I recovered from the shock, I took it back, on the excuse that I was superstitious about opals and, as Bebe was a minor, I managed to get her out of her agreement.

"Now her hobby is antiques. She's crazy about Italian, French, and Spanish things. We're always planning our *real* home and how we'll decorate——"

I groaned, and Mrs. Daniels laughed good-naturedly.

Bebe represents the sheer, nonsensical joy of carefree youth. Long may her banner wave!

Just a Natural-Born Actress

Continued from page 19

where the heights of Montmartre had been reproduced, with a miniature Paris on the plain below.

Advance opinions on her splendid work in "Sunrise"—which still has not been released—had made Janet very happy. She showed me a telegram which F. W. Murnau, the director of the film, had sent to her after previewing the production. He declared her performance great and said that the audience had been carried away by her. Janet handled the telegram like gold.

"Isn't it wonderful? I'm going to have it framed. You know, I felt a little scared before I started work in 'Sunrise,'" she admitted. "It was to be a special production, directed by a famous director, and previously, except for 'Peter Grimm,' I had played only in program pictures. But"—half closing her eyes and clenching her small fists—"I was *determined* to do my best!"

When Janet speaks like that, you have a glimpse of tremendous vitality, ambition, and perseverance flashing from those brown eyes.

It had been a great surprise to Hollywood when Janet was chosen for "Sunrise," but it was an even greater surprise when she was given the lead in "Seventh Heaven." Many prominent players had sought the rôle of *Diane.* Janet herself was the most surprised of all when she was selected.

"You know," she said, "Marian Nixon and I went to see Helen Menken in the stage production when it came to Los Angeles, and I certainly wouldn't have believed it if any one had told me at that time that *I* would some day be playing the rôle on the screen."

Added to the other surprises that Janet has given Hollywood was her announcement, not long ago, of her engagement to Herbert Moulton, a young Los Angeles newspaper man who has also lately been doing a little movie acting. It seems that he and Janet met about two years ago and have been engaged for over a year, but the film colony hadn't even suspected the romance between them.

Janet has naturally become much surer of herself on the screen than she was two years ago. At that time she used to walk past the Fox studio unable to muster up the courage to go in and ask for extra work.

After our lunch, on the day of this interview, I watched her at work on the "Seventh Heaven" set. *Diane* bidding farewell to *Chico* as he leaves for the war—*Diane* cowering with her old terror before the menacing whip of her brutal sister—her spirited revolt as she turns the tables—her shout of victory over fear as she hears the "Marseillaise" played for the marching soldiers. But most lingering of all is the vision of *Diane* in her white-lace wedding dress, standing on the sill of her lover's attic window, with the roofs of Paris behind her, revealing herself to him for the first time in the finery he has bought her. Her face is radiant with joy, and her eyes lit with adoration for the man who has brought into her life the only happiness she has ever known.

When you see "Seventh Heaven"—if you have not already seen it—I'm sure you will agree that Janet's emotional powers are amazing—powers derived, not from a bitter, unhappy past, but inspired by natural, innate dramatic instinct.

Was She Only a Flash in the Pan?

Continued from page 69

the powers-that-be who had refused to recognize Helene's importance.

She is keenly, enthusiastically interested in her work, much more so than I had expected, for I had imagined that she might act a little bored, or assume a pose of ennui.

"I am waking up," she said. "At first, I was too thrilled by everything to have much to say. Now I am wondering about what is best for Dolores Costello."

There is a childlike quality about her that is charming, a suggestion of youth despite the sophistication of her manner.

Her delicate beauty is of a sort that defies description. One can say that her hair is light, a pale reddish gold, that her skin has that petallike translucency that is so exquisite. She has a fascinating way of catching her breath and looking at you expectantly after she has spoken. She seems sensitive and high-keyed.

But what is stardom worth? Is it not wiser for an actress consistently to refuse to be starred? Dolores is popular and may become even more so, for frequency of appearance often replaces overnight success with a steadily growing popularity. And by no means can she be classed as a failure. It is just that we expected so very much of her and that she has, in letting herself be starred in mediocre films, not quite lived up to predictions.

A Girl to Be Envied

Continued from page 64

Ann sat with her feet propped up on a bench, displaying only casual interest as her scenes flashed across the screen. To many, her youthful nonchalance may appear admirable but I am not so sure that I regard it as a favorable sign. But possibly I am hypercritical.

Lewis Stone is the star in "The Prince of Head Waiters," and Ann portrays a dear girl who forgivingly takes back Bobby Agnew after Lilyan Tashman gets through with him. Her work is pleasing, but she seems better suited to colorful, exotic rôles.

When the film was about half unreeled, Ann thumped her trimly booted feet on the floor and stood up.

"I have an appointment with the dentist," she announced. "I am going to have my teeth straightened. So glad I met you—good-by——"

And the girl who would have "It" if she would but cultivate an inflated chest, strode gracefully out into the sunshine.

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INTRODUCTORY PKG. (Generous Supply) . 25c
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of this utterly NEW way to try. Costs less to use than soiling and laundering towels.

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The most prominent stars of stage and screen—almost without exception—employ it. Women are flocking to its use. It costs less to use than soiling and ruining towels—*less than laundering them.*

It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. And too-harsh cloths and paper substitutes, that are not sufficiently absorbent to remove all the cold cream. Too often you thus *rub dirty cold cream back into the skin.* That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

End those mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference *quickly* in your skin.

Send coupon

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex 'Kerchief beyond all question or doubt. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

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ABSORBENT
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To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

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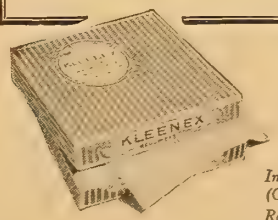
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MANY doctors advise that KLEENEX 'KERCHIEFS be substituted for ordinary handkerchiefs when one has a cold. For damp handkerchiefs are germ carriers. They actually re-infect the user. And colds, hay fever and influenza contagions thus are often spread—aggravated.

You use a fresh Kleenex 'Kerchief every time and *discard AT ONCE* germ-breeding excretions. Being dry and absorbent, they largely end chapped and irritated nostrils. Next cold, carry Kleenex with you.



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In 2 size packages— (Sheets 90 sq. ins.)
Introductory . 25c *(Generous Supply)*
Regular size . 50c *(230 sheets)*

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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Big Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

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NONSPI has more than a million users. It is an old, tried, dependable remedy, used the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter by fastidious women everywhere. It keeps their underarms dry and odorless and saves their clothes from ruinous perspiration stains.

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Mercolized Wax gently, gradually, absorbs muddy, freckled, pimply, faded or aged surface skin; reveals fresh, young, white beautiful skin beneath. Have girlish beauty; look 10 to 20 years younger. Greatest beautifier and face rejuvenator known. Any drug store. Dearborn Supply Co., Chicago, Ill.

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All for a Laugh

Continued from page 83

youthful director, works on a premise which he believes is almost infallible, and as applicable to the subtitles as to the action of a film. That is, the value of treating a serious subject in a ridiculous way. The subtitles in Sutherland's "We're in the Navy Now" were particularly good examples of this method. Ralph Spence was their bright composer.

The opening title, for instance, read, "Dedicated to our sailors—called bluejackets, because the less said about their pants the better." And toward the end of the picture, this bon mot appeared: "After making the world safe for Democracy, the boys returned and found the Republicans had the situation well in hand."

Another vitally important use of titles, says Sutherland, is to set the tempo of the picture. The opening title should establish the mood which follows. The dedication of "We're in the Navy Now" gave the film a happy start, and at once placed the audience in a receptive frame of mind.

The titles for this picture, by the way, were written in forty-eight hours. Ralph Spence works only when the mood is upon him, which is not often. But when the mood does hit him, he really works. With Sutherland, when they were working on "We're in the Navy Now," he retired into locked and bolted privacy. Two days later they staggered out, pale and wan, and dizzy from black coffee, but with a complete set of titles on the desk behind them.

Joe Farnham, who edits as well as titles almost every picture marked Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has to his credit some of the raciest subtitles on record. Joseph Schenck, talking with a group of men not long ago, remarked, "The funniest title ever written is one of Joe Farnham's in 'The Big Parade.' Remember the scene where the peasant accosts the doughboy, and bursts into a rapid flow of French? The American, after listening without understanding, turns disgustedly away, and says, 'Ah, nuts!' Just a simple slang phrase, but it is one of the funniest moments in the picture."

Robert Z. Leonard avers that Farnham's cleverest title was in "The Waning Sex"—"In these days of masculine mammas and feminine papas, it's a wise stork who knows where to deliver his goods."

There are a few methods of getting laughs that are known to the titlers as "anchorages." One of these is to give a word two meanings. For instance, an early title in Marion Davies' "The Red Mill" read, "Our story is laid in Holland, a country dammed by the Dutch, but redeemed by cheeses." Wherever the picture was shown, this introduction got an almost physical reaction. The audience read through to the end, almost audibly repeating "cheeses," then broke into a startled laugh as the deeper meaning dawned on them.

Another sure-fire "anchorage" is the paraphrase of a proverb, or a familiar adage, with one incongruous word inserted to make it a "malaprop." These malaprops, according to Joe Farnham, are especially useful in dialect titles. In "The Understanding Heart" he made a negro plead that he was "the victim of circumferences."

Mr. Farnham is particularly interested in establishing character through titles. The nuances and subtleties of characterization can be done just as skillfully by the title writer as by the actor. This was illustrated in "The Demi Bride." Lew Cody pauses outside a convent wall, his eye caught by Norma Shearer inside. His companion remarks insinuatingly, "Youth, beauty, innocence, and possibilities, eh?" To which Lew replies, "No. Inexperience and impossibilities." Which immediately established him as a connoisseur of ladies, a trifle weary and cynical.

There is one gnawing sorrow of title writers. The actor isn't the only one who wistfully watches what he considers his best work go into the waste basket. For the average six-reel picture, one thousand titles are written, but—only one hundred and fifty are used. And too, too often, it is the titler's pets that lie dead on the cutting-room floor.

One type of humor which, strangely, does not click in the movies, is the "crazy" style—Donald Ogden Stewart's, for instance. This delicious sort of wit has been attempted in subtitles, but without success. Audiences won't buy.

Picture audiences are, in fact, pretty tough. It is far from easy to make them laugh. Which is why those title writers who do find themselves recognized are so handsomely paid for their services.

When Japan Goes to the Movies

Continued from page 87

taken their place on both stage and screen, and though actresses were for a long time held in contempt, public opinion is gradually undergoing a change, and the majority of people are now willing to grant the same adulation to their movie heroines as the American public give to theirs.

This is illustrated by the large number of flourishing film magazines which have sprung into existence in Japan within the past few years, and by the increasing demand for the foreign film magazines.

However, the whole scale of film production in Japan is entirely different from that in America. For instance, a complete year was spent in the shooting of "Forty-seven Ronin," a spectacular historical drama, and yet the cost was only 100,000 yen—$50,000. This is considered by the Japanese to be a tremendous sum, but a Hollywood producer considers himself lucky if he can make an ordinary program picture for that amount.

The Japanese extra's life is a hard one, as he receives only the equivalent of one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents a day. Most of the girls among the extras are dancers and singers at tea houses, and work at the movie studios only when there is a special call for them.

The highest salary ever paid to a motion-picture actor in Japan was $1,250 a month. This went to a famous old character actor who recently died. There are six or seven masculine stars now receiving what amounts to $600 per month. And it is interesting to note that character actors are paid much more than juveniles or ingénues, while women are never paid as much as men. The average featured player's salary ranges from $250 to $400 per month.

At the present time, there are only two well-known companies producing in Japan—the Japan Cinematograph Company, which is the larger and more pretentious of the two, and has an up-to-date studio at Kyoto, and the Shochiku, which produces near Tokyo. A new company has just been formed, an offshoot of Universal in America, but this is still in the throes of organization and is hardly on a real producing basis.

What's In an Eyebrow?

Continued from page 85

Antonio Moreno contended that it's the *eyes,* not the eyebrows, that are the most expressive features in the face.

"But," he admitted, "what would the eyes be without eyebrows? I do not believe, however, in exaggerated use of the eyebrows. This thing of raising one higher than the other is merely a theatrical trick. And I disapprove of tricks. Eyebrows respond naturally to mood and emotion. They contract in fear, they expand in wonder, they lift in amazement, they glower in anger.

"It is more difficult to make the eyebrows stay still than it is to use them, yet in certain scenes absolute relaxation is far more effective than movement. After the terrific whip duel in 'The Temptress,' for instance, both Roy d'Arcy and I were of course supposed to be utterly exhausted. Obviously there was only one thing to do with the eyebrows—let them be perfectly quiet, in complete relaxation."

Then I approached Roy d'Arcy.

"A slight upward twist of one of my eyebrows creates a satanic illusion," he said. "A screen villain can be classified immediately by his brows. In 'The Merry Widow,' the *Crown Prince* was a villainous fellow who was also quite a fop. To characterize him, I made an upward twist in my right eyebrow. It was both fiendish and foppish. In 'The Temptress,' the Argentine plainsman that I portrayed was a rough, uncouth fellow. For that rôle I combed my eyebrows upward, making them ragged and unkempt. In 'The Gay Deceiver,' I was a French nobleman who was a charming sort of villain—a man of culture. Naturally, I did not indulge in any tricks of make-up for such a rôle. The character I played in 'Bardelys the Magnificent' was a villain of the seventeenth century. Again I used the upward twist, this time in both eyebrows.

"Eyes, teeth, ears cannot easily be changed. But eyebrows readily lend themselves to make-up. They are my hobby."

So now, when you go to the movies, watch to see what Roy d'Arcy, Adolphe Menjou, Harry Langdon, Mabel Normand, Pola Negri, Greta Garbo, and dozens of others do with the little fringes above their eyes—see what they do with them to make their characterizations "register." You'll make some interesting discoveries.



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Secrets of a Movie Star's Married Life

Continued from page 90

"I want, when I retire from the screen, to do just the ordinary things of life. There's so much artificiality surrounding a motion-picture star. Eating lunch in an evening gown, for instance, being stared at by tourists, and so forth. The glamour thrills me, but it's a haphazard world, unstable and unreal.

"I want, when I leave the screen, to get up at a regular time, have my meals at definite hours, look after all the details of my home. I want to lose myself in the petty round that makes up the average young wife's life. Most wives complain of its drabness, but it appeals to me because of its stability.

"In my spare hours I engage in orgies of sock darning and mending, and George always asks, 'Boo-boo, where are those socks *you* darned for me?' He comes to me with buttons dangling from his coat, like a boy, and I feel very maternal and necessary to him when I scold him and sew them on."

A grim, unsmiling, taciturn man is George Webb, who manages his wife's business affairs.

"I hope to have him direct me in at least one picture," said Esther, "though I know it would be hard to have him say to me, 'Don't do *that!*' before a lot of people. He directed and acted in his own company for years on the stage, and has had much picture experience. Yes, he sort of wants to direct me, too. 'I'd break your heart,' he says, 'but I'd make you act!'"

I recalled the figure in brown that had handed us into the flivver—so awfully careful of Esther, so insistent about wrapping her snugly in.

Esther waited many lonely girlhood years on the side lines of success and happiness, but now, she has reaped a glorious and lasting reward—a genuine romance, a tranquil, thoroughly happy marriage.

Not a Hollywood Girl

Continued from page 34

shoulder. There is defiance in her eye. The flapper she has no patience with; the parlor radical she finds boring; the pseudo-intellectual she cannot endure.

She finds people disappointing in their lack of ideas. This is understood more fully when one recalls that she is married to King Vidor, a man of original vision, fresh outlook, unlimited imagination.

Social life means little to her.

"I guess I'm out of step in Hollywood," she smiled. "We have a rambling, ranchy sort of home in the foothills. So many people out there build castles and import furniture. Horrible idea! We don't. And it doubtless militates against our social rating, if any. But I can't bring myself to the worrying point."

She is slender, not tall, simple in dress, and quiet in manner. Her eyes are extraordinary. There is pride in her bearing, unostentatious but unmistakable. There is detachment in her speech. She does not wax eloquent on any subject. She is never vehement. She expresses her opinion, and rests. If you agree, very well. If not, she will manage to bear up bravely under the blow.

"The picture we're making is an original called 'The Crowd,'" she told me in response to a question. "The idea is to photograph episodes and human touches rather than to concentrate on a plot. It's an experiment that Mr. Vidor has high hopes for—life instead of movie. We realize that it is decidedly off the beaten path, but Mr. Vidor has wanted to do it for ever so long, and I'm sure he is capable of doing it if any one is."

Then she told me about Jim Murray, the extra chap selected by Vidor to do the male lead in "The Crowd." His story remains to be told after he has won the accolade of public approval.

The company came to New York for exterior scenes, stopping at Niagara Falls en route. For a whole week, cloudy weather prevented shooting up there. So the Vidors continued on their way to Manhattan to select locations and catch up with their theatergoing. Miss Boardman confessed to enjoying "The Play's the Thing" for its subtlety, "Broadway" for its color and tempo, and "Pygmalion" for Lynn Fontanne's exquisite acting.

"New York should be dramatized just as Broadway was," she said thoughtfully. "It would make a sweeping canvas."

King Vidor married Eleanor Boardman shortly after Florence Vidor obtained her divorce. This is mentioned simply to preface a note that the two young women are markedly similar in bearing and manner.

Neither is a Hollywood girl.

Film Struck

Continued from page 94

the jitneys had brought up were gazing at him with profound admiration, whispering among themselves.

His shoulders went back, and perhaps he strutted a little as he passed in parade before the audience of outsiders. After all, he reflected, being a picture actor lent one a decided prestige, placed one upon a magic pedestal; and now that he had had time to think things over, and look at the matter in a calm, unprejudiced light, the career that had been thrust upon him really did have its attractions.

Suddenly, touched by an inspiration, Oscar swerved and strolled up to the sumptuous tent wherein Lester Lavender was quartered. There, resting upon a couch in the open doorway, was the star himself, languidly smoking a cigarette in a long, black holder.

He looked up at his visitor and smiled. "Sit down, Mr. Watt. I do not think we are needed yet. Smoke?"

Oscar calmly seated himself, accepted a cigarette, lighted it, and leaned back in his easy, canvas chair. "I've been meaning to tell you something, Mr. Lavender," he began casually. "Something about the rascal who has been impersonating you."

"You refer to Bancroft?" Lester Lavender sat up suddenly.

"I never knew his name," returned Oscar, maintaining an unruffled countenance, although his pulse was drumming. "But I had a—a slight run-in with the man just before leaving La Belle, Iowa. He appeared at the picture theater——"

"The scamp!" burst from the star. "I have been trying vainly to apprehend him."

Oscar nodded. "Every one accepted him as you," he went on. "Every one, that is, except myself. I sort of had my doubts from the first. And that same night, quite late, I encountered him. We had a few words and—and I'm afraid I dealt with him rather harshly. At any rate, I understand his face afterward looked as if it had gone through a meat grinder, so I don't believe he will annoy you any longer."

"Splendid! And you had him arrested?"

"No. I left him in the park, and later, I understand, he was carted off to the hospital. The next morning, when he came to himself, he blew town—ducked out—he and his partner. Got out, I'm sorry to say, a

Continued on page 117

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The Elusive Something About Lois Moran

Continued from page 26

that, if he can make love like Valentino, and every woman, that if she can look hungrily passionate like Greta Garbo, or suggest young girlhood at its dearest and prettiest like Lois Moran—if, in short, they have any outstanding quality which can make girls and boys and tired men and women forget real life for an hour or so—the movies will make them rich and famous. All that is necessary, granted the one outstanding quality, is a bit of luck at the beginning to focus attention upon oneself.

This luck came to Lois Moran.

"Mother and I left Pittsburgh, where I was brought up, when I was twelve," she said. "We went to Paris. I had private tutors, and I danced in the opera ballet, and I made two pictures with a French company. Then Mr. Goldwyn came along."

Lois was sixteen when Samuel Goldwyn came to Paris on the lookout for a fine, sweet child for the part of *Laurel* in "Stella Dallas." Lois, hearing of this, sent him her picture and a letter. The photograph attracted him, and a subsequent interview with Miss Moran convinced him that she was the girl he was looking for. He promised her nothing definite, but he asked her mother to bring her to America to meet Mr. King, the director-to-be of "Stella Dallas."

When Lois reached New York, Mr. King had not yet come East. She secured an engagement as the dancing fairy in the stage production, "The Wisdom Tooth," and was playing this part in Baltimore when Mr. King finally came East to meet her. After a screen test, he immediately engaged her.

The rest is history. Her performance in "Stella Dallas" made her famous overnight. Since then she has steadily progressed. She has played in several Paramount pictures, and is now under contract to Fox.

She should achieve even greater things during the next few years than she has in the past, for she has now reached an age where she can fit into a greater variety of parts.

Lois' rise on the screen has been one of the romances of the movies, a romance typical of this day in which youth is queen.

Smilin' Through with Monty Banks

Continued from page 74

Unable to see where he was going, and intent on being the very best horse that man can be, he kept plugging along in the direction indicated by the reins and finally walked over the cliff. When he was picked up at the bottom, most of his bones were broken. He lay in the hospital many months.

When he was making pictures for one of the Warners years ago, the company used to act before the camera in the morning and then go out and lay sidewalks outside the studio during the noon hour. No one thought anything about it—quite the proper thing for an actor to do.

But those days are all over now. To-day Monty Banks stands at the threshold of a promising future. Not only has he graduated from two-reel comedies into those of feature length but, with Arthur McArthur, he is independently making his own pictures, using his own ideas in his own way.

There is always a well-worked-out plan behind each of his pictures. In the first place, plot is paramount. Monty insists that there be a good dramatic story ready before he will start to work. He usually does the characterization of an eager, well-meaning little fellow, anxious to please, who often overreaches himself, is often dumped in the dirt, but always comes up smiling with the fifth ace hidden in his hand.

At present writing, he is hard at work on a story dealing with navy life. After that, comes a comedy laid in Europe.

Monty is unmarried, and declares that there is no one in immediate prospect of becoming Mrs. Monty Banks. But you never can tell—Cupid works fast in filmdom.

I have known Monty Banks for well over a year and have often watched him work. And I like him. I admire that indomitable quality in him which makes him laugh in the face of trouble and enjoy best the joke which is on himself.

There is no morbid undercurrent in Monty's philosophy. Picture him not as a sad soul, cursed with the misfortune of a funny face. Not at all! His round, beaming face, his trim little mustache, his smiling eyes and mouth are not a mask to hide a secret sorrow. They are banners cheerfully proclaiming the genuinely happy nature of the comedian.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 73

B. Warner, in the leading rôle, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alice Joyce, Norman Trevor, Nils Aster, Louis Wolheim, and Mickey McBan.

Off With Their Heads!

There appears to be a disposition on the part of some of the bigger companies to cut down the list of their high-salaried players, and reduce expenses, in a general economy wave. And there are threats that the slaughter may be fearful before it is over.

Many players have been accused of being high hat, and of demanding more than they are worth. Some of the bigger companies seem to feel that it is so easy to discover new talent nowadays that the expense of keeping better-established players is too great to be justified.

However, chopping off heads wholesale will never get any organization anywhere. That much we know, and the producers probably realize that, too, and have no intention of dispensing with too many of their established stars.

Two Broken Engagements.

We had almost forgotten that Bebe Daniels and Charlie Paddock, the sprinter, were engaged, until they announced that they had decided not to be married after all.

The rumor persists that Bebe will wed Jack Pickford whenever it so happens that the divorce of Pickford and Marilyn Miller becomes final.

Another engagement now off is that of Bobby Agnew and Ann Rork.

No Truth in It.

If you have heard the report that Ronald Colman and Betty Jewel are to wed, you can rest assured that there is really nothing to it. We have it on good authority that this was merely a rumor.

The Jinx Pursues Tom Mix.

Tom Mix has suffered his share of misfortune lately.

Despite the fact that he is such an exceptionally good rider, Tom was thrown from his horse not long ago, and dragged over a rocky ledge, with the result that both his leg and arm were badly lacerated. Also, recently, during the making of a scene in which there was some shooting, Tom got a small particle of metal in his eye from one of the cartridges.

Mix has announced that he may soon leave the Fox organization, with which he has worked for years.

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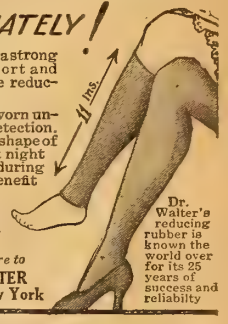
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His Wife Is His Salesman

Continued from page 27

Our table was near the door, and people kept leaving it open as they went out. The draft was unpleasant. Eddie got up and closed it twice. The third time he locked it. I saw six people try it from the outside and then go away, lunchless, presumably, before it was discovered. By that time we had finished. The expression of elaborate innocence on his face, as Madame Helene bustled about wondering who had done it, was a study.

"I think the most interesting thing about me," he said, "is the fact that I was a little Jewish boy, born on the East Side in New York, and brought up among gangsters. Bad gangsters," he added, impressively. "Very bad! I lost my father and mother when I was two. I became an entertainer and made a million dollars. And I am still young.

"I married a girl whom I knew as a child. I carried her schoolbooks and now she carries my check book." He beamed suddenly, pleased at the neatness of the remark. "I mean by that that she acts as my business manager—handles all my financial affairs. All I have to do is act and eat and sleep. Not that that isn't enough," he added, with a weary droop of those expressive shoulders. "It's a big job to make a picture!

"My wife is my salesman," he went on. "I never sign a contract unless she is present. It's like this. I can't say, 'Look here, Mr. Lasky! I am the greatest comedian on the stage to-day. I have had phenomenal success. Millions have seen me in musical comedy. Millions have bought my phonograph records'—and so on. They would just lean their heads on their hands and sigh, 'Who does this guy think he is? And how long is he going to talk?' But *she* can do it. She puts me over!

"And," he added, with triumph in his voice, "we are not anticipating getting a divorce! Put that in your story. It is something different. We have four children. We work hard and—— Did I ever tell you about my clothing store?"

He twinkled at me as I registered surprise at this.

"Oh, yes! I was in the clothing business. It was like this. My wife's family thought it wasn't so good when she wanted to marry an entertainer. So I said, 'All right. I'll keep on with this job until I have fifteen thousand dollars, and then I'll quit and buy a clothing store.'

"I was doing pretty well, and by the time I had the fifteen thousand I was doing better. So I said, 'I'll wait until I have thirty thousand and buy a bigger store.'

"By the time I had thirty thousand it was coming still faster, and I said, 'Sixty thousand would buy a dandy store! I'll wait until I have that.'

"So my store kept on growing and growing, without ever being bought, until I said, 'Oh, what's the use? No clothing store could be as good as this!' It was all right with her family, too—by that time! So I retired from the clothing business!"

An amazingly naïve and whimsical little man is Eddie. He takes his job very seriously and interests himself in every phase of it—story, gags, titles, direction, costumes, props.

He is anxious to learn from anybody at all, and he listens, not patiently and politely, as do some men in his position, but with real interest, to suggestions made by any one.

In common with other comedians, he takes the business of being funny very seriously. He has his own particular theories about what makes people laugh. He will have nothing in a picture of his simply because it is funny. It must have something to do with the story, and there must be a reason for every gag and every situation. He motivates his comedy. For instance, he will not wear funny clothes merely to look amusing. In "Special Delivery" his mailman's uniform is all wrong and utterly absurd. But it is because, according to the story, he has to wear a suit which has been made for another man.

His eyes are the most noticeable feature of his appearance, and probably constitute his greatest physical asset. They are big and very dark and prominent—almost protruding. And in them you see the patience, the shrewdness, the humor, and the kindliness of his race.

"Be sure to tell about my wife in your story," he cautioned me, as I was leaving. "And don't forget to say we aren't going to get a divorce. That's important. And—oh, yes! Don't forget about, 'I carried her schoolbooks and now she carries my check book.' That's a good line!"

He is a simple little man, earnestly anxious to please, despite his enormous success and income.

And his success will be still greater when the public realizes what he has to offer on the screen. If there is any comedian who is able to crowd Chaplin from his position at the head of the front rank of screen comedy, I am willing to bet on Cantor!

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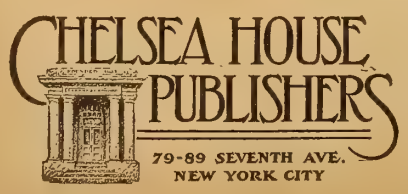
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Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 56

dined with the Coolidges, and during the course of the conversation, several of those present recalled having met the Morenos at various places in various climes. Whereat, Mrs. Coolidge volunteered triumphantly, "I've known Mr. Moreno longer than any of you—he used to read my gas meter in Northampton."

"I was tickled to death she remembered me," says Mr. Moreno.

A Happy Reunion.

Several years ago, there were three little maids from school in the chorus of "Rock-a-bye Baby." Their names were Florence Eldridge, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Boardman.

Let us introduce to you Miss Boardman, screen star, visiting New York with her husband, King Vidor, after an absence of many seasons. She is lunching with her old friend of the chorus, Hortense Alden, now a widely known Broadway favorite. Having just come from a bus on which scenes for "The Crowd" were being shot, she is disguised in make-up and a simple, ineffectual frock.

While Miss Boardman, who has been hard at work since early morning and is frankly ravenous, eats her stuffed celery, let's take a look at her and, just for the fun of it, let's, as the schoolgirls say, "sum her up."

She's a beautiful girl. Hers is not the luscious, overripe type of beauty, but the fresh, starry-eyed type of wholesome loveliness that belongs to youth. Unspoiled, capable, definite in her ideas, a bit unbending perhaps, concentrated, unabashed, Miss Boardman has little patience with beating about the bush, and sees no reason for dodging issues or avoiding the truth. Regardless of the impression she may give—totally unconscious of it, as a matter of fact—frank to a fault, she is avowedly curious about the antics of her fellow beings. She is gloriously interested in life, singularly unafraid and, as one admirer has put it, you may sum her up as an unusually attractive and talented modern American girl.

All Because She Overslept.

"No, I did not get off the train at 125th Street, as the papers reported," Dolores Costello explained, shortly after her arrival from the Coast. "We simply overslept." Which just goes to show that the best-laid plans of motion-picture stars, as well as of mice and men, oft go astray.

When Miss Costello, a fresh blond vision in delft blue, reached New York, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Maurice Costello, and her sister Helene, the porter forgot to call them when they reached the Grand Central station, and the trio, worn out from conventioning at Columbus, Ohio, slept blissfully on till the train was about to be taken to the yards. Thereupon, they threw themselves together, as the saying goes, and rather bewildered and very much disheveled, proceeded unceremoniously to their suite at the Ambassador. There, a curt attendant informed baffled reporters that the family couldn't be disturbed. All of which gave rise to the report that Miss Costello and family had got off the train at 125th Street and that she was evading the press because she had something "to hide." Which, on the face of it, was ridiculous, for a more simple, guileless girl would be difficult to find.

Dolores, as you all know, is the young girl who sprang into fame when she played opposite John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast." Her naïveté and winsomeness at once captivated the public, and Warner Brothers, who had put her under contract, knew they had effected a celluloid coup.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, when the more courageous were parting surreptitiously with small coins in order to patronize that new and highly stigmatized form of entertainment, the movies, Maurice Costello was the idol of "the fans," who were at that time a comparatively small but none the less loyal legion. Then, after a while, the name of Costello well-nigh passed out of sight. Only a few recalled the leading man with the captivating smile and dimple.

His daughters, however, had inherited from him a love of the stage, and after they finished school, they both sought careers in the theater, and secured engagements in George White's "Scandals," from which they were later drafted into the movies.

Dolores, despite her success on the screen, has never been able quite to forget her love for the stage, which she graced for so short a time. One of the first things she did when she reached New York was to go to see the "Scandals."

A luncheon was given in her honor prior to the opening of "Old San Francisco," in which she plays a Spanish girl in the California of the days when San Francisco was the Paris of the Pacific. The Costello family attended the New York première en masse.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

Lois Moran is *Nancy,* very much the charming young girl of English tradition, and Donald Keith is the gay young dog, much too sedate in temperament to play the part with any degree of conviction. Alyce Mills, Vera Voronina, and Larry Kent are among the others, and who should suddenly reappear on the screen, in the rôle of the country lout, but Gareth Hughes!

An Earthquake Obliges.

"Old San Francisco" is a melodrama reminiscent of a condensed serial, with a great big earthquake as its climax. Dolores Costello, the star, trapped underground by the Chinese, prays for deliverance from a fate worse than death, and all San Francisco quakes, totters, falls, and burns. But nary a strand of *Dolores'* marcelled hair is harmed.

The prologue is laid in 1849 and concerns the fortunes of a Spanish family possessed of great property granted them by the King of Spain years before. When the picture settles down to tell a story, the time is 1906, and Miss Costello is the fair daughter of the now-impoverished Spanish family.

Their *rancho* is coveted by political sharks, one of whom decides he will gain possession not only of the property, but of *Dolores,* too. He is a Chinaman who, curiously, is enabled to pass for a white man and thus prey upon his Mongolian countrymen. The hero is the nephew of one of the villains.

These principals are involved in various and sundry adventures, all distinctly of the movies, until *Dolores* is about to be sold into slavery to a Chinaman and the earthquake solves every difficulty.

Charles Emmett Mack, Warner Oland, and Anders Randolf enact the leading male rôles.

The Way of a Great Actor.

Far from placing the art of Emil Jannings in jeopardy, bringing him to Hollywood has enhanced it. His portrayal of *August Schiller,* in "The Way of All Flesh," his first Paramount picture, equals any of his other rôles. In some respects it is his greatest. Flawlessly magnificent is his portrait of this citizen of our own Milwaukee in the days before Prohibition. He is a wholly Teutonic citizen, a husband and father who strays from the path of domestic rectitude for one moment, and spends the rest of his life in lonely, anguished expiation.

This is hardly the way—or the fate—of all flesh, so the title may be discounted as the only strained note in the picture. And Jannings' way is so wholly that of no other actor, that the title matters little or nothing, except as an excuse for the caption writer to quote a paragraph from Samuel Butler's novel, to which the story on the screen bears no relation.

It is a simple story, as befits a character embroidered and elaborated with countless human touches. *Schiller* is a bank cashier, proud of the modest job that has come to him after twenty years' service, a playful, indulgent father to his six small children, and only humanly selfish with his wife. He is the hero of the bowling club, an embodiment of all the virtues most highly regarded in the home-loving German-American. Then comes a change. He is sent to Chicago by his bank, with bonds in his keeping, his wallet containing them eyed by a practiced blonde of the underworld. The end of the adventure can be foreseen.

With the robbery, the story becomes grimly tragic. *Schiller's* savage rage at being laughed at by the girl, his fight with her protector, *The Tough,* on the railroad tracks, and his sudden realization that a train has passed over the body of his enemy and, in the eyes of the world, he is a murderer as well as a thief—all this is the tragedy of a soul told in the terms of movie melodrama, but with what passionate sincerity, what astonishing realism! The body of *The Tough* is mistaken for his own, and the newspapers proclaim him a hero defending his trust at the expense of his life; but *Schiller* alone knows the truth and is too tortured by conscience to return home and declare himself. So he shambles on through the years, a nameless derelict. A brief episode brings him face to face with his grown son, now a violinist in a theater, and the film approaches perilously near hokum when *Schiller* peers through the window of his former home on Christmas Eve and sees his family carrying on the life he loved so well. But the art of Jannings raises this to the dignity of honesty.

Belle Bennett, as *Mrs. Schiller,* is perfect in a character rôle. Phyllis Haver, as the tawdrily spectacular *Mayme,* creates a rôle which demands that magnetic authority of hers which is a delight to watch. Donald Keith, as *Schiller's* son, is youthfully sincere.



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Do Clothes Mean More Than Beauty?

Continued from page 29

just started to sink wearily to rest on a convenient switch box, but realized with an inward groan that rest and Brenon do not, never did, and never will be found in the same place.

"Notice that girl over there?" he said, as we started on another cross-country hike. He indicated a pretty extra who was—energetically, you may be sure!—powdering her face with a large puff.

"As far as looks go, she is delightful; but she will always be an extra. America is full of pretty girls—every community has its quota. But out of every thousand charming young ladies, only one or two have any degree of personality and magnetism. Those who lack these qualities will never achieve note on the screen, even though they have ability in addition to their beauty."

Men, according to the director, stand a far better chance to win screen success if they are handsome, manly fellows. The women patrons, who decide the fate of aspiring actors, are willing to overlook the cut of a man's suit and the way he wears it, if he is good looking and virile.

Herbert Brenon doesn't consider this question of personality via clothes such an abstract matter, either—I mean, he thinks it is something which every girl should give serious consideration to.

First, because it can't fail to mean much to any girl, even if she never goes near a studio; and secondly, because, if she has movie ambitions, there are more chances of realizing them to-day than at any other time in the history of pictures, and by perfecting herself in the art of personal expression, she is just that much more certain to succeed.

"The demand for new talent is growing by leaps and bounds," he continued, neatly steering the interviewer over a pile of coiled electric cables in a far corner of the stage. "There are certainly more chances for newcomers to-day, for producers are more interested in new faces than they were a couple of years ago. But, on the other hand, this new attitude results in young players being put into important rôles without the training in self-expression which used to be thought necessary. Whether they will last depends entirely on what they get and what they give during their first year in pictures. If they are fortunate in getting rôles which are strong enough to carry them along, and if they bring to the screen arresting personalities, well-developed, the chances are they will make places for themselves."

The majority of beginners, Mr. Brenon confided to his foot-weary interviewer, express their personalities crudely. He also has a word of warning for those who aspire: don't try to *force* personality. If you have it; it will show without being pushed. It may—and should—be developed, but only with careful thought and self-study and observation. No amount of bizarre clothing or affected mannerisms will make personality overnight.

The Future of the Stars

Continued from page 18

planet Neptune gets into the sign Virgo, which will happen in the autumn of 1928; and this aspect will remain in that sign of the zodiac for fourteen years. We shall then have the Age of the Film Writer, for Neptune is the ruling planet of the movies, and Virgo is the sign of the writer and the editor. This will effectually and permanently develop a literature of the screen.

But in the meantime, must we continue to gamble our time and money when we go to see pictures? Must we wait for the development of a slow progress that is bringing us a worth-while picture only occasionally? Must the truly outstanding motion picture be the result of seeming accident and good luck?

The answer to these questions is, No!

When producers abandon the hit-or-miss system of casting and adopt a scientific method in selecting those who are to work together, such as is offered by astrology, they will get better results.

I have worked with directors on five productions, all of which have been successful, their aggregate earnings being estimated at over two million dollars.

The story of one of these productions will serve to illustrate.

The director asked me the best time to start shooting his picture, and explained that tickets from Hollywood to New York had been bought for the company and a working schedule arranged. The dates he gave me were not at all favorable for the beginning of a new venture

and I hesitated to select a time within the limits imposed on him.

After some discussion I told him that the best I could do would be to choose a date and hour which would avoid *most* of the trouble indicated in the making of the picture and augur a good sale and public reaction to the finished product. This he agreed to, even though I told him it meant the illness of members of the cast, fires and accidents on the sets, and other delays in getting the final shot. It was hardest to advise when to take the first shot, which always decides the horoscope of a picture, for as I saw it, it meant getting the camera man and some of the cast out on the street in New York at half past two in the morning!

But they did it.

Then it seemed as though nothing would go right. Among other things, the leading lady was taken ill; the assistant director, who was following the company on another train, got off and was left in a strange town, and had to pawn his ring to return to Hollywood; and the final difficulty was a short circuit that ruined a fashion review and burned some of the girls when the fire ignited their filmy costumes. The director has since told me that his foreknowledge of these setbacks was all that kept him cool enough to refrain from tearing out what little hair he had left.

But the big point is that during this mess of trouble the salesmen for the advance distribution of the film were breaking records for special bookings. The picture finally was released and was a financial success.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Bennett's interesting predictions and experiences will be continued in the next number of PICTURE PLAY.]

Film Struck

Continued from page 109

few hours before your detectives appeared on the scene."

"Why, this is news indeed," Mr. Lavender cried, astounded. "I've had detectives on Bancroft's trail since I first heard reports of his nefarious practices. You see, he had doubled for me in a number of pictures. There is a remarkable resemblance between us. We left for the East about the same time, and he evidently decided to capitalize his likeness to me by appearing in a few of the smaller towns where my releases were being shown and where chances of exposure seemed remote.

"Our trails crossed," the star continued, "and in one town we met and he attacked me, as you heard me relate last night. But unfortunately, he got away."

"Your men have probably caught him by now," Oscar asserted.

"I trust so."

A reminiscent smile came to Oscar's lips. "It'll take some time to get his face repaired."

"Well-merited punishment! I am overwhelmingly in your debt, Mr. Watt," the star declared.

"Oh, don't mention it," Oscar returned, with an airy wave of his cigarette.

Abruptly, Carter was before them. "You are both wanted on the set, please," he announced.

Lester draped an arm about Oscar's shoulders, and the two men sauntered along to where the cameras were in action.

"You are, I judge, quite interested in your new line of endeavor, Mr. Watt?" the star inquired.

"Oh, quite," Oscar responded unhesitatingly. "I have come to feel that this"—he waved a hand to embrace the magic city and all the motley shapes that peopled it—"is my chosen field. You see," he confessed, "I was once a drudge behind a counter, a nobody. But I rebelled against it. I knew I could do bigger things. I wanted to express myself, to——" He faltered, getting rapidly beyond his depth. "I think you understand."

Mr. Lavender nodded comprehendingly. "One can perceive that in your face, Mr. Watt," he stated. "I saw it at once—the unswerving determination to succeed, the bold, intrepid spirit, the ambition that will not be turned aside! You have made a splendid beginning—I am sure you must be very happy."

And Oscar smiled, because suddenly he saw Penny watching him, and she was smiling radiantly, proudly. Yes, he told himself, he was very happy.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 62

"Kiss in a Taxi, A"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels excellent in lively farce of a hot-tempered waitress in a Paris café, who rebuffs all comers until Douglas Gilmore steps onto the scene.

"Knock-out Reilly" — Paramount. Richard Dix in an exciting fight film—his best picture in years. Cast includes Jack Renault, the professional heavyweight, and Mary Brian.

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COWGIRLS—PLUS — George Gilbert
THE INCA'S RANSOM — Gordon MacCreagh
THE CRIMSON BLADE — Madeleine Sharps Buchanan
THE AMATEUR DETECTIVES — Christopher B. Booth
THE GLACIER GATE — Frank Lillie Pollock
WILD BILL — Joseph Montague
RIM O' THE RANGE — Ethel Smith Dorrance and James French Dorrance

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75c **75c**

"Let It Rain"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in good-humored comedy built on the prankish rivalry between the sailors and marines aboard a battleship. Shirley Mason is the girl.

"Long Pants"—First National. Harry Langdon both funny and pathetic in tale of a country boy in his first long pants who comes under the spell of a city vamp.

"Love of Sunya, The"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson's first independent venture. Glittering, but unreal. Skilled performance by Miss Swanson in four distinct characterizations.

"Love Thrill, The"—Universal. Laura La Plante in diverting farce of a girl who poses as the widow of a man falsely reported dead, and then is confronted by him. Tom Moore is the man.

"Lunatic at Large, The"—First National. Leon Errol in highly amusing picture of a hobo who is mistaken for a millionaire and accidentally put into an insane asylum. Dorothy Mackaill and Kenneth McKenna.

"Madame Wants No Children"—Fox. Foreign film. Sophisticated tale of a wealthy man's wife whose feverish quest for excitement leaves her no time for domesticity.

"McFadden's Flats"—First National. Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin in a brick-and-mortar comedy of a hod-carrier who becomes a contractor and is forced into "society" by his wife and daughter.

"Metropolis"—Paramount. Fantastic German film of what life in a big city may be a hundred years from now, with the laboring classes living far below ground, and only the capitalists above.

"Monkey Talks, The"—Fox. Unusual film of a man who poses as a talking monkey in a circus, and loses his life saving the girl he loves from a real monkey. Jacques Lerner and Olive Borden.

"Mr. Wu" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in gruesome, slow-moving film of a baleful old Chinaman's revenge for the seduction of his daughter by a young Englishman. Renee Adoree and Ralph Forbes.

"Music Master, The"—Fox. Fine adaptation of the famous stage play. Alec Francis appealing as the old piano teacher who has spent his life seeking his long-lost wife and daughter. Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton are the young people.

"Night of Love, The"—United Artists. Beauty and romance. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a stormy tale of a kidnaped princess who falls in love with her gypsy abductor.

"Nobody's Widow"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy and Charles Ray in a vivacious farce of a bride who deserts her faithless new husband, forcing him to pursue her and woo her back.

"Paradise for Two" — Paramount. Richard Dix and Betty Bronson in film of man who, to inherit his uncle's fortune, employs an actress to pretend to be his wife, and of course falls in love with her.

"Potters, The"—Paramount. W. C. Fields and Mary Alden in a mildly amusing comedy of a typical middle-class family, in which *Pa* doesn't count until he accidentally becomes rich.

"Red Mill, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies delightful as a rollicking Dutch girl who, after many and devious complications, ends in the arms of a visiting American, Owen Moore.

"Resurrection" — United Artists. Faithful film version of Tolstoy's famous novel. Dolores del Rio and Rod La Rocque both excellent in poignant story of a Russian peasant girl whose love for a thoughtless young prince leads to her downfall.

"Rookies" — Metro-Goldwyn. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur immensely funny as two bitter enemies in a military training camp. Marceline Day is the girl.

"See You in Jail"—First National. Moderately amusing farce of a millionaire's son who goes to jail and, while there, devises an invention which revolutionizes his father's business. Jack Mulhall and Alice Day.

"Sensation Seekers"—Universal. Billie Dove in film of willful, fast-living society girl who high-hats a handsome young clergyman until heroically rescued by him from the villain's yacht.

"Show, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in melodrama of a Budapest side show. Moves a little slowly despite Gilbert's vivid acting.

"Special Delivery"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor proves himself one of the foremost comedians of the screen in highly entertaining film of a nervous mailman. Jobyna Ralston and William Powell.

"Taxi Dancer, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Agreeably entertaining. Joan Crawford alluring as dance-hall girl who gets in with a bad crowd, but finally lands safely back in Old Virginny.

"Tell It to the Marines"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney, William Haines, and Eleanor Boardman in entertaining picture of flippant youth who joins the marines just to play the races and gets put in his place by a hard-boiled sergeant.

"Three Hours"—First National. Corinne Griffith in tale of a mother who steals for the sake of her child. Lots of plot and "high society." John Bowers is the sympathetic friend.

"Venus of Venice"—First National. Constance Talmadge in gay yarn of picturesque Venetian beggar maid who is also a thief, eventually reformed by the rich Antonio Moreno.

"White Gold"—Producers Distributing. Jetta Goudal gives fine performance as Spanish girl in this exceptional film of the West, full of sinister moments and grim situations.

"Wolf's Clothing"—Warner. Lively, entertaining picture of subway guard who accidentally comes into a fortune and is swirled through all sorts of thrilling adventures. Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Yankee Clipper, The"—Producers Distributing. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in beautifully filmed but trivial sea picture, based on the maritime rivalry between the United States and England in the middle of the nineteenth cetury.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Afraid to Love"—Paramount. Polite but tepid comedy of titled Englishman who marries a girl just to inherit some money and of course falls in love with her. Clive Brook and Florence Vidor.

"Ankles Preferred"—Fox. Trivial hodge-podge featuring Madge Bellamy as a pert shopgirl who means by hook or crook to get on in the world. Lawrence Gray is the "nice young man."

"Beloved Rogue, The"—United Artists. John Barrymore in an undignified, clownish portrayal of François Villon, vagabond French poet of the fifteenth century. Marceline Day is the lady.

"Bitter Apples"—Warner. Meaningless picture of a girl who marries a man out of revenge and then falls in love with him. Monte Blue and Myrna Loy.

"Blind Alleys"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Greta Nissen in slow film of army officer and his bride who are accidentally separated in the big city, and go through all kinds of adventures before being reunited.

"Broadway Nights"—First National. Lois Wilson miscast as gawky, ignorant girl who marries a vaudeville actor, becomes a big success, and is tempted by a rich producer, with husband rushing to the rescue.

"Brute, The"—Warner. Monte Blue in implausible picture of genial, simple-souled cowboy who kisses a girl, then makes the horrible discovery that she works in a dance hall!

"Butterflies in the Rain"—Universal. Long-drawn-out film of modern miss who marries a staid middle-aged man and leads him a merry dance. Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood.

"Climbers, The"—Warner. Irene Rich in dull, meandering tale of innocent Spanish duchess who is maliciously compromised, then banished to Porto Rico, where she falls in love with a sneering bandit.

"Demi-Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer miscast in rôle of a mincing young French girl who steals her stepmother's beau. Lew Cody and Carmel Myers.

"Don't Tell the Wife"—Warner. Another sophisticated comedy of entangled husbands and wives. Not particularly good. Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, and Huntly Gordon.

"Gay Old Bird, The"—Warner. Louise Fazenda in dull, dreary comedy of a cook who is persuaded to pose temporarily as her employer's wife, that he may receive a large sum of money.

"General, The"—United Artists. Not at all worthy of Buster Keaton. Long, dull comedy of an engineer whose locomotive, "The General," plays a heroic part in the Civil War.

"Heart of Salome, The"—Fox. Gaudy, heavily dramatic film of an alluring European adventuress who helps a wicked baron in his nefarious operations, until reformed at last by an athletic young American. Alma Rubens and Walter Pidgeon.

"Heart Thief, The"—Producers Distributing. Dull film of a Hungarian peasant girl who marries a rich old landowner, is almost compromised by his scheming relatives, but is saved in time by the handsome hero. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

"High Hat"—First National. Foolish satire on the motion-picture world, with Ben Lyon and Mary Brian cast to disadvantage in a silly plot.

"Lovers"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in disappointing picture showing the damage done by malicious gossip.

"Love's Greatest Mistake"—Paramount. Old story of country girl who comes to the city, is pursued by a wealthy villain, and saved by the noble hero. Evelyn Brent, James Hall, and Josephine Dunn.

"Man Bait"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a theatrical but uninteresting film setting forth the preposterous adventures and unlikely triumphs of a shopgirl.

"Matinee Ladies"—Warner. May McAvoy and Malcolm McGregor in slow, dull film about a cigarette girl and a law student who hires himself out as a professional dancing partner.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow.

"Mother"—F. B. O. Belle Bennett in another tale of a suffering mother, who, after she has raised her husband and son from poverty to luxury, is betrayed by both.

"New York"—Paramount. Conventional melodrama. A writer of popular songs falls in love with a society girl and is accused of murdering the girl he spurned. Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, and William Powell.

"Night Bride, The"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford in mediocre farce of a society tomboy and a young author, who start off by hating each other.

"Notorious Lady, The"—First National. Conventional society melodrama beginning in London and ending in South Africa. Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford are the husband and wife eventually reconciled.

"Orchids and Ermine"—First National. Colleen Moore wasted in thin, unamusing tale of a switchboard operator who marries a rich young man posing as a valet. Jack Mulhall is the young man.

"Rubber Tires"—Producers Distributing. Boring picture of the frantic efforts of a family to recover a discarded car whose value has suddenly risen to ten thousand dollars. Bessie Love and Harrison Ford.

"Sea Tiger, The"—First National. Silly film, laid in the Canary Islands, of two brothers, a girl they both love, and a trouble-making vamp from Broadway. Milton Sills, Mary Astor, and Larry Kent.

"Taxi, Taxi"—Universal. Edward Everett Horton miscast in comedy of young draftsman who takes his employer's niece, Marian Nixon, out for the evening and gets mixed up with a crook.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in stagy artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Manon.*

"White Flannels"—Warner. Louise Dresser in tale of a poor, drudging miner's widow who makes a "gentleman" of her son only to be humiliated by his high-class sweetheart.

"Wrong Mr. Wright, The"—Universal. Mirthless farce featuring Jean Hersholt as the sappy son of a corset manufacturer who is mistaken for the cashier who has absconded with the funds. Enid Bennett is a lady detective.

On what day were you born?

Monday's Child is fair of face,
Tuesday's Child is full of grace,
Wednesday's Child is gentle and willing,
Thursday's Child must earn his living,
Friday's Child is full of woe,
Saturday's Child has far to go,
But she that is born on a Sabbath Day
Is happy and wise and rich and gay.

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Information, Please

Continued from page 102

estate business. You may join all the fan clubs you wish. There are several Clara Bow clubs, one with headquarters with Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, and another under the guidance of Ida Katz, School No. 80, Federal and Eden Streets, Baltimore, Maryland. Jerry Miley, a comparatively new player, was the handsome gentleman in "Bred in Old Kentucky." It was Viola Dana, not Shirley Mason, who starred in that.

MACKS.—I'm sorry, but I don't know anything specific about the biography of Thelma Parr, the Mack Sennett beauty. Johnny Harron's latest release was "Rose of the Tenements," an F. B. O. film. Write him in care of F. B. O. and perhaps your letter will be forwarded.

OH, GEORGE.—How's the world treating me? The trouble is—it *isn't*. I have to pay for my own. Alice Joyce is Mrs. James B. Regan, and has two daughters—a small Regan, and Mary Alice Moore. Alice was formerly Tom Moore's wife, you know. She was born in Kansas City, Missouri. George K. Arthur is a Metro-Goldwyn player. Jane Winton is under contract to Warner Brothers. Addresses at the end of this department. Hedda Hopper has been working at the Metro-Goldwyn studio in "Adam and Evil." I don't know what address to suggest for Rockcliffe Fellowes or Dorothy Dwan. They both free lance. Perhaps Dorothy can be reached in care of her husband, Larry Semon, at the Famous Players studio.

JEAN GIBBS.—Clifford Holland is another of those newcomers on the Fox lot. Write to him for his picture. The address of the Fox studio is in the list. Mr. Holland recently played in "Rich but Honest." He undoubtedly lives in Hollywood.

NORMA'S ADMIRER.—Norma Shearer should be pleased to have an admirer so ardent! I didn't see her picture "Upstage," so cannot say at just what point she wore the white wig and old-fashioned dress. That was probably one of her dance costumes, wasn't it? Norma has never played in a film with James Kirkwood. I hadn't heard that she has a brother who is a camera man. Did you see her picture on the cover of the May PICTURE PLAY? Her picture was also on the cover of the April, 1925, issue. Write to the Circulation Department for that issue if you want it, inclosing twenty-five cents, and it will be sent to you, unless it is out of print.

MISS TONY RICH.—I hope you're as rich as your name. Virginia Valli went to Hawaii on a vacation and then went to work at the F. B. O. studio in "Down Our Way." When she finished that, she came to New York to make "East Side, West Side," for Fox. I can't tell you much about Camilla Horn, as she is a German player. She played in "Faust," made at the Ufa studio in Berlin. Write her there, as she is making another film there—"From Nine to Nine," for release in America through Metro-Goldwyn. Dolores Costello is about nineteen. Leslie Fenton was born in Liverpool, March 12, 1903. Nita Naldi was born April 1, 1899. She has been abroad for well over a year. Last summer she was at the Ritz in Paris, but heaven knows where she is now. Vivian Martin has left the screen for the stage.

JACKIE.—Hello, Jackie—glad to see you back. I'll try to be brave and answer your questions. Lilyan Tashman recently worked at the First National studio in "The Stolen Bride." Leon Errol is not engaged on a film. Lya de Putti is making several films for Universal—among them, "Midnight Rose" and "Polish Blood." Janet Gaynor is about twenty, and has brown hair and eyes. Her latest film is "Seventh Heaven." Elaine Hammerstein plays occasionally in independent pictures. James Kirkwood played opposite Laura La Plante in "Butterflies in the Rain." The principals in "The Flaming Forest" were Antonio Moreno and Renee Adoree, with Gardner James as Renee's crippled brother, and Oscar Beregi as the villain. I haven't the cast of "The Girl in the Rain."

NOMAR.—There are two Ramon Novarro fan clubs. One is conducted by Miss Dorothy Wollaston, 1155 West Third Street, Dayton, Ohio; the other, by Miss Nicoletta di Pietro, 241 West Otterman Street, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

BOOTS.—What boots it? The "Our Gang" comedies are made at the Hal Roach Studio, Culver City, California.

DOROTHY GRAHAM.—Very few home addresses are listed at the end of this department, because most players prefer to receive their mail at the studio. Address Billie Dove at the First National Studio, Burbank, California; Marceline Day, at 1337 North Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood.

BEE BEE.—No, I should never have guessed from the way you write that you're a newcomer to this department. Yakima Canutt is supposed to be part Indian. His real name is Enos Edwards Canutt, and he is thirty-one years old. He's brunet, of course. Write him at the Fine Arts Studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. This department answers inquiries by mail when a stamped envelope is inclosed in your letter.

K. F. H.—No bother at all—not when you ask only one question! Leatrice Joy was born Leatrice Joy Zeidler.

INQUISITIVE FAN.—I'd love to oblige an inquisitive fan—in fact, obliging inquisitive fans seems to have become my mission in life. Claire Windsor was born in Cawker City, Kansas, in 1897. She attended Washburn College in Kansas, and began playing in pictures when she went out to Hollywood on a visit. She was formerly married to Billy Boweson, and her son is Billy Boweson, Jr. Her latest pictures include "A Little Journey," "The Claw," "The Bugle Call," and a new historical film with Tim McCoy. There is a Claire Windsor club, care of Helen Bennett, 8008 Rawlings Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Bert Lytell was born in 1885. Greta Garbo is twenty-one, Madge Bellamy in her early twenties, Ronald Colman in his thirties. Vilma Banky was born on January 9, 1903; Clara Bow, July 29, 1905; Esther Ralston, September 17, 1902; Richard Dix, July 18, 1895; Marion Davies, January 3, 1898; William Haines, January 1, 1900. Richard Dix is not married.

MRS. HAZEL B. HERMAN.—No, indeed, I'm not "arty." Whatever else might be said for this department, it can lay no claims to art! Of course married women may join fan clubs—after all, the object of a fan club is not matrimony. Robert Frazer has been working at the Universal studio on a series of two-reelers—*Craig Kennedy* detective stories. Perhaps if you wrote to him at the Universal studio, he might be glad to send you a picture of himself as an Indian. PICTURE PLAY published a portrait of Robert Frazer in the issue of

August, 1925, and a brief interview with him in "The Sketchbook" in the issue for May, 1926.

ELLEN PRATT.—In the picture "The Blue Boy," Philippe de Lacy played the little boy. Yes, he is a delightful youngster. He recently played in "Is Zat So?" and in "Old Heidelberg."

SHORTY.—How can I help getting excited, now that you're back? However, I'll try to be calm. After having obtained Antonio Moreno's coöperation for a fan club in his honor, just ask to have notices published in the various motion-picture magazines asking other fans to join you. The members of a fan club write to one another, so be prepared for a lot of correspondence. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888, and came to this country in 1902. He played on the stage in his early youth, and then became a Vitagraph serial star on the screen. His newest films are "Venus of Venice," with Constance Talmadge, and "Madame Pompadour," made in England with Dorothy Gish. Virginia Lee Corbin gives the year of her birth as 1912. If you've written so often to Robert Agnew without receiving an answer, it seems evident that he does not reply to his fan mail. Gary Cooper is six feet tall, with sandy hair and blue eyes. He is in his early twenties.

SALOME.—If you want a photograph of Greta Garbo, write to the lady herself at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. Greta is twenty-one, and is five feet six inches in height. Her eyes are gray. Lillian Gish has blue-gray eyes. Lillian was born October 14, 1896. She is five feet four inches. Valentino was born May 6, 1895. He was five feet eleven inches, and had brown eyes. John Gilbert gives his height as five feet eleven inches; he has black eyes. He is thirty-two years old.

THE BLUE BOY RETURNS.—If you were blue because Antonio Moreno was in England, then it should be a red-letter time for you now, for he has returned. He made only one film in England—"Madame Pompadour." Yes, Allene Ray and Walter Miller are still cofeatured in serials; their newest one is "The Hawk of the Hills." William Haines' earlier films—I have not a complete list—included "Wine of Youth," "The Denial," "Mike," "A Slave of Fashion," "Little Annie Rooney," "A Fool and His Money," "The Tower of Lies," and "Memory Lane."

Addresses of Players.

Richard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathlyn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret Quimby, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, William Powell, Bebe Daniels, Louise Brooks, Noah Beery, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Roy d'Arcy, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Lars Hanson, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Natalie Kingston, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Elinor Fair, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, Warner Oland, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

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Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

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Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

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Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1755 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

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MONTHLY

Picture Play

Volume XXVII

Contents for October, 1927

Number 2

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What the Fans Think 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

When "The Fighting Eagle" Loves 15
Phyllis Haver and Rod La Rocque in a scene from the Napoleonic romance.

The Epicures of Hollywood . . . . . Elza Schallert . . 16
The art of dining well, as it is taught by the foreign contingent in the film colony.

Is Youth Everything? . . . . . Elsi Que . . . 19
The glorification of immaturity in the movies is brilliantly analyzed.

Cullen Landis Comes Back . . . . . Margaret Reid . . 21
To stay, his fans hope.

How is a Star Made? . . . . . Virginia Morris . . 22
An amusing and authoritative answer to a question every one has asked.

The Kid Goes to School . . . . . Dunham Thorp . . 24
Jackie Coogan is put to the test.

Is Love Ever Prosaic? 26
Pictures of Charles Delaney and Louise Lorraine say no.

The Future of the Stars . . . . . Sidney K. Bennett . 28
An astrologer explains some screen careers.

Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander . . 30
Fanny the Fan's chatter of Hollywood and its stars.

A Gesture from Jetta . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 34
Miss Goudal reveals herself to her public.

Favorite Picture Players 35
Full-page rotogravure photos of eight of the preferred.

He Acts with His Head . . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 43
Milton Sills tells what guides his acting.

A Thirteen-Year-Old Dare-Devil 44
He is "Buzz" Barton, the youngest cowboy star.

A Good Idea Gone Wrong . . . . . Helen Klumph . . 45
The fiasco of a personal-appearance tour is described by one who went along.

The Vitaphone in Hollywood . . . . . Edwin Schallert . . 47
The talking device is used with a feature picture.

A Hero to His Interviewer . . . . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 49
Hugh Allan's virtues—and faults—endear him to an old friend.

Manhattan Medley . . . . . Aileen St. John-Brenon 50
Intimate glimpses of film folk in New York.

In a Cottage Small 53
Renee Adoree and her new husband honeymoon in Hollywood.

Hollywood's Great Romance . . . . . Elza Schallert . . 54
A detailed account of the Banky-La Rocque wedding and what went before it.

Continued on the Second Page Following

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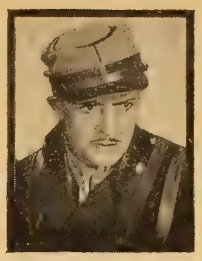
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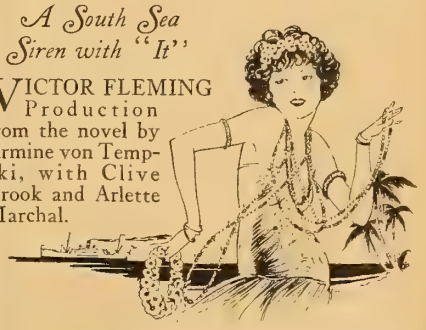


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Clara Bow in Hula

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Adolphe Menjou in Service for Ladies

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Metropolis

HIGH into the air! Deep into the earth! The indescribable Paramount-Ufa cine-miracle that startled New York. Directed by Fritz Lang, adapted by Channing Pollock.



The Stroller . . . . . Carroll Graham . . 56
Observations of a humorist in the film colony.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases 58
A table of tips on all important pictures now showing.

The Screen in Review . . . . . Norbert Lusk . . 59
The latest films are critically discussed.

In and Out of the Studios 62
Pictorial news of the players on and off the sets.

Hollywood High Lights . . . . . Edwin and Elza Schallert 65
The gist of the news from the cinema capital.

A Good Trouper . . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 69
Julia Faye's rounded experience causes her to upset some traditions.

An Everyday Comedian . . . . . Margaret Reid . . 71
Edward Everett Horton makes an art of the commonplace.

Only Human After All . . . . . William H. McKegg . 72
Afterthoughts of an interviewer.

A Physically Perfect Young Man . . . . Alma Talley . . 74
George O'Brien is far more than just that.

To Love, Honor and Obey . . . . . Dorothy Wooldridge . 83
Stories of wedding rings on famous fingers.

When the Fans Have Their Way . . . William H. McKegg . 86
How Hollywood previews often influence the entire country.

They Just *Wouldn't* Say Die! . . . . Ann Sylvester . . 88
Certain resolute souls refuse to be downed by Hollywood gossip.

Saved from the Sultan 91
Douglas MacLean does the trick, in "Soft Cushions."

Information, Please . . . . . The Picture Oracle . 102
Answers to questions of our readers.

Do the Stars Earn Their Salaries?



TOM MIX'S reputed $17,000 weekly, Fred Thomson's annual income of $500,000, Colleen Moore's $12,500 a week, and Buster Keaton's $4,000—these figures never fail to dazzle.

If Vilma Banky's pay check is $1,500, why is Clara Bow's $7,000? If Thomas Meighan receives $8,000 every Saturday, why must Ramon Novarro be content with the comparative pittance of $3,000? Just what has acting to do with it, and who decides what a star's salary shall be? These questions, and many others, are asked whenever salaries are discussed by the fans.

That is why PICTURE PLAY is pleased to announce, for the November number, Edwin Schallert's comprehensive and accurate story on the subject of salaries, contracts, and many phases of this most absorbing subject.



Mr. Oettinger Goes to Hollywood



PICTURE PLAY'S roving correspondent has taken himself to the "cinemetropolis" and the first of his series of impressions will appear next month. They are quite unlike the impressions of any other visitor, and will describe various phases of life in the picture colony new to readers of the magazine. Margaret Reid, Myrtle Gebhart, William H. McKegg, Alma Talley, and all the other favorite contributors have united to open the fall season in a blaze of glory. A glance at the contents of the November issue will prove it.



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What the Fans Think



Fan Clubs, Be Honest!

IN my capacity as manager of the George Lewis and Lois Moran Fan Clubs, I have received numerous complaints of various clubs operating under false pretenses.

Now, we all know that a fan club can be a very successful organization. The publicity such a club can give the players is an undisputed fact. The more or less personal contact with the players furnishes greater interest for the fans.

At present there are perhaps more fan clubs than ever before. Every new star is being honored by a group of admirers by means of a club.

The question of commercialization is also presenting itself. If the commercialization were put into effect in a legitimate manner, it would be all right. It would seem from current reports, however, that money is being obtained under false pretenses. Clubs are organized by enthusiastic young admirers—enthusiastic followers are promised regular membership lists, regular editions of a newsette, photos, and everything under the sun. Some clubs are not even bothering to send out membership lists to new members, let alone anything else that may have been promised.

A prospective member pays his dues and thinks himself fortunate in being able to join his favorite player's club, and expects to share the benefits of the organization. This is his first experience with an organization of the kind; he expects that promises will be fulfilled, and upon finding they are not, he immediately loses confidence in all clubs.

To get stung once is not so disheartening, but I know of several fans who have tried again and again and found similar conditions in half a dozen clubs.

In the first place, such conditions are not complimentary to the name of the star in whose honor a club is organized. Such conditions tend to undermine the popularity of a player, in time.

When we organize a club in the name of a screen celebrity, we should remember that we are using that person's name and popularity as a fundamental of our success as a club. We should at least respect the name of the celebrity, in whose honor we have organized, as we would like to have our own name honored under similar circumstances.

There is an even greater reason for honesty in these organizations, too. That reason is the law. There is a heavy penalty for misusing the mails to obtain money under false pretenses. If present conditions continue to exist—with rash promises made as a means of extracting a few dollars from a willing fan following—we shall find ourselves in hot water.

It would be a blessing for fan clubs generally, if there were more people who would report such conditions to the proper authorities. Even for the sum of twenty-five cents—which many clubs charge as dues—a member should receive what is promised. All clubs that do not live up to promises should be reported. They *will* be reported eventually.

There are clubs that charge a dollar and even two dollars a year, promising monthly newsettes and membership lists, but promises are forgotten as soon as the money is received into the treasury. The result is dissatisfied and disillusioned fans.

Such conditions will not last forever. Somebody is going to get wise and reports will be made. When they are, I want to be on the safe side.

This is an appeal to fans and club leaders. Remember, you are using the good name of a player. Try to honor that name as you would have your own honored. Beware of using the name in a dishonest way. If you commercialize your club—watch your step. Give value for value received, to the fans. If you disregard this, not only one club will be investigated but all will be, and it may be we shall have to do without fan clubs entirely.

Can't we have one means of clean, uncorrupted enjoyment?

GENEVIEVE A. LOUDANCE.

P. O. Box 272,
Wilmington, California.

Valentino's Memory is Defended.

When you published the letter from Elinor Garrison in your July issue, I imagine it was to give Mr. Valentino's admirers a chance to answer her questions, and as the first Memorial Guild to be formed—we came into being last August—I think we should take up the glove she has so scornfully flung down.

"Rudy Had His Faults," the letter is headed. Can Miss Garrison show us a human being who has none? "There is no one wholly good but One and that is God." Let her read of all the great ones whose names have

Continued on page 10



Over The Fence With Gloom!

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FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
by Pat Sullivan
CURIOSITIES—THE MOVIE SIDE-SHOW
Produced by Walter Futter
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.,
E. W. Hammons, President
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

become household words, and see if they were stainless. We know Rudy had faults—he was too sensitive to the sneers of his enemies; he was too generous; he tried to win over the scoffers instead of snapping his fingers at them.

These were some of Rudy's "faults."

I knew Mr. Valentino personally, and I unhesitatingly say that he possessed the most beautiful nature I have ever known in a man.

Miss Garrison wants to know what Rudy ever did for humanity, that he should be remembered when "missionaries, government officials, philanthropists, and the like," are forgotten.

I don't know whether this lady has had personal experience with the people she holds up as models, but I have had quite a little, and I am ready to state here that Rudolph Valentino did more toward making this gray old world endurable to countless thousands than all the "philanthropists, government officials, and missionaries" that ever lived.

He brought into lives which had been sordid a glimpse of something new—something beautiful and inspiring. He lifted the souls which had been beaten down by everyday cares and worries, and showed them a dream world where they could forget themselves and all their drab surroundings for a little while. By some magnetic force which no one can explain, he brought comfort to hearts which had been bruised and embittered by cruel circumstances. I could tell many stories of broken hearts which this dark-eyed Italian has mended—of discouraged men and women who have been inspired to try again by his own struggles and by the messages he gave them from the screen.

There is just one thing I agree with in Miss Garrison's letter. She says: "If he was to die, isn't it better that he was taken at the height of his career than later when we might all have forgotten him?"

Yes, Miss Garrison, it was. We who knew and cared for him are thankful amid all our grief, that he was taken then, before the fickleness of those so-called "fans"—horrible word!—had broken his oversensitive heart. There are not a few of us—and among these I include some of his dearest personal friends—who believe that it was the unjust and cruel criticisms of the press and certain filmgoers which hastened the end.

Had Rudy been less worried by the constant sneers of his enemies, the accusations of effeminacy, the ceaseless prophecies of failure, he would have taken more care of himself and probably would have had medical advice earlier. Then he might have been here to-day and the despised Memorial Guilds, et cetera, would not have been needed.

Miss Garrison admits that he was "a wonderful actor"—then why not a memorial? We have memorials to Irving, to Garrick, to a thousand other actors, poets, writers, as well as to countless old gentlemen in frock coats whose names will be forgotten while the world is still mourning for the young Prince of Romance, who brought so much happiness during his short stay with us. Why should he not be commemorated? Why should we not form guilds and clubs to defend his name and uphold him? If Miss Garrison resents the letters and poems, she is not forced to read them—and I am quite sure nobody wants her to join a guild or club.

But if she is pleased to ask questions of the world at large, she will be answered.

MERCIA STANHOPE.

"Highcroft," Warltersville Road, London, N. 19, England.

An International Feud.

Of all the disagreeable things I have ever read, Miss Eileen Ryan's letter was the worst. How any one could be so narrow minded as to say that the English critics know nothing, and have no intelligence, just because they happened to criticize a picture which she liked, is quite beyond me.

She speaks of "advanced Dominions." Just what does she mean? We had "Ypres" here in Canada. I saw and enjoyed it because it gave one a chance to see the war as it really was.

Miss Ryan goes on to say that "The attack of the English critics was an organized attack inspired by cheap, mean jealousy," and so forth. She challenges any one to dispute that. Well, here's one that will dispute it. How utterly ridiculous is Miss Ryan's statement! Who is she to say such a thing? What proof has she? If I were Miss Ryan, I would make sure before making such a degrading misstatement.

It is my opinion that if England criticized America's pictures as much as America criticizes Great Britain's pictures, then Miss Ryan would have something to complain about. Otherwise she has no grounds whatever for her statements.

I saw "The Big Parade," and I liked it, but as far as I know, peoples' tastes differ, and the English critics are welcome to their opinion of it. Anyway, England has as much right to criticize as America. *I* challenge any one to dispute *that.*

I am not English but I will see the English critics given a fair chance, which I think they deserve as well as the next ones. I am sure there must be others who agree with me.

HAZEL I. WEATHERSTON.

210 Wellington Street, W., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

A Defender of Gilbert.

I have just read the letter written by Irene Hart in the June issue of PICTURE PLAY, in which she denounces John Gilbert, and while I am not in the habit of wasting my time in writing letters of criticism or praise regarding any actor, I think a letter of the type written by Miss Hart is extremely unfair and ridiculous, and is enough to make one's blood boil.

Mr. Gilbert is by a wide margin the best screen actor of the day, and after all that is about as much as need interest the general public. His personal affairs are his own.

Why rave about Leatrice Joy? I fail to see any cause for it. I have never admired her style or her acting, and what prestige she enjoys is mostly due to the fact that she was married to John Gilbert. She certainly gets no sympathy from me. In the majority of divorces both parties are to blame, and I guess she is no exception, so why pick on Mr. Gilbert? To be sure, I don't admire his latest choice, for from the articles I have read about Greta Garbo, both in connection with her affair with John Gilbert and her actions in the studio, I have long since drawn the conclusion that she is not all there.

But after all, why should these things concern the public at all? Gilbert's pictures are all that really count. I say, John Gilbert, first, last, and always, and hope he will be on the screen for years to come. I would rather see one of his pictures than a dozen others, and only wish there were more of them.

DOROTHY KENDALL.

1065 Stowell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

About Blondes—More or Less!

Blondes, both on the screen and off, may be preferred—and being rather blonde myself, I am glad of it! But in my opinion most of the movie blondes are too hard looking—one might say, dry looking. A blonde, to be beautiful, must have a *fruity* quality, she must be *luscious,* or she will look like a stretch of sandy road—dry and hard and gritty. The only beautiful blondes on the screen, in my eyes, are the following—let the bricks fall where they may!

Constance Bennett, the most perfect example of the blonde with the quality which I call "luscious." Long, curly golden hair, and the most passionate eyes and mouth in the world. She is like a great, sun-warmed fruit, a pomegranate or a peach. Nothing gritty about Miss Bennett. The Rolf Armstrong girl come to life.

Lillian Gish, the most romantic blonde in the world. Her hands are the hands of Ophelia, that gentle, mad lady; her hair is the silver-blonde of Elaine, the Lily Maid; and her eyes are like medieval legends—fay eyes, the eyes of Melisande.

Greta Nissen, my choice of all the golden company of blondes! She is Circe—"Circe of the braided tresses," and long, strange, half-oriental eyes. She is the goose-girl princess of the old fairy tales; she is the dainty marquise of the eighteenth century, subtle and perverse. And her body is the most beautiful on the screen, blonde *or* brunette.

The other Greta, "the *Garbo,*" the siren, the strange woman. Not beautiful, in the strictest sense of the word, for her figure is bony, her mouth wide and loose, and her eyes too deep-set. But she *is* beautiful, with the haunting beauty of a Burne-Jones painting, and the færy beauty of the young witches of the Arthur legends. The only woman I ever saw whose defects are splendid.

Marion Davies, the personification of the merry goddess of spring, all blossoms and ribbons and flying curls. A young nymph of Arcady, dewy-lipped and sleek-limbed. And her eyelashes are worthy of sonnets.

Vilma Banky, the lovely lady to whom poems are written; the princess in the high tower, waiting for her knight, calm-eyed and womanly, but with a little mocking smile about her mouth, as if she secretly found things just a trifle ridiculous.

I know that I am letting myself in for a lot of criticism, brickbats, and so on. I can hear the fans now: "What about Claire Windsor and Alice Terry, Esther Ralston, Connie Talmadge, Blanche Sweet, Anna Q., Dorothy Mackaill, and others, not to mention Mary Pickford and Mae Murray?"

Mary is lovely, but it is the loveliness of a child; and Mae is rather attractive, but I don't think she is beautiful; and as for the rest of those ladies—well, I hate to speak unkindly of any one, but the truth is, I *can't* see any beauty in them, for they remind me of a stretch of sandy road, dry and hard and very gritty. L. B. D.

Southern Hotel, Brownwood, Texas.

What! Barrymore's Days of Romancing Over?

I am thinking quite a lot. I have just read in cold print that John Barrymore has the effrontery to think of attempting to portray Valentino's rôle of *Cellini.* Such colossal insolence quite takes one's breath away.

Whatever Barrymore may have been on Broadway with the use of his voice, it requires something more than a profile, a frown, and a limited assortment of numbered and labeled postures to qualify as the screen's greatest lover. Oh, yes, I remember the delightful *Beau Brummel,* but between *Beau Brummel* and *Don Juan,* Barrymore had accumulated a number of

Continued on page 117



They Jeered at Me—
But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes of what I wanted to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Everyone laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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* * *

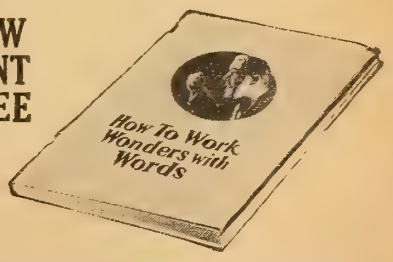
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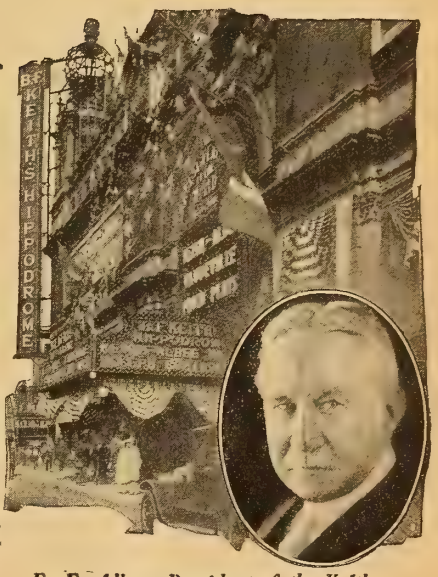
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PICTURE PLAY, October, 1927, VOLUME XXVII NUMBER 2



"The Fighting Eagle," a story of France in the time of Napoleon, finds the lively Phyllis Haver a languishing heroine for a change, and Rod La Rocque an impetuous lover with a sense of humor. He is *Etienne Gerard*, the son of an innkeeper, whose courage and daring win for him a captaincy in the emperor's bodyguard, after which he is plunged into the perils of court intrigue, from which, needless to say, he emerges triumphant.



The Victor Varconis gave a Hungarian dinner to celebrate Vilma Banky's engagement to Rod La Rocque. Reading from left to right, the guests are: Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Hans Kraly, Mrs. Eric Pommer, Emil Jannings, Vilma Banky, Rod La Rocque, Mrs. Emil Jannings, Ernst Lubitsch, Mrs. Abraham Lehr and Eric Pommer. Standing are Victor Varconi and his wife.

The Epicures

The revival of the fine art of eating among picture

By Elza

IS gastronomy a lost art?

What has become of the epicures—those men and women who possess a highly developed, æsthetic sense of taste and a fine appreciation of eating?

Can one diet and still enjoy fine food?

The answer to all these questions is Hollywood!

The art of eating—though, perhaps, in a sublimated form—the epicures, diet, all flourish in Hollywood.

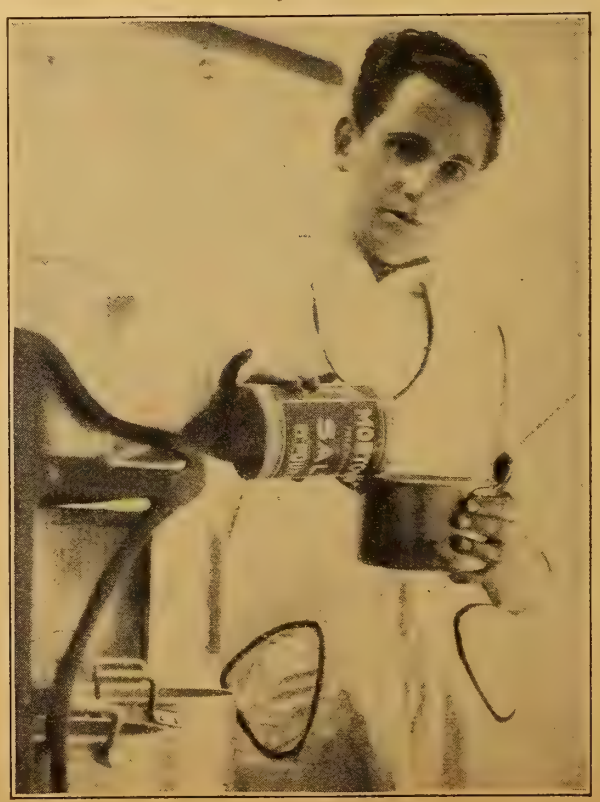
It seems incongruous that the place analogous with slim figures and denial of food almost to the point of starvation, should boast epicures.

It also seems incongruous that the place where the club sandwich and the quickly broiled lamb chop have become preëminent, should be the salvation of an art that requires so much time as cookery.

Yet, diet and epicurean feasts prosper in Hollywood! After all, the perfect epicure is the perfect dietitian—one who eats wisely and not too much. And also when he has the leisure which, in the film colony, is usually between pictures.

Hollywood's epicures represent the map of the world. From England, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Poland, Spain, Italy, Russia, and the Orient they have come. Together they form a very big, cosmopolitan group—a veritable league of nations—who, when time permits them to play the rôles of hosts, offer as diversified fare as a weaver from Teheran in the colors of his loom.

Arthur Lubin prepares delectable Polish dinners for his friends.



Take, for instance, the Russian dinners at the homes of Theodore Kosloff and Dimitri Buchowetzki, the director, and their lovely wives. Memorable nights!

Both couples have Russian cooks, or at least cooks that understand the preparation of typical Slavic food.

The tables in these homes are always laid with fine linen and silver, and the soft, yellow light from dozens of candles casts a warm, hospitable glow over the boards. The mood is peaceful and charming and conducive to stimulating conversation over interesting dishes, which guests feel their hostess, paying them the highest compliment, selected with careful thought.

Certainly gastronomy attained a high perfection with the aristocracy and the intelligentsia in pre-war Russia. Once Mrs. Buchowetzki said to me:

"You would hardly have found in the whole world another place given to such luxury and artistic fantasy in the manner of eating, in the composition of dishes, in the setting of tables, as existed in the Russian upper classes before the war. Eating was an art then, a culture.

"Caviar from Astrakhan,



When such close friends as Lila Lee and Bebe Daniels dine it is tête-à-tête and very informal.

of Hollywood

players is stimulated by the foreign contingent.

Schallert

oysters from Ostend, poultry from Siberia, especially transported in blocks of ice, and flowers from the Riviera. If you would combine these with the artistry of cooks, and the marvelous settings, where laces of Brussels and Venice vied with Sèvres and crystal from Ural, you'd have an idea of what an art eating was."

There is a typical national dish called *"blinis"* which is often served in the home of the Buchowetzkis. If you are a good cook and have a penchant for food that is out of the ordinary, try this recipe:

Four pounds of white flour, one and one half pounds of rye flour—these two flours should be well mixed before using—one pint of cream, one pound of butter, six eggs, five pints of milk, one yeast cake. Boil one pint of milk with one eighth pound of butter. When it boils add one half pound of flour; mix with beater until very smooth and let cool until slightly warm. Add yeast cake, softened with one half cup of milk and the remaining flour; mix well and set aside to raise, after which add six egg yolks, one half pound of melted butter, and one pint of milk. Mix until smooth for thirty minutes and put aside in a warm place. When further raised, dilute with the remaining milk.

Add the whites of eggs beaten stiff, the cream whipped, a pinch of salt, and sugar. Have several greased frying pans ready, pour several tablespoons of the mixture into them and cook in the same way as pancakes. These must be served piping hot.

Blinis are eaten principally before Lent in Russia. They are eaten with hot melted butter, thick sour cream, fresh Russian caviar, or thin slices of some kind of fish from northern rivers.

Americans, I believe, would dispense with the fish and sour cream and caviar and enjoy eating the *blinis* with melted butter, or the great American companion to pancakes and waffles—maple syrup.

Monty Banks is a master chef and prepares spaghetti and rousselles in a way that is seldom found outside of Italy.



The care and patience and time and thought which are expended on just one dish, such as *blinis,* are characteristic of all foreign cookery. Whether it is Italian, German, Hungarian, English, Japanese, or the greatest cuisine of all, and the strongest influence on all schools of cookery—the French—foreign food is much more artful, more intriguing to the imagination, and in the main easier to digest than our American cookery, and less fattening, once one is accustomed to it.

Vilma Banky and Dolores del Rio, for example, are slender, beautiful girls who never worried about getting overweight until they came to America. Miss del Rio's husband told me that in Mexico City Dolores ate three hearty meals a day and her weight never fluctuated. As soon as she came to Hollywood, and ate ice creams and other sweet desserts she had to watch the scales each morn-



The fireplace in the Charles Rays' garden has been the inspiration for many an impromptu as well as formal meal. From left to right, Charles Ray, Virginia Valli, Mrs. Ray, Carmelita Geraghty, Walter Pidgeon and Julanne Johnston.

ing. It may not seem logical or reasonable that our innocent ice creams and puddings and cakes should overbalance the calories in the butter-and-milk fats and starches that are employed in so many foreign dishes, but they do. Count them some time.

Monty Banks, who by the way, is not only a clever comedian but a superior cook, with a knowledge of food values that would embarrass most women, has the entire caloric system so thoroughly perfected in his mind that you can accept his dinner invitations with the happy feeling that you will not have to starve on the morrow, or eat numerous charcoal tablets to neutralize the fighting acids of the stomach which, unfortunately, are some times thrown into warfare through the culinary indiscretions of one's host.

Monte takes hours to prepare his famous spaghetti and rousselles. Every once in a while he tries engaging a cook for his bachelor apartment, but the venture is nearly always disastrous and he moves to a club.

"Because," he told me, "the cooks I engage start preparing a seven-o'clock dinner at five thirty or six and expect vegetables, meats, and *soufflés* to be properly cooked in that little while. Or else there is the compromise of taking a steak or a few chops and throwing them into a frying pan and handing them to you to eat—*really eat*—in fifteen minutes. I think too much of my health to eat that way. I couldn't. I would die."

Here are Monty's marvelous recipes for spaghetti and rousselles, which in combination with a light salad of hearts of lettuce and a bit of French dressing, dessert, Camembert cheese and a wafer, make a delightful supper or dinner.

The spaghetti sauce is easy to make.

Pour a wineglass of olive oil into a frying pan, add one fourth pound of butter, a large Spanish onion and three small sections of garlic, chopped fine, and brown. Strain mixture through sieve to remove garlic and onion. Chop one half pound of round steak fine, add to melted oil and butter and cook slowly until brown.

Dissolve small can tomato paste in four cups of hot water. Chop four ripe tomatoes fine and boil with paste and water for five minutes.

When meat has browned stir in tomato mixture. Season with salt, pepper, and paprika. Lower fire, cover, and cook slowly for forty minutes, being careful it does not burn.

This sauce is poured over cooked spaghetti and sprinkled with grated cheese.

The rousselles are more intricate to make.

Take one pound of veal tenderloin, eight slices of Italian smoked ham, eight slices of salt pork, cut very thin, a Spanish onion and some parsley.

Cut the veal tenderloin in eight slices and pound very thin. Lay slice of veal flat on table, salt and pepper to taste, put slice of pork on top, then slice of ham. Spread with chopped onion and parsley. Roll carefully, fasten together with toothpicks. Fry in olive oil or sweet butter until brown. Place in the sauce for which recipe has been given and cook slowly for twenty-five minutes.

Enid Bennett Niblo and her mother prepare a marvelous curry dish that contains such savory things as chutney and coconut.



A formal dinner in Italy, as a formal dinner in London or Berlin or Paris or New York—or Hollywood—is a pretty cosmopolitan affair.

Hors d'œuvres—probably consisting of caviar *canapé* or *pâte de foie gras* chopped with heart of artichoke and served on thin slices of very dry toast—usually precede a very thin soup for the first course of the dinner.

Fish cooked with butter, and served with lemon juice and parsley, follows.

For the entrée there would probably be a sweetbread, also prepared sauté, and served with a port-wine sauce.

Roast chicken, *en casserole*, is a favorite dish. To prepare this a variety of fresh vegetables are

Continued on page 92

Is Youth Everything?

Charm and sophistication on the screen are holding their own in spite of the glorification of immaturity.

By Elsi Que

ARE we youth ridden? A famous European director, one of those who refused to compromise with the American idea, and consequently received a return ticket to his native heath, expressed the opinion that we are. He stated that one thing that is the matter with the "art" of our most influential industry is the adolescent dictatorship which at present limits it to the comprehension of immature intelligences.

"Extreme youth sets your pace in everything," he said. "You have not yet learned the folly of limiting all that is interesting and romantic in life to the teens age and slightly beyond it. Your characters of mature years are merely foils for the youth-drama, and must be either ridiculous or pathetic to have a place in the picture. Your middle-aged actors play college boys because to the American mind it is unseemly that middle-age should have—shall we say heart interests? Some of your most promising actresses, still in the early thirties, just at the age when they have learned something about life and could give of their best, are fighting a losing battle for supremacy, because youth-ridden America regards them as growing old—the unpardonable sin in your country."

There is certainly some truth in this summing up. But the disgruntled gentleman might have looked about him and seen some evidence of change in what he regards as our adolescent point of view. The success of Adolphe Menjou, for instance. He has none of the qualifications which a few years ago were deemed necessary for male star material. He was born an American, but the ancestral portion of him has yielded to some age-old spell which removes him as far from our collegiate type as Paris is from Siwash. His small, neat features, at once sensuous and fastidious, his eyes, weary and supercilious, suggest many things—but not youth.



Photo by Ball

Greta Garbo's charm is ageless, and mature women like to visualize themselves in her.

Greta Garbo, that latest and loveliest Eve from the Garden of Sweden, is very young—but in nothing else does she resemble the American flapper. She could play a woman of any age with equal understanding, because she has inherited that quality of spirit which admits that a novitiate awaits the human being at every stage of life, and does not presume to decide which stage is the more important.

During the past ten or twelve years, the screen has had a profound effect on the modes, manners, and morals of this and other countries. Going to the movies has become a fixed habit, and what one writer has aptly called "screen-implanted desires" have had far-reaching consequences. Among inveterate movie-goers, those who have made the industry what it is to-day, a certain number have reached maturity during this period of intensive development. It is to this element that Menjou and Garbo most strongly appeal.

Very young girls may emulate Clara Bow and Colleen Moore, but women like to visualize themselves in Miss Garbo. She plays beautiful, misunderstood or vampish wives; and every woman likes to think of herself sometimes as a beautiful, misunderstood and slightly vampish wife. In Greta's eyes is the ageless lure of the sirens of history, and women are well aware that some of the most famous sirens were past their first youth when they got in their most deadly work. It is gratifying to them to find this type of heroine depicted on the screen. Men may adore Greta for her beauty, but women revel in her for what she suggests to them—that romance is not necessarily a thing of the past for them, simply because they have become sedate wives and mothers.

Menjou performs the same service for men who are growing slightly gray about the temples. The commonplace little shoe clerk, wearied by the adulation his wife or daughter pours out for Gilbert, Colman, and the beautiful Latins, finds in Menjou a sympathetic character. Here is no young Greek god of Adonislike profile; here rather, is a sophisticated worldling who has



Photo by Richee

Adolphe Menjou offers vicarious romance to the middle-aged and weary.

tasted all of life and finds it in its later aspects still sufficiently amusing. Given the opportunity and the valet, our shoe clerk might be another Menjou—or so he imagines—and it is pleasant to feel that within himself are still potentialities for romantic adventure.

The box office has become aware of the significance of this new phase. More and more it is daring to let its puppets "be their age;" daring to invade that heretofore—to Americans—terrifying realm of maturity. The overemphasis on physical youth, which works its greatest hardships in the ranks of the movie-makers themselves, is slowly giving way to a broader and more comprehensive standard. The demands and possibilities of the screen itself have caused its leaders to simulate youth long past the period which a few years ago was regarded as the dividing line; and in simulating it, they have achieved it.



Clara Bow is the idol of young girls who like to cloak themselves in her provocative personality.

Douglas Fairbanks is a good example of this. Is there any one on the screen more vital, mentally and physically, than he? His body is the perfected instrument of his mind, and his mind, acutely alive, adventurous, energized from a source which we barely glimpse now, but which will some day revolutionize human experience, has had a greater influence on pictures than probably any other single factor in the industry. And not only on pictures, but on the audiences who view them. "Why, Fairbanks must be nearing forty-five!" one man says to another. "Just about my age. But look at him!" To look at him makes it seem a silly crime to grow old, fat, and sluggish; and a sillier crime to tick off our lives into brief twelvemonth periods labeled years, and to let the accumulation of these years rest like an iron hand upon our shoulders.

The movies would confer an incalculable benefit upon the human race by taking the first step toward the elimination of birthdays. With its tremendous power it has already uprooted century-old customs, traditions, prejudices, and inhibitions. We are freer, more honest, more courageous, and more hopeful because of the movies. Ideas that once had to be assimilated and proven through generations of timid experimentation, can now be broadcast with smashing convincingness in a few weeks. It lies within this power to extend life, illumine it, glorify it beyond the shadowy borders of the period which we now cling to with such futile intensity—the so-called "youth" period.

Robert Louis Stevenson noted that the Samoans did not take account of their birthdays, and remarked upon their consequent youthful spirit which was, of course, reflected in their physical aspect. The milestone necklace, burdensome and galling, which we wear with grief and secret shame, but add to each year with a pathetic and misplaced conscientiousness, was not among the instruments of torture of these unenlightened savages. Their joy of life was not darkened by the fear of loss of youth, for youth to them was a state of mind. They did not place any artificial limitations upon their physical or mental development; they had all the time there was, and time dealt leniently with them. When death overtook them, they met it with a serenity that was impressive to a highly sensitive European, whose civilization had taught him that of man's brief span, the first half is a chaotic jumble of clashing emotions from which he must weave a pattern of life, and the last half an endurance

Continued on page 98

Cullen Landis Comes Back

The young actor, who dropped from the public eye during a long run of hard luck, is now regaining his former place.

By Margaret Reid



Photo by Spurr

Cullen Landis has long been known for his vividly dramatic talents.

THIS story is not only for Cullen Landis fans who, remembering his fine work when luck was upon him, demanded it from the editor. It is, as well, for the more recent converts to the cinema, to whom he will be as new a face as Gilbert Roland or "Buddy" Rogers. But it was instigated by those loyal souls who wouldn't permit Landis to slip from success to oblivion without a loud protest.

When, about three years ago, he unaccountably disappeared from view, it was as complete a disappearance as if he had died or gone into real estate. During all that time PICTURE PLAY has been questioned intermittently about him. But recently the queries reached such proportions that it was imperative they be answered.

Strange things happen to movie actors—not the strangest of which are those that happen on the screen. Their fame, their contracts, their luxury, their thirty-room houses are built on the shifting whims of some one or other. Fame, public favor, are evanescent on notice. Contracts drawn with the most complex legality and impressive formality can, if some ruling power has a change of heart during breakfast, fade into an optical illusion by dusk. Hollywood careers are made and broken with dizzy facility, no less by erratic front offices than by capricious fans.

I believe it was five or six years ago that Cullen Landis was high in popular esteem. He made charming, human pictures for the old Goldwyn company. Never a star, he was one of the company's most popular featured players, with a strong and particularly consistent following. His classification was "character juvenile"—meaning a young man of boyish appearance who could act. At this time, the quiet, unobtrusive young Landis stood well toward the top of his class. He could be depended upon to meet the requirements of almost any sort of rôle.

The Valentino sirocco swept across the land, whistling ominously in the ears of native juveniles. But Landis is one of the few who survived even that scorching wind, so his abrupt departure from the center of celluloid activity cannot be laid to that.



In "We're All Gamblers," he plays one of the wayward-brother rôles he does so well.

Leaving Goldwyn, he made "The Fighting Coward" for Famous Players—one of James Cruze's best pictures. In it, Landis gave one of the finest performances the screen has known. It was acclaimed in Hollywood as a splendid piece of work. So, with the quaint logic of the town, he was out of work for a sorry time afterward. His prospects were as bleak as though he had been guilty of bad performances, or of breach of contract and a hasty murder or two. For no reason in the broad, sweet world misfortune was upon him.

After more months of idleness than he cared to keep note of, and since a young man must work, he swallowed his pride. There are a dozen fabrications used to cover a player's descent to Poverty Row. No matter how transparent, they swathe in some degree a sensitive pride. But Cullen naïvely admits that he was there because money was scarce and he couldn't get a job elsewhere.

Continued on page 108



How Is a Star Made?

It isn't pull and it isn't publicity alone, but the decision of the public that really counts.

By Virginia Morris

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

WHAT are stars made of? Beauty? Certainly not! Luck? It can't be! Drag? Don't be silly!

Movie stars are made of one thing only—fan appeal. It isn't B. P. Schulberg or Louis B. Mayer or Samuel Goldwyn or any other executive-discoverer who rates the credit. Schulberg didn't make Clara Bow a star. Mayer didn't do it for Norma Shearer. Goldwyn didn't wave a wand over Vilma Banky and say, "There, little girl, now you're a great actress just because I think you're good!"

Not by a long shot. Clara and Norma and Vilma are stars all right, but they don't owe their creation as such to any of those astute men higher up who have good eyes. They owe it to Sister Susie, Brother Bill, Ma, Pa, and the kids, the only star makers in the world, not excluding Hollywood, New York City, and Astoria, Long Island.

Motion-picture producers find purest joy in their favorite announcement: "Benjamin Bimberger, producer of Far-fetched Films, believes he has found the greatest star of the century in little seventeen-year-old 'Dimples' Dugan, whom he has signed to a long-term contract to play in big special productions." What Mr. Bimberger really means is that he's gambling seventy-five dollars a week on a cute young creature he hopes the fans will fall for, so that she may turn into a big box-office asset and a good little fairy to his bank balance.

Mr. Bimberger dispatches at once through the studio and the home office the mandate that the energies of everybody must be bent to "putting over" Dimples. Dimples gets a new hair cut. She is photographed. The picture gets in magazines and newspapers. Dimples buys a new car. She is photographed. The picture gets in magazines and newspapers. Dimples adopts a new kind of garter. She is photographed. The picture gets in magazines and newspapers. Dimples comes East and arrives at the Grand Central Station weighed down with orchids. She is photographed. The picture gets in magazines and newspapers.

Then her press agent in New York gets busy. She is interviewed by this writer and that writer and pretty soon Dimples' opinion on practically everything appears in print in magazines and newspapers.

But none of this makes Dimples a star. She acts in her first picture. If the fans like it, Dimples has a chance. If they don't, the poor little girl is out of luck. The best thing she can do in that case is to marry some nice, rich young merchant and retire from the screen.



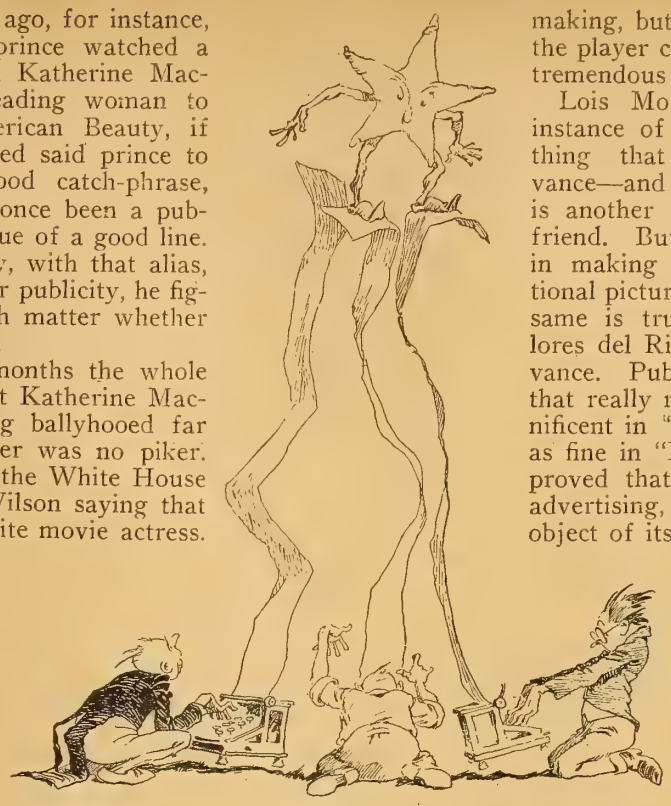
Publicity can help, but popularity is a star's real prop

The conclusion is that in every young star's life there are two things that begin with the same letter, but don't mean the same thing. There's publicity and there's popularity. She may ride along for a while on the first, but if she doesn't obtain the second her career as a film actress is going to be a flop. The producer, whose pay checks fed and clothed her, will abandon her as a film foundling if the rest of the world doesn't think she's there.

To get down to cases, the overpublicized star, who secured printed space far in excess of her favor with the public, is a frequent tragedy in Hollywood. The victim of a too-enthusiastic producer, she was given rôles that far outweighed her capabilities, or a superfluity of publicity conveyed to the fans extravagant promises that she failed to live up to. That is the most general explanation of the fact that we read much about certain screen personalities that seem brilliant for a short time. Then we hear less and less, until their names finally evaporate from the film columns completely, and the movie world knows them no more.

It wasn't many years ago, for instance, that a young picture prince watched a very pretty girl, named Katherine MacDonald, at work as leading woman to Bill Hart. "The American Beauty, if she ever existed!" gasped said prince to himself. It was a good catch-phrase, and the prince, having once been a publicity man, knew the value of a good line. With Katherine's beauty, with that alias, and a good blast of other publicity, he figured that it didn't much matter whether the girl could act or not.

Within a very few months the whole world was hearing about Katherine MacDonald. She was being ballyhooed far and wide. Her producer was no piker. He went right down to the White House and caught President Wilson saying that Katherine was his favorite movie actress. Nothing the President ever uttered thereafter, including his war message to Congress in 1917, was ever set up in type so many times. Katherine MacDonald was a publicity-made star, the American Beauty, the President's favorite. With that to her credit, nothing more was apparently needed. At first the fans were curious. They paid to see her. But they didn't like her, and after a brief career Katherine was no more.



Press agentry is a flimsy foundation for a tottering star.

Then there was Miss du Pont, the girl without a first name. That, too, was a good stunt, good publicity to get public curiosity all agog about Margaret Armstrong. The trumpets blared before the release of "Foolish Wives," a million-dollar production in which, for no special reason, she was shouldering the lead. But it turned out that Miss du Pont lacked other things besides a first name. She was deficient in popular appeal, and all the shouting on earth made no difference when the fans turned down their thumbs.

There have been others who received publicity far out of proportion to their appeal to the public. Agnes Ayres, Nita Naldi, Betty Bronson, Hope Hampton, Priscilla Dean, Mae Bush, Helene Chadwick, and many others have been given the advantage of elaborate productions and a corps of press agents. As soon as their contracts expired and these props were withdrawn they fell down, because they did not stand on the only solid foundation for screen honors—popularity with the fans.

All this must not be construed to mean that publicity has not its purposes. It has. A good publicity campaign is the surest way in the world to put a star in the making, but it can't turn the final trick. If the player clicks with the fans, publicity is a tremendous additional asset.

Lois Moran, for example, is a happy instance of a star who lived up to everything that was said for her in advance—and a lot was said. Vilma Banky is another to whom publicity was a good friend. But it was Miss Banky's own part in making "The Dark Angel" an exceptional picture that clinched her success. The same is true of the recently arrived Dolores del Rio, who was much touted in advance. Publicity helped, but the big factor that really mattered was that she was magnificent in "What Price Glory," and equally as fine in "Resurrection." Thus again it is proved that publicity, like other forms of advertising, only justifies itself providing the object of its efforts is capable of registering with the public.

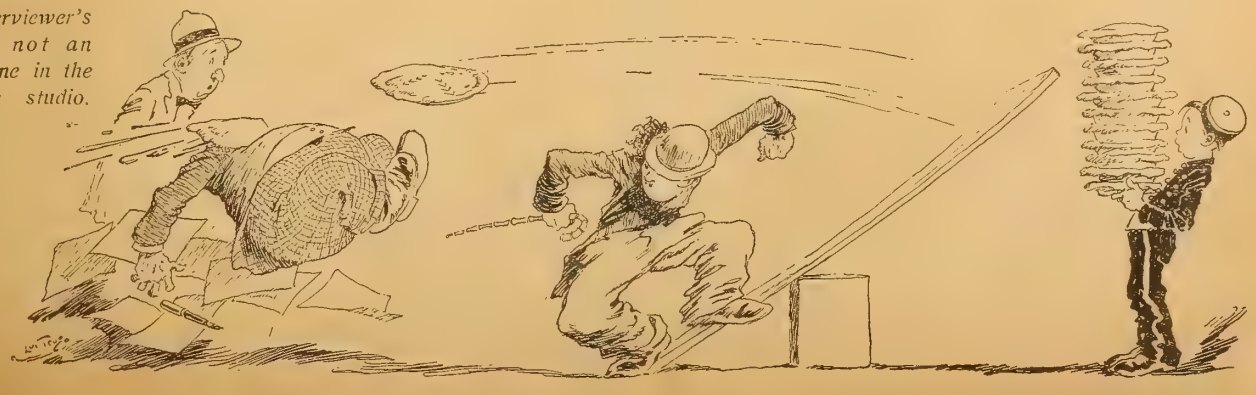
Marion Davies' success is probably the only one that is balanced equally between the two factors. If her career had followed the conventional route she would have been forced to retire from the screen several years ago, when it seemed clear that she was definitely not going to catch on with the decisive film-going public. She was saved, however, by an indefatigible effort on the part of her producer who sustained her standing by purely forced means, until one day, quite by accident, she made a picture called "Little Old New York" and found her niche as a capable comedienne. At present her preserved place as a star with a tremendous if belated following, is indisputable. Publicity was the artificial respiration that kept her breathing until the fans decided to let her live.

There are a few players who are absolute "naturals" with the fans. They have risen in spite of good, bad, or indifferent publicity. Fred Thomson, for example, seldom broke into print, yet he and his faithful steed took a jump to popularity that was phenomenal.

Clara Bow, too, is a thoroughly fan-made player. During her first three years before the camera she made a total of more than forty pictures. Often working in two productions at a time, she had more unsuitable rôles than any actress on the screen. Plainly fitted for flapper-comedienne parts, she was cast as crooks, adventuresses, vamps, and even mothers, as fast as the gentleman who held her contract could get engagements for her.

Continued on page 112

An interviewer's lot is not an easy one in the Chaplin studio.





Photos by Russell Ball

Jackie is just a little school-boy now, not the idolized pet of a nation.

The Kid Goes to

Jackie Coogan isn't so different from other little boys leav spite of the fact that he has earned over a million dol

By Dunham

JACKIE goes to school!

All boys do at some time or other—what's strange about that?

Yet a hundred thousand of them, enlisting all the interest of their respective families, would not begin to approach in total the interest held by this one.

Or *deserve* to!

For, consider a moment. Here we have a twelve-year-old boy worth in his own right over a million dollars—not money that he was born to, but money that he earned himself. He is famous throughout all the civilized world. He has entered the largest city in his country to find his arrival heralded in headlines by every paper in it, and to be welcomed by the governor of the State. He has been the subject of countless interviews and articles, ranging from the most learned psychological analyses of himself and his appeal in highbrow journals, to the sob sisters' simpering tripe in the yellowest. He has exhausted the vocabularies, both native and borrowed, of a young army of press agents. He is without doubt the most famous minor in the whole world.

"That kid's sure sittin' pretty! On top o' the world! No worries for him!"

So it might seem—but is it actually so? Let us see.

What is his life in school, the first place in which he has been put in *direct* contact with the outside world? Does he like it, and do they like him? Is it serving as an antidote by treating him as one no different from the others, or is he privileged? Is he *like* the others?

"The most remarkable thing about Jackie is that he seems *absolutely* unspoiled. The really extraordinary life he has led doesn't seem to have affected him at all."

Thus spoke Mr. P. G. McDonnell, president of the Urban Military Academy, the school at which Jackie is registered.

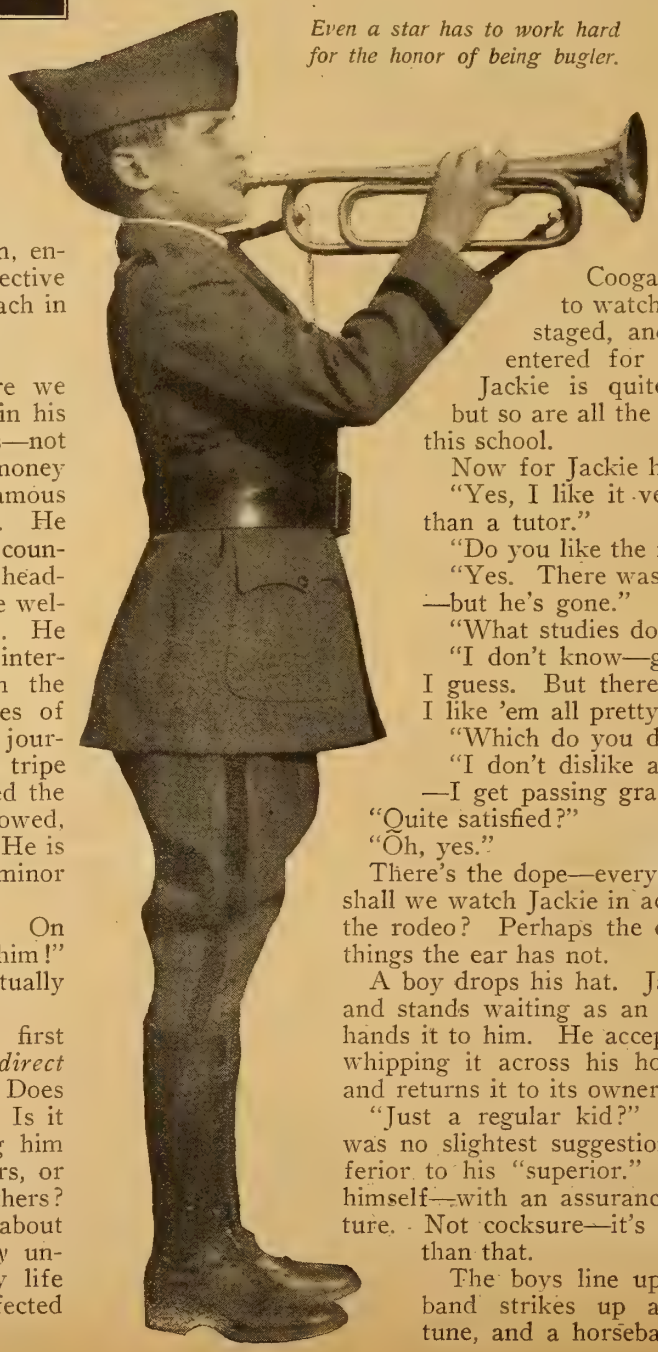
"Do the other boys like him?"

"Oh, yes. He's just a regular kid, and well liked by all—if he weren't regular, he wouldn't be."

"Is he privileged?"

"No—no special privileges are given him at all. He is treated exactly as the rest. For instance, it was quite a time before he succeeded in getting 'best room.' When he did win that honor, I think it was one of the most momentous occasions in his life."

From what I saw of him later I can well understand it.



Even a star has to work hard for the honor of being bugler.

"School, school, school—from morning to night I hear nothing else when he's at home. He doesn't even look forward to his vacation, he is so anxious to be back with 'the boys!'"

This from Mrs. Coogan, who had come over to watch a rodeo that was to be staged, and in which Jackie was entered for several of the events.

Jackie is quite a good horseman—but so are all the other pupils that attend this school.

Now for Jackie himself.

"Yes, I like it very much—much better than a tutor."

"Do you like the instructors?"

"Yes. There was one we didn't care for—but he's gone."

"What studies do you prefer?"

"I don't know—geography and spelling, I guess. But there's not much difference. I like 'em all pretty well."

"Which do you dislike most?"

"I don't dislike any of them very much—I get passing grades in all."

"Quite satisfied?"

"Oh, yes."

There's the dope—everything seems fine. Now shall we watch Jackie in action, taking his part in the rodeo? Perhaps the eye will bring us some things the ear has not.

A boy drops his hat. Jackie reins in his horse and stands waiting as an officer picks it up and hands it to him. He accepts it—that is all—and, whipping it across his horse's flank, rides over and returns it to its owner.

"Just a regular kid?" Well, hardly! There was no slightest suggestion that he might be inferior to his "superior." Jackie seems sure of himself—with an assurance that is strangely mature. Not cocksure—it's far quieter and deeper than that.

The boys line up in a wide circle, the band strikes up a somewhat stumbling tune, and a horseback version of "musical

School

ing home for the first time, in lars in his short, eventful life.

Thorp

chairs" is under way. Jackie lasts until the fifth round, and then finds himself without a chair. He is *out*. He rides from the circle to take his place in the side lines. He watches a moment, and then begins to maneuver his horse about in an intricate fashion.

Suddenly, a comment is heard from some of his mates behind me.

"There goes Coogan showin' off again!"

Whether Jackie heard it or not, I don't know—he continued with what he was doing.

Now it happens that this comment was rather unfair. Not that there was any doubt that Jackie was showing off; but, a short time before, some of the others had been quite as guilty as he—and some were as guilty at the moment. It was simply that *Jackie Coogan* was showing off! Had it been any one else, it would have passed unnoticed. His fame is most certainly *not* a help in this place!

That, of course, is for the best—but would you call it pleasant to hold such a position, a position that carries such a responsibility without any compensating benefits?

Next comes a potato race, only they use oranges instead. The signal is given, and they start. A beautiful sight! They *are* good riders. Jackie reaches his orange before any of the others, but, oversure, he spears it too soon and misses. And after this first failure he seems unable to find success at all. He is the last to return.

He goes back to the side lines and sits on his horse.

From all the events in which he was entered, he has drawn just two prizes—first prize for best-dressed cowboy, and second for best three-gaited horse—neither of which called for any personal excellence on his part. The only movie star participating has not shone with any of the luster usually attributed to such bodies—and he had so wished to do so!

He talks to some of his companions and is now absolutely one of them; that strange maturity I had noticed a while before



Jackie with an instructor and two schoolmates.



He prefers geography to his other lessons. Can it be that he misses the variety and excitement of the studio?

is not present at all. He *is* "just a regular kid, absolutely unspoiled." But he is not allowed this peace for long.

A photographer has come to record all Jackie's triumphs. He aims his camera at him now. Jackie doesn't seem to notice him at all, doesn't shift his head an inch to either right or left—but this attention probably makes up in some measure for his poor showing otherwise.

What a strain to put upon a child! Every slightest movement watched—and he painfully aware of it!

Jackie disappears, and I chat a while with his mother.

Jackie returns.

"Why, Jackie! What's the matter? What've you done?"

"Oh, nothing—just a nosebleed."

"Where did you get it? How did it happen?"

"Oh, just goin' around."

"It's all over your hands! And your shirt! Didn't you have a hanky, dear?"

"No."

"Well, you'd better wash it off, darling."

"Awright, in a little while."

"You'd better do it now."

"Aw——"

"You heard mother!"

Jackie goes.

Continued on page 107

Is Love Ever

Even the telephone has its place
Delaney and Louise Lorraine

Photos by Ruth



The beginning of a telephone conversation is always difficult when there is an explanation to be made.



Somehow it isn't easy to propose, even over the telephone, as above, and isn't it—well, terrible—to get your nerve up to the asking point——

Right. And have central cut you off!



But the voice with a smile wins, even if it hasn't called the particular girl in something like a week.



Prosaic?

in modern courtship, as Charles illustrate in the poses below.

Harriet Louise



And a little sarcasm is good, too, especially if it is tempered with just the least little tone of longing.





The proper note of polite boredom is always a good one for the neglected girl friend to affect.



But how can she remain cold when the voice she loves is calling, and visions of moonlight and honeysuckle and a diamond of a few carats, more or less, float blissfully over the wire?

Left. Darn central, anyway! The dream is shattered!

The Future

The second absorbing install estimate of the movies and

By Sidney



Mary Philbin proves her aptitude for character rôles by being born under the sign of Cancer.
Photo by Chidnoff



Rod La Rocque's lucky star gave him a sense of humor.
Photo by Carsey

A GREAT many letters reach the desk of an astrologer asking what is the best sign for moving-picture success, but the answer must depend upon what particular type of work is referred to.

Aries, the first sign of the zodiac, seems to run to comedy and character leads, for, among those who have attained success in pictures and who have the sun in this sign are Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney, Charles Chaplin, Thomas Meighan, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge, and others who come under this rather heady and clever sign. Harold Lloyd just missed being born in Aries, but he has other planets than the sun strong in his horoscope.

Taurus, the next sign—beginning about the twenty-first of April and continuing for about a month—is more romantic, and boasts among its natives such stars as Richard Barthelmess, Mary Astor, Norma Talmadge, and the beloved Rudolph Valentino.

Those who were born in Gemini, between May 21st and the same date in June, and who may be under the impression the movies are calling them, are not as well equipped to act as they are to write snappy titles and figure out business—which is called gagging the picture—for the directors and actors to put across on the silver sheet.

The outstanding actor of this sign is Douglas Fairbanks, but his horoscope has many more important indications than those of the sun in Gemini, which give him an uncanny ability to estimate what the public wants, most of which seems to be a great deal of Douglas Fairbanks. Taurus is really his strongest sign, making him a pure romantic figure on the screen. Gemini people would do better, that is, all except those few exceptions like Fairbanks, if they would stay behind the camera in their motion-picture work.

The sign Cancer contains our greatest imitative character portrayers, other planetary positions in the horoscope showing the general type of character the individual will handle the best. Jean Hersholt, Richard Dix, Jetta Goudal, Cullen Landis, Mary Philbin, and Alberta Vaughan are among the shining lights of this sign. On the stage, George M. Cohan is the outstanding Cancerian, for he has never had a venture which failed to make money—one of the rare hundred per-centers. The sun is in Cancer from June 21st until July 21st every year.

From July 21st till August 22nd, when the sun is in Leo, we find producers, directors, and exhibitors being born, for this is the sign of the organizer and promoter, particularly during the past twelve years while Neptune, the guiding planet of the cinema, has been in this sign.

With the sun, moon, and seven planets in every horoscope, it is natural that some other position of the chart of birth would be stronger than that of the sun, from whose position we obtain the dates on our calendar, so there are those who, for reasons other than the location of their natal suns, seem to be successful natives of Leo in celluloid art. Among the most noteworthy are: Eleanor Boardman, Clara Bow, Johnny Hines, Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer, and Lawrence Gray—who will probably wind up as a producer, rather than as an actor.

Virgo, in which sign we find the sun from August 22nd to September 23rd every year, is the sign of most photographers, film cutters, and scenario editors, not to mention film critics and publicity writers, who should be included, I suppose, because of their great numbers. When their



Mary Astor was born under the romantic sign of Taurus.



Photo by Freulich

Jean Hersholt is another Cancerian who can't get away from character rôles.

of the Stars

ment of a well-known astrologer's certain prominent personalities.

K. Bennett

Photo by Chidnoff



Phyllis Haver has been basking in the rays of prosperous Jupiter.

Lawrence Gray, who the stars predict will eventually become a producer instead of an actor.

Photo by Louise



solar positions are well supported or augmented by dramatic ability from other parts of the chart, we find such worthies in this sign as Ricardo Cortez, Pat O'Malley, Ruth Roland, Esther Ralston, and Neil Hamilton. And, because Virgo is an earth sign, the minute these people get enough money to make a down payment on a piece of California, they enter the real-estate scramble out there.

Libra, the most just and also the laziest sign of the entire zodiac, must furnish the big bulk of the audiences that view motion pictures, for it takes a great deal of pushing to get the natives of this sign to display even half their artistic abilities. Nevertheless, we have among the stars of this sign a few who are not lazy—other planets and positions again—but it takes a lot to overcome the Libran's tendency to stay put. Among the successful Librans are: Lillian Gish and Irene Rich. The sun is in Libra from September 23rd to October 22nd every year.

I know I deserve a kick-back from a good many Librans who have recently been through the most restrictive transit of Saturn, and who have had nothing but the worst of hard luck and bad breaks during the past five years, and it is possibly for this reason that I cannot mention more who are at the height of their popularity right now.

The natives of Scorpio, too, have been under the lash of Saturn, the tester of souls, for approximately two and a half years These are the men and women born between October 22nd and November 21st. Perhaps this accounts for the difficulties in the past of many we have known and loved among the natives of this stern and hard-working sign. Prominent among natives of Scorpio on the screen are: Leatrice Joy, Mabel Normand, Eugene O'Brien, and Lewis Stone. The difficulties of some of these have not been apparent, but they must have had many troubles in appearing in pictures satisfying to themselves during the last two years.



There is the breath of high hills, big spaces, and keen humor in the men of Sagittarius, the sign occupied by the sun between November 21st and December 20th every year. Among these are most of our successful Western stars.

I have never failed to find Sagittarius strong in the charts of those who can do a day's hard riding to lift the mortgage at midnight on the day it is due. And the sense of humor of these people is probably the keenest of any in the entire circle of signs; it is always bubbling through in spite of all the director can do to prevent it. Universal has tried the comedy Western picture, but I doubt whether they have ever done it right, for when it gets out that such is an ideal combination, there will be a stampede at the box-office. Will Rogers, a Sagittarian, had to leave the movies temporarily or abandon his sense of humor, but he has resumed screen work. Others of this same sign are: Reginald Denny, William S. Hart, and Rod La Rocque. Saturn, the planetary wet blanket, is now creeping up on those in this group, those of the earlier dates in the sign having already felt it.



Photo by Spurr

Ruth Roland was born under Virgo, which explains her interest in real estate.

Bobby Vernon's stars did not help him to achieve fame —he had to do it by himself.

During the past year and a half or more, the beneficent and prosperous Jupiter has been going through Capricorn and Aquarius. Those born between December 20th and January 19th have the sun in Capricorn and have been basking in the pleasant rays and benefits of this comfortable and expansive planet. Among the natives of this sign are: Vilma Banky,

Continued on page 98



Photo by Louise

"Tea for Three" may sound like polite drawing-room comedy, but it has meant strenuous nights of work on location for Aileen Pringle.

Over the

Fanny the Fan points with pride, views offers an unsolicited testimonial, and up

By The

DID you ever know the film colony to get as excited over anything as they are over the ten per cent salary cut?" Fanny asked, quite as though she meant it.

As a matter of fact, I have. They were just as excited over the first importations of foreign pictures, over the introduction of efficiency men, morality clauses, and Bessie Love's incomparable performance of the Charleston and Black Bottom; over the mystery surrounding just what Will Hays does to earn the magnificent salary the picture industry pays him; over the producers' threat to displace old favorites by heavily advertising newcomers who get much smaller salaries. Over almost anything, in fact, from a published slur on movie stars' manners, to failure to list them among the workers on a charity drive. From what I have seen of them, they are a volatile lot.

But Fanny, sensing my attitude no doubt, gave me no chance to speak up.

"Well, at least the threatened cut united all the players into one big revolutionary army. And gave them a leader. If you don't already know it, let me inform you that Conrad Nagel is the hero of the actors. He is their general, spokesman, and idol.

"All the cowboys, strong men, and stunt actors of the movies, as well as all others, make a low bow and murmur his name when courage is mentioned. Conrad made their exploits look like child's play when he faced the producers and told them just what the actors thought of their proposal to cut salaries.

"Later, he led the movement of the players toward joining the Actors' Equity. Now, the players have answered the producers' request that they accept a salary cut by a demand for shorter working hours.

"In addition to his fearless attitude, Conrad impressed all his fellow players with his sound reasoning, his poise, and his ability to express himself clearly and succinctly. Norma Shearer did not do so well, according to all accounts. She wandered from the main points at issue with what men like to consider truly feminine inconsistency. From all accounts of Norma's speech, I think her best friend would admit that at a critical moment like that she should have been seen and not heard."

Photo by Ba[illegible]



Somewhat aghast at Fanny's admission that there is anything Norma does not do well, I asked her who, if any one, among the feminine satellites could have done better. She gave me a baffled look.

"I don't know," admitted Fanny, and you can mark this down as the first time Fanny has ever admitted there is *anything* she doesn't know.

"I'm not sure of any one," she went on. "A few months ago I could have sworn that Mary Pickford could take the platform and speak intelligently on any subject. But since her speech dedicating Grauman's Chinese Theater

Olive Borden has gone off to the Canadian Rockies to film scenes in and for "Pajamas."

Teacups

with alarm, confesses new enthusiasms, holds her reputation for lively chatter.

Bystander

I am wavering. It seemed to me then that she had nothing to say, and said it at considerable length. I'm inclined to think Leatrice Joy would be my candidate for spokesman. I've never heard her address an audience, and I'll grant that she might lack that hypnotic power that comes from fifteen minutes' practice a day and a subscription to somebody or other's correspondence course. But Leatrice has an incisive mind and unshakable convictions. Oh, well, why worry about it now? The first flurry of excitement is over, and by the time the next battle with the producers develops, Joyce Coad and Mickey McBan may be old enough to lead the fray."

"Speaking of battles——" I began.

"I know," Fanny cut in, "you're going to ask me about Colleen Moore. And I'm ashamed to admit she hasn't confided to me any of the details about her war with First National.

"All I know is that all their difficulties are patched up now, that Colleen got everything she was fighting for, and that she will be back soon. She will continue to make her pictures under the sole supervision of her husband, John McCormick, and she does not have to make them out at the First National studio. She is going to rent space at the Metropolitan studios, where Corinne Griffith used to make her pictures. And First National is going to build a bungalow dressing-room for her there. There's a rumor to the effect that she will get a fifty-thousand-dollar raise on her next pictures, but with all she gets now that is really a trifle.

"I talked to her once over long distance and she was bubbling with excitement. She and John have bought a yacht and are coming back on it as far as New Orleans. That was some recompense for the trip to Europe she thought she would get, but didn't, when she broke off diplomatic relations with her company.

"She says that she isn't going to work so continuously in the future. No more Saturday nights and Sundays at the studio. She is going to give week-end parties on the boat."

"So I suppose you have your yachting costume all picked out."

"Well," Fanny granted, "I did cut a picture of May McAvoy out of the paper. She had on the smartest outfit — regular sailor blouse, and little, round gob cap.

"And speaking of May" —what was probably intended as a beatific smile spread over Fanny's countenance—"I am about to



Photo by Duncan

It hardly seems fitting that May McAvoy's next picture should be entitled "Slightly Used."



The freshness and youth of Ann Rork make every one else seem a little old, a little jaded. Photo by Spurr



Photo © by M. I. Boris, N Y.

Gilda Gray's welcome to California took the form of her appointment as honorary mayor of Castellamare.

send her an unsolicited testimonial. It will be addressed to Doctor McAvoy. She came along just in time to save me from days of acute suffering from a bad case of sunburn. It seems that 'The Fire Brigade' was an educational picture—educational for May, at least—for she found out what firemen use on their burns after exposure to flames. She told me about it—it is carron oil, in case you are interested—and a few applications of it stopped the pain. What May didn't warn me of, was the—shall we be elegant and say aroma? For days I smelled like the spirit of Cape Cod. Maybe May wasn't doing me such a good turn after all, for she made a recluse out of me for days.

"By the way, it hardly seems fitting, but the name of May's next Warner picture is 'Slightly Used.' Do you suppose they mean the heroine, or the story?"

"And is it possible," I asked, "that they were inspired by Gloria's great success, 'Manhandled?' Somebody is sure to try to imitate that."

"But I hate to have May the victim," Fanny lamented. "That title suggests any number of others—'Second Hand,' 'Bent But Not Broken,' and 'Strictly Fresh.' Oh, well, if history repeats itself at Warner Brothers, they'll probably change the offending title, anyway.

"I've resolved never to praise or condemn a picture again on advance reports of it. I thought that from all accounts Buster Keaton's college picture was going to be a riot of laughs, and even though I saw it with Ann Cornwall, who played opposite him, I couldn't muster more than a chuckle or two. And the scene Adela Rogers St. Johns wrote into 'The Patent Leather Kid' that I thought was going to make screen history, and give me a good cry besides, has been so changed that the audience breaks into irreverent laughter.

"The combination of Lubitsch and 'Old Heidelberg' sounded thrilling, but after the picture had been previewed and Lubitsch had left for a trip to Germany, a long siege of retakes began.

"Still, embittered as I am about great expectations that flop, I can't help looking forward to seeing Raoul Walsh on the screen again. He is going to play in 'Sadie Thompson,' with Gloria, as well as direct it."

"You mean in addition to directing it, I presume."

But Fanny would have it her way. She glanced around the crowded Montmartre, waving airily at Carmelita Geraghty and Laura La Plante as they came in.

"Laura will be lucky if she gets her name in electric lights with the title of her next picture. 'Thanks for the Buggy Ride' will use about all the lights and space in front of most theaters. Laura's had a nice vacation over in Honolulu. I don't blame her for looking serious at the prospect of getting back to work. Do you suppose it is really true that Florence Vidor intends to make her home in Honolulu? She is going there again as soon as she finishes 'A Celebrated Woman.' It seems a bit far for commuting. The title of that picture might be changed to 'A Brave Woman;' she has Hedda Hopper in the cast. And any girl, no matter how beautiful or smart, is brave to risk comparison with Hedda, who is both, and getting more so every day.



Photo by Monroe

After a brief vacation in Honolulu Laura La Plante has resumed the serious business of making farces.

"I'm disappointed that you haven't remarked about my restraint," Fanny complained bitterly. "I have every right to a few loud 'I told you sos.'"

"I suppose Rin-Tin-Tin has broken another box-office record," I granted, resigned. Fanny glared at me.

"No," she said coolly. "A girl I thought had screen possibilities has at last been given a chance. Every one I recommended her to told me I was crazy. But Adolphe Menjou and the powers that be at Paramount were so impressed that they gave her the lead in Menjou's next picture."

"You might tell me who she is."

"Oh, Shirley O'Hara. She is a slender, dark little girl from Mexico City. A friend of Dolores del Rio. She has been trying to break into pictures for the last year or so, and I wouldn't have blamed her if she had given up in despair. I believe the usual criticism of her was that she looked too intelligent.

"There are simply loads of new girls coming into pictures. Sometimes I get a terrible sinking feeling that some of the old guard will get crowded out. There's this Sue Carol, a society girl from Chicago who has signed with Douglas MacLean. Haven't seen her, but eyewitnesses pronounce her a beauty. Then there's Lupe Velez, Hal Roach's Mexican sensation who has been lent to Douglas Fairbanks. And now Harold Lloyd has picked his new leading woman from a fashion advertisement. Any screen-struck girl hearing about these lucky breaks will refuse to believe that years of training and apprenticeship are essential to the screen player.

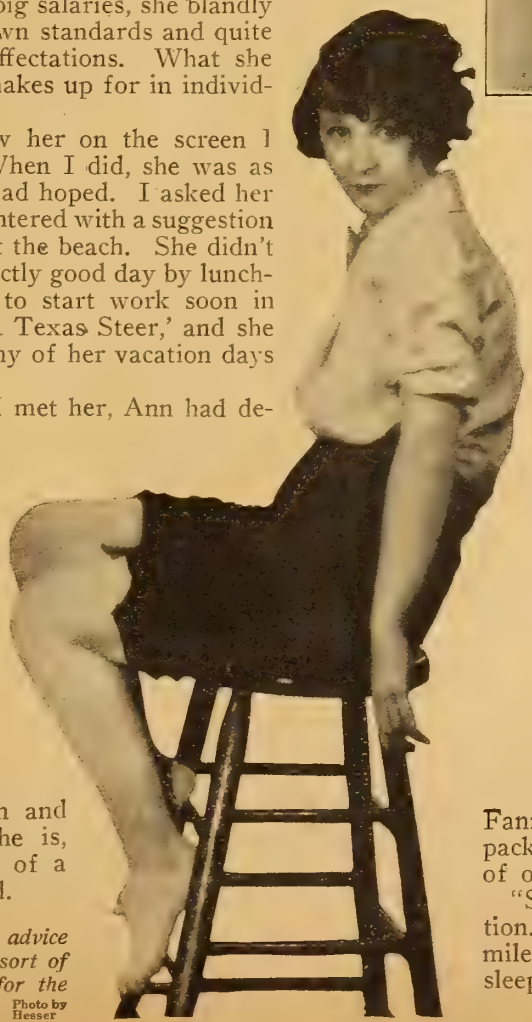
"I feel my loyalty to a lot of old favorites slipping, when I see youngsters like Flobelle Fairbanks and Ann Rork on the screen. Poise and technique can never make up for the gorgeous appeal of youthful vitality.

"I might as well warn you that I've been quite bowled over by Ann Rork. If you don't agree with me, you can choose the nearest exit, or stuff your ears with cotton. I don't claim that she is going to be the dramatic sensation of the age, or anything like that. Everything has come to her too easily. After every picture or two she can skip off for a vacation in New York, and if she ever gets tired of working she can quit without worrying about her livelihood. But I do think that she brings a rare quality to the screen. She represents the new generation. She insists on selecting her own Who's Who instead of accepting ready-made standards and idols, and instead of worshiping at the shrine of players just because they make big salaries, she blandly measures them by her own standards and quite frequently flays their affectations. What she lacks in reverence she makes up for in individuality.

"The first time I saw her on the screen I wanted to meet her. When I did, she was as breezy and candid as I had hoped. I asked her to luncheon, and she countered with a suggestion that we spend the day at the beach. She didn't want to break up a perfectly good day by lunching in town. She had to start work soon in Will Rogers' picture, 'A Texas Steer,' and she didn't intend to waste any of her vacation days in town, where it's hot.

"A few days before I met her, Ann had decided that she was of a blond temperament. Promptly she visited a hairdresser and got bleached. But her father didn't agree with her judgment, and next day her tresses were dark again. Not just the natural shade they were before, but the best a hairdresser could do."

"If she is as modern and fearless as you say she is, what would the wishes of a father matter?" I asked.



Every one is eager to offer advice to Ann Cornwall about the sort of comedies she should make for the Christies. Photo by Hesser



Photo by Louise *A girl of modern Scotland is to be Norma Shearer's next rôle.*

"Oh, well, she's fond of him. And she wouldn't be stubborn and make an issue of a little thing like the color of her hair.

"Have you noticed what an epidemic of flame-colored hair Clara Bow has started? It is a bit trying on any one less spectacular than she is. It is just the color of that rust-proof paint they put on iron.

"People really shouldn't follow fads so slavishly. Joan Crawford has a lot to answer for; she started going stockingless, and now every one is doing it. The girls who haven't a coat of tan use dark powder on their legs. I've learned that to my regret. The footprints of the famous in the concrete forecourt at Grauman's Chinese Theater are as nothing to the powdered silhouettes of famous legs on my upholstered furniture. No, I won't tell you whose they are; they might think I was complaining, and I don't want to shut myself off from such amusing callers.

"This place seems deserted, doesn't it?" Fanny ignored the fact that the tables were packed so close that they were almost on top of one another.

"Simply loads of people are away on location. Aileen Pringle has been working at night, miles from anywhere, and motoring home to sleep during the day. 'Tea for Three' sounds

Continued on page 110

A Gesture from Jetta

The picturesque Goudal assures her public that she is unchanged, and the acquiescent interviewer agrees.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IN receiving ambassadors of the press with an eye to being embalmed in limpid prose, it is invaluable to the artist to be able to put on a good show. And I venture the guess that no one puts on a better one than the picturesque Goudal, the svelte brunette who entered pictures silently enough, made a resounding hit in "The Bright Shawl" as a wicked half-caste, signed with Paramount, then decamped to the De Mille ranks and something very like stardom.

Four years ago, more or less, when Jetta swept magnificently into the Plaza to let me watch her sip tea, the general public turned to stare. She was unknown. She was the merest novice in pictures. Yet she was even then a compelling creature—slim, majestic, a trifle flamboyant, decidedly unusual. There was a foreign air about her; as she walked she seemed swathed in an aura of mystery. The combination is enough to make any lobby crane its neck.

She was exotic, colorful, bizarre. Zisses and zats dotted her conversation. Her hands fluttered gracefully in vague arcs searching for the correct word or phrase or idiom. A dim, amused smile lighted her dark face now and again. She was distinctly a personality.

When the years brought increasing notice and a meed of fame, it seemed only proper to revisit Jetta for purposes of checking up. What change had stardom wrought?

Again la Goudal put on a good show. As became a stellar lady, she was ensconced in a suite at the Ambassador. She had not brought her car East, but she had transported a secretary to answer phone calls, and a trained nurse to make tea and keep the rooms at mean temperature.



Photo by Pearsall

Jetta Goudal can be relied upon to put on a good show for an interviewer.

As became a stellar lady, she was charming in her apologies for arriving half an hour late. A liveried chauffeur first swung open the door, then Jetta swooped in, white cloak, white turban, white shoes, looking for all the world like the new Flying Cloud.

"Ah, it is so good of you to come!" she cried, extending a gracious hand. No prima donna could have made a more lavish gesture. "I have been rushed so. This New York, you know! Personal appearing—but that I do not mind—lunches, theater, fittings, everysing. Ah," this a gentle sigh of relief as she gracefully draped herself behind the mountain of tea things gleaming and glittering ominously.

Always picturesque on the screen, Goudal loses nothing by showing herself in the broad light of the afternoon sun. Her high cheekbones, slanting eyes, full lips, slim figure, all serve to present an arresting picture. She is a composite of all the shady ladies history offers, in effect. She personifies evil. Selecting parts of her should offer no difficulties: *Bella Donna,* Circe, or Borgia, more insinuating, more subtle than the Taylor version.

"Now that you're a star, I suppose you're hard to handle," I said.

"Mais non!" demurred Jetta, hands upraised daintily in polite horror. "Why do you sink?"

There were tales of her temperamental outbursts at Lasky's, I told her.

"Sir," she said earnestly and dramatically, "those stories were base lies! They were printed in the papers, but they were untrue. I would not play silly rôles. I would not do things that revolted me artistically. Artists have conscience, you know, or they cease to be artists. So with me. Sir, they maligned me. They say I was hard to direct. No! They try to break my contract. But they cannot. So they take it to court to prove how temperamental Goudal is. That is how you read those awful things! It is untrue, sir!"

Papa De Mille understands her, said Jetta. Papa knows an artist when he sees one. The "papa" is Jetta's contribution; I should never think of him as anything less than Brigadier General. Once, true enough, Jetta took exception to his direction, and left his cast, rather than play low comedy. This was Hollywood history, when "The Volga Boatman" was being spooled for posterity and the neighborhood theaters. "But we understand each other now," she said happily. "I would not rather play for any one."

Up to this point Jetta had shown little or no sign of stardom. She was not different from the unknown exotic of four years ago; she had not changed. Then casually, innocently, she let slip a remark about her public, and I realized that all was not quite the same. I remarked it.

[Continued on page 98]



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

JETTA GOUDAL, exotic, colorful, bizarre, is found to have practically everything except a sense of humor by Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose pen portrait of her on the opposite page presents the star as she is after four years of success.



GEORGE K. ARTHUR has never actually played the rôle of a *Good Samaritan*, yet his infectious humor and sly pranks have helped many a limping picture along the way to success. He will next shed his sparkle on "Olga from the Volga."

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise



Photo by Preston Duncan

LOUISE FAZENDA is the perennial comédienne whether she is *Milady in Lace and Pearls* or *Sunbonnet Sue* with a milk pail. And what she was in "Cradle Snatchers" is nobody's business! Trust her to do right by "Simple Sis," her next.



Photo by Autrey

EVER since Madge Bellamy gave her flaming performance of *Sandy* she has been doomed by the gods of the cinema to go on playing young ladies remarkable for their scorn of the Victorian conventions. So that the few. she permits to know her real self are not shocked by the title of her new picture, "Silk Legs."



Photo by Preston Duncan

MONTE BLUE has tried everything—the drawing-room, the open spaces, the railroad tracks, the baseball diamond and what not—for his heroic rôles. Now he is to invade the roped arena and knock some one out in "One Round Hogan."



GLORIA SWANSON'S infinite variety extends beyond the screen, for it is not every wife who can hold the rapt attention of a husband, and a marquis at that, while she plays mumblepeg in the garden. But Gloria is never the loser, and certainly this delectable glimpse of the simple life in Hollywood is another triumph for her.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

THE GLORY GIRL"—who is she but Esther Ralston, at least twice as beautiful as any star has a right to be, three times as talented as she seemed to be a year ago, and altogether worthy of a low bow.



MILTON SILLS has not appeared on the screen all these years without forming definite ideas of what the public expects of him, which he explains in lucid and entertaining style in Helen Louise Walker's story on the opposite page.

Photo by Irving Chidnoff

He Acts with His Head

Milton Sills doesn't believe in feeling his rôles or allowing his emotions to dictate his acting.

By Helen Louise Walker

THE big stage at First National looked like a barracks. Groups of men, dressed as army officers, sat about, playing poker, gossiping, smoking, telling stories. The distinctly masculine atmosphere was fitting, somehow, on a Milton Sills set, for Sills is, I think, definitely a man's actor.

There was jerky, excited, minor music somewhere and a sound of men's voices shouting prodigiously.

We rounded a corner and came almost face to face with Mr. Sills who, his countenance flushed and contorted with a sort of desperate rage, was fairly screaming into the camera, "You lie! You lie! O-oh, you lie-e-e!"

A brother officer clasped him from the rear in an effort to keep him from doing whatever it was he was about to do. I took it that he wanted to leap at some one but could not tell just whom. What with the shouts of the director and the intensely articulate rage of Mr. Sills, there was a whale of a hullabaloo.

They were making close-ups and the thing began to seem very funny to me. Mr. Sills kept on poking his head around a corner and shrieking, "You lie!" only to be dragged back by his companion. He went through the motions of knocking some one down—only there was no one for him to hit. But he was just as earnest, apparently, as though he had been charging a whole battalion of men with his bare fists.



Milton Sills in the sort of rôle he likes to play, with Molly O'Day, in "Hard-Boiled Haggerty."

However, despite my inward levity, my amazement began to grow, as it always does when I watch a competent actor at work before the camera. How a man can turn such a flood of emotion on and off at will—how he can achieve a paroxysm of rage which has all the characteristics of real anger—contortions of the facial muscles, dilated eyes, flushed countenance, huskiness of voice—at a moment's notice, is beyond my comprehension.

It is a different matter on the stage where an actor has the stimulus of dialogue, the consciousness of his audience, and where the mood increases in intensity as the action progresses. The high point of emotion in a play is reached during rehearsals and becomes, through repetition, a mechanical and almost automatic performance. But for a man to stand up alone in the informal atmosphere of a motion-picture set and battle an imaginary foe, with a director yelling instructions at him through a megaphone the entire time, and give a convincing portrayal of a man in the grip of uncontrollable rage is, to my mind, a wonderful thing.

A whistle blew presently and he came off the set and sank down, utterly exhausted.

"I have lost my voice," he whispered to me with a wry smile, "acting in the silent drama!"

He was dressed as an American army aviator and I remarked, "Another war picture?"

"Not really," he told me. "There is very little war stuff, fighting, in it. It is a romance with a military background. We get the glamour of uniforms—a love affair between an American soldier and a French girl. It is a simple romance and the suggestion of war time merely adds color to the story."

"Why is it," I wondered, "that war stories are so popular just now when the public would have none of them in the years just after the war was over?"

"That is always true in any country after a war," he said. "At first, while the horror is fresh in their minds, people want to forget about it. As time passes they begin to forget and they surround it in retrospect with glamour and romance. Our minds reject the unpleasant things and retain the pleasant ones.

"Soldiers, reminiscing about battles, recall funny things or brave and beautiful things. They remember the jolly times they had on leave and the jovial *camaraderie* of their fellows. Looking back, they think it was fun—they believe that they enjoyed it! They would not have said that when they first came out of the army. They have forgotten mud and blood and hunger and the horror of human slaughter.

"Women who lost sons or husbands or lovers persuade themselves that they died gloriously—beautifully. They turn away from the thought of the horrible thing it was in actuality.

"And so we can dress up our memories of the war in romance and color it with our imaginations, and enjoy the result of our fancy. If this were not true, we should not have wars. Human memory is very short."

He leaned back in his chair, puffing at a cigar in an amber holder.

"I have had an exhausting day," he said. "I shall have a short time to rest now—and try to get my voice back."

"How on earth do you do it?" I wanted to know. "How do you act?"

Continued on page 96



A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD DARE-DEVIL

"BUZZ" BARTON, the thirteen-year-old addition to the ranks of Western stars, has probably done more real riding than nine out of ten of his screen riding seniors.

Born in Gallatin, Missouri, young Barton began riding horses bareback at the age of three years. And it was not the mild old nags that drag the plows with which Buzz began to play at this early age.

When Buzz was five years old, his father and mother made a trip to California by automobile.

While passing through Arizona, the family stopped for several weeks at a cattle ranch, where the youngster commanded the respect of the cowboys by his skill in horsemanship. The young rider climbed on an unbroken horse that had just been brought in from the range, and disappeared across the horizon in a cloud of dust. A little later he returned with the horse completely broken.

It was here that he gained the nickname of Buzz. As he came galloping back to the corral, one of the boys remarked, "Young Barton seems to be buzzin' along all right."

Newhall, California, became the boy's new home. Here Buzz continued his riding and was tutored in trick horsemanship.

He got his start in pictures by doubling for screen youngsters when difficult horsemanship was required.

After making one picture for F. B. O., he was signed to star in a series, the first of which, "The Boy Rider," has been completed.



The delegation of notables and near-notables from Hollywood paused for bows and a photograph at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

A Good Idea Gone Wrong

Behind the scenes on a personal appearance tour that led across the country to the Shriners' convention in Atlantic City, and ingloriously ended in disappointments and misunderstandings.

By Helen Klumph

IF you live in one of the cities along the route of the Santa Fe, between Los Angeles and Chicago, or the Pennsylvania, between Chicago and Philadelphia, you may be one of the thousands who rushed down to a railroad station to greet the Screen Star Special train that recently went East. If not, you may have read the newspaper accounts of the jaunt that ended with a cool reception and financial difficulties in Atlantic City.

There were hundreds of columns printed about it; flowery encomiums, caustic insults, reports that treated it as a tragedy, a joke, a hoax. You may have been a bit bewildered over the ballyhoo that attended it, but take heart, you were no more bewildered than some of the members of the party itself. To us it was a tragedy and a fantastic jest, but above all it was a gigantic and unfortunate muddle.

I was a member of the troupe that left Los Angeles so gayly, sped on our way by blaring bands, showered with *bon voyage* gifts and good wishes by film celebrities, who at the last minute found that production plans at their studios would keep them from going. I was a member of the party that paused in transit through Albuquerque, Dodge City, Emporia, Newton, Fort Wayne, and other towns too numerous to mention, that dispensed oranges, bows, and speeches to frankly bewildered audiences which gathered at the railroad yards.

Advertised as a train that bore "more stars than there are in heaven," we delivered a motley group of weary and cinder-flecked travelers that included three popular stars, six or eight well-known featured players, and a clamorous, publicity-mad collection of aspiring players almost as little known to the studio-casting directors as they are to you.



Photo by Hesser

Betty Francisco was on the ill-fated jaunt to Atlantic City.

But perhaps you would like to know how all this started and why. So would we. All I can offer is the facts as they appeared to us.

Some time late in the spring, word went around Hollywood that members of the film colony were to be taken to Atlantic City during the Shrine convention as guests of the Shriners. It all sounded very jolly; a special train bearing many of the most charming and companionable people in Hollywood; all expenses paid, no obligation but to appear at a parade and ball.

Invitations were sent out, similarly glowing and vague. Dozens of people signed and returned them, signifying their intention of going.

A Good Idea Gone Wrong



Photo by Hesser

Helen Ferguson has a genius for organization, and the trip might have ended differently had she not been summoned back to Hollywood.

Until the train pulled out, such personages as Madge Bellamy, Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were promised as members of the party. But on the train the only members of the party of thirty-five whom you are likely to know were Marie Prevost, Madeline Hurlock, Dorothy Phillips, Julanne Johnston, Anne Cornwall, Mary McAllister, Betty Francisco, Shannon Day, Marguerite de la Motte, Sylvia Ashton—"Mother" Ashton to thousands of fans as well as to all the members of the film colony who date back to the pioneering days of pictures—Jack Hoxie, Ben Turpin, Alan Forrest, Ward Crane, James Horne, the director, Cullen Landis, Walter Hiers, J. Warren Kerrigan and John Bowers. Of the others, some were pretty girls and nice enough in their way, but when they were introduced to audiences as the great rising stars of the screen, it is not surprising that there was only a slight ripple of applause from a few polite hands and many "Boos!"



Photo by Cannons

Madeline Hurlock had a great time posing as a fan and mingling with the crowds along the way.

The tale that nothing was expected of the players but an appearance in Atlantic City was all wrong. The train was stopped at every sizable city, where a committee of welcome and crowds of people waited, and the players were ordered in no uncertain terms to get out and be introduced. Being guests, they had to comply, even if it was against their better judgment, and even if it came—as it usually did—in the midst of an exciting hand at bridge.

Helen Ferguson was a member of the party when the train pulled out of Los Angeles, but she was summoned to report to the Warner studio and had to turn back at Las Vegas. Had she stayed throughout the trip it might all have been quite different, for Helen is one of those girls who not only has a talent for organization, but who always elects herself to do all the hard work connected with any enterprise in which she is interested.

It was Helen who, horrified at the slipshod way that the players were introduced at the first stop, invited them to her drawing-room and interviewed them, typing brief speeches of introduction for the master of ceremonies, giving him data about their best and most recent pictures and the sort of parts they played. It was Helen who sought to provide against some little-known player crabbing the major part of the fifteen minutes allotted for each stop, by making out a program which provided for the best-known players being introduced first.

That was a shrewd move, for not only were those the players the public most wanted to see, but players who have long enjoyed popular acclaim learned that a brief bow in public is more effective than one of those time-worn old speeches beginning, "We who work in the silent drama miss the stimulus of an audience's applause. I am so *thrilled* to meet you all face to face"—or any number of kisses flung airily from the finger tips.

The little-known players would hang on to the railing of the observation car, bowing and smiling until the last section hand had tired of staring, or even until the train had pulled out. But Marie Prevost, Julanne Johnston, and one or two others would hurry back to their rooms, there to listen to the comments of the crowd as it straggled by.

Madeline Hurlock revealed an impish sense of humor on the trip, took me with her and mingled with the crowds at the stations, making comments on our fellow passengers and getting the strangers standing near her to explain who the visitors were.

When an innocent bystander pointed out Jack Hoxie, opining that he was "Buck" Jones, Madeline would insist earnestly that it must be Tom Mix, as no one else had a right to such a big hat. Ward Crane she gleefully pointed out as Norman Kerry, and she enthusiastically concurred with a nice old lady who identified a quite unknown extra girl as Vilma Banky. We promoted quite a bit of enthusi-

Continued on page 115

The Vitaphone in Hollywood

The talking device for the first time, is actually being used as a part of a feature picture.

By Edwin Schallert

AND now, ladies and gentlemen, the next number on our program will be given by that charming little artist, whom you all like so well, little Miss Go-go, formerly of the Ziegfeld "Follies"—check room!"

The last was said sotto voce, but in an audible tone. Whereupon there was a burst of laughter, and the guests assembled in the make-believe cabaret, pounded on the tables with little wooden mallets.

It was the first day of shooting—and recording—on the Vitaphone set in Hollywood, and the most elaborate experiment yet made in the mechanical combining of sound with motion pictures.

At the Warner Brothers studio, on a newly and specially constructed stage, they were photographing a replica of a famous San Francisco midnight haunt of strayed revelers, known as "Coffee Dan's." The Vitaphone was being used to catch the songs, jazz numbers, patter, and other simulated impromptu entertainment that invariably associates itself with a resort of this character—a sort of Western counterpart for the famous "Tex" Guinan's Night Club of New York. The people taking part in the scene were mostly newcomers—blues singers, dancers, joke makers, harmonica players, and what not.



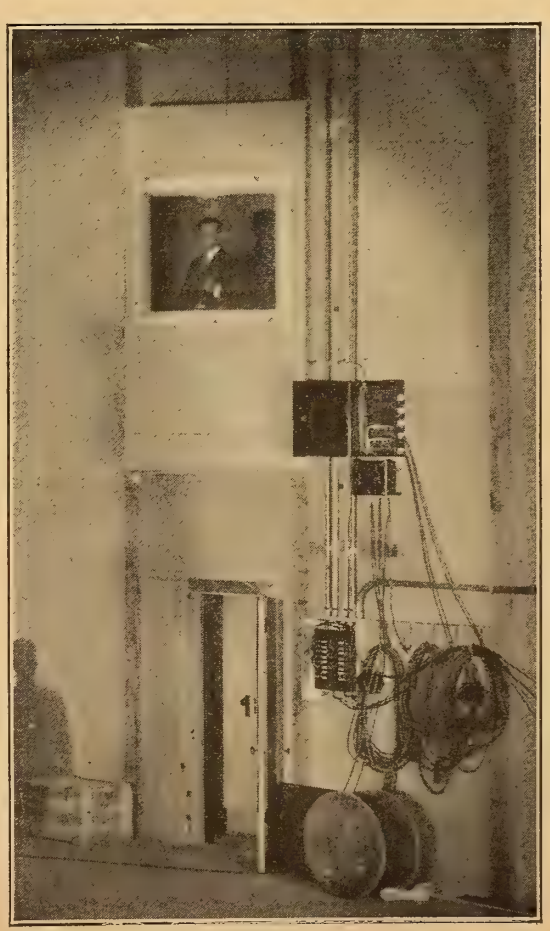
Photo by Duncan

Al Jolson is initiated into the secret of movie make-up by May McAvoy.

Bringing the Vitaphone to Hollywood is regarded as an event of some significance. Whether the world of picturegoers believes in the so-called "talking films" or not, it must be conceded that the installation of a recording apparatus right in the film colony itself holds large possibilities. There is the suggestion, at least, that the voices of some of the stars will be heard à la phonograph, in conjunction with their shadowy appearances.

Vitaphone is now known to a fair-sized public. About two hundred installations have been made in theaters. PICTURE PLAY readers who have not actually heard the appliance, may remember having read something about the first try-outs at a New York première that were published in an issue of the magazine some months ago.

Since then, it would seem, progress has been registered, for the quality and scope of this new entertainment has shown rather marked improvement. Recent recordings seem much more human and natural than the earlier ones, where the settings were terribly stagy and voices somewhat grotesquely detached from those owning them. Will H. Hays' introductory speech, where he seemed to be talking through a rather heavy cold, was a fair example, as were some of the vocal pyrotechnics of Marion Talley and the Metropolitan Opera Chorus. But these were very early try-outs.



Very little has been told as yet of Vitaphone films in the making, except that the public has learned that this represents virtually a blending of phonograph and radio principles, and that the sound effects are timed to go with the film impressions because they are both recorded simultaneously. Thus a man will seem to speak or sing from the screen itself, when the best results are obtained with the new instrument, although as indicated before this does not always happen.

The glass enclosed booth that regulates the volume of sound is the only feature that makes the Vitaphone stage different from the usual studio set.



"A Night at Coffee Dan's," one of the Vitaphone acts with Roy Maher at the piano, Nita Martan singing, and William Demarest playing the violin.

Vitaphone, it should be mentioned, is not the only device for so-called "talking pictures;" there is also the Movietone sponsored by the Fox organizations, and one or two others.

The Warner Brothers experiments are to crystallize in the production of a feature called "The Jazz Singer," in which Al Jolson will be the star.

The tale of "The Jazz Singer" is said to bear a resemblance to his own life. It is about the son of a Jewish cantor, who goes on the stage. He virtually forsakes the conventional usages of his religion, until a certain night when his father is taken desperately ill, and the call of tradition proves too strong. Instead of going on with the show in which he is playing, he takes his father's place in the synagogue and sings the famous chant, "Kol Nidrei."

There will be scenes in "The Jazz Singer" that will actually be "talking scenes." The picture lends itself quite naturally to song because its dramatic punch hinges upon the rendition of the Jewish plaint at the climax.

The dialogue will be purely incidental to the film action and will be used with the view of intensifying the effect. Whether it will actually do this or not remains to be seen, but at any rate it will be a chance to test the innovation. There will be lines spoken by Jolson in the rôle of the young jazz singer, and by the father, with musical accompaniment, so that the intrusion of the spoken word will not seem too obvious.

The "Coffee Dan" setting is the locale where the hero's talents as a singer are discovered. Here Jolson will have a chance to sing one of his "Mammy" songs, or something comparable to "Blue Skies" or "Ain't She Sweet" that happens to be ultra-fashionable in popular music circles during the time that the production is filming. Warner Oland incidentally will portray the cantor, but he will have a double for the singing—the famous Cantor Rosenblatt, who has been heard on the concert stage and in vaudeville. May McAvoy will be the heroine, but she will not have to do any singing.

The California Vitaphone studio is designed for the best photographic as well as sound effects. Photography has been lacking in the Vitaphone pictures thus far—the earlier ones looking seedy enough in their stagy settings to take one back to fifteen years ago. All these pictures were of course made under very disadvantageous conditions in the old Manhattan Opera House, in New York, which will continue to serve, however, for that talent which is only available in the Eastern metropolis. This includes Metropolitan opera stars, big music-show favorites, and the like.

Very little attempt has been made so far to develop talent for the Vitaphone, which may be done on a large scale now in Hollywood—just as movie—and even radio—talent has been especially developed.

Some of the stars that wouldn't be suspected of having especially good voices may show new flourishes of talent. I looked at a test reel and recording in the Warner projection room which is equipped with Vitaphone. In this reel Buster Collier sang a song, and did it remarkably well. One thing particularly that caught the eye—literally—was the ease of his performance. He knew how to act before the camera with a grace that the opera singer cannot possibly acquire in a single try-out. Not only did the impromptu scene look more real but it sounded more real also. Incidentally, Buster has a very pleasing voice.

Now if Buster can so manage, why not other stars? Why not some of the screen's greatest celebrities like Doug, Mary, Gloria, Norma, and others, leaving a permanent impression of their voices—speaking anyway?

Vitaphone is now in its early stages, just as pictures themselves once were. There are many obstacles to overcome, but the explaining of these would be tedious.

My impression of the process was interesting. Just for the fun of it I worked in one of the "Coffee Dan" scenes as atmosphere. This

Continued on page 106



Eddie Peabody, one of the Vitaphone entertainers.

A Hero to His Interviewer

A close friend finds Hugh Allan is blessed with the steadiness and strength of character that make for success.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THIS story ought to be good. It has been a long enough time broiling. No, I don't mean baking. You bake over a slow fire of steady temperature.

And there is nothing steady in my friendship with Hugh Allan. We're usually busy having a quarrel. It's a habit. Maybe that's why we're good friends. We quarrel so often that we've become expert at it, with individual embroidering. During calms I would sit down to do nobly by Hugh in print, and then we would have another fuss, and I'd be switched if I'd say anything nice about him.

Hugh can be the most attractive, the most likable, and the most exasperating being. I see why the girls make a sheik of him, though I pretend to scoff. Tall, so handsome that I hate to mention it because he will read this, athletic, earnest, he should screen well. And his recent work in "The Cruel Truth," in which he gets in all the scenes, because both mother and daughter are in love with him, and the fact that he has been chosen to play an important rôle in "The West Pointer," with William Boyd, indicates that the producers are beginning to notice him.

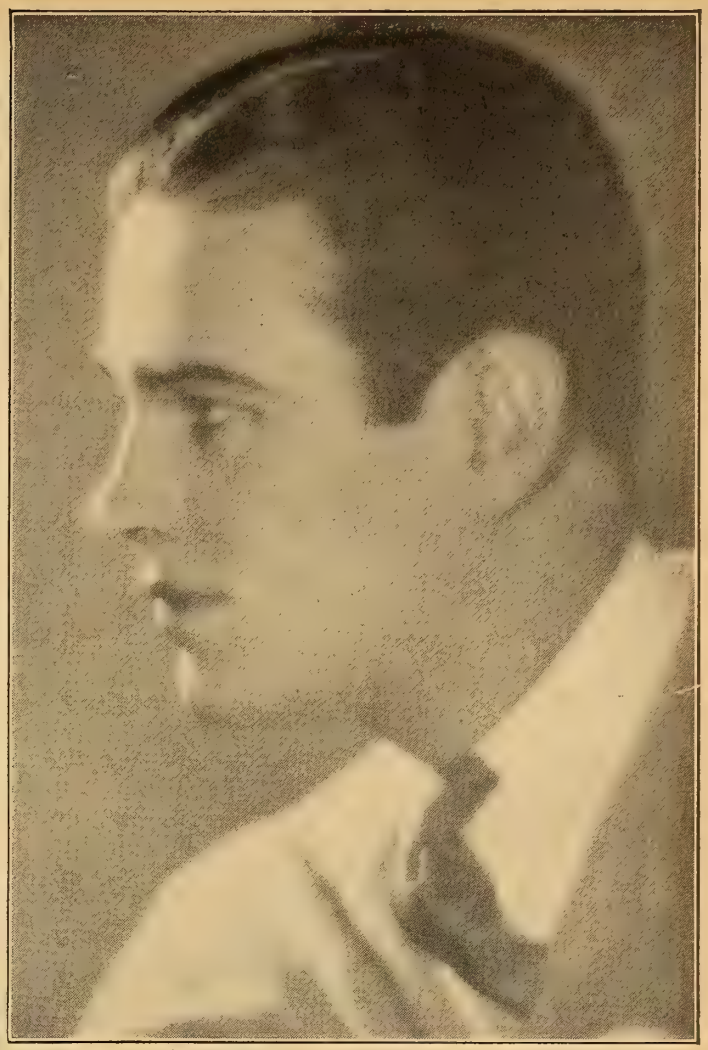


Photo by Spurr

There is something of steel in Hugh Allan's make-up —a kinship with the machinery he loves.



Hugh Allan, with Constance Howard, in a scene from "The Cruel Truth."

He first came to attention when Mary Pickford selected him for her lead in "Little Annie Rooney." To celebrate, he bought a radio, fell off the roof while adjusting it, and a broken arm gave another, more careful, boy a chance. A First National contract proved brief and uninteresting in opportunity. Until recently he did little to write home to San Francisco about.

So it happens that I have never seen him on the screen and must refrain from critical appraisal or glowing predictions. I rather don't want to. I might have to compliment him, and it would go against the grain.

My ideas about Hugh seem jerky. Maybe that's what to expect of a serial friendship. I met him under an automobile. He was, I mean. I wasn't. He poked out a very dirty face, grinned, and disappeared. A car can lure Hugh from a girl, any day. That was a few months after he had come to Hollywood, had got a job as secretary to a producer of college comedies, had talked himself into cranking a camera, had looked himself—he *is* good-looking—into acting.

I never thought of him as an actor, then. He seldom spoke of his struggles to get ahead, never voiced the ambition that I have since found in him. He was interested in sports and mechanics and, temporarily, in a succession of pretty girls. He would bend for hours over a wood-carving from which his Christmas cards evolved, or listen to music, almost intoxicated by melody. He has an artistic strain which he derides and restrains until it gets the best of his reserve. He has no wise-cracking line, thanks be. Serious, given to thoughtful discussions, he is enveloped in a sternness rifted only by a chummy grin.

When a personal sorrow came to each of us, the shadows darkened those golden, jubilant days and light, moonlit evenings of parties and talks. During a time of grief and illness, I began to see a side of Hugh's character that may not be apparent on the screen, for it is hidden from his casual friends. He is taciturn, never given to displaying sentiment. Yet not only did he prove a dependable and thoughtful friend, but

Continued on page 100



Photo by Johnston

Jean Arthur had played in many pictures before she was first seen by the critics on Broadway, in "The Poor Nut."

Manhattan

Informal meetings with the stars, yield intimate little truths that re-

By Aileen St.

THE ship was about to sink. The S O S call had gone unheeded. Men and women in negligee were making a mad dash for the lifeboats, and Allan Dwan, alone imperturbable, watched the proceedings with a vigilant eye, making frequent admonitions through a megaphone.

On deck all was calm. German officers laughed freely. George O'Brien puffed a cigarette and Virginia Valli hobbled about with a cane. In a quiet nook sat a phenomenon in the person of Felix Riesenberg, an author who, on viewing the transference of his brain child to the screen, actually beamed with satisfaction and admitted freely that the director had improved the plot of his novel "East Side, West Side." Be that as it may, only time and the first public showings will tell.

"East Side, West Side" boasts the presence of a newcomer who looks so promising that Fox, who is doing bigger and better things, signed her for several years after viewing the rushes of her first work.

Her name is June Collyer. We met her first some months ago, at one of Lois Wilson's lunch parties at the Cosmopolitan studio, just after Lois' fight for "independence." Miss Collyer was, so to speak, one of the crowd that afternoon, but her beauty, simplicity, and well-bred poise made her one of the girls you don't forget. It was with considerable astonishment we found her one hot afternoon playing a leading rôle in Dwan's latest opus. And a few days later came the contract.

Miss Collyer is one of those who did not have a struggle to earn their celluloid spurs. Her family did not cast her off because she mentioned the screen, nor was there a road of silent, patient heartache leading up to that happy moment when she signed on the dotted line. There are no sobs and breast heavings to record. No weary waiting, no cruel indifference on the part of managers, and no tears save perhaps sudden tears of happiness, accompanied by little giggles of delight.

Tall and willowy, singularly pretty, Miss Collyer has spent much of her time in drawing-rooms since she graduated from Miss Knox's School up the Hudson. Her duties had been merely social ones. Then one eventful afternoon, she decided that an idle life was not a happy one, and determined to do something about it. She began by posing for fashion photographers.

"This taught me that most valuable of all assets, how to wear clothes," said Miss Collyer, "and the hours in the studios taught me to overcome camera shyness. It taught me to manage myself, without which knowledge my first attempt before a movie camera would have been an awful flop."

She visited the vari-



June Collyer has been persuaded by Fox to give up society for the screen.

Medley

as they tarry in New York, veal them as they really are.

John-Brenon

ous picture companies in the East and had screen tests made. Paramount made one just before moving to the Coast, and Robert Kane was ready to sign her when Allan Dwan came along and offered her a part in "East Side, West Side"—and the deed was done. Her family viewed her activities with interest, and her mother, who had been on the stage herself, can scarcely conceal her pleasure, though it is the duty of all real mothers to be a bit apprehensive, ostensibly at least.

However, the family agreed that June should have her chance, and no spokes clogged the wheels when the new contract called for immediate departure for the Coast, where she will continue her career chaperoned by a watchful aunt. Armed with letters of introduction from Colleen Moore she set blithely off for Hollywood, heartwhole and fancy free.

Ethlyn Vindicates Herself.

While on the subject of newcomers let us consider the case of Ethlyne Clair. Yes, Ethlyne is her name, though the Clair was derived by a metaphysical method propounded by Ethlyne's mamma who has a leaning that way, Ethlyn will tell you.

Ethlyne came back to New York a Universal star, having left a couple of seasons previously to play *Mrs. Newlywed,* or the mother of *Snookums,* out on the Coast. She came first from Alabama, via Washington, to continue her art studies, in the midst of which she acquired a job, a boy friend, and many sets of pastels and water colors. She dropped the boy friend and the water colors, in the proverbial fashion, when she found the job would take her to California and make a moving-picture queen out of her.

The boy friend did all he could to dissuade her. He pictured the yawning Hades awaiting to engulf her, her speedy downfall, and the crushing of the ideal he had set upon a pedestal.

"But I went, anyway," she announced, "and when I came back to New York last week, he proposed to me. Didn't think I had changed a bit. Which just goes to show you that a good little girl can be a good little girl anywhere."



Photo by Alexander

Estelle Taylor was the cynosure of all eyes during her one day in New York.



Photo by Ball

Dorothy Phillips is so "homey" that you are likely to talk about how to make over last year's dress, and such things.

Estelle Gives a Luncheon.

When Estelle Taylor came to town everybody wanted to see her, and Estelle Taylor, good sport that she is, wanted to see everybody. That's the sort she is. Full of life, full of good spirits, full of *camaraderie.*

When Jack Dempsey passed through the metropolis en route to his training camp, his wife of course came with him. They are an outstandingly happy couple, just as much in love as they ever



Photo by Freulich

Ethlyne Clair confessed that the boy friend who warned her against the movies has proposed again.

were; and though Estelle's visit was to last but twenty-four hours, she simply had to make the journey with stalwart Jack.

Estelle spent three of her precious hours at a luncheon she gave for her friends of the press at the Algonquin, and at the same time she gave a surprise party for her husband a few tables away. Unknown to him, his friends gathered round the festive board, and upon his arrival he found not only a sea of friendly faces, but a mountain of boxing gloves taking the place of the usual *hors d'œuvres* of more conventional taste.

Miss Taylor supplied her guests with bouquets of summer flowers, and the two gay parties were the cynosure of all eyes.

A New Impression of Colleen.

Colleen Moore is everything that everybody says a moving-picture star should not be. She is neither beautiful nor alluring nor exotic. She fails to come under any of the familiar headings that you read about in the public prints. You cannot describe her as "an exquisite creature from Hollywood," "a slender, svelte being with an oval face and delicately molded features." Neither does she radiate "the subtle lure of the Orient," nor the conventional attraction of the movie vamp.

In short, she cannot be tabulated by any of the familiar phrases. She's a bit of a hoyden if you like—an elf, mischievous and naughty, but very real and keen, too—a mercurial little thing whose moods write themselves on her saucy, mobile face.

As a matter of fact, she's an argument for brains against beauty as an asset for screen success. By brains I do not mean that she discourses on the pessimism of Schopenhauer, the theories of Freud, or divulges the pros and cons of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. But she uses her wits. She's very much alive to every situation and brings a childlike enthusiasm and a mature understanding to the handling of it.

You may be surprised to hear that—yes, we must admit it, she's skinny—and it wouldn't be surprising to hear that the girls in her class called her "pie face." She has the round, plain, countenance which usually calls forth that apellation. And her eyes shine out like two big glass beads. Her uncle and her husband and her brother adore her. They form an admiring, indulgent triumvirate. But she's not spoiled—far from it. As a matter of fact, we fancy she knows a great deal too much about life to let good fortune ever spoil her. Because, despite all her youthful spirits, she has fought her own way along in the world, and that wise little head, regardless of freckles and the rest of it, has managed to make herself one of the biggest box-office attractions in the country.



Colleen Moore is more interested in the career of her brother Cleve than in her own.

Photo by Chidnoff

Tom Mix is her rival, which makes you think that no matter if the exhibitors cry for cabaret scenes and the rest of it, what the public really likes is wholesome, rollicking jollity, and deeds of gallantry and daring.

Colleen has an idea that people like to laugh. She likes to laugh herself, so she's concentrating on comedy, and now that the family squabble with First National is over and done with, she believes that between work and play and comedy, she is going to have the time of her life.

Cleve, her brother, is climbing the celluloid ladder, too. Colleen is terribly proud of him, but she won't say so in his pres-

Continued on page 116



In a Cottage Small

Renee Adoree and William Gill, her newly wedded husband, spend honeymoon hours in their Hollywood home.

The heroine of "The Big Parade" surprised every one by marrying a Los Angeles business man instead of an actor, but *Mélisande* is nothing if not capable of the unexpected.

Mr. and Mrs. Gill, above, are daydreaming. Here's hoping that nothing newer than the old Chinese bowl ever comes between them.

The bride's fingers wandering over the piano keys, below, find her husband properly attentive to her mood of sweet pensiveness.



Honeymoon kisses! They are remembered as long as life lasts by those who give and take them. Mr. and Mrs. Gill, in a state of bliss, above, are probably unconscious — or unmindful — of the camera.





The Banky-La Rocque wedding boasted an all-star cast. Reading from left to right are the bridesmaids, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Diana Kane, Mrs. Abraham Lehr, the matron of honor; Mr. and Mrs. Rod La Rocque, Bebe Daniels, Constance Talmadge, and Monique La Rocque.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end
That, one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

Hollywood's

The marriage of Vilma Banky to Rod La Rocque

By Elza

TWO days before Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque were married, I spent a brief half hour with them in the quiet library of Vilma's apartment in Los Angeles.

The room was crowded with gorgeous wedding gifts. There was a magnificent set of silver, including solid service plates, from Sam Goldwyn, the producer, who brought Vilma to this country from Berlin, made her famous, and in a few days was going to give her away in marriage, just as her father would have done had she been wedded in her native Hungary.

There was a handsome silver coffee urn from Ronald Colman, a beautiful tea service from Mrs. Earle Williams, lovely Cappo di Monte ware from the Antonio Morenos, stacks of exquisite linen, paintings, etchings, books, and countless other treasures. These were the advance wedding gifts, such as are usually seen when celebrities or society marry.

In the dining room maids were laying the table for Vilma's dinner party to her bridesmaids—Bebe Daniels, Frances Goldwyn, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Constance Talmadge, Monique La Roque, and Ann Lehr, matron of honor. Any other household under similar circumstances would have been in a state of hectic turmoil. Not Vilma's! The maids reflected some of the calm and serenity of their mistress. There was almost a hushed silence about the entire proceeding. Door bells and telephone calls were disposed of quietly and unobtrusively.

Rod, too, was entertaining in his home that night. A farewell bachelor dinner to his best man, Cecil B. De Mille—the director and producer who helped him attain fame and fortune—and the ushers, Ronald Colman, Jack Holt, Harold Lloyd, George Fitzmaurice, Vilma's first director in this country, Victor Varconi, one of her countrymen and best friends, and Donald Crisp.

There would be a final rehearsal of the wedding following the respective dinners, and on Sunday, at three p. m., Father Mullins would marry them in the beautiful Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills—a church virtually built



Vilma Banky was delighted with the perfume shower given for her at Bebe Daniels' home.



Photo by Kahle *Ushers never get the attention accorded bridesmaids, but at the La Rocque wedding even the male attendants proved interesting. Left to right they are: Harold Lloyd, Ronald Colman, Donald Crisp, Samuel Goldwyn, who gave the bride away, the bride, the groom, the best man, Cecil De Mille, Victor Varconi, George Fitzmaurice, and Jack Holt.*

Great Romance

was an idyllic ending to a beautiful love story.

Schallert

by the film people. A reception at the Beverly Hills hotel would close the nuptial festivities—and then, they would start on their honeymoon trip through the Canadian Northwest.

Vilma and Rod were both nearly exhausted when I called on them. Ever since the banns of the marriage had been published at the church, three weeks previous, they had been the inspiration for dinners and dances and teas and luncheons. Besides, five showers had been given for Vilma alone.

Lingerie, perfume, handkerchiefs, hosiery—the things dear to the feminine heart, were brought to her on these occasions by the most prominent women in the colony—charming gestures, and typical, of Hollywood film actresses to a fellow player from a strange land.

It seemed pitiless and out of reason on this trying day to question them about their future plans when their present plans had not yet been consummated. But they are both clear-thinking, deliberate persons, who despite their great, rapturous romance, had evidently meditated the responsibilities of marriage, and were prepared to express their views. I have talked to many prospective brides and grooms and countless newlyweds both in the film colony and out, and either they are shocked out of their wits when any reference is made to their future, or they sing with intense fervor the old tune, "Here is one marriage that is going to stick."



And may they live happily for ever after.

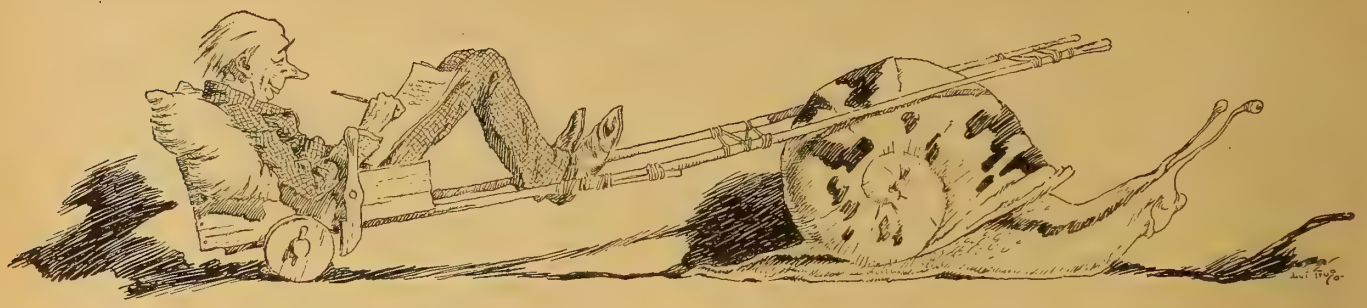
Twenty-five out of a hundred marriages don't stick. Members of the social world transgress as often, comparatively, as members of the film world. And they should have less reason. Professional married people, who follow individual careers which take them out of the home, always place their matrimonial happiness at stake.

Vilma and Rod didn't sing the old refrain. I think they are too wise for that. After all, who can speak of to-morrow with any security? But I feel that they are going to put forth every effort humanly possible for two temperamental, hard-working people to make a success of their marriage. As Vilma said, with her charming accent:

"I have think a vary long time before I marry Rod, or any man. Marriage is a vary serious step—especially for an actress. Rod will make me divinely happy, I am sure, and I hope I will make him happy. He understands me. I think I understand him. And it is vary important that we both understand our work. Moving-picture work many times is terrible trying and irritating, and would upset household if husband or wife were not sympathetic.

Continued on page 95

The Stroller



Sparkling comments on the film colony and its people by a Hollywood rambler.

By Carroll Graham Illustrations by Lui Trugo

MANY were the quips which raged through the movie colony when the Producers' Association got together and decided to make a substantial reduction in all studio salaries.

"Give till it hurts," said one victim. It's for a worthy cause—the Jewish relief."

Another actor risked and, I believe, eventually lost his job because of one quip the humor of which was too tempting to be overlooked. The Lasky studio started the move by slashing all salaries ten per cent and in the case of stars and directors at an even larger rate. Previously a sales convention had been held at the studio and a large sign "One Hundred Per Cent Paramount" was erected. The actor marked out the "One Hundred Per Cent" and replaced it with "Ninety Per Cent."

When the announcement of the reduction was made general throughout the studios, angry little groups gathered to discuss the move. Despite mournful statements of producers as to the dire financial condition of the industry, the studio workers whose pay checks were in jeopardy could hardly feel that their employers were on the verge of starvation.

The trouble seems to have blown over now but it certainly was a tempest in a teapot while it lasted.

There are a great many ways of maintaining a "front" in Hollywood, but one screen leading man has worked out a system that tops them all.

His greatest asset is a Rolls-Royce roadster, a green, shimmering monster, all shining metal and polished glass and wonderful to behold. When he draws up to call on his newest date he is already off to a good start on his campaign to impress her.

"Do you mind," he asks, "if we drive out to Beverly Hills and look over some property of mine?"

She does not. In fact she is quite delighted to bowl along Sunset Boulevard in such grand company.

"This isn't actually my property," he explains en route, "but my agent has been after me to buy it."

In Beverly Hills he cruises through the beautiful residential district until he finds a suitable spot with a "For Sale" sign in view.

"Ah, this is it," he says. The maiden coos delightedly, as the actor strolls about the place with lordly air. "Well, I don't know—seventy thousand dollars. Grounds are rather small—have to put in a swimming pool. Wonder how much discount he'd give me for cash?"

By this time the act is completed, the new flame is on the verge of swooning, and the leading man has again demonstrated his versatility as a mime.

I'm looking forward to the next Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Western starring Colonel Tim McCoy, solely because of its director.

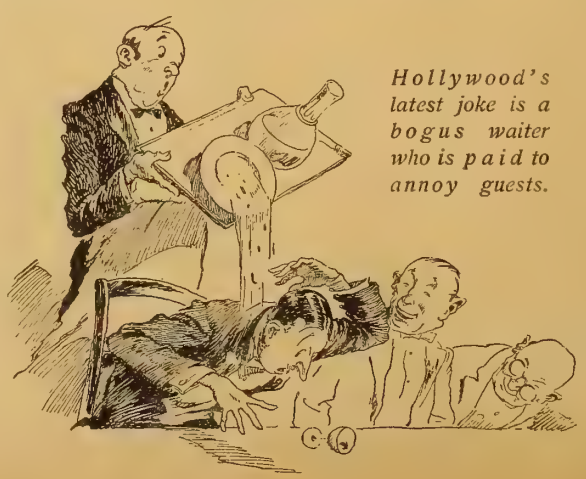
I read in the public prints that Mr. Viatcheslav Tourjanski, late of Russia, who has directed a number of pictures in France, has been signed to sit in the canvas chair on this story of the great American West. Tourjanski, who has been in America but a very short time, speaks no English and has only a Pullman-car acquaintance with the West. The result should surely be worth seeing.

In spite of his lack of knowledge of the lone prairie, Mr. Tourjanski may make a good picture. One of the most prolific writers of Westerns in Hollywood is one Isidore Bernstein, whose knowledge of the cow country is, I suspect, purely hearsay.

One of the most important duties in any studio is keeping actors in their place, and the publicity office in one drama cannery has found an effective means of doing it.

On the office wall are framed portraits of all the actors in the studio's employ, and the press agents have developed an honor system indicated by the position of the pictures.

When any star arouses the ire of the publicists in any manner, his or her portrait is turned to the wall and remains in that position until the offending mime does something to restore himself to good favor.



Hollywood's latest joke is a bogus waiter who is paid to annoy guests.

The stars know of the system, and make it a point to visit the office almost every day to see how they stand.

One little actress—usually a favorite—left on a vacation without coming in to say goodby. Her picture faced the wall until her return.

Another came in and sold all the press agents tickets to a charity ball,

constituting an offense serious enough to merit a reversal of her portrait.

Still a third actress invited them all to lunch and failed to show up. She was almost tearful when she found she had been disgraced.

A card explaining the actor's misdeed is attached to the back of every photograph, and one young juvenile has been facing the wall for weeks and can't seem to get back in their good graces. The only explanation on his picture is, "He's just a blurb."

The tremendous amount of snobbery and the rigid caste system of the movie colony is occasionally leavened by a complete reversal which is immeasurably refreshing.

In a recent tennis tournament at the Palomar Tennis Club in Beverly Hills some interesting matches developed, chief of which was the contest between Jerry Webb, an office boy at the First National studio, and George Archainbaud, a prominent director formerly with the same studio. Archainbaud worried for a week about the match, consulted various persons as to Jerry's game, and eventually lost in very good spirit to his seventeen-year-old opponent.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, the novelist, had a studio property man as her partner in the mixed doubles, and managed to defeat the same Jerry and a studio stenographer.

Theodor von Eltz, the leading man, went down to defeat at the hands of Martin Connica, camera man.

Charles Ray and Winston Miller, brother of Patsy Ruth, were eliminated from the men's doubles by David and Myron Selznick, sons of a pioneer producer, and themselves studio executives.

There is a man who works in two-reel comedies in Hollywood, whose chief source of livelihood is being a professional "annoyer" at banquets.

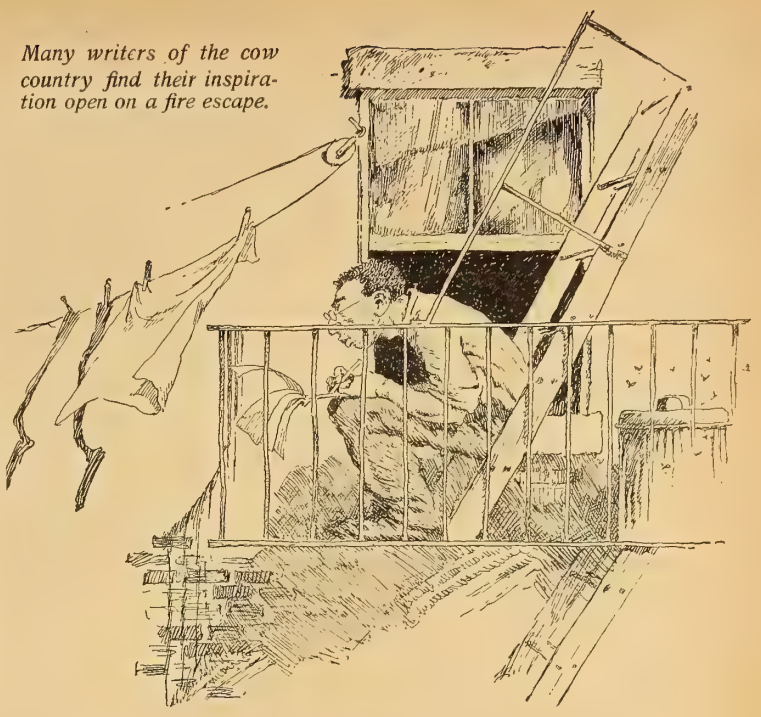
His name is Henry Murdock, and he is admirably fitted for his strange occupation. Devoid of self-consciousness, it is impossible to abash him, and he seems to have no personal fear of assault.

At dinners and banquets he is engaged to pose as a waiter and roam among the tables bothering the guests. Sometimes he is assigned to pick on one particular diner to the amusement of the others.

Appearing to be a real waiter, he will stand behind you and murmur "Wrong fork!" when you reach for the silverware, remove your plate before you have finished, or whisper "Pig!" in a low but audible tone when you take a second olive.

At a recent film banquet Henry centered his attentions on Alexander Korda, the Hungarian director, with astounding results.

Korda is a very charming person, with a fine sense of humor, but he has not acclimated himself as yet to Hollywood's gags. When Henry began to annoy the director and his party, Korda couldn't understand what all the confusion was about, and it wasn't long before the comedian had captured the Hungarian's goat.



Many writers of the cow country find their inspiration open on a fire escape.

Henry climaxed his performance by snatching Korda's plate from him, and immediately bedlam broke loose. The director leaped to his feet sputtering Hungarian invective, seized Henry and started to eject him from the room.

Another waiter—a real one—who didn't know Henry's game, interfered at this point and busted the comedian quite lustily on the chin.

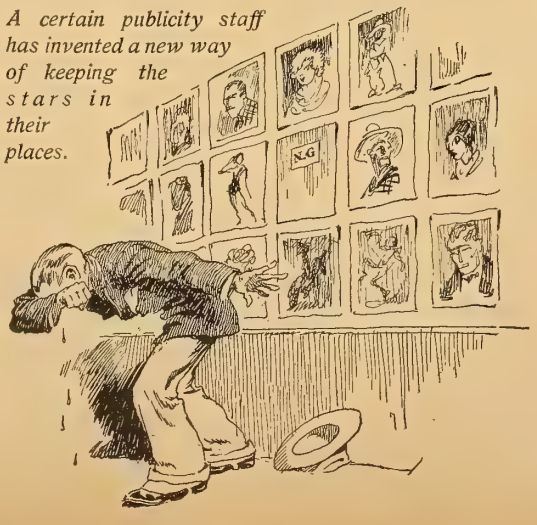
Some one took a hand and rescued Henry from an incipient homicide, soothed Korda, and chased the angry waiter away.

Henry loves his work and doesn't mind an occasional wallop in the jaw. Discussing it a few moments after quiet had been restored, Henry, his eyes beaming with pride, said:

"I told yuh I'd put it over. I knew I'd start a fight before the evening was finished."

A new industry has popped up in Hollywood. It is the sale of lunch boxes, containing a few sandwiches, pie, and what not, along the principal highways. The sales are made by very comely young girls who stand on the corners and smile sweetly at passing motorists. It is the ultimate in capitalizing on that well-known quality of sex appeal brought into general conversation by the movies.

There seems to be no general relation between this paragraph and the preceding one except that I drove over Cahuenga Pass the other day and saw Reginald Denny, his expensive roadster drawn up to the curb, autographing one of his photographs to a beautiful sales girl.



A certain publicity staff has invented a new way of keeping the stars in their places.

I'm glad to see that George Lewis, who has been starring in Universal's "Collegian" series, has been advanced to features. He is playing the leading rôle in "The Four Flusher."

I saw George play his first part before the camera about two years ago, and a few weeks later I saw him realize a dream common to every one, that of

Continued on page 110



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Better 'Ole, The"—Warner. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of *Old Bill,* veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto.*

"Fire Brigade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A real thriller about firemen and fires. Don't miss it. Charlie Ray is his old, lovable self as a boy fireman in love with a millionaire's daughter—May McAvoy.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenious comedy of browbeaten younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Rough Riders, The"—Paramount. Interesting picture built round Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American War, and interwoven with the simple, human love story of a girl and two soldiers—Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack, and Charles Farrell.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Haines as a wise-cracking Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neil as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountaineers themselves enacting the simple but intensely interesting story.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"We're in the Navy Now"—Paramount. Uproarious comedy, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton as a couple of rookies in the navy by accident.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Affair of the Follies, An"—First National. Film of a dancer who is sought by a rich man, but marries a poor clerk, with ensuing quarrels and misunderstandings. Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes, and Lewis Stone.

"All Aboard"—First National. Fast Johnny Hines comedy of an acrobatic shoe clerk who somehow lands in the Arabian desert and saves the heroine, Edna Murphy, from a sheik.

"Annie Laurie" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in mildly interesting picture based on the ancient feud between two Scotch clans. Norma Kerry is the blustering hero.

"Blonde or Brunette"—Paramount. Sly farce at its best. Adolphe Menjou as a jaded Parisian bachelor who becomes involved between a blonde and a brunette. Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal.

"Cabaret"—Paramount. Gilda Gray in sure-fire film of a dancer who foils the villain, saves her erring brother from jail, and captures the heart of the detective—Tom Moore.

"Camille"—First National. Norma Talmadge lovely in unconvincing modern version of Dumas' tragic love tale. Gilbert Roland shines in romantic rôle of *Armand.*

"Casey at the Bat"—Paramount. Wallace Beery in amusing film of baseball in the '90s, with Zasu Pitts as the home-town milliner who wins the heart of our hero.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"Children of Divorce"—Paramount. A high-society film dealing with the unhappy lives of three children of divorced couples. Lots of plot and excellent cast, headed by Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, and Gary Cooper.

"Convoy"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill in secret-service melodrama of a society girl who sacrifices herself to save the United States navy, only to be spurned by every one and clapped into jail. Lawrence Gray and William Collier, Jr.

"Easy Pickings"—First National. Mystery film, with Anna Q. Nilsson in rôle of a "boy" crook who turns out to be a long-missing heiress. Kenneth Harlan is the gentleman hero.

"Evening Clothes" — Paramount. Adolphe Menjou in mildly diverting story of a bankrupt Parisian boulevardier who, when his creditors permit him to keep one suit of clothes, chooses evening dress. Virginia Valli and Louise Brooks.

"Fashions for Women"—Paramount. Gay Parisian farce revealing Esther Ralston in a dual rôle and an array of beautiful clothes. Einar Hansen and Raymond Hatton.

"Fourth Commandment, The"—Universal. Good hokum, with Mary Carr and Belle Bennett both present to keep the tears rolling. Deals with the dire influence of too much sweetness in a mother-in-law.

"Frisco Sally Levy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sally O'Neil in amusing comedy featuring the intimate home life of a family headed by an Irish mother and a Jewish father.

"Getting Gertie's Garter"—Producers Distributing. Slim but harmless farce, featuring Marie Prevost's frantic efforts to return to Charles Ray the bejeweled garter he gave her before he became engaged to another.

"Hills of Kentucky"—Warner. Rin-Tin-Tin again in a film well worth seeing. Tale of wild dog tamed by a child's kindness. Dorothy Dwan and Jason Robards.

"Is Zat So?"—Fox. Featuring the comic results when a down-and-out prize fighter and his manager—George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe—temporarily act as butler and second man in a Fifth Avenue mansion.

"It"—Paramount. Clara Bow makes entertaining this film of an impudent shopgirl who cops the owner of the store, Antonio Moreno, in spite of a ritzy rival.

"Jim the Conqueror"—Producers Distributing. Featuring a feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd and Elinor Fair aligned against each other.

"King of Kings, The"—Producers Distributing. Sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ. H. B. Warner dignified and restrained in central rôle. Cast includes Jacqueline Logan, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, and Rudolph Schildkraut.

(Continued on page 118)

The Screen in Review

A critical résumé of the new films.

By Norbert Lusk



Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton are the most optically gratifying couple the screen has seen in many a day, and their picture, "Ten Modern Commandments," is highly agreeable.

IN a month which is likely every year to bring to light many waifs and strays among pictures, "Ten Modern Commandments" has the smiling face of a long-lost child. And is as welcome. It happens to be a very good picture, but its value in a dull month is that of a masterpiece. Forthcoming super-specials will not easily displace it, if every one's enjoyment is as great as mine. Many a "big" picture has less of the vitality, cleverness, and charm of this program film which has only aimed to be entertaining by means of sure-fire material, and makes no pretentions at all. Esther Ralston is the star, and opposite her is Neil Hamilton—two such young people as you won't find every day and you never have found before in the same picture. And you will wish to, again, if they communicate to you even a part of the pleasure they gave me.

Miss Ralston gave us, in "Fashions For Women," a glimpse of that awakening for which I hold Dorothy Arzner largely responsible; and in the new picture, with the same director, she demonstrates again that she is a delightful comédienne with a degree of beauty which would be spectacular if it were not as natural and artless as that of a pink rose. Mr. Hamilton, unluckily cast as a conventional hero and not a *Digby Geste* by any means, enlivens it with flashes of suppressed humor, and his usual ingratiating dignity, which isn't usual in any one else on the screen. All of whch is another way of saying that the two are ideally paired in this story of a boarding-house slavey, who turns chorus girl to put over the song of the young composer who has aroused her sympathy.

She is *Kitty O'Day,* the sunshine of her aunt's theatrical boarding house, with its collection of professional oddities. *Tod Gilbert,* from the country, is also an oddity because of his innocence of the ways to bring his song to the attention of those who might buy it. So *Kitty* takes a hand in the matter, and by a ruse reaches the ear of *Disbrow,* the great producer, who employs her to protect him from the wiles of the girls he "glorifies" in his show. Then he listens to the song and it goes over big. But *Tod* has disappeared, and the rest of the story is given to searching for him, *Kitty's* tilts with the jealous prima donna, and her final triumph on the opening night when she browbeats the prima donna, sings the song in her stead, and makes a hit.

All this sounds like a fairy tale of theatrical life, but it's a great deal more. Suspense plays a larger part than you might expect, when *Tod* is seen with the detective who has been hired to find him, and when *Disbrow* refuses to see him without knowing who he is, and, again, when *Tod* appears as a piano tuner on the very stage where his song is being rehearsed. The stage scenes are skillfully produced and really have illusion. Altogether, "Ten Modern Commandments" has authority throughout, and distinction. The commandments, by the way, form the creed of the chorus girls and are nothing more than "Get Your Man" in increasingly large type, tacked up in the dressing room.

Arthur Hoyt, as the nervous, distraught *Disbrow,* could not be bettered, and Jocelyn Lee, the prima donna, is all that a spoiled darling of a musical show could be. Romaine Fielding, whose name has significance to those who remember bygone days, is a trainer of snakes, and El Brendel is a vaudeville performer. All contribute to an excellent cast.

A Mutinous Crew

When sea stories are brought to the screen they have to be brought with skill approaching genius, else they don't count for much with the majority. This degree of skill is missing from "The Blood Ship," yet for all its unevenness it has moments of stronger acting and sharper characterizations than almost any picture of the month. Interest and suspense are mitigated by stretches of dullness, and the beauty of a ship sailing with the wind is lessened by the sight of the men aboard her—as ugly a crew as ever knifed, mauled, beat, and killed each other. That is about all the story is, except that one of the men happens to be young enough to pair off with the captain's supposed daughter, and thus love interest is included for the sake of grace and the box office. But it doesn't move you, because you know it is commercial.

Captain Swope is master of what the captions call a hell ship, and looks it. After considerable preliminary fighting in a San Francisco dive, all the characters—a sinister lot, I assure you—are next seen aboard the ship, some of them shanghaied, some there by intention. Among the latter is *A. Newman,* a man of mystery, bent on revenging himself upon *Swope* for the latter's betrayal of him fifteen years before; and a



"The Prince of Head Waiters."



"The First Auto."



"The Callahans and the Murphys."



"The Gingham Girl."

young seaman named *John Shreve,* who is willing to sail on the hell ship to be near *Mary,* the long-lost daughter of *A. Newman.* There you have the story, except that a great deal of time is taken before *A. Newman* kills *Swope,* tosses him overboard, and assumes a heroic attitude as the vessel's new captain. And the time is mostly consumed by man's brutality to man.

Hobart Bosworth finds in *A. Newman* a rôle well suited to his broad acting and dominant personality, and Fred Kohler as the *First Mate* seemed to me to suggest a capacity for more cruelty than fell to his lot. James Bradbury, briefly seen as *The Knitting Swede* in the water-front dive, contributes a characterization remarkable as well as unusual, and the remainder of the tough types are tough enough to satisfy any one. As much cannot be said of Richard Arlen, the hero, who curiously eludes the camera, and for so experienced a performer, Jacqueline Logan, as the heroine, is unaccountably inept.

College Capers.

If you are so constituted that you care who wins the boat race, you will like "Rolled Stockings." Legions will agree with you, too, for it is a lively picture, played by pleasant young people such as James Hall, Louise Brooks, Nancy Phillips, and Richard Arlen—a group called the Paramount Junior Stars for a reason not clear to me, except to recall the success of "Fascinating Youth," which was played by an entirely different group.

It is a college story, of course, and like all such it is strictly juvenile, combining youthful pranks with first love and a dash of brotherly sacrifice for the sake of uplift, not to mention athletics for wholesomeness. All this is according to the pattern of what a college picture should be, and the shears have never cut away from the line of conventionality. However, it will be much enjoyed by the majority, even though the minority may wish for sharper characterizations and some psychology.

James Hall, who has become a favorite with the fans, acquits himself well, and Louise Brooks is unusually trim and clean cut. Richard Arlen is very much a junior actor, but that needn't stand in the way of his winning fans with the rest of them.

Ireland in America.

"The Callahans and the Murphys" is a remarkable picture, even though the title indicates that it is not a sequel to "A Kiss for Cinderella." Although it is hokum, slapstick, and rough-house, it remains legitimate through the splendid characterizations of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran as *Mrs. Callahan* and *Mrs. Murphy,* respectively.

There is little or no story to recount, the action being made up of brawls and reconciliations, with young love represented by the girl of one faction falling in love with the boy of the other. In spite of this slender material, the picture has moments of tenderness and charm, and if you care for this sort of thing at all, it is recommended as being a masterpiece by the side of all the other Irish pictures. The direction and acting were inspired by a true feeling for Irish-American character and not the caricature of a comic strip.

A Waiter's Past.

"The Prince of Head Waiters" is a plotful movie, unbelievable but interesting. *Pierre,* a noble young artist in Paris, marries the aristocratic *Faith Cable,* of Boston, only to have her torn from him by her irate father. The usual twenty years pass, and *Pierre* is seen as the head waiter of a magnificent hotel in New York. Magnificent as the hostelry is, *Pierre* is even more so. He goes to work in a limousine, strolls nonchalantly through the lobby, bowing here and there, tosses coat and gloves to a waiting minion, and saunters into the gilded restaurant where the menu is thrust into his hand by another servitor. He is a prince of leading men, not of waiters, and you will realize this when you see *Pierre* in the person of Lewis Stone—too elegant by far to bother about what to include in any *carte du jour.*

His big moment comes when he sets out to save his son, a roistering *Cable* in the toils of a gold digger. The boy doesn't know his father and sneers at him as a "common waiter." All

this is pure theatricality and doesn't communicate the slightest throb, because you know it is just a situation. Robert Agnew is well cast as the son, and so is Ann Rork as his fiancée, while Lilyan Tashman and John Patrick are highly amusing as the gold digger and her husband.

A Lullaby in Spangles.

"Dearie" is a picture glorifying mother. She isn't a doormat, as usual, but a snappy entertainer in a night club. However, she is just as devotional and sacrificial as if she were a home body, but as she is also Irene Rich, she wears spangles instead of a bungalow apron. "Dearie," then, is pretty good if for no other reason than it departs, to a certain extent, from the usual run of "mother" pictures.

Sylvia Darling, a widow, bereft of her fortune, keeps the pot boiling by singing in public and calling herself "Dearie." For some reason this harmless stunt is thought to be a bit off color and is kept secret from *Stephen,* her son, who is being put through college at the expense of his mother's vocal efforts. The boy has literary ambitions, is also a snob, and altogether is an interesting character in the hands of William Collier, Jr. When his novel is rejected he shoots the publisher, but it all comes out right in the end. In looking back upon it, you will recall pleasant moments of excellent acting by Miss Rich, Mr. Collier, Anders Randolf, and Edna Murphy.

The Moon in Eclipse.

Spectacular values alone count in "Moon of Israel," a heavy German picture with a foreign cast. The spectacle is gorgeous, and it includes the parting of the Red Sea to save the fleeing Israelites, as seen in De Mille's "The Ten Commandments," in 1923. But the love story of *Merapi,* the lady whose reputed beauty is responsible for the title of the picture, and the son of *Pharaoh Menapta,* is not interesting because it is coldly acted. The photography is better than is usually found in pictures of this kind, and the crowds are impressively handled. Arlette Marchal and Oscar Beregi, now in Hollywood, are in the cast, and Maria Corda, also there, and yet to be seen under American direction, is the heroine hampered by a weird make-up.

Gunplay and Acid.

Repeated appearances in this, that, and the other thing cannot lessen Blanche Sweet's sure command of that skill which always evokes admiration, no matter what rôle falls to her lot. Her latest is *Dolly Wall,* in "Singed"—neither a great part nor a fine picture, but worth seeing for the opportunities it affords one to admire Miss Sweet. She is vivid, forceful, sympathetic, as the hostess in a mining town saloon, who loves the ne'er-do-well *Royce Wingate,* and who goes with him to San Francisco when he becomes rich through the discovery of oil. There *Dolly* does not fit into the society which welcomes *Wingate* because of his wealth, and eventually the man becomes engaged to a débutante without the knowledge of *Dolly.* On hearing of it, she threatens to disfigure *Wingate* with acid if he does not give the girl up, and to save himself *Wingate* shoots her, only to discover that the bottle contained water.

This sequence is screen melodrama at its best, and is sufficiently novel to lift the picture above the mediocrity of the preceding incidents, although it must be said that the development of it does not begin to realize the strength of the episode. However, Miss Sweet shines as the rough-diamond heroine, whose emotional warmth shimmers and blazes through her love for the unworthy *Wingate.* Warner Baxter is capital as this character, with just the right degree of appeal in spite of his simulated heartlessness.

Aboard a Gospel Ship.

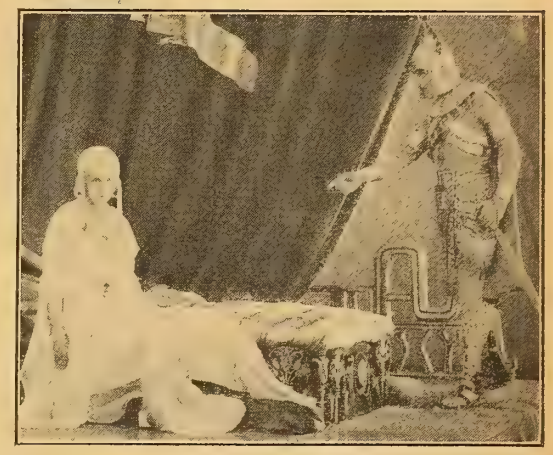
"Captain Salvation" is a somber picture, serious in intent, treatment, and result. Consequently you respect it mightily, but are not moved to cheer in gratitude for the entertainment it has given you.

New England in the '40s is the scene, beautifully reproduced.

Continued on page 100



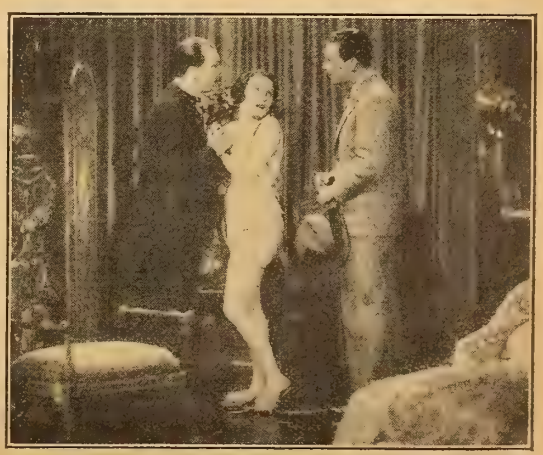
"Dearie."



"Moon of Israel."



"Captain Salvation."



"Dance Magic."

In and Out of the

Stray shots of the players at work



When a motion-picture company is filming a big Klondike special like "The Trail of '98," they go out after the biggest and best malemutes that ever crossed the Chilkoot Pass. Clarence Brown, the director, and Dolores del Rio proudly display the blue ribbons that won Skookum, Jack, and Pete a place in posterity via the movies.



The foreign stars are always up to something! Emil Jannings and Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Veidt find a cool way of getting publicity.





May McAvoy and Lois Wilson, above, romp on the beach and pose with a ball, just as though they were little girls who don't have to bother about being sophisticated and modern.

Dorothy Mackaill, left, enjoys the rustic calm of her Hollywood homestead.

Somehow the title of Ben Lyon's new picture, "Hell's Kitchen," makes Ben's new rowing togs, right, and general collegiate air, seem out of place. We always thought it was thugs that matriculated there.



Studios

and play.

As Rin-Tin-Tin can tell you, the way of a movie idol—and a war hero at that—is hard, what with pretty girls like Leila Hyams and Myrna Loy making him pose on a beach ball. Even a dog has feelings!







Bebe Daniels seems to be stealing Harold Lloyd's stuff—we always thought he had a copyright on horn-rimmed glasses. But no doubt Bebe will shed the specs and turn out to be a beautiful girl who gets her man. William Austin appears with Bebe Daniels in "Swim, Girl, Swim."



There seem to be so many bathing suits and balls around that we've run out of captions for Yola d'Avril and Alice White, above, who look so fetching they really should have a line.

Wonder if Marceline Day, left, knows that the trout season is closed, or is she just trying out her fetching costume and rod on the minnows?

If it were not for that boyish hair cut, Leatrice Joy, right, might be more convincing in the pose of a home girl. It takes more than a spinning wheel to give Leatrice that old-fashioned look. Leatrice goes in for antiques. Let's hope her home isn't Spanish. Spinning wheels are like grandmothers—they simply don't go with tiled floors and iron balustrades.





The Christie girls, above, seem to have a cinch as screen jobs go. Work for them is just one prank after another, as Jack Duffy can tell you. Don't be sorry for the old man—he's quite a young fellow without his make-up.

Billy Dooley, right, thinks swimmers are getting too much glory, so he brings the rowboat back to popular favor in the Catalina Channel.

Jacqueline Gadsdon, below, introduces the *dernier cri* in fashion, a parasol and hat to match of black-and-white raffia, for Paris decrees a kinship between these charming articles of milady's dress.

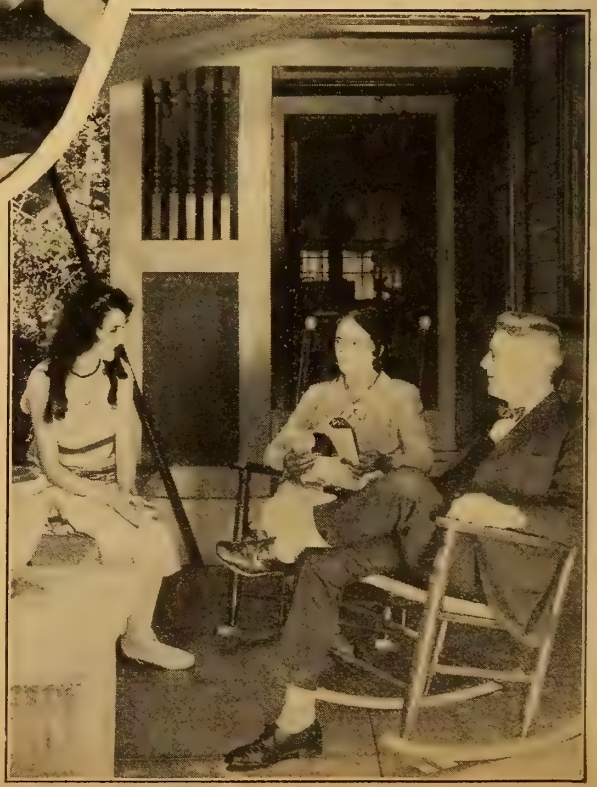






Monte Blue, upper right, simply can't get enough baseball so he carries three bats and wears glasses, so he won't miss the balls when they come too fast. Maybe he's only giving us something new as the hard-hitting hero of "The Bush Leaguer."

"Just a cottage small," is the dearest place in the world to Mary Philbin, for after her studio work is done she goes home to father and mother and the everyday beauty of their home.



Hollywood High Lights

Interesting flashes of what has been going on in the picture colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

"COME home! All is forgiven!" can now be written as the tag line to Colleen Moore's troubles with First National.

The differences between the little star of many successful pictures, and the organization with which she is under contract, have all been patched up, and she is back at the studio, at work on her new production. John McCormick is supervising this, as he will all her other films, and incidentally he may make a few features independently for First National release. It was on account of John's resignation as production manager for the company that Colleen for a time threatened to leave the organization. We understand that Colleen is better off financially for the disturbance and this shows how highly she is regarded as a box-office attraction. We hear that her new salary will amount to twelve thousand five hundred dollars or more a week instead of the ten thousand dollars she was previously receiving. This means that with the exception of Gloria Swanson, and perhaps Norma Talmadge and Mary Pickford, she is the highest-paid feminine star in Hollywood.

Colleen works so consistently that she probably even surpasses Norma and Mary, whose revenue is dependent to some degree on their keeping busy. Gloria's contract, if she works steadily, is supposed to return her something like seventeen thousand dollars weekly, she being a partner in United Artists.

Money and Hysteria.

High salaries of film stars and the expensiveness of pictures have been the cause of much conflict lately in the colony. Everything but a pitched battle, almost, took place between producers and players quite recently.

About July 1st all the companies announced that they intended to reduce salaries ten to twenty-five per cent, including the amounts received by the big executives. It was disclosed in this connection that some of these executives receive very high pay, although not as high as the more important stars.

Most of the players objected strenuously to any cut, and there were even threats of a strike. There were seventeen different kinds of hysteria manifested by nearly everybody connected with the movie business.

It was then decided that the best way to get around the matter was to try to bring down the cost of the pictures in other ways.

Movies have grown very top-heavy lately, with too many people engaged on a single production. For instance, a few years ago the personnel that worked on a film included a director, an assistant director, two camera men, an electrician, a property man, and one or two others. To-day a picture usually has the following personnel: a director, a supervisor and editor, a production manager, an assistant director, with three or four assistants, a senior camera man, and two first camera men, a prop man and two or three assistants, and a director of lighting, beside others.

Pictures are still made with a small technical force on Poverty Row. There the cost is often figured at less than fifteen thousand dollars. In the larger studios, on the other hand, the cost of even program pictures has advanced in the past year from one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars or more, whereas big specials now cost as high as two million dollars, where one million dollars was formerly considered the limit.



William Haines and his director, Edward Sedgwick, seem to have been affected by the title of their new picture, "Spring Fever." You know it doesn't always break out in the same way.

Bigger and Better Salaries.

Salaries of players have advanced in proportion. We find the following figures, for instance, prevailing some four years ago at the time of a previous drive on high costs:

Norma Talmadge, ten thousand dollars weekly; Gloria Swanson, six thousand five hundred dollars; Constance Talmadge, five thousand dollars; Thomas Meighan, five thousand dollars; Tom Mix, seven thousand five hundred dollars; Florence Vidor, two thousand dollars; Wallace Beery, two thousand five hundred dollars; Richard Barthelmess, two thousand five hundred dollars; Lon Chaney, one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars; Noah Beery, one thousand five hundred dollars. To-day most of these players disclose large advances, particularly Tom Mix, who receives approximately seventeen thousand dollars, it is understood, and Lon Chaney, three thousand five hundred dollars; Thomas Meighan, seven thousand five hundred dollars; and Richard Barthelmess, six thousand dollars. Most of these are on steady contracts, too, whereas many of them were free-lancing at the time of the earlier salaries.



The cow wasn't included in the cast, and Chester Conklin had an awful time luring her off the trail so he could go on with his scene in "Tell It to Sweeney."

It can safely be said that these salaries are a good barometer for the general advances which have run almost twenty-five per cent in the past few years. And it is probable that, in many instances, the top has not yet been reached.

Evidences of Moviemania.

The present economy program was inspired, to a large extent, by the fact that films were reported to be paying less than two per cent on money invested. That isn't very much, to be sure, but the hazards of the show business are considerably greater than those of button-making.

Investors in film stocks and securities have had to suffer, and naturally they deserve consideration. With this aim in view the films will probably do some economizing. But let there be a few outstanding successes, with a lot of returns coming in, and the producers will all be off again.

As an old-timer in the game once remarked, "The movies aren't a business, they're a form of insanity."

This Season's Prospects.

Just to prove our contention that the movies are still spending money, we may mention that figures recently assembled show that one hundred and thirty million dollars will be invested in pictures this season. This is at least ten million dollars more than in any previous season.

It is understood, of course, that more care and discrimination will be used in the expenditure of this money than has heretofore been the case. That is naturally to be anticipated from all the turmoil about overexpenditure.

Big features, especially, will be more economically made. Several of the companies splurged too heavily on these. Paramount, with "Old Ironsides" and "The Rough Riders" particularly, seems to have encountered financial disappointments. Both these pictures ran very high in expense and did not live up to expectations of their value, although they both will probably make some money.

The chances are that Paramount will fully redeem their success with Emil Jannings' first and very artistic starring film, "The Way of All Flesh." Even though this is a tragedy, it promises to attract an unusually big audience. It is the finest picture that Paramount has produced since "Blood and Sand."

Barthelmess Has Good Rôle.

We recently saw First National's principal production of the year, "The Patent Leather Kid," at a preview, and we prophesy that it will mean a big return to popular favor for Dick Barthelmess. This is a war story, but the war, although done on the most ample scale imaginable, is really relegated to the background. The love story is outstanding, and there is a sequence where the girl is making an effort to save the life of the prize-fighter hero.

Little Molly O'Day will make a sensational hit in this production. She is, you know, Sally O'Neil's sister, but has a much more sympathetic personality. Mathew Betz also is sure to attract attention in his characterization of a prize-fight promoter. Here is another heavy who turned comedian with high effect.

Vidor's "Something New."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will run strong again this season with King Vidor's "The Crowd," Clarence Brown's "The Trail of Ninety-eight," and Lubitsch's "Old Heidelberg."

If "The Crowd" lives up to expectations it may be the most important, because it embodies a new note in pictures. Vidor is attempting to tell the story of a small-time clerical worker in this film, and is avoiding anything like a machine-made plot.

Nearly the whole story is centered around the two leading characters, played by James Murray and Eleanor Boardman. Just as the war was the menace in "The Big Parade," so the crowd will be the menace in the new picture, threatening the happiness of the two central characters.

Laurence Stallings, who wrote "What Price Glory," told us that he felt the Vidor opus would compare very favorably with a novel by Gustave Flaubert, which is just another way of saying that it ought to be excellent.

Love Scenes Too Caloric?

Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer didn't get through with their work on "Old Heidelberg" quite as soon as they expected to. There were some retakes on this picture after Ernst Lubitsch left for Europe. John Stahl directed these scenes, and it is our understanding that some of the love episodes were tempered.

When Lubitsch recently visited Germany, the author of "Old Heidelberg" took occasion to make some unpleasant remarks about the filming of his play. His contention was that the picture had been made without his permission. It seems that this has necessitated a change in title, and so "Old Heidelberg" will come to the screen as "The Student Prince," thus linking it up

with the recent musical version of the famous German play. We understand it was the musical version that M.-G.-M. bought—so it's all the same in the long run.

Jannings Starts Style.

Emil Jannings is setting quite a precedent for actors since "The Way of All Flesh" showed in Los Angeles. We hear much these days about the "Jannings quality," and it seems to mean that the player who possesses it can wring tears readily from the eyes of his audience. We hear it predicted that James Murray, in "The Crowd," has this quality, so be sure to take an extra handkerchief when you go to see him.

Films inducing weepiness are in very high esteem since "Seventh Heaven," and every producer is in quest of a girl with pathetic eyes like Janet Gaynor's.

Hollywood Comfort.

Gilda Gray probably won't be responsible for any deep shafts of poignancy on the screen, but the plans for the furthering of her career are none the less elaborate. Samuel Goldwyn is to present her in "The Devil Dancer," which will be laid in the unusual locale of Thibet.

Gilda's arrival was much press agented. She hardly had arrived in town before a luncheon was given the newspaper folk, and she was made mayoress of Castellamare, the new seaside colony, where many film stars are building their summer homes. Gilda, who is a great friend of Will Rogers, brightly remarked that the next thing for her to do after becoming a mayor, was to have an operation performed.

Gilda has a clever mind, and she is very keen for her picture venture. It enables her to enjoy a vacation of a sort, for the first time in several years. When she starred in her other films in the East she was often required to do a great deal of night work. In California she will at least have a chance to take a morning dip in the ocean, and spend some of her evenings with her many friends in Hollywood. Her husband, Gil Boag, leased a veritable palace for her prior to her arrival, at a cost of several thousand dollars a month, and here she is ensconced with a small army of servants, an expensive foreign car, plus a domestic one for ordinary duty, not to speak of various other appurtenances of a commodious life in studio land.

Foreign Progress.

The last time we saw Lya de Putti she looked very pensive, and we suspect that she is not altogether happy over her progress in this country. Lya has rare determination and she told us that she is going to fight her way to the front and will never go back to Europe until she has triumphed, and done the sort of pictures she really wants to do.

Conrad Veidt has at last just about completed his first picture for Universal, called "A Man's Past," and will follow this with "The Man Who Laughs."

"A Man's Past" is based on a Hungarian stage drama, called "Diploma," and tells of a doctor who is sent to prison for giving a man suffering with a fatal disease, an overdose of drugs. This is merely the premise on which the plot is based, the picture itself portraying his experiences after his escape from jail. The story embraces some unusually powerful situations, which should mean much for Veidt's first and much-delayed appearance under his present contract.

"The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," in which Veidt made his début in this country, is having a revival at the present time.

Miss de la Fonte Weds.

Renee de la Fonte is the real name of Renee Adoree, in case you don't happen to have heard it before.

This was brought out when she secured a license to wed William Sherman Gill, a Los Angeles business man, with a genial Scotch-Irish countenance.

Miss Adoree and Mr. Gill chose as the setting for their marriage the austere simplicity of the courthouse. Thomas Meighan was one of the witnesses, and somebody facetiously remarked that this was the first time in years that Meighan was an extra instead of a star in any public performance.

Renee's previous matrimonial adventure was as the wife of Tom Moore. The final divorce decree became effective about a year and a half ago.

Other recent weddings were those of Jane Winton to Charles Kenyon, erstwhile playwright and now scenarist; Lloyd Hamilton and Irene Dalton, both in comedies; and Lee Moran and Miss Bernice Beatrice Sibeck.

Miss Winton and Mr. Kenyon have been devoted to each other for several years, and although twenty-four years separates their ages, according to the license, their union gives promise of being an exceedingly happy one.



Richard Dix is willing to sacrifice for his art, but it is a little bit too much to expect him to read Chinese—even for publicity purposes—just because his latest picture happens to be "Shanghai Bound."

Hollywood High Lights

Romance Debit List.

After many denials, Constance Talmadge has finally admitted her early intention of divorcing Captain Alastair MacIntosh. There is little news in this event as it has been long expected.

Anita Stewart also plans legal separation from her husband, Rudolph Cameron. They have been apart so long, that almost everybody had forgotten they were still married. Miss Stewart has returned to serial-making in the movies, in which, strangely enough, she first gained attention.

Regardless of clauses in her contract that were supposed to preclude such an event, Dorothy Cumming, who appears as *Mary* in "The King of Kings," has been divorced from Frank Elliott, her husband. It is understood that there was a stipulation in her contract with Cecil B. De Mille which it was assumed, would prevent her obtaining a legal separation for a period of years. But this was subsequently taken to be an infringement on her personal liberty. Which may, or may not, knock the morality clauses that have been supposed to exist in certain contracts, into a cocked hat.

Shouldn't Be Critical.

The marriage of Evelyn Brent and Bernie Fineman has met with disaster, and a curious phase of their divorce is that they will both continue to work at the same studio. While Miss Brent is not under contract to Paramount, she has played there most of the time, and Mr. Fineman is an associate producer at the studio. Miss Brent complained in her suit that her husband had criticized her friends and her expenditures, which is something she contended that a husband shouldn't do. Fineman and Miss Brent were married about five years ago. Miss Brent is appearing in "Beau Sabreur," the sequel to "Beau Geste."

Reclimbing the Ladder.

George Walsh, whom we haven't mentioned for some time, is now the possessor of a very fine contract with Pathé, and is working in California again. It is a remarkable thing about this chap that he demonstrates an excellent staying power in the movies. No one has received harder slaps from fortune and the critics. The worst of all was when he lost out on "Ben-Hur," due to the mix-ups in that famous spectacle.

Walsh secured a contract with Chadwick Pictures shortly after this, and made a series of program films. These have been sufficiently consistent to attract the attention of one of the oldest distributing concerns in the business.

Movie Land Five Years Ago.

Here are a few items culled from a copy of PICTURE PLAY five years ago, that may prove of interest:

Bebe Daniels was arrested for speeding and had to pay a fine of fifteen dollars. She was let off easy because she was going to a banquet given by civic leaders in Glendale.



Wonder if Richard Barthelmess is teaching little Mary Hay Barthelmess to be one of those stunt stars who are never seen on Broadway, but who make such barrels of money?

Blanche Sweet returns to the screen after a long absence, playing the rôle of the blind girl, in "Quincy Adams Sawyer." The item also stated that Miss Sweet is one of the few girls with a conscience toward the public, and that unless she is looking and feeling her best she refuses to go near the camera. (Yes—others have been absent, too, since then, and with far less reason.)

Antonio Moreno is the popular choice for the rôle of "Ben-Hur." Tony is one of the handsomest men in the movies.

Phyllis Haver, having graduated from comedies, is doing her first dramatic rôle in "The Christian." (Remember her as the pathetic little waif in that picture?) Mae Busch is playing the lead, and has just returned from the British Isles where a number of the scenes were made, with a lot of brand-new clothes.

Gladys Walton, Lucille Ricksen, and Vernon Steele were in the cast of Bret Harte's story of "M'liss," which is being revived by Universal.

Thomas Meighan looks forward to going to New York to make pictures as he does not like Hollywood. We understand that he still dislikes it but he is working there again anyway.

Erich von Stroheim is busy rebuilding Vienna at Universal City for the "Merry-Go-Round." The writer coyly asks why doesn't he *go* to Vienna, instead. We know the answer to that one, though, because experience has proved that it's cheaper to build in Hollywood, even in a Von Stroheim film.

Mildred Davis slated for stardom in flapper rôle, Mary Miles Minter assisting in raising funds to give concerts at the Hollywood Bowl, and Helene Chadwick playing leading rôle in "Gimme," a picture written by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, with Mr. Hughes directing. This was the film in which Eleanor Boardman made her début in a small part.

Famous Thespian Dies.

A pall of sadness has been cast over the lives of John and Lionel Barrymore, owing to the death of their uncle, John Drew. John Barrymore was with him when he passed away, in San Francisco, and Lionel paid frequent visits to his bedside during his lingering illness. Drew was one of the stage's aristocrats. We missed seeing him in "Trelawny of the Wells," the last play in which he took part, as his illness necessitated his leaving the cast before its arrival in Los Angeles.

Owing to his visit to his uncle's bedside, Barrymore was unable to attend the Los Angeles première of "When a Man Loves," which had a somewhat belated showing on the Coast. George Jessel acted as master of ceremonies, and introduced May McAvoy, Joan Crawford, and others in the audience to big applause. He and William Demarest, who furnishes comedy relief

Continued on page 94

A Good Trouper

Julia Faye is always ready for any part, be it ever so wicked or unflattering, thereby upsetting the good old tradition that all actresses want to play sympathetic rôles.

By Helen Louise Walker



Photo by Spurr

Julia Faye rather likes playing naughty women. She thinks they are interesting.

THE lady villains of the screen. How they hate their villainy! Loud wails rise with consistent frequency from this "vampire" or that one, protesting against always playing "bad women." Foreign actresses, imported because they are so perfectly suited to rôles of voluptuous and exotic women, rebel after one or two pictures and there is an upheaval, accompanied by hysterics and canceled contracts.

The chief objection of actresses to this type of rôle is apparently based upon the myth, that once having identified themselves in such parts, they are doomed to play them forever with their chances of being promoted to straight leads, practically nil.

Quite a merry little row evolved recently when a well-known feminine player flatly refused to go on playing "lady heavies." She tearfully refused an offer of fifteen hundred dollars a week more than she had been receiving, and retired into the silence of her apartment until a compromise had been effected. "If I play one more 'vampire' part, I shall never be allowed to do anything else," she is said to have remarked. "It is a sort of doom. I cannot go on!"

And all the time there is Julia Faye. For years Julia has played character parts. And among these rôles there have been a great many "lady heavies." She has portrayed great courtesans and common little girls of the streets. She has played sophisticated women and flashing gamins. She has played women who were all bad and women who were only partly bad—and a few women who were hardly bad at all!

And suddenly, without any warning, shattering tradition and giving the lie to the myth about once a vampire, always a vampire, Miss Faye was cast for an ingénue rôle with Joseph Schildkraut in "His Dog." A regular ingénue with curls and simple gingham dresses and all the trimmings. And did she give great shouts of "Hooray! Hooray!" and run about proclaiming that she had broken the spell? Not at all. She smiled and remarked that it was rather amusing, after all these years of portraying various phases of sophistication, to be given the part of a pure and simple maid.



In "The Fighting Eagle" Julia portrays the EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

"But I don't want to do it any more," she told me, over luncheon at the Casa Del Mar Beach Club where she is staying just now. "I have no ambition to play straight leads. I'm glad I did it—once—just to prove that I could. But I'm all through with that sort of thing, I hope. It would be very boring to do it often."

Just like that! This calm and efficient young woman upset an old and cherished tradition without a flutter of her charming eyelashes.

"I don't mind playing bad women at all," she went on. "I only wish they would let me make them human. A bad woman with a sense of humor—some of the qualities of reality. Of course we are getting away from absolute values on the screen. Black is no longer uncompromisingly black—it may be shaded just a bit with gray. And white may be clouded a trifle with color.

"Virtue is no longer unadulterated and our villainy is being leavened now and then with comedy. More and more we are show-



Julia Faye made a big hit as the TARTAR GIRL *in "The Volga Boatman."*

ing our heavies as lovable rogues or real men and women with human weaknesses.

"Villainy and comedy are very closely allied—on the screen, that is. It is our superiority complex which is responsible for this. When we see through the wicked machinations of the heavy, we are subtly flattered. And we are pleased when he is thwarted and humbled at the end of the story.

"And by the same token, we are delighted when the comedian falls downstairs or when the dignified gentleman has his silk hat knocked off. Their humiliation increases our own self-esteem.

"The career of Wallace Beery, who was so long one of our best-known villains and who is now one of our foremost comedians, is an example of this."

Miss Faye is a consistent upsetter of traditions. For instance, she doesn't care if she gets fat!

"It is very nice to play character rôles," she remarked, dipping with obvious relish into an imposing cocktail of avocadoes, swimming in Thousand Islands dressing and caviar, which simply reeked of calories. "It doesn't matter if you take on weight. If you do, you are given fat rôles! I'll have some more dressing, please!"

However, she does not look as if there were the slightest danger of her being cast in a fat rôle in the near future.

"Acting is not a matter of the emotion of the player," she said. "It is a matter of technique. It does not matter in the least what the player feels—it is what he makes his audience feel that is important. And there are certain tricks of gesture and expression which we know by experience produce certain effects. If we master the mechanics of our profession, we can do what we will with our public.

"Belasco said, 'Before you can act, you must learn how not to act!' That is so true! Overacting is the bane of the profession!"

Refreshing and novel point of view in this business where intense young people often persist in working themselves up to an emotional climax over a scene which involves the mere act of getting into a taxi!

"You do not want to be starred in straight leads?"

"Heaven forbid! I should like to play leads, of course. It gives one so much wider scope. But I am a character woman and I want to remain one."

Surprising girl!

"I remember a picture some time ago in which Raymond Hatton was playing, under the direction of Mr. De Mille. There was one scene which did not please Mr. Hatton. He insisted that he *felt* it another way. With all due respect for Mr. Hatton's ability, Mr. De Mille averred that what he felt made no difference. There was a right way and a wrong way—technically—to do it. An argument ensued and they finally agreed to try it both ways—the way in which Mr. Hatton's emotional reactions suggested, and the way in which De Mille, the technician, thought it should be done.

"In the projection room it was quite plain to every one, including Mr. Hatton, that technique had scored over emotion."

As another jolt, Miss Faye does not claim to have made any "sacrifices for her art."

"The only real sacrifice I can remember making," she told me, "was when I was not allowed to have a manicure while I was working in 'The Volga Boatman.'"

Continued on page 109



In "His Dog," Julia played an ingénue with curls 'n' everything, but she didn't like it much.

Photo by Archer

An Everyday Comedian

Edward Everett Horton has been everything from a chorus boy who couldn't sing, to a movie-comedy star who doesn't have to.

By Margaret Reid



Photo by Gene Kornman

Horton played a part in a college play and fell a victim to the lure of things theatrical.

PARENTS who wish to keep their offspring away from the stage or studio would do well to organize a "down-with-school-theatricals" movement. It is common knowledge that school and college theatricals are dangerously infested with curious insects called "theatrical bugs" or *"bug du théâtre."* Daily, our youth all over the country is exposed to this insidious scourge. Boys and girls who would otherwise probably go quietly through their studies and out into the comfortable world of home and business, suffer mortal wounds from its sharp sting. Once bitten, the unfortunate young victim can no longer endure the formerly alluring algebra and lovely Latin. There is no turning back. He or she develops, instead, a strange desire for grease paint, for costumes, for Kleig—or maybe footlights. Hall bedrooms, occasional hunger, and vicissitudes of all kinds are greeted with unnatural relish. The final, fatal period of this disease is "making good." Then the former hardships are indeed gone.

Exhibit A—table on the left—Edward Everett Horton. Back in Brooklyn, where he was born, Edward Everett used to be such a nice boy. Of conservative Scotch parents, one of a quiet, devoted family, his childhood was uneventful. He was obedient, tidy, attentive to his lessons. His parents entertained rather high hopes for him as a credit to the community, little dreaming that he would turn out to be an actor.

Through grammar school he went, through high school and halfway through Columbia University—still the happy, carefree boy. And then, in a short week, it got him. He played a part in the annual university show. This one was called "In Newport," and it ran a week. When it closed, custom demanded that the participants return with renewed enthusiasm to their studies.

But Edward Everett, illustrating with what horrid swiftness the virus works, was irrevocably sunk. The man who had directed the show was a professional, and from him young Horton obtained a letter of introduction to a man who was organizing an opera company. He was given a tryout, after having assured the manager of his quite exceptional tenor voice. He was given an air to sing. He began—and the manager looked puzzled.

"A cold," Horton explained, tapping his chest and coughing dismally, "bad cold."

The manager hesitated, and Horton quickly gave him another rapid sales-talk. And so he talked, rather than sang, himself into the chorus of "The Mikado"—third from the end—twelve dollars a week. His employer waited patiently for the bad cold to clear up. When he realized that it was, instead, a bad voice, he promptly fired the ambitious young chorister.

Edward Everett, flaunting his previous experience in "The Mikado," got himself a small part in a musical comedy called "The Newlyweds and Their Baby." Being fired again rather soon, he decided that the drama must be his forte, and joined a stock company that was about to depart for Newfoundland. During the engagements in "The Mikado" and the musical comedy, his career had been a secret one, his parents blissfully believing him to be continuing his studies. Confession of the truth came as a shock, but they received it gamely and wished him luck.

The stock company arrived in Newfoundland. It was the dead of winter—they changed shows twice a week—the salary was infinitesimal. But Edward Everett loved it. Then came Lent, and after struggling bravely for a while to a few "paper patrons," the company breathed faintly and died. So, very nearly, did the players. Horton wired home for money to pay his passage back to New York.

"He's had his fling," the family whispered among themselves, "and his lesson. The comforts of home and the saner pleasures of school will look pretty good to him after all this."

But they reckoned without the "theatrical bug" with which Everett had been so incurably inoculated. He returned to New York and insisted on partially starving to death while he searched and waited for another engagement. He finally landed one in another stock company, which proceeded to go on the rocks down in Easton, Pa. And still he stuck.

Back in New York once more, the long lane turned at last. He was given the job of stage manager with Louis Mann, then at the height of his success. Here

Continued on page 105

Only Human

In these afterthoughts of an inter his pen, with their virtues and

By William



Photo by Spurr *Jetta Goudal makes an ideal subject for the interviewer.*

AN interview is very much like eating a *méringue glacée* with a fork—either you have a lot to say about it, or your imagination is left cold! Players I have interviewed may be classed into four groups, thus: 1, intellectuals; 2, regulars; 3, reluctants; 4, make-believes.

In the first group, among those I have analyzed, go Jetta Goudal, Pola Negri, Raymond Griffith and, though he also and mostly belongs to the fourth, Leslie Fenton. By quoting these celebrities you could make an interview read like the sayings of Epictetus or the aphorisms of Sappho.



James Hall's romance was almost ruined by an interview.

In the second group come Janet Gaynor, Neil Hamilton, James Hall, Bill Boyd, Conrad Veidt, and Victor Varconi—all regulars, and themselves at any time.

Most insistently in the third group are flung Ray Griffith, Harrison Ford, and Ronald Colman. Silence, to them, is golden.

Fourth and last come the would-be sophisticates: Leslie Fenton, Gilbert Roland, George O'Hara, and Barry Norton. They try to impress you with a "Ha!-the-reality-of-life-staggers-me" sort of pose. I advise these little boys to drop Wilde and De Maupassant and read "Lavengro," in which a character says, "Life is sweet, brother."

Jetta Goudal's personality is a boon to an interviewer. If he be at a loss to talk, Goudal supplies topics galore. If there are not a thousand and one things to say about Goudal after the interview, you alone are to blame. Yet try to pry information from her at other times and Jetta is not so loquacious.

Pola Negri does things by leaps and bounds. I have kept observing eyes on Pola ever since she swept down on Hollywood. Like Goudal, no one interview is enough in which to describe her prismatic personality. After the publication of some uncensored observations of Pola, I suggested she read them. Then I dreaded going near the Negri set. What if my surreptitious observations had infuriated her? Was she lying in wait for me?

During the making of "Barbed Wire" I mustered courage enough to remark once more about my observations. Pola had not seen them. Where was the magazine? Still I hesitated to produce it. Finally, in the midst of "The Woman on Trial," I presented a copy.

"Oh! I did read this, now I think of it!" Pola exclaimed, carefully smoothing the pages of PICTURE PLAY with one of her white hands. "It was good, too—what? No, let me keep the magazine. I want to read it again. I enjoyed it!"

Victor Varconi and his wife Nusi dispense hospitality—and caviar—with lavish hands.



After All

viewer, some of the stars are impaled on weaknesses alike held up to the fans.

H. McKegg

Among the regulars, Victor Varconi is one of the most natural individuals it is my interviewer's pleasure to meet. I have known Victor since he discovered California. Whenever I go to his home, he and Nusi, his young wife, know how to treat me. No matter what time of day it is, tempting cubes of toast with caviar are presented for my delight. I have told them repeatedly that I dislike caviar. That doesn't stop hospitality. The next time I go the caviar is hidden from view under the chopped whites of eggs.

Other hospitable folk are the young Hamiltons, although unforeseen events usually divert our plans. Elsa and Neil have been going to have me for dinner ever since I interviewed his lordship. Both have fluttered from Hollywood to New York and still I wait for that dinner!



Photo by Alexander

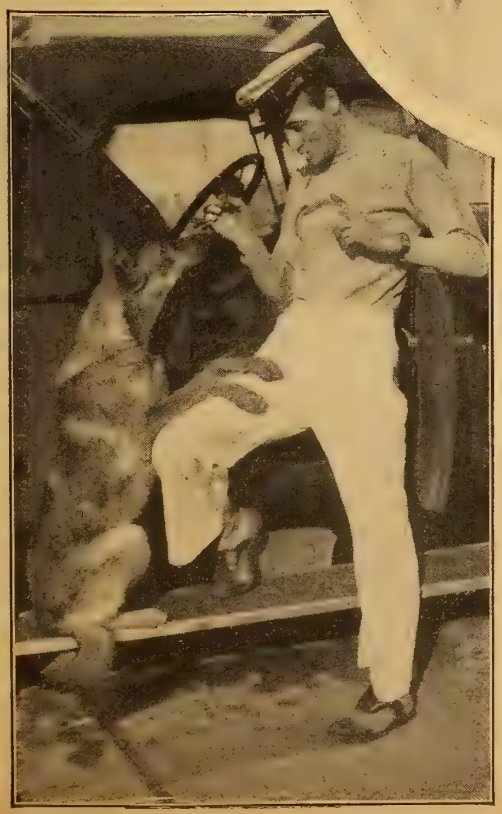
Gilbert Roland has a fondness for pictures—even those of an ex-fiancée.

Photo by Richee



Pola Negri's brilliance cannot be captured in cold print.

Leslie Fenton's enthusiasm is much more likable than his assumed sophistication.



Neil is a chap no interviewer can dislike. He has a good sense of humor. Neil, by the way, was the first actor I interviewed. And still he keeps winning increasing fame.

Love affairs are dangerous things for interviewers to handle. I mean the love affairs of those interviewed! Takes James Hall. He said nothing to me about a sweet girl in New York. Having seen him a few times with Joan Crawford at Montmartre I took eyesight for fact. In my story on James I mentioned his possible engagement to Joan. The sweet girl in New York and Jimmie's mother read my account. James returned to New York to play in "Love's Greatest Mistake," and then the fun began! He had to do all the explaining. I was glad three thousand miles separated us!

Anyway, Jimmie is a decent sort. When he got back to the Coast he took everything as a good joke. The trouble I got him into has taught him not to go out twice with the same girl when the real and only one is elsewhere.

It was well known that Gilbert Roland and Clara Bow were engaged. The engagement was broken off when Clara broke into print on the first pages.

I knew Gilbert did not like his private affairs made public and I dared not place particular stress on his broken engagement in the story—so I thought. However, running the risk of having a stiletto stuck under my fifth rib, I did allude to having seen a picture of the thirteen-year-old Clara in his room. Cautiously, when the story appeared I approached the would-be bullfighter and asked did he mind, expecting to hear a heartbroken reply about a shattered love.

Continued on page 104

A Physically Perfect Young Man

But George O'Brien, who has a delightful sense of humor, doesn't take this fact too seriously.

By Alma Talley

THE "most physically perfect young man in the movies," according to physicians and the Fox publicity department, sat in the midst of a rack of secondhand suits in the ghetto set for "East Side, West Side." This, in case you don't know physical perfections when you see them, is George O'Brien. The honors sit on him lightly; in fact, he wasn't even aware that he was—publicly speaking—such an Apollo. He doesn't go around being physically perfect any more than he goes about being the erstwhile heavyweight champion of the Pacific fleet.

For George O'Brien is a very charming young man, quite as modest as if he were an ugly duckling with a wart on his nose. He has too gay a sense of the ludicrous to take himself seriously; there are little lines of laughter about his eyes, and his mouth is constantly curling up into a three-cornered smile.

The strong-man rôles he is always called upon to play rather amuse him. Usually, of course, he plays a prize fighter, appropriately enough; other strong-man stunts are constantly being written into his scenarios.

"For instance," said George, "I always have to carry the heroine across the room, or up the steps, or somewhere. The scenario writer calls me in, while he's working on the script. 'George,' he'll say, 'I've got a great stunt for you. This will go over big. You see, in this scene—well, you pick up *Eloise* and carry her up the hill.' So I say, 'Fine! Great! We'll do that again.' In every picture, it seems, I have to carry the heroine somewhere. You know, of course, what would happen in real life? I'd look at *Eloise* and say, 'Carry you? You're healthy, aren't you? Can't you walk?' But these movie heroines! For some reason, I always have to carry them."

Once George was called upon, in "The Roughneck," to be saved from drowning by a girl who couldn't swim. "She didn't want to lose out on the rôle," he explained, "so she said she was a good swimmer. It wasn't until we got out to Catalina and the scene was about to be made that we found she couldn't swim at all. Oh, just a few strokes, that is.

"She was supposed to be a South Sea Island girl; she wore tights, to look like no clothes at all, and an enormous wig. Well, as soon as we got in the water, the tights shrank. 'I can't move in these things,' she said. I kept pulling at them trying to stretch them. And then she got a cramp in her leg; and her long wig, when it got wet, kept getting into her eyes and winding itself around her arms. She got pretty scared—and she was supposed to save me!

"So I told her just to lie flat on my outstretched arm and keep her own arms moving as if she were swimming, and then I'd take us both in, swimming on my back. It was all right until we got nearly to shore, when she suddenly became panicky and clutched me, and of course we both went down. Her wig came off and we got tangled up in it; it was all I could do to get us both on land. I'd give her a push—try pushing something through the water some time, and see how much luck you have!—and then I'd swim after her, and push her again, and finally we got to land. I was just exhausted, believe me! And when I got there, I was met by a frantic prop man. 'Hey,' he said 'go back and get that wig. It cost twenty dollars!'"

George tells all these things with his delightful angular smile and an excellent sense of mimicry. He was sitting, as I said, among a lot of secondhand clothes in the tailor shop of *Lipvitch* in "East Side, West Side." In the story, he comes off a wrecked barge and lands, a stranger, in New York. He is taken in by an East Side family, the *Lipvitch* family; he works in the shop, selling secondhand suits, and finally—true to form—becomes a champion prize fighter.

The set was most realistic. There was the *Lipvitch* shop with a conglomeration of sad-looking suits. Two steps down was the cluttered East Side living room of the family, with its dining table, oil lamp, sideboard, and sewing machine.

Across the way was another set, an exterior, which looked exactly as if it had been lifted bodily from New York's ghetto. The drug-store show window, the pawnshop, a haberdashery—all with signs in English and Yiddish. The sidewalks were covered with gray papier-mâché cut to resemble concrete; the street also looked paved, and was later to be filled with pushcarts.

A very realistic set indeed, and George was quite as realistically attired, in seven-and-a-half-dollars'-worth of suit—half of a fifteen-dollar Hester Street model. George really went down to Hester and Allen Streets, in New York's East Side, to buy the clothes, and he told rather gleefully of his shopping expeditions.

"Of course I wanted to look as rough as possible, so I wore an old suit from another picture, and I didn't shave. And I took a friend along to pose as my brother.

"In the first shop I entered, a boy came out to wait on me. 'Aren't you in the movies?' he asked right away. 'Oh, oh,' I thought, 'the stuff is off! I wanted them to think I was one of themselves, so I could haggle and bargain and really get the atmosphere of the place. But I admitted I was in the movies. 'And isn't your name O'Brien?' he asked. So this boy wouldn't sell me anything.

"We went on down the street, and outside another clothing shop a young man seized me by the arm. 'Suit o' clothes? Suit o' clothes?' This was the real thing—so I let him pull me inside.

"'Vat kind of suit you vant?' he asked"—George, telling it, put in the accent and the gestures to perfection. He doesn't need to stick to the silent drama!

"'I want it for Sundays,'" I told him.

"'Oh, for Sundays.'" And George nodded and looked solemn, to imitate the Hester Street clothier.

"'And vat do you do?'" So, George, taking his cue from the film he was preparing for, told him he worked on a barge and wanted a Sunday suit for his day off on shore. That went over big until he further announced that he wanted two Sunday suits—just alike. (It seems that one suit gets torn up in the action of the picture, and since scenes are never made in the proper sequence, he needed another suit just like it.)

"Two suits? For vy you vant two Sunday suits?" This, of course, in Hester Street, was not being done.

"Well, I need two suits. I want two gray ones—here, like these."

The salesman was bewildered and frantic.

"Vell—two suits, maybe yes," he conceded. "But

Continued on page 114



Photo by Autrey

George O'Brien saw New York for the first time when he came to play in "East Side, West Side," and won many friends with his sense of humor and good-fellowship, as Alma Talley points out in her skillful story opposite.

Love Mission



"The Rose of Monterey" pictures the glamour and romance of California in 1846, when the dictator, *General Vallero,* was suspected of a plot to sell the State to Russia. Gilbert Roland is the patriot who frustrates the scheme.





Mary Astor's delicate beauty lends itself to the sentimental perplexities of *Elena,* who cannot understand why her lover, *Juan,* breaks his promise to rescue her and embarks on a perilous mission instead.

and Bells



The mellow charm of the famous old missions forms a background for as spirited a romance as young love could wish for, with the dash and danger that were part of the lives of the early settlers of California.





Montagu Love, as *Vallero*, is really *Elena's* father, although for political reasons the relationship is kept secret until *Juan* attempts to kill him. When this fails, *Elena* prepares to sacrifice herself to save *Juan*.



Nora Lane's demure, old-fashioned charm is real, or you may be sure Fred Thomson would not have chosen her for his sweetheart in "Jesse James." She is from Davenport, Iowa, and has been in Hollywood two years.

A La Mode Viennese



Maria Corda, the foreign star who has made a place for herself in Hollywood, displays, left, a creation of sequins in black and white.



A one-piece *crêpe de Chine* frock is shown, right, in brown and white, accompanied by a Bangkok hat with a brown grosgrain band.





A modern interpretation of the Hungarian national costume is worn, right, as smart afternoon attire, with sequin-topped boots.



The sports coat, left, is of white silk basket cloth embellished with ermine touched with black. Her chic manner of wearing sports clothes is further emphasized, upper right, by a wistaria-colored velvet jacket and *beret*, with a skirt of Sahara tan.

Bill Comes Through



William Haines has found another typical rôle in "Spring Fever"—that of a clerk who is invited to a country club, where he meets with such success in golf and love that there's no holding him down.



Jack Kelly wins the golf championship and the heart of Joan Crawford as well, when a rude awakening puts him on his mettle and he has to fight to keep both.

Romance Means—Ramon

Those who hold to this opinion will find much to please them in Novarro's new picture, "Romance," based on Joseph Conrad's novel, for it is a tale of pirates in the West Indies, with Ramon aiding a lady in distress.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise





Marceline Day, as *Seraphina*, is the heroine for whom *Don Juan* outwits pirates and wins back estates, until their love is as calm as a moonlit sea.



Photo by Wide World Studio

Sunny McKeen, otherwise "Snookums" of the comedies, is aptly named. There's sunlight in his eyes and smile, as well as the alert intelligence of the trouper who means to take advantage of every shining moment in his career.

To Love, Honor and Obey

The wedding rings worn by the film actresses of Hollywood are of many varied designs.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

STRANGE as it may seem, wedding rings do exist in Hollywood—many of them, in fact. Despite the numerous wrecked matrimonial barks that line the shores of cinemaland, there *are* some very happy unions, as the little gold or platinum circlets seen on many third fingers in the colony will attest.

Mary Pickford has not once taken from her finger the little platinum band placed there by Douglas Fairbanks when they were married in March, 1920. The circlet is small but is set with diamonds all the way round. Wearing it, too, has sometimes presented difficulties. For instance, when Mary plays a little-girl rôle, it has to be concealed. So Miss Pickford gets herself a slightly larger ring which fits securely over the other and looks like a little girl's trinket.

This was done in both "Little Annie Rooney" and "Sparrows." One of these camouflaging bands—purchased at a 5-and-10-cent store—was sent to England, where it was auctioned off at a charity bazaar.

When no second ring suitable for the purpose is at hand, Miss Pickford covers her wedding ring with tape and grease paint.

Claire Windsor's wedding emblem is unique. It is fashioned like a chain, made of platinum and set with diamonds. The chain effect was the idea of her husband, Bert Lytell, and attracts much attention.

"According to the old saying, a chain is no stronger than its weakest link," says Bert, "but there are no weak links in *this* chain."

The wedding ring given to Estelle Taylor by Jack Dempsey is an exquisite piece of craftsmanship. It is made of platinum, ornamented with a delicate scroll of orange blossoms set with small diamonds. At the top is a break in the scroll where her initials and his are cut in letters so small that they can be distinguished only with a magnifying glass. Miss Taylor exhibits this ring with great pride.

"I love it," she says. "Although I have diamonds and other stones in my jewel box, I like this little band most."

Norma Talmadge wears an old-fashioned gold wedding ring—plain and uncarved. And it seems in keeping with the tastes of the lovely actress who glorified womanhood in "Secrets" and in "Smilin' Through." But it would hardly fit in with the character of *Kiki*. The ring, however, was not in evidence when Norma played that gamin of the stage.

The ring that Kenneth Harlan gave to Marie Prevost is platinum in what



The simple platinum band worn by Marie Prevost is one of the few wedding rings in Hollywood that could be called of "conventional" design.



Dorothy Dwan's ring is set with thirty-two diamonds.



Claire Windsor's wedding ring is fashioned like a chain.



Mildred Davis Lloyd's wedding circlet is set with square-cut diamonds.

the newspapers call the "conventional design." It comes off her finger only when not in keeping with her rôle in a picture. Marie and Kenneth are one of those couples of whom people say, "They're just crazy about each other!" It is likely the ring from a curtain pole would have sufficed on the day they were married, if no other had been available. What difference did it make whether it was gold, platinum, or high-grade zinc, just so it answered the purpose!

Mildred Davis Lloyd, with her "little-girl hands," wears a wedding circlet that is set with square-cut diamonds. When Harold gave it to her, he thought it was about the most magnificent piece of jewelry on earth. However, Mildred is another who wouldn't have cared, on the day she acquired it, whether the ring was gold, platinum, or Rocky Mountain silver. Both she and Harold admit that they were so fussed on the day they were married that they wouldn't have noticed if Harold had inadvertently slipped a key ring onto Mildred's finger. Mildred is so small, that she looked like a radiantly beautiful child on her wedding day. She prizes her little diamond-studded ring as her most valuable bit of jewelry.



Estelle Taylor's ring is ornamented with a delicate scroll of orange blossoms set with tiny diamonds.

There is a bit of sentiment and a little story connected with the ring worn by Vivien Oakland. Her husband, John T. Murray, received a gold nugget from a wealthy uncle in Australia when their engagement was announced.

"Take this," the uncle said, "and make two wedding rings from it, one for each of you. And always wear them!"



Gertrude Olmsted's ring is placed in a safety-deposit box at the bank whenever she is at work on a picture.

Possibly "uncle" had heard of the many matrimonial wrecks among stage and screen stars. Possibly he wanted John to have with him a constant warning. Possibly he sent the nugget as a talisman. Vivien's ring is beautifully carved, but John's is plain. Manlike, however, he has the most gold in his. Probably this might be explained by the fact that a dainty little wedding band like the one Miss Oakland wears wouldn't last long on his finger.



The old-fashioned gold bands worn by John T. Murray and Vivien Oakland were made from a nugget sent them by a wealthy uncle in Australia.

When Dorothy Dwan married Larry Semon, she insisted that she wanted just a plain platinum band, inscribed with their initials. No frills, no scrolls. And she got it—just as she gets everything within reason that she wants from Larry, who adores her.

But when their first wedding anniversary came, Dorothy had decided that she should have something a little more fancy for dress occasions. The little platinum ring snuggling behind her engagement ring was almost lost to sight. So she went into conference with her comedian husband, and the result was another wedding ring, set with thirty-two diamonds, for wear on dress occasions. Sentiment is entwined about the first, and style about the second.

That little platinum band set with square-cut diamonds which Bob Leonard gave to Gertrude Olmsted when they were married is a serious matter with Gertrude. She isn't going to take any chances on its being dented or scarred or disfigured. Not by a long shot!

Continued on page 107



But Mary Pickford's little platinum band has not once left her finger since it was placed there seven years ago.



Blanche Sweet, left, Marie Prevost, below, and Phyllis Haver, right, offer three proofs that the sleek shingle may occasionally be varied with a few curls—just occasionally, though.





Cue for the Curling Iron

The "Fiji Island" frizz seems to be coming in once more.



Jetta Goudal, left, and Sally Rand, right, are completely transformed by the magic of the curling iron.



While Louise Brooks, above, is downright startling in a mass of ringlets.





As the result of a preview, the funny barber-shop scene in "Tell It to the Marines" was restored after it had at first been left out.

When the Fans

There is one time in the life of a the fan is not only invited, but lis for improvement are likely to be

By William

UNTIL a few years ago, audiences had to accept a picture as it was made. They still do, to a certain extent. But to-day the producers realize that the chap who said that great minds think alike was wrong. They know that the judgment of many is more valuable than the opinion of a few—especially when those few are the men responsible for the making of the film, and therefore likely to be blind to its faults. Thus the preview has come into existence. What is more, the preview is considered essential to a picture's chances of success.

After a film is completed to the satisfaction of its makers, they take it to some small theater outside Hollywood, where there is little chance of any one from the studio, except the cutter, the title writer, and a few others, being present. The reactions of an unprepared audience are thus obtained. And in order that some record of those reactions may be got, cards are distributed, requesting those who see the picture to write their opinions and mail them to the studio. These reports are checked, and any part of the film that is disapproved of by the majority is deleted or changed.

"Old Ironsides," for example, was given its first preview at a small theater in Pasadena, some eight or ten miles from Hollywood, and the usual cards were handed out. The majority of comments returned back to Paramount stressed the fact that, although the picture was fine, there was not enough love interest in it. So a few more love scenes between Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston were inserted, and when the film was given a second preview, it evoked complete enthusiasm.

Love scenes and the way they are handled, are very important to the fans, as previews have shown. In "Fighting Love," for instance, the preview audience did not care for the darkness in one of the meetings between Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi. The scene took place within an army tent at night. The only light came from outside. The fans rebelled. "Scene in tent is too dark," they complained. But that scene couldn't be cut out without spoiling the continuity. So it was retaken, and a lamp was placed between the lovers, so that more light played upon their features.

"The Temptress" was another example of what importance producers attach to the comments written on preview cards. As it was first filmed, this story had a bitterly tragic end—Greta Garbo, as *Elena,* was revealed in the final scenes as a derelict wandering the streets of Paris. Many were the previews given the picture. All the complaints centered on this tragic ending. After all the suffering and dangers had been gone through, the fans wanted to see the heroine finally in the hero's arms. So another ending was filmed, illogical and beyond all reason; yet at the final preview it satisfied. This happy ending was the one shown in most theaters. In the larger cities, however, the tragic finale was left intact.

Louise Lorraine and Beatrice Lillie, in "Exit Smiling," profited from criticisms written to the studio by persons in the preview audience.



"Twinkletoes" offered another proof of the power of the preview. In the original version, Colleen Moore, as the young dancer, got so weary of the wild carryings-on in Limehouse, that she eventually flung herself into the Thames and drowned. "A tragic ending may be all right for Europe, but not here!" said the preview audience in one voice.

Poor *Twinks* was given many previews before a satisfactory ending was at last

Have Their Way

motion picture when the opinion of tened to, and when his suggestions followed—that is, at the preview.

H. McKegg



The light which clearly shows Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi in this scene from "Fighting Love" was requested by fans.

found. One of the endings tried out showed Colleen hoeing potatoes on a farm, longing for the day when *Pop* and her lover, *Chuck*, should come to her. But even that would not do. No, her father and her lover had actually to appear on the farm before the audience was satisfied.

Though some preview audiences will ignore logic in order to escape a tragic ending, at other times they are strongly in favor of the logical development of a story. As "The Winning of Barbara Worth" was first arranged, a final sequence showed a locket and a few other trinkets dug up, after twenty years, from a sand-covered wagon, proving *Barbara* to be the niece of the first *Barbara*. But the preview fans went against this, so that part of the film was cut out and the trinkets were left to lie in the desert undisturbed.

At the end of the first version of "Exit Smiling," Beatrice Lillie, playing the rôle of an actress, flung a bath robe over her evening gown and hurried to the railway station to meet her falsely accused sweetheart. His former fiancée was driving along the dark country road in her car. Seeing the bareheaded woman in the bath robe, she stopped the car and asked if she would like a lift. Many comments from the preview audience were received, pointing out the illogicalness of this.

"In these dangerous days of holdups and murders," one person wrote, "no girl in her right mind would stop her car at night on a lonely road, and ask a stranger in a bath robe to get in."

So this sequence was cut out. At the next preview, the two girls did not meet until both were at the station.

Sometimes a fault revealed at a preview can be set right with just a little cutting. Again, parts that have been cut out are often replaced after a preview.

Occasionally, moments of tense drama in a film cause an audience to laugh. This occurred at the first preview of "The Yankee Clipper." William Boyd, as the gallant captain, was shown searching for the cowardly character played by John Miljan. A terrific storm was raging. As the film had been arranged, the audience saw flashes of Boyd searching for the missing man, then flashes of Miljan, cowering on his knees. To the majority of the audience this was comic, and they laughed. So the cutter went to work and, at the second preview, the coward was not shown until Boyd burst into his cabin. This time there was not a giggle.

As first shown in "The Yankee Clipper," this scene between William Boyd and John Miljan caused giggles, so it was changed.



In "Tell It to the Marines" the cutter first left out a barber-shop sequence, choosing what he thought was a funnier episode. The latter revealed Bill Haines on board a train bound for Tijuana. He did many smart-aleck stunts which the preview audience failed to appreciate. So the cutter deleted these capers and inserted the discarded barber-shop sequence in their stead. And at the next preview, this brought a laugh.

Therefore, in case any one should ask you, "Why is a preview?" you can say that the producers believe that the best way to discover what parts of a picture will please or displease the majority of fans is to find out from an impartial and representative audience.

As to whether a preview audience knows best, you are free to decide by considering these samples of their judgment.

They Just *Wouldn't*

The real heroes and heroines of the movies are the stars This absorbing article tells of some of the screen's most

By Ann



Photo by Pach

Hollywood said that Alice Joyce was through because she became absorbed in her family.

THEY didn't say it—not even when things were blackest. Not even when Hollywood had given them up as lost—or, worse yet, as has-beens—did they admit that they were finished in pictures.

They stuck to their guns, or their faith, or whatever it is that one sticks to when things go wrong, and staged come-backs so completely that a lot of people have forgotten they were ever temporarily out.

No two ways about it—the most admirable thing in any person's life is a come-back. To be out, *through*, down on your luck, with a painfully written "Finis" to your activities, to be by the world forgotten, and in turn bitterly forgetful of the world, and then to struggle back to the position you once held, by sheer determination, courage, and faith—this is the achievement of a superperson.

It is easy enough to say, "The cards were stacked against me," but to demand a new deal—ah, *that* takes courage!

There is no other profession in which you can be more completely "finished" than the movies. That is the reason come-backs in the movies seem to me to be a little more inspiring than any others. If you get to be a fairly good banker or butcher, you are likely to remain a fairly good banker or butcher, but you can be at the very top of a screen career and almost in the blinking of an eyelid fall to the deepest obscurity. New people are constantly coming to the front, new conditions developing. Too bad, but——

To-day, there isn't a finer director of sure-fire pictures than Tod Browning. Yet, four years ago, they said he was through. They said it was too bad that a man with his talent and opportunity should have let hard luck get the better of him. He had made successful pictures for Universal, but he couldn't make any more, because they had refused to renew his contract.



Mildred Davis refused to let luxury stifle her ambition.

For two years he didn't work. He became separated from his wife. His debts became tremendous. It would be interesting, and yet terrible, to know what he did and thought in those two idle years. Perhaps he wandered up and down the Boulevard of an evening, cynically observing the sparkle of the other fellow's pictures in electric lights, and remembering when his own had held that place of honor. Remembering, too, the actors who had fawned on him, but who were too busy now fawning on other directors to bother with a man who could no longer help them. There must have been hastily averted eyes when he passed lukewarm friends on the street. There are always the people who forget to remember. There must have been other humiliations, deep and bitter.

Easiest thing in the world to drift along—float with the tide—retire from the scene, cynical, embittered. Hardest thing in the world to take hold of yourself, and whisper over and over, "If I am not the master of my fate, I am at least the master of my faults. Not a superman—but a *man.*"

Tod Browning must have said that to himself. Or something like it. He must have caught himself somewhere in that downward drift and started, slowly at first, to fight against the current. For painfully, patiently, he has reclaimed all that was his—and more. He and his wife are reunited. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer now count him

When Francis X. Bushman ceased to be an idol, the gossips said he was out.

Photo by Witzel



Say Die

who refused to let Hollywood say they were finished. noted come-backs, and the odds that were against them.

Sylvester

one of the strongest links in their organization—this man who came back from the valley of twisted dreams to sane realities. But it is not nearly so important what Tod Browning now makes of his new success, as what all this has made of him.

Blanche Sweet was through, too. Or so Hollywood said. Her day was over. If you cared for details, you were told that she was sick, in both mind and body. Worst of all, she had lost her looks. A shame, wasn't it?

And Alice Joyce—oh, one would never hear of her any more. She was married now and had a couple of children—an actress was finished after that. Besides, Alice Joyce had had her day. Why talk about her when there were newer and younger personalities to be reckoned with?

Wonder what Blanche, who was so sick, and Alice, who was so definitely "washed up," thought when they heard these things? For no matter how you hide away, you always hear such things. They must have hurt. They must have been very discouraging.

But not enough, thank goodness, to make any difference! True, there were younger, newer, and even prettier girls to compete with, but Alice Joyce, who was no longer a girl, came crashing back, when she was ready, into a front place. If the world had forgotten her, she refreshed its memory with several excellent portrayals in mature rôles. If there was no place for her, she made one for herself. Greater courage has no man—or woman.



Photo by Keyes

Blanche Sweet's long absence from the screen was thought to indicate that she could never return, but it only gave her more determination to make the greatest come-back of all.



Tod Browning, the director, fought two years to regain the place he had lost.

Charles Ray, with enormous debts against him, and his stardom gone, has courageously made a new and firmer place for himself.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise



When little Mildred Davis married Harold Lloyd, the wise ones predicted her finish—that is, the finish of her career. For wasn't Mildred stepping into the very lap of luxury, and what is there that drugs ambition so completely as having no need to do anything? Why work? She had more money in a day than she could earn in a lifetime of effort.

That was true enough, and it might have satisfied the average girl, but I have known Mildred a long time, and I know that there wasn't a minute after her marriage when she wasn't planning some day to resume her screen work.

I don't know but that Mildred's come-back is a little more phenomenal than any of the others. When you are working against trouble and adversity, you are working toward better conditions and surroundings. Mildred was working down from the height of luxury to something she found difficult to explain, even to herself. She told her friends, vaguely, "I don't know what it is—I just want to be doing something." She knew what she wanted, and she got it.

Perhaps it may develop that she will not be so happy back on the screen as she thought she would. But, anyway, she will have proved it to herself—and proving things to yourself is the only way to be satisfied. So, in spite of an indulgent husband and scoffing friends, Mildred came back to see for herself.

Of all sad figures the saddest is the ex-matinée idol. Such was Francis X. Bushman. He had known

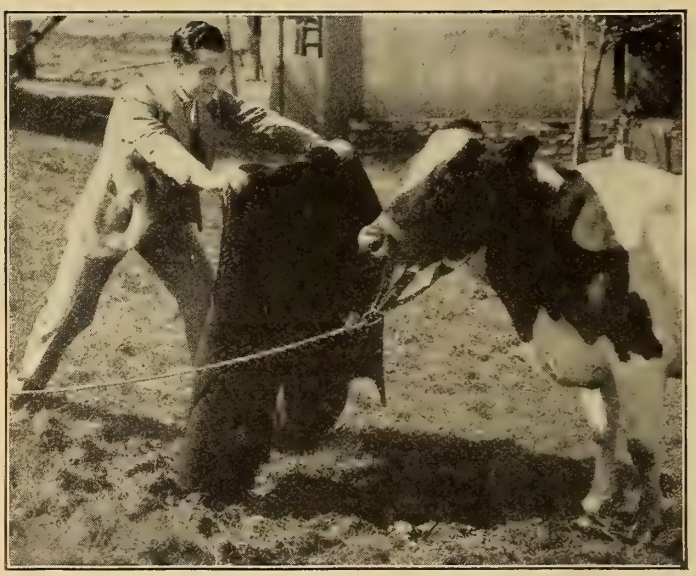
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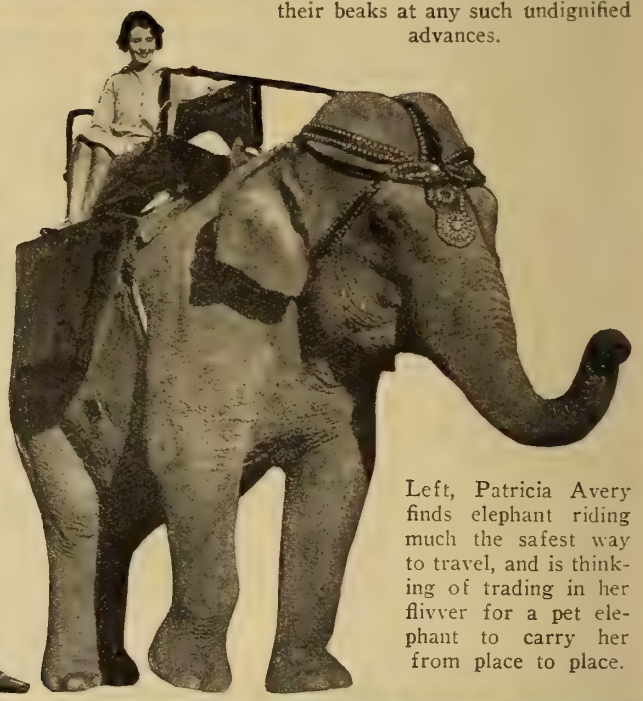
Don't Annoy the Animals

But the birds and beasts used in the movies have to put up with a lot of teasing.



"Come, goosy, goosy, goose," coaxes Wallace Beery, left, to the three trained geese who supported him in "The Big Sneeze," but these are high-priced geese, and turn up their beaks at any such undignified advances.





Left, Patricia Avery finds elephant riding much the safest way to travel, and is thinking of trading in her flivver for a pet elephant to carry her from place to place.

Above, Ramon Novarro tries his very best to get a rise out of bossy, but she just won't play bull. Supposed to lend placid atmosphere to "Old Heidelberg," she's too much of an artist to get out of her part for one minute.



Left, June Marlowe goes rough riding on one of the prize ostriches at the Universal zoo.



And you all know Jiggs, of course—Universal's chimpanzee. Right, he and Dorothy Gulliver go fishing in a mud puddle on the studio lot, but so far there hasn't been a bite.



THE BIG PARADE

WILL be shown by the most progressive theatre in your town soon after September10th at popular prices. No American man, woman or child can afford to miss

THE BIG PARADE

Starring JOHN GILBERT
with RENEE ADOREE
Story by LAURENCE STALLINGS *Directed by* KING VIDOR

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

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Win John Gilbert's Tin Hat *filled with Dollar Bills*

★

Answer King Vidor's Six Questions

OUR daily mail at the studio shows that there are millions of movie fans who not only *see* pictures but are surprisingly well-informed as to the actors, even down to the minor characters. Here are six questions about The Big Parade and its actors, which will test your powers of observation and memory. To the author of the best set of answers from a man I will send $50.00 in cash and the famous *tin hat* worn by John Gilbert in The Big Parade. To the writers of the next 50 best sets of answers from men, Renee Adoree will send an autographed copy of her latest photograph. To the author of the best set of answers from a woman I will send $50.00 in cash and the wooden shoes worn by Renee Adoree in the same picture. And to the writers of the next 50 best sets from women John Gilbert will send an autographed copy of his latest photograph. May the best man—and woman—win.

King Vidor

King Vidor's Six Questions!

1 What character in The Big Parade practically reacts a part of her own life history for you?

2 What does John Gilbert win and what does he lose in The Big Parade?

3 What was the doughboy's nickname for the type of bombs thrown by Germans in the famous shell-hole scene?

4 What do you consider the most impressive scene in The Big Parade and why? (Not over 100 words.)

5 What former California University football star plays a prominent role in The Big Parade?

6 What was Slim's (Karl Dane) first impression upon meeting James Apperson (John Gilbert) for the first time? Did he, or did he not, change his opinion?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, NewYork.** All answers must be received by Oct. 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

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Grizzly Gallagher

A Western Story

By REGINALD C. BARKER

It was a job and a tough one at that to make a man out of young, red-headed Ted Blaine, the son of the partner of one of the old-type mountaineers. But Grizzly Gallagher tackled it and the adventures of the two in the rugged Idaho wilderness makes the sort of reading that takes you clean out of yourself.

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Another bang-up novel about the two resourceful youngsters who started out after the big financial magnates who ruined their uncle. A fast-stepping novel of intrigue and ingenuity of the sort that only Mr. McCulley can write.

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Saved from the Sultan

Gayly, impudently, Douglas MacLean wins a slave girl from a sovereign, in "Soft Cushions," his spectacular film.





Basking in the sultan's favor, Douglas MacLean and Sue Carol, above, are seen in the appropriately happy ending of the comedian's most ambitious picture.

Frank Leigh, as *The Lean Thief*, conspires, above, with Douglas MacLean, *The Young Thief*, only to find himself outwitted by his wily partner.

The star, right, has serious moments, too.

Sue Carol, below, as *The Girl*, cannot believe that the thief she loves has become vizier.



Sue Carol, below, is considered unusually promising.





Continued from page 18

chopped and placed around the chicken in the roaster and the whole is baked in a wine sauce.

A dessert such as pudding *soufflé* —not very sweet—would possibly be followed by cheese and fruit. *Café brûlant* is often served in place of regular coffee. This is prepared by placing coffee in a silver dish, adding cinnamon stick, orange peel, carnation seed and cognac, lighting a match, and serving *demi-tasse* while the flame is alive.

The first Europeans to join the film colony were Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch, the director. With them they brought the spirit of the Continent, a spirit, however, that was at once democratic and very cosmopolitan. Particularly was this evident in the warm hospitality of the Lubitsches, who immediately threw themselves into the social life of Hollywood, and rather than cling to any traditions of the past, they adopted America, with its slogans and slang and garden teas and buffet suppers. The only vestiges of Berlin left in the charming Lubitsch household are a few broken accents and two *"echte dachshunde."* Miss Negri was in the beginning, is now and always will be, the actress and woman of the metropolis.

To get a real breath of Berlin one must be entertained by Emil Jannings and his wife. Their cook and butler are from Berlin and were brought to Hollywood when Jannings came over nearly a year ago. He is very particular about his food and he wanted to take no chances on getting hungry for wonderful *sauerbraten* and dumplings and *apfel strudel,* so he and his wife brought part of their Berlin establishment with them.

With all the dinners served at the Jannings', whether formal or *en famille,* a cucumber salad with a special dressing invariably appears somewhere on the menu. It is typically German. It is often proffered by the Lubitsches, the Conrad Veidts, the Eric Pommers, and the Victor Varconis. With German and Hungarian dinners, salads are never served as a separate entrée, as in America, but like other vegetables accompany the main meat course.

There are often four and five meats. A formal Berlin dinner, after the *hors d'œuvres* and soup, would boast a wild fowl or two, a roast duck, chicken, and meat. This sounds extravagant and heavy to Americans. But the secret of eating such a dinner is to eat very sparingly of each course. Cheese and fruits close such a dinner, followed by black coffee and liqueurs. *Parfaits* and *mousses* made of richest creams, not heavily frozen like our ice creams, and flavored with fresh fruits, find high favor on Berlin menus. Cake is never served in large slices. *Petits fours,* little individual cakes made of finest doughs and fillings, and often wholly of marzipan, are typical.

Although at the Eric Pommers' and at Hans Kraly's, the scenario writer, both excellent hosts, a wonderful chocolate roll filled with whipped cream and served on a platter for each guest to take the desired portion, is very popular.

There is a dish that Mrs. Victor Varconi often serves, following one of her wonderful Hungarian soups that is made of finely chopped meat stuffed in cabbage and in turn rolled in sauerkraut and boiled for a long while. It sounds simple but it is terribly difficult to make. And it isn't anything like what you would imagine from this rather brief description.

This and her French pancakes filled with nuts, made as thin as paper, fifty large ones forming a cake and served as dessert with a cream sauce, and roast young pig with red cabbage and prune dumplings, are the high lights of her ever-festive board.

Lovely hosts are the Jean Hersholts. Evenings with them are devoted to a wide variety of discussions, always ending with painting, as Mr. Hersholt is a very good artist. Here is a typical Danish dinner served by them:

Hvid Sago Suppe.

Roast duck stuffed with apples and prunes.

Small potatoes browned in sugar and butter.

Red cabbage cooked in butter, sugar and vinegar.

Pumpernickel bread and cheese.

Danish apple cake and coffee.

And the following is Mrs. Hersholt's recipe for the *Hvid Sago Suppe:*

One cup of seedless raisins, one quart of water, one cup of sago, one stick of cinnamon, and half a lemon.

Cook the above one half hour, then add six egg yolks, beaten with sugar to taste. Then the juice of a half lemon and some sherry.

At the Del Rio home one seldom eats the hot, highly seasoned food that is associated with Mexico. *Tamales* and *chili con carne* are eaten a great deal by the servants on a Mexican estate and are often served as an extra course when a family is dining very informally.

The Del Rio family are very large land owners in Mexico City and employed a staff of thirty servants. French chefs were always employed and consequently French *cuisine* with a Spanish flavor ruled the household.

But whenever the family dined alone an extra course, called *Bocado de la Casino,* was brought in from the servants' own kitchen as an added delectation. In this dish the *tamales* and *chili* and other peppery entremets made their appearance.

Dolores and her husband often serve as an entrée a typical Mexican dish made of rice and avocado and fried bananas. Very delicious! Coffee in their home is never served at the table. This custom is becoming quite general. Some people like to linger over large cups of coffee right at the dining table. Others prefer to have a demi-tasse in the living room, away from a table whose flowers begin to wilt and over which crumbs and cigarette ashes are bound to appear.

A picture of Hollywood's epicurean delights would not be complete without mention of the Polish dinners of Arthur Lubin, prepared by himself. Or of the fifteen-course dinners right in the heart of Chinatown, with Anna May Wong as hostess, telling you some of the beautiful, mystical lore of her forbears, while soft-soled, slight figures in loose black-cotton jackets and trousers place before you poetic little rice cakes and candied ginger —not to speak of edible bird's nests.

Neither would it be complete without remembering the faultless dinners of George Fitzmaurice, the director, who for his fish course always serves a specially imported smoked variety from France.

Or Elinor Glyn's English dinners, with mutton and peas and mint sauce, most specially prepared by the chefs of the Ambassador. She is a very interesting, magnetic hostess.

Nor would it be possible to pass unheralded the East Indian curry which Enid Bennett Niblo's mother prepares. The curry for which Mrs. Bennett alone seems to hold the secret is herewith offered with the kind hope that it will taste like that lady's when you eat it:

Two pounds of round steak, two large green apples, two large onions, two tablespoons of tomato sauce, one banana or any fruit available, one small can of pineapple—cut fine —and the juice of one lemon.

Cut up meat in small portions. Fry with onions, apples, and rest of fruit cut fine, tomato sauce and

Continued on page 96

Hollywood's Dizziest Blondes

Some of the lightest-haired girls in the sun-kissed legion



Laura La Plante, left, with her wealth of taffy-colored hair and gay spirits, is perhaps the most conspicuous blonde on the screen, because she lives up to what is expected of her type.



Nancy Phillips, right, a comparative newcomer, typifies the more dignified blonde given to long earrings, elaborate gowns, and unruffled calm.



Josephine Dunn, below, a graduate of the Paramount school, combines pronounced *blondeur* with petite slenderness, and already has made a place for herself.





Ann Carter, upper left, a niece of Lincoln J. Carter, the playwright, is a dazzling blonde with the same kind of smile, and finds a place for both in Snub Pollard comedies.



Allene Ray, upper right, has won a big following in serials because she offsets her delicate, truly blond personality by feats of skill and daring expected of an Amazon.



Vivien Oakland, left, formerly in vaudeville, is notable for her magnetism and distinction—Edna Marian, right, is one of Hal Roach's talented assets.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 68

in Warner Brothers pictures, also devised some special gags for the occason. Among these was one that elicited a great deal of laughter. Whenever an actor, whose name was called by Jessel from the stage, failed to get on his feet promptly, Demarest would rise from his seat and take a bow. Some unknown player was introduced the first time and everybody assumed that Demarest was the man, but the next time when a woman was mentioned, and he got up to take the bow, too, they got onto the trick. The third or fourth time Demarest pinch-hitted for a celebrity, he stood up on his seat, waved his arms, and blew kisses to the audience.

Fists too Flourishing.

Squabbles, legal and otherwise, are growing more diversified all the time. The most unique one we can recall just now, is one involving Eileen Sedgwick. She is accused by a movie extra of having become so enthusiastic in the delineation of her part as the Swedish servant girl in "Slide, Kelly, Slide" as to have caused damage to his nose, teeth, and one eye. It was the scene where Miss Sedgwick appeared cheering the home-town team, and was supposed to become so excited that she mussed up the straw hats and hair of those in her vicinity. The extra asked for compensation in the nature of accident insurance, but there was some argument about his getting it.

Revives Old Legal War.

Lillian Gish has been sued recently for the insignificant sum of five million dollars, which is the amount asked in the way of damages by the former producer of her pictures, Charles H. Duell. This case has been up before, and at that time Duell lost out in his contention. The matter is terribly complicated, so we won't attempt to tell about it here, except to mention that Mr. Duell asserted that Miss Gish and he were at one time engaged.

About the time the news of this suit came out, Lillian was kept quite busy denying her engagement to George Jean Nathan, the knight-errant among the critics.

Jonah Pursues De Mille.

The fates seem to be haunting Cecil B. De Mille. In the space of a week or two his home was robbed, his yacht was burned, and he was involved in some court proceedings that attracted much sensational interest.

"C. B." is perhaps wondering when Nemesis will stop pursuing him.

Not a Nice Remark.

The wife of a Hungarian dramatist can't be a very good critic of personality, if what Vilma Banky says she said is true. The lady is Sari Fedak, former wife of Franz Molnar, the playwright, and Vilma asserts that Sari called her a "horrible little Budapest beast."

Vilma filed a libel suit against her in the foreign courts, and though it was twice threshed out there, Vilma lost both times.

Still we don't believe that that proves a thing as far as the "Budapest beast" part of it goes. Indeed, Miss Banky's quiet charm is quite overwhelming, not to say dazzling.

Harold Decides.

Ann Christy is the name of Harold Lloyd's new leading lady. She succeeds Jobyna Ralston, who played opposite the comedian in half a dozen pictures, and she looks a little like Jobyna. Harold evidently favors a somewhat demure, old-fashioned type nowadays.

The funny thing is that Miss Christy was picked because Harold thought she resembled a New York girl. Maybe she does, because there is a great deal of variety in Manhattan's fair sex. You'd never imagine her, though, as being in the "Follies."

Miss Christy has been in California several years, appearing in Christie comedies—she spells her name differently from the producer—and in Universal films. Harold didn't see her on the screen, however, but observed her while looking at some magazine advertisements.

Bebe Will Sheik.

Encouraged by the hit she made in "Señorita," Bebe Daniels is going to try other new fields. She is to be a "sheikess," turning the tables and kidnaping a man instead of being kidnaped. The picture will be called "She's a Sheik."

Bebe is showing a great deal of smartness, by the way, in her real-estate investments. She puts her money in seaside property, and builds nice Spanish villas quite in tune with her personality, and then sells them to advantage. Beach frontage is so scarce that these houses have to be constructed on very small lots, but their architecture is so clever that they seem more than roomy. Bebe also purchases furniture and draperies from abroad, which makes the decorative schemes quite ultra. She says it's an economical way to do things, too.

Bird Will Visit.

It seems to be all taken for granted that King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman will be celebrating the arrival of the stork within a few months. There have been plenty of rumors that the famous bird is hovering, and lately these aren't denied, either.

It's the first time in some months that we've been able to chronicle a happy event of this kind. There just simply haven't been any lately.

Ideal Marriage Shattered.

We hate to admit that we were all wrong about the marriage of Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor, but then virtually all Hollywood referred to them, as we have often done, as one of the most ideally mated couples. Their separation was a distinct shock to the colony.

We won't bother going into the details here, except to say that we feel that if they hadn't been kept so long apart by Bert's vaudeville tour, they might still be wed. Absence seldom has made the heart grow fonder in the bright land of the cinema.

Anyway, Bert and Claire are good friends, and occasionally go together to Hollywood social affairs.

High Pay for Laughter.

Syd Chaplin is continuing his movie career as a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, and will doubtless brighten their program very nicely.

Syd has averaged very well with his comedies, though he has made few as good as "Charley's Aunt" and "The Better 'Ole."

After leaving Warner Brothers he went to England to make a picture, and is said to have received two hundred thousand dollars for this engagement. That is an exceptionally high price for a single production, but the British were very anxious to have him over there.

Trudy Likes the Movies.

Gertrude Ederle may have her fling at the movies in earnest some time soon. Playing in "Swim, Girl, Swim," the Bebe Daniels picture, was an experience enticing enough to make her desire another adventure in the sea of celluloid.

Bebe and Trudy spent much time at the beach together, for they struck up a strong friendship. Charley Paddock, Bebe's ex-fiancé, also liked her very much, and has even talked of making a picture with her.

Watch This Newcomer.

A little girl worth watching is Shirley O'Hara, who has been playing the leading rôle in Adolphe Menjou's "A Man of Paris." She lives up to her name in being a true Irish

Continued on page 111

Continued from page 55

"I always expect much—too much, maybe—from one man. But Rod is the first man who fulfills my ideals. He is everything! Home—children—these are sacred to me. They must be so to the man I marry. They are to Rod. *For me there can be marriage only once. Navair separation—except death.*"

And as Rod said:

"Vilma and I have both tasted glory and success. We know the meaning of *work and denial.* We also know what loneliness means. She has been a stranger in a strange land and I have been for a long time a stranger in a wide circle of friends. I have always wanted to marry. And while the past year or two have been great ones for me, professionally, they would have been much more significant to me if I had had Vilma to share them with me.

"I have lived with my mother and sister so many years that I guess I am somewhat old-fashioned about women. I need feminine companionship—the fine inspiration of a woman. I am no bachelor by nature. I don't think that any man knows the essence of real living until he marries. It's awfully easy for a man to get self-centered—especially an actor—and selfish. Marriage is bound to temper your vanity, your ego, and make you more thoughtful of others, besides giving you a broader perspective on life and your own self.

"And I still believe that there is one woman for every man in the world. If you meet her, fate is kind to you. If you don't, your life is restless, unhappy, and you are continually seeking, not knowing half the time what for. I know all this sounds sentimental, but I am an idealist where marriage is concerned. The things I am telling you should never be printed. They sound so foolish outside of a novel. Everything is burlesqued these days to such a degree that a man is ashamed even to think on planes above a conventional level, lest he appear a boob in his own eyes.

"I am a fatalist. I knew the night I met Vilma two years ago at her first dinner party in Hollywood—at the Cecil De Milles'—that some day we would be married. I didn't even impress her on that occasion. And we didn't see each other after that for a long time, just socially now and then. Hostesses had a habit of seating us together at dinners. I made no desperate effort to force my attentions on her either, because I stood in a peculiar awe of her. I had met my ideal—and my fate—and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't speak German or Hungarian. She couldn't speak English. In a way we were like ships passing in the foggy night. But I kept thinking of her when I dared—she was so sacred to me I was even afraid that human thought was sacrilege. But just the same, I kept telling my mother that some day, somewhere, Vilma Banky would marry me. I never doubted it!"

La Rocque is a man. He is not a "perfect lover" whom men despise and over whom women make fools of themselves. If he were that type—notwithstanding that so charming a girl as Vilma were marrying him—I shouldn't be quoting him seriously. And I listened to his frank, virile confession without embarrassment. It was expressed with just the right degree of repression and ingenuousness.

Vilma, ever the soul of discretion, smiled dreamily at and beyond Rod while he was talking. There is an inscrutable quality about her that is fascinating to women—and how much more intriguing it must be to men, particularly to a devoted husband. That virtue alone would insure success in marriage! Once she commented philosophically:

"How strange is life—fate, maybe. Three years ago, I see Rod in 'The Ten Commandments' in Berlin, where he became big favorite. Everybody applaud him and speak his name. I, too. Yet, he was so far away in America—I was not crazy for him, only as actor—and I was so far away in Europe. Once I not speak English. Now we speak same language. And I marry him. Wonderful, is it not?"

She is twenty-three. He is twenty-eight. She is as fair as he is dark. She is slender and inclined to be of delicate stature. He is tall and built like a young Hercules. She is Hungarian, he of French and Irish extraction. Her temperament is tranquil, her moods pastels, like dainty, colored toys. And always you feel she is listening to haunting gypsy tunes strummed in the moonlight. His temperament is tense, fiery, a bit turbulent, but held together by poise.

They were a stunning bridal pair, the romantic idealization of a bride and groom. The church was adorned with countless pink roses and summer blooms, a matchless setting for the distinguished bridal party. Outside the church, the usual seething mob was held back by special police—but inside its exquisite walls there was peace and quiet, albeit a congregation of seven hundred famed people waited anxiously for the ceremonies to begin. The mob had delayed the car bearing the bride.

The choir sang the "Hallelujah Chorus" from "The Messiah," the orchestra struck the first strains of the wedding music from "Lohengrin," the ushers headed by Ronald Colman and Jack Holt started the procession, followed by the famous bridesmaids in their varicolored net gowns and large hats, then Mrs. Lehr, the matron of honor, and finally the enchanting bride on the arm of Sam Goldwyn. She was a picture of rarest appeal in her tight-fitting white satin gown, with long lace sleeves, lace cap with full trailing veil caught with orange blossoms, and carrying her huge bridal bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley.

Father Mullins read a simple and impressive service and Vilma's and Rod's responses to his questions were spoken in clear, sure tones. Everybody in that church heard them take their vows, which they pledged never to break!

The attitude of Hollywood toward the wedding was one of interest but not without the usual side comments. There were many who jokingly referred to it as Sam Goldwyn's greatest production.

I am very sure that more than one person in that congregation was deeply touched by the picture of Vilma on the arm of Mr. Goldwyn when she slowly walked to the altar. Her mother and all her relatives were so far, far away in Hungary on this important day of her life. And it seemed, therefore, particularly fitting and warmly, graciously personal that she should be given in marriage by the producer who brought her fame and fortune in America, and her fullest happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. La Rocque are coming back to a new home which Rod has recently completed in Beverly, and they will have the thrill of furnishing it together. Shortly after they will both resume their careers. Vilma's next production will be her first as a star, the charming combination of herself and Ronald Colman having recently been dissevered by Mr. Goldwyn, who plans featuring these two favorites individually.

The marriage of Vilma and Rod had absolutely nothing to do with the professional separation of Mr. Colman and Miss Banky. If that had been one of Rod's demands, the marriage would most certainly have been given a wrong start. It has had such an ideal beginning and the two principals seem to be so deeply in love and so resolute and sane in their ideas, that it is to be sincerely hoped nothing will be permitted to disturb their present happiness.

He Acts with His Head

Continued from page 43

He laughed at me. "Didn't you ever 'make-believe' when you were a child?" he asked. "Well—most of us never grow up. Acting is simply the adult's way of making believe.

"It is the child in people that makes them want to see pictures—to pretend for a time that they live in a different world. It is all a game that we play with the public. I pretend that I am, say, *Hard-boiled Haggerty,* the man in this picture. The audience pretends, too. We, who make the picture, invent the game. If we are good at pretending—if we make-believe convincingly—the picture is a success. We have persuaded our audience that we know how to play. They have enjoyed the game.

"Pictures do a great public service, I believe. Much greater than some of us realize. They bring an emotional release within the reach of everybody, the vicarious thrill that only the rich who could have books and pictures and music and plays could enjoy in former generations."

Sills, as every one must know, was at one time a professor of psychology. That tendency to analyze the processes of human minds still persists in him. It crops up every little while in his conversation upon any subject. I was interested in his discussion of his own state of mind when he acts.

"It isn't exactly a matter of emotion," he said. "It is a more calculating thing than that. Of course we acquire a certain technique. In the roistering, romantic rôles such as mine in 'The Sea Hawk,' we use the grand gestures." He illustrated this with a grandiloquent sweep of his arm, throwing an imaginary mantle over his shoulder. "We 'take it big,' in actor's parlance. We must suit our actions to the mood of the thing we are doing. We do not imagine how a real person would act under such circumstances. We try to think how a romantic hero should act to satisfy the imagination of the audience.

"But I prefer more commonplace rôles. I like playing the 'regular guy' sort of man in whom the audience recognizes something of himself, or the person he would like to be. The average American idealized a trifle. A clean-cut, good-humored chap with a grin. A man who has a suggestion of human weakness.

"That is the type I think the public prefers—decent, not too lofty, enduring ordinary vicissitudes which might confront any of them—and coming through all right because of this same innate decency.

"We like a fighting man, a two-fisted fellow who can fight like everything if he is aroused. But we want him to fight in a just cause.

"I act with my mind—not, as a rule, with my emotions. It does not touch me here"—pointing to his heart—"I direct it from here." He put his hand to his forehead. "I think what I want to do and then I try to do it. It is as simple as that."

The fact that Sills was once a professor of psychology has been considered an anomaly by many people. It does not seem so to me. After all, success in acting or any other endeavor depends largely upon a knowledge of human nature—knowing what the great majority think and what they want. And Sills' success, it seems, has not been due to flukes or lucky breaks or any accident of personality. He has deliberately studied his job and his public, and has done his work in the best way he knew how.

He is not a great actor, but he is a good one. And—proof of his knowledge of average psychology—he is one of the prime favorites of the great majority.

The Epicures of Hollywood

Continued from page 92

juice of lemon. Place in saucepan and add one pint of soup stock. Simmer gently until meat is tender. Add two teaspoonfuls of curry powder and serve with boiled rice, chutney and desiccated coconut.

The garden parties of the Charles Rays, with a banquet table seating fifty people, so constructed that its centerpiece is the fountain and lily pond, stand out in memory.

Particularly one moonlight night in October, the harvest moon shedding a mellow, almost roseate light over the lovely, cool garden and bringing out in striking relief the soft, light gowns of the women, a warm, gentle breeze playing with the flames of one hundred candles clustered on the table.

A huge open fireplace at one end of the garden was tended by a chef, busy broiling *filets mignons,* while hustling maids served the preliminary courses.

The buffet luncheon, tea, or supper is a type of entertainment that has grown extremely popular in Hollywood.

A long table is stretched across the dining room and everything that is to be served is placed thereon for the guests to help themselves. Plates and silver and napkins are at one end of the table.

Roast turkeys, baked hams, chicken curry and wild rice, sandwiches, salads, various cheeses and cold meats await the guests. Later ices or ice creams and coffee are served.

It is really a great system for taking care of large parties, such as are given by Gloria Swanson, Billie Dove, Mabel Normand, Carmelita Geraghty, Anna Q. Nilsson, Bebe Daniels, Mildred Lloyd, and a hundred other charming people in the film colony. And equally as effective for intimate gatherings, over which Aileen Pringle presides with such rare grace and intellectual sparkle.

However, it is not alone at large parties that one encounters superior food in Hollywood, nor is it in the homes of the stars. It is quite likely you will happen upon a rare and captivating dish while lunching with a star at a studio. Celebrities such as Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford maintain a studio *cuisine* that would do credit to a great house. Not that it is elaborate, but it is very special, and their private dining room is a lovely sight, with its beautifully appointed table. While working on their respective pictures—and Doug and Mary always produce their pictures at the same time—the stars must have just the right food that will provide the proper nourishment for the afternoon's work, without the least suggestion of heaviness. The feeling of repletion that often comes after the midday meal is a condition that is death to one's best work. And it is necessary to guard against this. Years of the most meticulous watchfulness have reduced the question of dietetics to a science with the Fairbankses.

Studio executives also maintain private cooks to prepare the daily luncheon. And so it is that almost every suite of studio offices has its private dining room, where business can be discussed in the course of an epicurean repast.

Is gastronomy, then, a lost art? No! Not so long as there are epicures in Hollywood who know how to make an *omelette aux fines herbes* and mushroom sauce.

But remember! If you try any of this ambrosial food, and get indigestion, don't blame me!

All at Sea

Do you recognize these frolicking water babies disporting in the blue Pacific?



Who is that gentleman, left, swimming with Vera Reynolds? That isn't a gentleman—that is her dog!

All you can see of the handsome young blade, right, is a fascinating eyebrow or two—can it be Barthelmess, Dix, or Haines? All wrong. It is none other than that winsome colleen, Sally O'Neil.





You ought to guess this one quickly, although at first glance, Joan Crawford, above, with her cousin, suggests Gloria Swanson.



Aha! This one is easy! Florence Vidor—or is it Alice Joyce, with Raymond Griffith looking a little annoyed at the absence of his silk hat? But look a little closer and you'll see that it is Virginia Valli and Norman Kerry, above, doing a pretty good imitation of a pair of swimming seals.

Keen eyes and a fighting jaw are the characterstics of so many movie heroes that you really have to look twice before you are sure that it is Reginald Denny, below.





If you know your scales you won't need any prompting to recognize Bert Roach, above.

At first you'd almost be tempted to shout Gertrude Ederle, but you're wrong. As if "Trudy" would affect the butterfly bathing cap, right, that hides Laura La Plante's golden hair.



A Gesture from Jetta

Continued from page 34

"But what would you have me say?" she demanded in a hurt tone, with a prettily rising inflection. "Am I to ignore fan letters? Am I to ignore the crowds who recognize me in the street? Am I to be unconscious of this—adulation? What, sir, do you sink?" The *sir* was a sign of her distress.

There was little to be said to all that. Her public it is. May it prosper and multiply. For Jetta Goudal is a good actress, given a properly *genre* rôle, and granted a knowing, firm-handed director. In "The Bright Shawl" hers was a striking performance. One of her later pictures, "White Gold," also presented her talents effectively. Goudal is unique and individual on the screen. Off it she is colorful and naïve.

She is very serious about her work. Perhaps she smiled when she termed it her art, but smiling or no, she meant it. Pictures, she said, are a great force for good if they are sincerely made. "Why cannot the screen uplift instead of playing down to popular—or what it sinks is popular taste?" she asked. Echo answered.

The written word does not begin to project the facets of her personality. When Jetta spoke in platitudes about the art of the screen she was not being glib or flip or fly; she was being interviewed. She lacks practically nothing save a sense of humor.

Showmanship was everywhere apparent. Before I left, as a grand climax, a bell tinkled, and the Duc de Richelieu was announced. And sure enough he appeared. I had expected a crimson robe, but I was wrong. Deftly trapping one Goudal hand he saluted it with his lips, while Jetta threw back her head with a devastating smile, and said a number of words in what sounded to these untutored ears like perfectly good French.

There were touches like that. It wouldn't have astounded me to see the window swing open any moment, to admit Cecil B. De Mille with a detachment of United States Marines, by courtesy of the president.

Always gracious, always agreeable, always vastly entertaining, la belle Goudal will always remain theatrical. Wherever she is, there will be entrances, big scenes, sweeping exits. She is of the theater, obviously, doing her best to do the right thing by it. And by her public.

The Future of the Stars

Continued from page 29

Monte Blue, John Bowers, Francis X. Bushman, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Carol Dempster, William Haines, Douglas MacLean, Patsy Ruth Miller, Pola Negri, Milton Sills, and Phyllis Haver.

The men of Aquarius, in which sign the sun is to be found from January 19th to about the same date in February, are always original and inventive, as is shown by the work of those who represent this section of the zodiac in the noiseless drama. The trouble is that they are apt to be lost out ahead of the crowd somewhere, which is as bad as falling behind.

The lives of Aquarians have not been any beds of roses during the past two years, and those who have made surface successes can remember sacrifices that had to be made in order to achieve them. Among these are: John Barrymore, Ronald Colman, Buster Collier, Raymond Griffith, Ben Lyon, Adolphe Menjou, and Ramon Novarro.

The private affairs of most natives of Aquarius are calming down to some extent, but they still have plenty to do to keep the balance on the right side of the ledger.

Uranus, during the past seven years, has just about eliminated the natives of Pisces from the top positions in box-office names, but a few have come back to a certain extent, and there will be more in the near future. Among these are: Lew Cody, Conrad Nagel, Charles Ray, Harrison Ford, Henry B. Walthall, and Bobby Vernon. The sun is in Pisces from February 19th till March 21st. If you are a native of this sign, and you want to get into the movies, you will certainly have to do more than your share of the hardest work before you will achieve anything worth while; yet the duality of your nature will stand you in good stead if they cast you in character rôles.

Is Youth Everything?

Continued from page 20

contest for which the sackcloth of his weaving is the shroud.

The motion picture can create a new philosophy of life. It can definitely lift from man's shoulders the age-consciousness which he has worn like a yoke. It can teach him to think of himself, if he must measure time by the calendar, as sixty years young instead of sixty years old.

It can instruct its oracles, who deal with the vital statistics of the business, to send out a new message to the yearning youth who ask in trepidation for the ages of their idols.

It can say to them, "What does it matter? If Milton or Mary or Doug or Clara or Farina, gives you joy, inspiration, emotional satisfaction, and the thrills which you might otherwise miss in life, what does it matter how many hours and minutes and seconds have ticked off on man's invention, the clock, since these bright spirits took up their voyage on the life stream? Forget birthdays."

The age-obsession has its roots in fear—fear of what lies at the end of the long bright path which seems to stretch on interminably when viewed through adolescent eyes.

Young America is afraid of time—and, therefore, of life—with its inevitable and relentless progression. "Only youth is good, worth while," is screamed at our boys and girls from every periodical, every advertisement.

Is it any wonder, then, that they attempt to crowd every possible experience into the youth period, with the concentrating intensity of a burning-glass?

Assure them that youth is a quality of mind and spirit, as intangible and limitless as space itself, and this fear will be eradicated, the tension released.

And consider the beneficent effect upon men and women no longer young as we measure youth in twelvemonths! Particularly actresses and actors who have struggled to a place in the sun, only to see their bright hopes and ambitions blotted out by the creeping shadow of the age illusion. To them it would mean a new lease of life, a rebirth, a reprieve from that cruel sentence—"Step down and out, because you have lived three, four, or five times ten years"—which should be as barbarous and outgrown to our enlightened era as the torture chambers of medieval times.

"Watch him make a fool of himself"—*I heard someone whisper*



—then I started to play!

IT WAS the first big party of the season and the fun was at its height. The room fairly rocked with laughter as Jim finished his side-splitting imitation of a ballet dancer.

Tom, who was giving the party, turned to me and said, "And now our young friend here will give us his well-known imitation of Paderewski!"

Instantly all attention centered upon me. Feigning reluctance, I made as if to beg off, but was forthwith dragged to the piano. Admonitions of "Come on, old timer, do your stuff!"—"Don't be bashful!"—came from all sides.

They expected me to do my usual clowning—but I had a surprise up my sleeve for them. Just as I was about to begin, I heard some one whisper, "Watch him make a fool of himself—why, *he can't play a note!*"

They thought I was going to give them my one-finger rendition of chop-sticks. But instead I swung into the opening bars of "The Road to Mandalay"—that rollicking soldier-song of Kipling's. You should have seen the look of amazement that spread over their faces. This was not the clowning they had expected! Then Tom began to sing. One by one they joined in, until soon they were all crowding around the piano, singing away at the top of their lungs.

Once started, there was no stopping them. Song after song was loudly called for and as loudly sung. Each time I wanted to stop playing they'd beg for "just one more." My little surprise was certainly going over big!

It was almost an hour before they let me get up from the piano. Then a deluge of questions: "How in the world did you ever do it?"—"Where did you study?"—"When did you learn to play?"—"Who was your teacher?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Let us in on the secret, will you?"

How I Learned to Play

"One at a time, please," I begged, "I'll tell you all about it. To begin with, *I didn't have any teacher.*"

"What! Say, you don't expect us to believe that, do you?"

"Sure thing. But I don't blame you for not believing it. I wouldn't have, myself. As you know, I've never been able to play a note. But I always liked music and many a time when I was pepping up a party with my clowning I would have given anything in the world to be able to sit down at the piano and *really play.*

"But it never occurred to me to take lessons. I thought I was too old, for one thing—and besides, I couldn't see my way clear towards paying an expensive teacher—to say nothing of the long hours I'd have to put in practicing.

"But one day I happened to notice an advertisement for the U. S. School of Music. This school offered to teach music by a new and wonderfully simplified method which *didn't require a teacher,* and which cost only a few cents a lesson.

"Well, boys, that certainly sounded good to me so I lost no more time but filled out the coupon immediately and sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it arrived I found that it seemed even easier than I had hoped.

"Right there I made up my mind to take the course. And believe me that was the luckiest decision of my life! Why, every lesson was almost as much fun as playing a game! Almost before I knew it I was playing simple tunes. And I studied just whenever I pleased, a few minutes a day in my spare time. Now I can play anything I like—ballads, classical numbers, jazz. Listen to this!"

With that I snapped right into a tantalizing jazz number. No wonder they kept calling for more and more! All evening I was the center of a laughing, singing, hilarious group. And it's been that way at every party I've attended since.

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A Hero to His Interviewer

Continued from page 49

a tender, comforting streak came to light, surprising because of the sort of ruthless strength that he has.

Hugh is a young stoic. Acting to him means meticulous study, technique; his face must be before the camera, as it is away from it, rather inexpressive. His emotions are rigidly curbed. When his closest pal died, he merely said, "I have lost a friend who meant a lot to me." No show of sentiment. But I knew that it cut deeply.

He is analytical, with the sort of brain that studies and measures and comes to definite conclusions from which he does not swerve. His stubbornness is an aggravating brick wall. It is commendable, though, for seldom do you see youth so set in its purpose. He is in this business, as he will tell you bluntly, to get ahead and to make a lot of money. Whereas some young fellows, their heads inflated by first success, believe all the flattery lavished upon them and spend their money on gin and girls, Hugh sends a sizable portion of his weekly checks home to help the family. For a while he had hard sledding, and contracted debts totaling five hundred dollars—quite a sum to a lad who's broke and conscientious. His credit was good. And so was he. One evening he announced, "Bills all paid. Don't owe a dime. We celebrate."

Do you associate people with things? I do. Hugh to me is symbolic of machinery, and that is rather his own idea about himself. Its power, and the union of its factors into definite action, its organization. He partly explains it, but mostly he epitomizes it, in a vital, steady force something like a current that animates everything he does. "Good machinery," he calls the human body, the human mind.

One evening we were speeding, taking corners on two wheels, when he jammed on the brakes and stopped before an automobile factory. Through the broad glass windows, great sheets of light illuminated the plant, spreading over whirling motors, roaring things of iron that tore their raucousness out into the still night. But noise with rhythm, a powerful force.

An expletive from Hugh caused me to look at him. Brown hands were gripping the steering wheel; his face was tense.

The tautness of him relaxed after a moment, but not until a light had flashed through my mind—why, Hugh *is* machinery, like that in there.

When he had driven on a bit he spoke, slowly, thoughtfully, "Perfect coördination—power, force, action—nothing wasted—that's beauty! There's nothing more beautiful—yes, I said *beautiful*—than machinery."

As regards his work, himself, his own life, he is not only self-centered but selfish. And yet in an admirable way. You are amused by these less organized youngsters, yet you deplore their waste of energy. He is unemotional about it, he has firmly made up his mind to succeed, to brush out of the way, as he says, any factors which would tend to be a detriment.

He can be so harsh that you think he has no kindness in him, and then he will do something that endears you to him.

One quite recent occurrence in this twisted chain of memories I like to remember—and should, whenever I get mad at him. I had contracted the annoying habit of fainting. It was, of course, involuntary, and very annoying. Whoever was handy picked me up. *That* habit Hugh had acquired. Five times in one day, after he had pulled a tendon loose playing basket ball and the doctor had forbidden him the slightest exertion, fearing permanent injury. The tendon was torn loose again, causing acute pain in his side, and I didn't find out about it until I commented on the whiteness showing through the tan of his strained face.

No, the act was not one of blind instinct; I cannot say that he forgot himself and thought only of me. He doesn't do things that way. Always caution and calm coolness motivate him. He confessed afterward that he had thought of what it might mean to him, and then had deliberately accepted the possible sacrifice of health and work—his world.

Of course, he had to spoil his gallantry by grumbling that I weighed a ton.

And *that* caused another fuss.

With all his poise, surprising in a boy in this flippant age, Hugh is boyishly appreciative. Can I forget his first batch of fan letters? He read them to me until he had memorized them; then repeated them until I, too, knew them by heart.

Hugh has all the assets for screen popularity, plus a steadiness and strength of character which should make of his success, once achieved, a permanent thing and not a brief flash on the screen. Watch him! He will be here when a lot of the impetuous sheiks are through.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

Back to the fishing village comes *Anson Campbell,* his education in a theological seminary completed, but with the call of the sea warring with his religious bent. When he befriends *Bess Morgan,* a girl from the water front, the village turns against him, and *Mary Phillips,* his betrothed, is broken-hearted. In bitter disillusionment, he goes to sea, and all unknown finds himself on a convict ship, with *Bess Morgan* also a passenger. She kills herself to escape the captain, and as she dies in *Anson's* arms he receives the call to become an evangelist.

The acting in every case is very fine indeed, and Lars Hanson, as *Anson,* reaches heights of magnificent fervor, while Pauline Starke gives her most graphic performance in years as *Bess.* Ernest Torrence also scores as the villainous captain, and every member of the cast strikes a vital note.

A Timid Dare-devil.

Agreeable as Reginald Denny is, and popular, it is impossible to wax enthusiastic over his latest contribution to the gayety of his fans, yclept "Fast and Furious," because it is cut close to the pattern of all his other pictures, with the exception of "Skinner's Dress Suit," which to me remains his best. He is credited with the authorship of the new comedy, so it wasn't foisted upon him by a cruel management deaf to his ambition to do "better things." Doctor Denny probably fought tooth and nail to do it, in the manner customary with stars when they want to put something over.

It's all about a young man afraid of automobiles who is forced into a race, thereby winning it and the girl, who is conveniently hovering in the offing. She is an appealing girl, by name Barbara Worth, but leading ladies in pictures of this kind are rarely required to be anything more than a symbol of love. However, as I said, Miss Worth is appealing, and that's a great deal. The star has become less portly, and that's a great deal, too.

Educational.

"The First Auto" is a picturization of the development of motor vehi-

Continued on page 104

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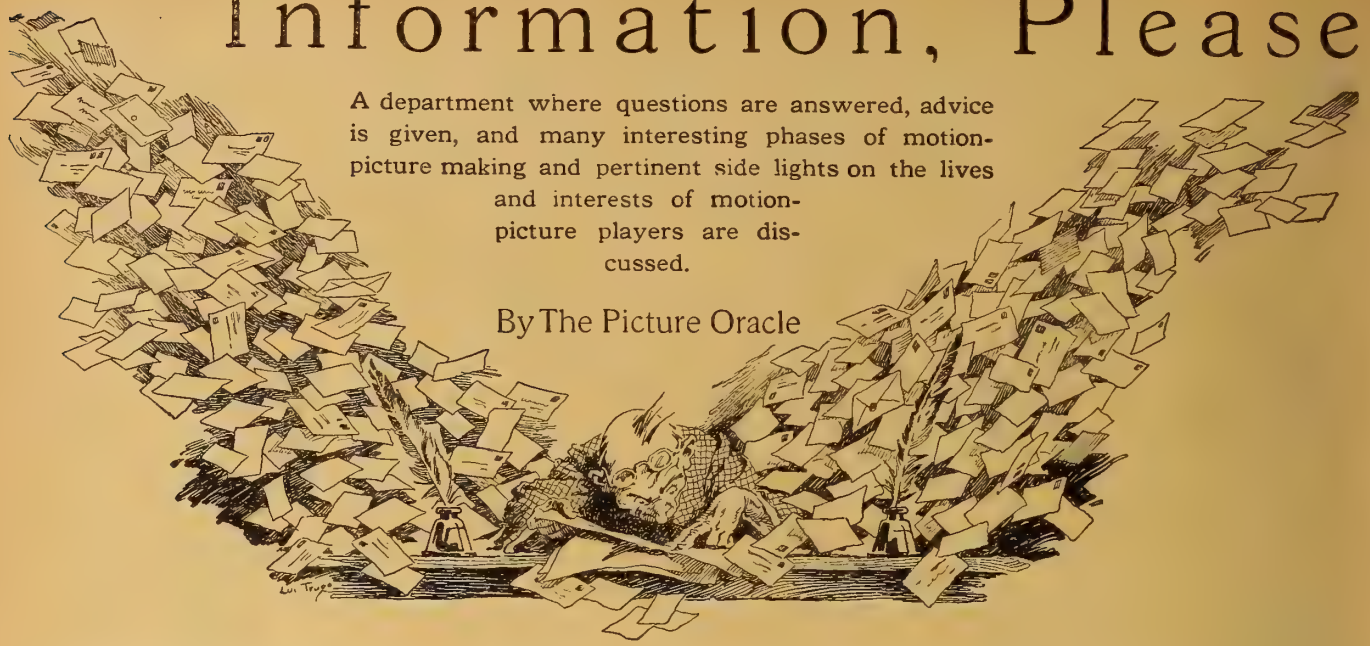
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Information, Please



A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

HAZEL W.—So you really believe I should be rewarded with a big gold medal? Well, I think that's a good idea; why doesn't somebody start a movement? It would be nice to make it a gold medal that I could use as an ash tray—for usually medals are so useless. Wallace Reid was thirty-one when he died. Colleen Moore's real name is Kathleen Morrison. Betty Bronson and Mary Brian each weigh one hundred pounds, Lois Moran one hundred and fourteen. Shirley Mason works most of the time at the Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. Cullen Landis free-lances; he recently played in a Tom Meighan picture, "We're All Gamblers," at the Famous Players Studio. Harry Langdon doesn't give his age. I think that is his real name. Norma Shearer has brown hair and blue eyes.

MISS KITTY VAUGHN.—I've always wondered what you people who live in funny-sounding places in Wales do when some one asks you where you live, and you happen to stutter. Now I could never say "Gwaelodygarth" in a tongue-tied moment. It is true that J. Warren Kerrigan has retired from pictures, though I have heard nothing of his having married. The last home address I have for him—several years old—is 1743 Cahuenga Boulevard, Hollywood.

GERALDINE.—The tallest popular actress I can think of is Alma Rubens, who is five feet seven inches. William Haines is twenty-seven; Elinor Fair and William Boyd do not give their ages. All the addresses you want are in the list at the end of this department.

M. AND M.—Now you shouldn't be shy when writing to me—I haven't scratched yet. Camilla Horn is a Ufa player. That company and Paramount are affiliated in business. I understand that Miss Horn is to play in "From Nine to Nine," to be made in Berlin for Metro-Goldwyn release in this country. Yes, I think Dorothy Seastrom must have retired from the screen, as I don't know of her having played in anything since "It Must Be Love."

ENGLISH ROSE.—There is very little demand for interviews with "old-timers" of the screen. Most of the fans want to see and read about the popular newcomers. Yes, "The Flame of the Yukon" was first made years ago by Dorothy Dalton. Seena Owen was born in Spokane, Washington, and educated there and in Copenhagen. Her real name is Signe Auen. She was divorced a few years ago from George Walsh. She has a daughter named Patricia. Earle Foxe was born in Oxford, Ohio, in 1888. He attended the Ohio State University. He played in a Chicago stock company before appearing on the screen. He has been married a year or so to the former Mrs. Chester Bennett.

VIRGINIA LUKENBELL.—Undoubtedly the reason you have not seen the answers to your questions is that you expected them too soon. It takes at least three months for a reply to appear in a film magazine—sometimes longer, if there is a long waiting list. I'm afraid there is no chance of a star's receiving a fan letter without its having been opened first by her secretary, as it is a full-time job to take care of the mail of such a public person. But exceptional letters, of course, are usually turned over to the star by her secretary.

EVE J. ROBINSON.—Yes, it's too bad, the way I have to work, but somebody has to answer questions, as long as people *will* ask them. And I'd rather be an answer man than, say, a deep-sea diver. Elinor Fair's real name is Elinor Crowe, and she is also, of course, Mrs. William Boyd. She was born in Richmond, Virginia, and educated in New York, Seattle, and Los Angeles—just had to try all the schools, it seems. She was in musical comedy and vaudeville before entering the movies. Arthur Rankin's newest films include "Marriage License," "The Hidden Way," and "Modern Madness." "An American Tragedy" has not been filmed, as the censorship problem is too difficult.

JOHN'S SINCEREST FAN.—You have a lot of competition for that honor. Yes, Doris Rankin was married to Lionel Barrymore until about six years ago—I don't know the exact date of their divorce. Lionel doesn't give his exact age, but he is in his forties. Ethel Barrymore made several pictures years ago, but my files do not date back that far, so I can't tell you what their titles were. For a photo of Wallie Reid, I can only suggest that you write to Dorothy Davenport Reid, in Hollywood. I don't know whether or not she still sends out photos of Wallie. When an actress gives her birth year—as, for instance, 1893—it would not be gallant of me to correct her right out in public, would it?

A PREVOST FAN.—I'm sorry not to be obliging, but I honestly don't know Marie Prevost's home address—only her studio address, De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Most stars have a purpose in having their mail sent to the studio—sometimes the studio answers it for them. Also, a star's mail is an indication of his popularity, so he wants his company to know just how many letters he receives.

TEDDY.—I do enjoy getting nice letters like yours. Thanks for the good wishes—yes, I'm saving wishes as well as cheers, and when I get enough of them, I'm going to dig a wishing well. Richard Barthelmess has dark eyes. He's a very decided brunette. He was born May 9, 1895. You must have been quite inspired to think of Renee Adoree for the leading rôle in "Rose Marie," for Metro-Goldwyn has the same idea. Allene Ray is very blonde and has hazel eyes; her height is five feet two and a half. Walter Miller's address is in the list at the end of this department. Greta Garbo is five feet six, and is a blonde.

LOUIS G.—You must be compiling one of those little tables showing how much one should weigh for his height. Vilma Banky is a blonde; she is five feet six, and weighs one hundred and twenty. The same for Greta Garbo, only she weighs one hundred and twenty-five. Mary Astor has red hair and brown eyes; she is five feet five, and weighs one hundred and twenty. Constance Talmadge—same weight and height; brown eyes and blond hair. Clara Bow is five feet three, weighs one hundred and nine, and has auburn hair and brown eyes. Dolores Costello is a blue-eyed blonde, five feet four; she weighs one hundred and eight. Esther Ralston is also a blue-eyed blonde; she is five feet five, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five. Anna Q. Nilsson—another blonde—weighs one hundred and thirty-two, and is five feet seven. Lya de Putti has black hair and eyes, is five feet two, and weighs one hundred and eight.

MISS X.—Sorry; again I have to announce that I know few of the stars' home addresses. Kathleen Collins is not under contract, but frequently plays opposite Ken Maynard in First National pictures. Try her at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Continued on page 129

MISS ANDERSON'S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture below. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair dresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson.





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I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

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Answer: Yes. In using the Maison Marcellers, you merely dampen it.

Is all of the hair waved by the Maison Marcellers?

Answer: Yes. The hair is waved right down to the end.

Is all the hair marcelled at one time?

Answer: Yes. There are ten Marcellers in the set, sufficient to do the hair in one operation.

Is more than one set needed in a home?

Answer: No. One set of Maison Marcellers will do very nicely for the family.

How long does the hair retain its waved condition?

Answer: Not less than one week, in most cases ten days to two weeks.

How long do the Marcellers last?

Answer: They last indefinitely. We've never known a set to wear out in service.

I have a permanent, can I use these Marcellers?

Answer: Yes, you can use them. Regardless of how fuzzy the permanent is it can be shaped into a perfect marcel by these Marcellers.

It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phone a dinner invitation just at the last minute—you can be ready in no time at all. What if you do return from a blowy motor ride or a wave-ruining round of golf to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved.

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks—and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face!

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot irons. As you know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven length, brittle hair.

You won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of water-wave "setting." A few months' use of the Maison Marcellers and your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining irons. Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because your hair could no longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement

The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the Maison Marcellers achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the Maison Marceller wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer.

For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it—in a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Maison Marcellers on your hair and catch the locks in place. The Maison Marcellers adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Maison Marcellers are just the thing you need to change its kink into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no need ever to have one. Maison Marcellers make other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Buy Now While the Special Price Prevails

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Maison Marcellers throughout the country, we are making this special offer. To safeguard purchasers who order immediately we guarantee to honor orders received from this advertisement at the price shown in the coupon. *You get a complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only $2.98, plus a few cents postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.*

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcels again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

Maison de Beaute

124 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beaute,
124 W. Illinois St., Dept. 141, Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including set of Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions for waving, which I will follow. I agree to deposit $2.98, plus postage with the postman when he makes delivery. If the Marcellers do not put a well defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

NOTE—If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $3.10 with your order and the Marcelling outfit will be sent postpaid.

Only Human After All

Continued from page 73

"Not at all," Gilbert calmly replied. "I admire the picture for its novelty and coloring, that's why I keep it. You might also have mentioned the other pictures—that sunset, for instance!"

Of the young bloods I know, though I like them all, I admire Gilbert Roland the most for many reasons—one being that he has the Latin's simplicity of faith in beautiful things. But, like Leslie Fenton, George O'Hara, and Barry Norton, Gilbert carries his supposed sorrows on his sleeve.

The majority of youths in the film colony smatter their conversation with Freudian stuff when interviewers call. To me they seem more frightened than convinced. In reality, all are sophists of the kindergarten, little boys awed by advanced thought, deeming themselves universal problems, when, underneath their superficial mundanity, they are as kiddish as sweet sixteen! Their worldly knowledge is up-to-date; but their inner minds reflect bewilderment at everything about them.

Any display of enthusiasm is regarded as bad taste to these sophisticates. When Leslie Fenton gained the part of *Clyde Griffiths* in the stage version of "An American Tragedy," he rushed in a tremendous big hurry to our place to tell my mother and me the good news. That is the Leslie I like to write about—the enthusiastic youth who gets a thrill out of any achievement—not the bored would-be man of the world who annoys himself as much as others.

Barry Norton is a mere boy in mind. I showed him a review of "The Lily" in which the critic stated "Barry Norton alone escapes routine." Barry stared.

"What—how—does it—— Oh, that means I was good, doesn't it?" he asked. When I told him it meant just that, Barry swept the place like a cyclone. "I must send it to my dad! He'll like to read it!"

After I underlined and marked the critique, the magazine was tied up and addressed to Barry's father in the Argentine. So much for bored youth! Barry proved his sentimentality in the splendid portrayal he gave of the pathetic young artist in "What Price Glory." Parts like that offer him the best scope for his ability, for he understands them.

Of the reluctant ones, Raymond Griffith could say the most but refuses to say a word! What Ray doesn't know about movies and other things is not worth knowing. He has by far one of the most intellectual minds in the movie world. Interviews with Ray are not ridiculed, but he does not gush about them. While writing a story on him I went on the Griffith set every day. Ray would never give out any information, but would say "Just hang around." Make yourself at home!" Ray will talk of anything but himself.

Harrison Ford is a pleasant, interesting talker except when cornered. Then he gets frightened.

Ronald Colman is as reticent as Ford, only he has succeeded in making interviewers, especially lady scribes, believe that he could say a lot, but won't. In reality, Colman has not a lot to tell; he is an interesting average man when removed from his screen self. What is more, in spite of Ronnie's opinions of interviews, I believe he enjoys them.

Show me the human being in the movies who doesn't get a thrill when he is told "Sir, the interviewer is without!"

Show me that individual and still I'll doubt!

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 100

cles, but instead of being a farce it is a melodrama. The period is 1895, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, sweeping skirts, and the appearance of the first horseless carriage. On this foundation is built a story of a father who is rabidly devoted to horses, and a young son who naturally inclines toward the gasoline buggies. They become estranged because of this difference of taste, and when the boy enters an automobile race, the old man is tricked into tampering with the car so that it explodes and nearly kills his son. They are, of course, reconciled, and the father is resigned to the inevitability of progress.

There are many amusing scenes which show in graphic fashion the swiftness with which the automobile captured public fancy, and Patsy Ruth Miller furnishes the love interest as a quaintly amusing belle of the period. The late Charles Emmet Mack is the son, this being his last picture. "The First Auto" is a curiosity, and of its kind unique, but it is only moderately entertaining.

When Dancing is a Sin.

A story as old as the sands of time has been given the title of "Dance Magic," for reasons best known to the producer. They are quite obscure to me. So is the picture. Judge for yourself from the following charitable account of it: A girl from the country, in a *Sis Hopkins* make-up, comes to Broadway with the ambition to be a dancing star. She miraculously achieves her goal for one night only, and then goes back to the village and confesses her "sin" before the congregation. A murder occurs somewhere in the proceedings, but you are made to feel that it doesn't matter who kills who, so long as the picture ends some time.

The direction is antique, the manner of telling the story is archaic, and the characterizations belong to the dark ages of the movies. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon are the principals—the same Miss Starke who distinguished herself in "Captain Salvation," and the same Mr. Lyon.

Cute, But Hardly Cosmic.

Translating musical comedies into motion pictures is a forlorn task, but producers continue to do it. The latest is "The Gingham Girl," as innocuous a tale as was ever written to excuse a collection of pretty tunes. And with the music lacking, it has become that kind of a picture—innocuous, but not exactly annoying. It's all about cookies—*Mary's* cookies—heart-shaped, of course—and how the simple country lass, with her hair in braids down her back, à la musical comedy but nowhere else, reaps a fortune from the sale of her cookies in the glittering city. There's a polite villain, too, in spats, and a check for one hundred thousand dollars that blows out of the window and precipitates a chase to recover it on the stroke of twelve. Yes, "The Gingham Girl" is a clean picture—as clean as starch.

For all of this, however, it has amusing moments. There's a travesty on an artist's studio in Greenwich Village, in which Maude Fulton parodies a celebrated authoress who shall be nameless, and the cubistic craze is cleverly held up to ridicule. Lois Wilson, whose fight for freedom from stifling rôles is history, plays *Mary* so sweetly that you do not know whether she has won her emancipation or not, and George K. Arthur for once is not at all amusing as her country sweetheart. Except for the moment when *Mary* stares at a cooky and a view of New York harbor fades into it, "The Gingham Girl" will not arouse one's baser passions.

An Everyday Comedian

Continued from page 71

he gained invaluable experience, for besides stage managing he played nine different parts in the two productions they performed all over the country.

After a thorough training with Mann, Horton decided he might now cut loose and go out on his own with a little more safety. In Philadelphia he progressed to leading man, and in this capacity the Keith interests sent him to Portland, Maine. He became one of the best-known stock players in the country. If you live in Brooklyn, in Pittsburgh, in Albany, in Scranton, in Wilkesbarre, or in Portland, Oregon—you doubtless remember him.

He went to Los Angeles for a six-weeks' engagement, and stayed six years, playing at the Majestic Theater, to an audience who adored him and wouldn't let him go. He has an intangibly lovable stage presence, human, whimsical, not too sure of himself, with a talent for quiet drollery. Small wonder that "To the Ladies," "Clarence," "The First Year," "The Nervous Wreck," et cetera, ran—and ran—to packed houses.

Pictures were inevitable. His second one, "Ruggles of Red Gap," placed him on the cinema map. For a time he combined screen and stage, alternating between the two, and finally devoting himself undividedly to the movies.

Harold Lloyd, who of all people knows his comedy, signed Horton on a five-year contract. He begins, for the first year, on two-reelers. Not slap-stick, nothing broad. Only human little stories in which amusing things happen to everyday characters. The second year will see him in features—carefully chosen and well produced.

Naturally, he has a sternly suppressed yen for drama.

"All I need to squelch it," he says, "is to see this strange face in the rushes every night. Then I'm glad I have a job at all."

Its owner to the contrary, it is a delightful face, with an irresistible personality behind it. There is more charm in his wry, diffident little smile than in the vaunted physiognomies of several sheiks I could mention. You may leave the theater after their pictures feeling satisfied, but in my opinion you leave a Horton picture wishing there had been a little more.

And to anticipate your questions to the Answer Man—he is witty, unmarried, intelligent, with brown eyes, an adoring mother, and a great future.

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They Just *Wouldn't* Say Die

Continued from page 89

the adulation of the movie world. They had worshiped at his shrine and called him king. They had vowed, via fan letters, that no other could ever take his place. For several years he had reigned in undisputed glory, and then—they had forgotten him. The perfumed notes were now directed elsewhere—also the adulation. The "king" was dethroned. He stood inconspicuously in theater lobbies and heard his former worshipers acclaim other actors.

All this may, or may not, have amused him. Anyway, he didn't give up the ship—he came back. If it wasn't a come-back to his former position, at least it was a return to his chosen work and the respect of his fellow men. What greater come-back than that?

Several years ago, when people said that Marion Davies was an organization star, who couldn't act, and never could learn to act, Marion might have taken them at their word and settled down to prosperous mediocrity. Her company needed a beautiful star on its program. It didn't make much difference whether she acted or not. Her place was secure.

But though it may not have made much difference to others whether she acted or not, it did make a difference to Marion. She gritted her teeth and took hold of things and begged for an opportunity to do comedy. Just to what degree she triumphed is well known. She is now one of the screen's foremost comediennes, so give the little girl a hand, because she didn't have to do it.

Bankruptcy almost licked Charlie Ray. A lesser actor, a lesser man, a lesser spirit, might have given up. It takes tremendous courage to go into supporting rôles after having stood on the heights of stardom. But Charlie pocketed his pride and took what rôles came his way, so that his debts might be paid off. He carried on when things looked blackest, and now he bids fair to come back to his old place in the hearts of fans. "The Fire Brigade" was Charlie's reward for having been a worth-while lad in the face of adversity.

Where are greater triumphs than these? There is heartache and soul-ache behind each one, but what these players who just wouldn't say die have got out of their experiences has been worth all they have endured.

It's no disgrace to be out. It's only the *staying* out that counts against you.

The Vitaphone in Hollywood

Continued from page 48

was for a ten-minute screen prologue, not connected with "The Jazz Singer."

William Demarest, a regular Warner player, recruited from the vaudeville stage, was master of ceremonies, and called out the various performers from the café tables in an easygoing way. One of the girls who sang, Nita Martan, had played leads in one or two small pictures, and Bryan Foy, son of the famous Eddie Foy, was director.

The stage was small in comparison to the big movie stages of to-day, and covered on the inside with heavy felt paper. Vitaphone is so sensitive that even the slightest whisper is recorded, and a hammer sounding ever so dimly on an adjoining stage might be heard as an uproar.

There was a call for absolute silence. The extras who numbered about thirty or forty, were tense in their stillness.

At last everything was set and the orchestra started up at a silent signal. Everybody relaxed and commenced beating time with little wooden mallets on the café tables.

When this was over Demarest introduced the singers and entertainers who did their numbers. Then there was another general ensemble with some gags thrown in. A moment of silence followed to allow the record to run out, and the scene was finished. The record was played back immediately from a duplicate wax impression, and everybody had a chance to judge the performance before the retake.

When something goes wrong everything has to be done over from the beginning. The act is routined to last a certain length of time, and is all rehearsed in advance, while the timing has to be perfect.

However, there will be no limits to the flexibility of the device as it develops, according to those identified with it. "We are held down to a more or less strict routine now, but it must be remembered that the films suffered limitations too in the beginning of their career," said Jack Warner, production manager for the Warner Brothers studio. "Wait until a few years from now and we will be producing grand opera for the screen, musical shows, and everything."

To Love, Honor and Obey

Continued from page 84

When she is doing any work at the studio which might jeopardize its safety, she removes it from her finger for the time being and places it in a safety-deposit box in a bank.

If all the rumored engagements of cinema players blossom into weddings, the jewelry business should pick up considerably this coming fall. But when I mentioned this to Director Bob Vignola not long ago, that proverbial bachelor, sitting on the veranda of his beautiful home in Whitley Heights, remarked cynically, "Why buy new ones? There are enough unemployed wedding rings—slightly used—round about Hollywood to supply all the ceremonies for the next year."

There is a legend in Hollywood that any young woman who gets a divorce must lose her wedding ring before she can marry again. She must not give it away, throw it away, or have any knowledge of how it disappears. It must just naturally be lost before Dan Cupid will call on her a second time.

Which legend has given rise to a number of amusing stories. The tale is told that one little divorcée dropped her ring on the sidewalk in front of her home one day. Five minutes later, her maid, returning from a near-by store, rushed in and exclaimed, "Here is your wedding ring! You must have dropped it when you took your key from your purse."

"Thank you, Alice!" the young grass widow replied, but there was acid in her voice.

Another young divorcée lost her wedding ring in her swimming pool, but when the pool was drained, the gardener found it glistening contentedly on the bottom. It had just refused to go down the drain.

Those are the stories, at any rate. You can take them or leave them.

The Kid Goes to School

Continued from page 25

Mr. McDonnell comes over for a moment.

"Ah, dear lady! I'm *so* glad you were able to be with us. And have you enjoyed yourself?"

He leaves, and Jackie returns—an improvement.

"But, darling! There's still some on your hands."

Jackie examines his hands guiltily, and looks as though he would like to suspend existence for an indefinite period. He rubs his hands vigorously.

The gods are kind, and he is let off this once. But only to find more trouble looming up ahead! For it is at this point that I have my interview. We go off into the tall grass together.

We are both thoroughly ill at ease. What can I ask him except banalities? "Do you like your school?" Of course, he will say yes, for he is a gentleman. "What do you intend to do when you grow up?" I doubt if any one could get the inmost Jackie Coogan, except through a lucky break or two during a long period of acquaintanceship. It would be interesting, though—very!

Jackie himself is on pins and needles all the time. If only he could take to his heels and run! But he is a movie star being interviewed!

I cut it as short as possible, and we return.

All is over, and only a very few cars remain. The bus back to the school has left. Mrs. Coogan asks me if I had a good interview. I lie like a gentleman.

"All right, Jackie dear—hop in. We'll drop you at the school."

"I wish you'd take me home, instead."

"But, darling, you know I can't do that—you're expected back at school."

"I know—but——"

"What's the matter, dearest? Don't you feel well? Are you sick?"

"No, I'm awright. It's just that I'd rather go home."

"But you are so fond of the school. Don't you want to go back to 'the boys?'"

"I c'd go back to-morrow morning."

"Go back to the school now, and you can come home for a visit in a day or so. There's a dear."

"Couldn't I go home now?"

"But, sweetest! Whenever you're at home you want to be at school. You're always talking about it."

"I know. But—just this once?"

"What *is* the matter, darling? Are you *sure* you're feeling all right?"

"Yes, I'm awright. It's just——"

"Tell mother, dear."

"Nothing——"

I doubt if he cried that night, for that would have been unmanly—but I don't doubt that he would have liked to.



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Cullen Landis Comes Back

Continued from page 21

This, then, was Cullen Landis' obscurity. The fate of Poverty Row pictures—"quickies," they call them—is mysterious. It is claimed that they play in the "sticks." Perhaps they do; at any rate, the submerging of a player in them seems complete. From one to another of these productions went young Landis, far from happy, but secretly determined that this would not be the end

The clouds began to break when, a few months ago, he was cast for the hero in a Pathé serial. It was a military chapter epic called "On Guard." The government was interested in the production and offered the use of army camps and military experts. Cullen went East for the making of the picture and, when it was finished, was enlisted in the reserve corps of the regular army. He and Lewis Stone being, to common knowledge, the only actors in the army, Cullen is boyishly impressed by it, with a serious respect for the trade of a soldier.

This was immediately followed by another serial in New York, after which he returned to Hollywood. He had only been in town a few days when he was cast for the rôle of Thomas Meighan's young brother in "We're All Gamblers." It is his first good picture in over three years, and it seems as though he had just emerged from darkest Africa.

Just before the Lasky engagement was announced in the local papers, it became incumbent upon some one to satisfy the demands for Cullen Landis information that was crowding the PICTURE PLAY letter box. And I was "it." (No Glyn implied.)

Where to begin the search, I had no idea. A lengthy canvas of obscure studios where he had, at some time or other, worked, led finally to his sister, Margaret Landis. She seemed a bit startled when I inquired as to the whereabouts of her brother. At the other end of the wire I heard a whispered conference in feminine tones, consternation sifting through the Tennessee drawl. Finally a soft voice referred me to her brother's attorney.

By the time I arrived at the attorney's Landis had begun the Meighan picture, and it was at Lasky's that I discovered him, at last.

I sat with my back to the window in the office some one had obligingly deserted for our benefit. The sun streamed in full on the boyish face across the desk from me. It wasn't a handsome countenance but notable for a pair of blue, black-lashed eyes and a rather sensitive mouth. But it bespoke honesty and candor to a nice degree. His black hair was slicked down in a perceptible attempt to conceal the wave. A brown suit was reflected again in the beach-acquired tan above it.

"I surely am surprised," the soft, slow voice came from behind a protective cloud of cigarette smoke, "that anybody should want to interview *me*. Been such a long time, you know, since my pictures played anywhere but in poolrooms and backstreet shows."

"How do you account for the sudden drop in your career, Mr. Landis?"

"Well—only way I could figure it out was—partly jinx. And partly that I never was a straight leading man, you know. Stars like big, tall, handsome chaps to play opposite them, and for a while the public preferred that kind, too. So I was out. I'm sort of hoping that my kind of stuff is coming into favor again. What I'm doing in this picture with Mr. Meighan is something I like—just a human, real boy, pretty cocksure of himself, but with feeling underneath. I'm mighty happy to be doing it."

Looking at him I had a sudden brainstorm. For the first time since reading the book I had found a *Clyde Griffiths* to my entire satisfaction.

"Wouldn't you," I asked, "like to do 'An American Tragedy?' "

He looked at me solemnly.

"More than anything in the world. Ever since I read it, and saw it in New York, and then out here. I think I'd be perfectly happy for the rest of my life if I could just have a chance at it. I may be wrong, but I think I understand *Clyde* awfully well, and I sort of think I could play him."

"Why don't you speak to Schulberg about it?"

"Oh, no! I couldn't do that! He might think me too conceited."

I hope the jinx has forsaken this boyish young man. His place on the screen should be a definite one. With charm and individuality and talent he can make the tall, handsome chaps look sick. Whatever he does it will be well and sincerely done. The rest depends upon luck—which is so large a deciding factor in this business. It has eluded him for three years, but it rather looks now as though luck were beginning to walk tractably along at his side.

A Good Trouper

Continued from page 70

Fancy that! Not a wail about long hours, cruel disappointments, exhausting emotional scenes or any of the exactions of her professions. The answer is, I think, that Julia loves her work. She would rather do what she is doing than anything else in the world. She is a good trouper with a lot of common sense, and she knows that you do not get anything you want without paying something for it. She makes no pretensions to genius, and will be content to be known as a very capable actress who can be depended upon to give an adequate performance in a diversity of rôles. And that is what she is.

For the rest, she is a nice girl, a friendly, entertaining hostess and is gifted with unusual intelligence. As for her knack of upsetting traditions and puncturing myths, I think it is a jolly trait and I hope she will keep it up.

How I Spent My First Big Pay Check.

Dorothy Mackaill.

I had always wanted a certain kind of automobile—one of those long, sleek cars that look like a million dollars—but couldn't afford it, not even by trading in my old one, until my initial First National check enabled me to buy one.

I believe it was the most thrilling moment of my life when I handed the salesman my personal check as though it were a mere trifle.

Dorothy Devore.

Does your mother love to shop for the house? Mine does, and there always used to be so many little things she needed. I indorsed my first big salary check over to her, and she spent the whole day in the department stores. She came home with everything from paring knives to sofa cushions, and had a grand time.

Don Alvarado.

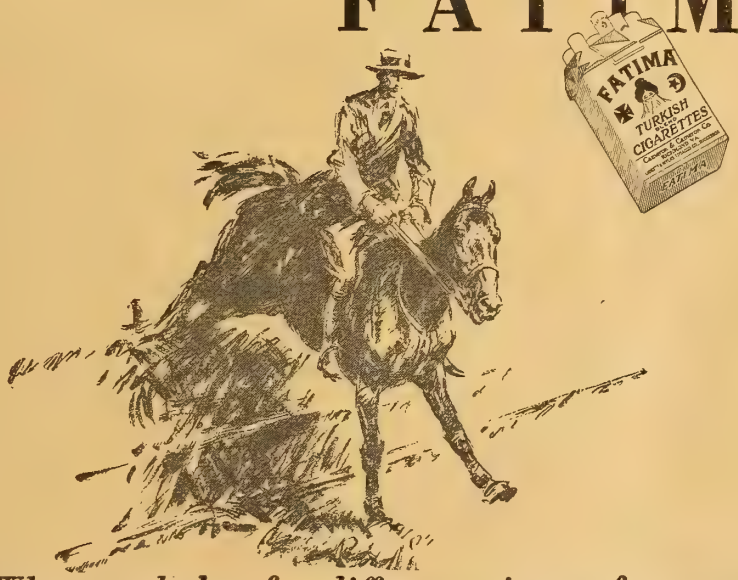
Home! To visit the family and, yes, to swagger a bit. For was I not a contract player, after a year and a half of weary extra work?

Handed a check the figures of which almost staggered me, and also given a month's vacation, *with pay*, I was almost overcome. When I recovered from the shock I took the first train to Albuquerque. I had not seen my father for four years. My first two weeks were occupied with talking and eating; then there was an exciting week as *vaquero* on my father's ranch, taming bronchos.

IT'S THE *YOUNGER CROWD* THAT SETS THE STANDARD!

GO to the younger crowd if you want the *right* word on what to wear or drive or smoke. And notice, please, that the particular cigarette they call their own today is one that you've known very well for a very long time.

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You may be one of the 3,000,000 in this country, always weak, sickly, ailing, depressed, gloomy; with no real zest in life, no desire for action, no love for society—maybe a recluse—afraid of strong men, timid about meeting healthy women; afraid, perhaps, to take the marriage vows; jealous of men who command admiration wherever they go because of their fine physique, their muscular prowess and manly vigor.

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E. RICHWINE CO., Dept. 15, 19 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

like a polite drawing-room comedy, but the title is deceptive. She has had to go to the most outlandish, out-of-the-way places to make scenes for it. Her scenes in the studio start to-morrow, and then you will see me no more. I want to hear her acid comments on the recent ten-per-cent controversy.

"A picture called 'Pajamas' certainly sounds as though it would call for bedroom sets in the studio, but Olive Borden has gone off to the Canadian Rockies to film it.

"I had hoped that Marie Prevost and Norma Shearer would be here, but they are both running in circles getting costumes for their next pictures. Marie's is 'The Girl in the Pullman.' You'd think costumes for that would be a simple matter. Norma's is a story of modern Scotland, 'The Love Web.' Just what do girls in modern Scotland wear, anyhow? Just what girls anywhere else wear, I suspect.

"I suppose you've heard that May Allison has decided to retire from the screen. I don't take those resolutions seriously. I really believed that Ethel Shannon meant it when she said that she wouldn't go back to work after she was married, but now I hear she has signed for a series of Christie comedies. And speaking of Christie comedies, ever since Ann Cornwall started making them, she has been deluged with advice. Everybody is just full of bright ideas about the sort of parts Ann ought to play. Ann's a patient listener, but after all, people ought to take their suggestions to the Christies. Ann just has to do as she is told. In a way it is flattering that every one takes such an interest in her. It shows that they think a lot of her ability. Now, if *I* were offering her advice——"

And Fanny undoubtedly has.

"I'd beg her to do the sort of comedies Dorothy Gish used to make years ago. Ann is such a cunning, pert, and quick little individual. They ought to capitalize on her size—or lack of it—by surrounding her with big people."

Fanny's voice rambled on and on, until suddenly the waiter confronted us with a newspaper. "Charles Farrell To Marry Greta Nissen Tonight," announced the headlines. Hollywood hates to be surprised, and so it is no wonder that every one was staring, speechless. Even Fanny, the ever garrulous, had no comment to make. For once, news of a romance was not shared by all the film colony. But it turned out to be no news at all—just somebody's idea of a joke.

The Stroller

Continued from page 57

returning triumphant, a success, to the home town.

His first picture was "His People," and when it played in San Diego, California, George went down to make a personal appearance at the theater showing it.

Something like a year before he had graduated from high school there, captain of the football team, president of the school's student organization, and a popular lad generally.

And the way the home town turned out for that boy! He was introduced from the stage by the principal of the high school, with his relatives, the faculty, and all his old friends in the theater. He tried to make a speech, but found it was beyond him.

After the show they gave a banquet in his honor at the town's trickiest dining room where more speeches were made. The movie expression of "taking it big" fits George's reaction nicely. He was in a complete daze for a week thereafter, his feet just barely touching ground.

Ten college boys, winners in a "beauty contest" among collegiates of the land, spent their summer vacations in Hollywood and worked harder in a week than they did previously during an entire semester.

The collegians were offered eight weeks' work and transportation to and from Hollywood, the winners being selected from film tests made of several hundred students.

The day they arrived at the First National studio Richard Barthelmess had started a football picture. The thermometer hovered around the 102 mark and the ambitious students were hustled into heavy football suits. All day long they ran up and down the field, steaming and perspiring.

Their reactions toward working in the movies might have been interesting at quitting time that night.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 94

type, with dark-blue eyes and chestnut hair.

We have known Shirley for more than a year, and have observed her steady struggle for recognition. The rôle with Menjou will probably lead to a contract.

"Uncle Tom" At Last!

Whatever woes and griefs "Uncle Tom's Cabin" underwent are now forgotten, for Universal thinks that they have in this version of Harriett Beecher Stowe's novel a great box-office winner. We have heard, too, from outside sources that there is a great desire on the part of the ater owners to book this picture.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was nearly two years in the making, and cost more than one million five hundred thousand dollars. It was made partly on location in the South and the East, though most of the work was done in the studio. There was such a huge cast that we cannot begin to tell all of them, and we surmise that this film will prove one of the season's great novelties.

Parent Is Overruled.

Add another to the list of children of celebrated stars, who develop an ambition to follow in their elders' footsteps.

This time it is Dorothy Sills, daughter of Milton.

Father, it is said, had long opposed Miss Dorothy's implied and expressed hope of having a try at acting, but lately she overcame this opposition. Doris Kenyon, to whom Sills was married about a year ago, is understood to have helped convert daddy.

Dorothy was on a visit to Mr. Sills when all this happened, as she spends most of her time with her own mother.

Divorce Rumors Denied.

Various prominent people in the films have been kept busy denying that divorces were impending in their households—among them Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge, and the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray and Gloria Swanson. Also H. B. Warner, of "The King of Kings."

The rumor affecting Mr. Schenck and Miss Talmadge arose recently when Norma set forth for Europe, and it was told around that she would obtain in Paris a separation from her husband. The rumor about Gloria was less international, since both she and her husband are together in Hollywood.



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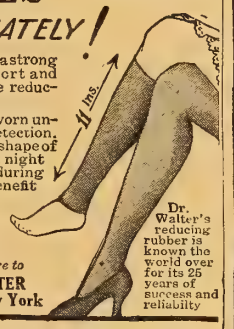
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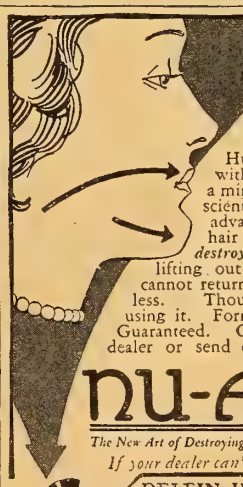
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How Is a Star Made?

Continued from page 23

The answer is perfectly plain. Clara now is one of the very biggest names in pictures. Why? Well, just because the fans loved her. She stood so strong with them that they didn't seem to mind whether she played in scenics, news reels, illustrated songs, or features.

Among the comedians, Harry Langdon comes to mind as one who was so darned good, and such a hit with everybody, that he plainly outgrew two-reel comedies and became a big star. And the very same is true, in a sense, of Johnny Hines. For many years Johnny worked for a very small company until the demand for his pictures grew to proportions which only a big distributing organization could handle.

Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and Harold Lloyd, incline to the opinion that they are so firmly entrenched with the public that nothing can influence their standing one way or the other. The bespectacled Harold is nice to interviewers, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are indifferent, while Chaplin is openly antagonistic to them. It remains an open question whether or not these players are taking a chance to disregard the value of publicity. For no matter how strong their devotion, the fans' interest is unquestionably whetted by a certain amount of news of their favorites. It will be worth watching the outcome, which may possibly be forecast by the fact that Mary Pickford's fan mail has declined in recent years from 5,000 to 2,000 letters a week.

Sometimes the fans prove themselves to be a fickle lot. They will adopt certain players as wonder-children and then throw them over entirely. The minute they do, the way of the victim is hard. Often a run of bad stories will decrease the popularity of even the greatest star. Thomas Meighan is in that position at present. Gloria Swanson's career is at a critical point for the same reason. Charles Ray fell from a high place to oblivion in short order, through the loss of public favor because of unsuitable rôles.

The public also makes a to-do about certain actors and actresses who score in one picture. Betty Compson did so in "The Miracle Man," but she never lived up to the promise she held out in this production. Lya de Putti seems to be a one-picture star, for she has not duplicated her work in "Variety" through a whole series of rôles that followed her characterization of the fascinating trapeze performer, Belle Bennett has never repeated her success in "Stella Dallas," nor has Renee Adoree done much of note after her conspicuous performance in "The Big Parade."

Stardom on the screen goes beyond success in one picture. It consists of the attribute of public appeal that is capable of long wear. The real makers of stars—the twenty million people who go to the movies every day—are sometimes prone to change their minds after a brief infatuation with certain personalities.

There are but two reliable gauges on who are the big stars to-day—not the printed space they grab, but the amount they earn at the box office and the number of fan letters they receive.

On this basis Colleen Moore is the most popular player working before the camera to-day. In a recent vote taken by a trade paper among exhibitors all over the country, Miss Moore was unanimously chosen as the biggest box-office bet, the star whom the fans had paid the most money to see. Her standing was confirmed by another recent investigation which revealed that she received more fan mail than any one else on the screen. Her average receipt of correspondence per month averages over 15,000 letters. Clara Bow was second with 11,000 letters, and Norma Shearer stood third.

Among the masculine stars the results showed that not John Gilbert but Lon Chaney received the most notes from admirers. The man with the thousand faces gets 14,000 letters every thirty days. Richard Dix is runner-up with Ronald Colman third, and John Gilbert fourth.

So the impartial evidence shows that Colleen is Queen of the Movies. She wasn't made overnight, but built her fan following through nearly nine years of consistently good work. Her real stride was struck four seasons ago as the star of "Flaming Youth," and her popular favor since that time has increased rather than decreased.

There has been no extravagant publicity campaign behind her, yet she has not underrated its place. She got there, because she was a good actress who tried to make each performance a little better than the one before.

But the thing that really put her there, and kept her there, was her appeal to the picture goer who makes or breaks the player in shorter order than all the other forces combined.

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A Physically Perfect Young Man

Continued from page 74

two suits alike! Vy vould you vant two suits chust alike?" He shrugged; he waved his arms. "A gray one—all right; a black one, all right." He pulled down a gray and a black, then a dark blue one. "But alike!" He shrugged again, quite perplexed by a crazy man who would want two Sunday suits just alike. There were arguments; the salesman was really distressed.

George finally indicated the friend who was with him.

"My brother," he explained, "says that both suits have to be alike, so they'll wear better. And he's got the money."

"Oh—and he von't let you have any money?" More shrugs, more gesturings, and at last George purchased the two suits, just alike, for fifteen dollars apiece.

"Who's the proprietor here?" George asked; the young lad who waited on him obviously was not. He was, as it happened, the proprietor's son. The old man would be back very soon, so George decided to wait to see if the clothing proprietor in the picture had been cast realistically. Dore Davidson has that rôle.

"What's your name?" he asked the son.

"And you won't believe me," George told me, "but it's the honest-to-goodness truth—the proprietor's name was Lipvitch, just as in our picture!"

George wandered about the ghetto, and he got two pairs of secondhand overalls for a quarter—oh! they were sterilized, he assured me, when I gasped a little—and a pair of heavy, round-toed shoes from an old woman, for five dollars. The old woman had tears in her eyes.

"She put on a big act!" said George, laughing.

He hadn't the heart to haggle with her. And they discussed shoes, and how you could wear a pair all week and then have them shined on Sunday so they look like new.

All this had obviously been a great lark to George, this going around inventing stories, piling it on thicker and thicker. He chuckled gleefully as he pointed to his shoes, his gray trousers—he wore no coat over the yellow shirt—which looks white, of course, on the screen. And he wore much less make-up than most film actors do before the camera.

But—to go back to the filming of "East Side, West Side." Most of the ghetto types were real, not actors at all. It's surprising, I was told, how word does get about down there. The casting department selected one man from the ghetto for the picture, and early the next day the office was swarmed with bearded old men and work-hardened East Side women wanting to play in the picture.

There were a half dozen of them around the studio when I was there. A man with a long red beard; another old man with a straggly goatee who was a ghetto tailor in real life. He had, of course, never played in a movie before, and he was restless, sitting around the studio all day with only a few minutes' work before the camera now and then. That's the worst of studio work—that sitting around for hours and hours.

He was distressed. He was being paid for "voiking," and he "vasn't voiking." He paced up and down. Finally, he heated the iron that was part of the tailor's equipment in the picture, and he set to work. He pressed and pressed. He pressed the wardrobe of every one in the place. The regular players entered into the spirit of it and brought him all the clothes they had around. When he ran out of those, he pressed all the clothes in the *Lipvitch* clothing store on the set—some of which were supposed to be rumpled.

And there was the sweet, motherly old woman who played *Mrs. Lipvitch* in the picture. She and George had taken quite a liking to each other. She had had seven or eight sons born all over the world.

Dore Davidson, who plays *Lipvitch,* cannot get used to the silent drama after his many years on the stage. He speaks all his lines as he plays, loudly and with great gusto. Many film actors speak lines, of course, but Mr. Davidson does it with much more vehemence, and he keeps on speaking, after they are ready to go on with another scene.

George told me all these things, with a chuckle, or with sympathy, as the occasion demanded. Frankly, I didn't expect to like George so much.

Frequently those whose physical perfections are stressed so heavily are a little dull mentally. "George is shy and doesn't like girls much," I was told.

But I saw no trace of shyness. He talked easily, and his talk was always amusing. And if he happens to be the "most physically perfect young man in movies"—that's something for the Fox publicity department to gloat over. I assure you it doesn't cut much ice with George!

A Good Idea Gone Wrong

Continued from page 46

asm for Alan Forrest when he appeared, by screeching that he was our favorite actor and that we thought he looked even more grand in person than on the screen. As I recall, we made our escape back to the train in Albuquerque with the announcement that we were going to force our way to him and ask for a lock of his hair. I bitterly regret that we didn't enlist followers. The crowd was merely shocked at our boldness.

Marie, Madeline, and Julanne would never have taken that trip had they known about the stops for personal appearances. All three realize that the public loves the glamour with which the camera endows them. And try as you will to look your best, it can't be done when you are traveling and dragged out on a few minutes' notice five or even more times a day.

One member of the troupe never kicked about appearing. Always in the front row, smiling and ready to burst into a speech was John Bowers. And wherever there was a camera, there was he, his body bent over in a courtly bow, bringing his face a full eighteen inches nearer the camera than any one else's.

But for the most part it was a weary crowd, annoyed at these surprise appearances. Many of them had worked day and night the preceding week, so as to be able to go, and they had looked forward to four days' rest to recuperate before facing the crowds at Atlantic City.

The reigning favorite of crowds everywhere was Ben Turpin. Dear old Ben, so eager to please that he got into comedy make-up at every stop, got out and played the comic on the station platforms. Of him at least the people could not say that he was not at all what they had expected.

From random remarks made on the train it dawned on us eventually that we were not guests of the Shriners; we were being taken to Atlantic City at the behest of one Harry Brown, director of an electrical pageant, who had been requested to put on his show for the Shriners. It was all a commercial enterprise—or would have been had sufficient people bought tickets to the parade and ball to make it so. But there was a factional row among the instigators of the affair, and many of Brown's plans were blocked. Atlantic City and the Shriners got their show all right, even if it was not all that had been promised, but Brown never got the proceeds he had expected from the parade.

Harry Brown used to be head electrician at Universal City. He started out with an interesting idea and a generous impulse. He wanted to put on a tremendous electrical display that would show the public the magnitude and importance of the technical side of making motion pictures. This was done by a parade of display floats representing various studios, cleverly contrived and tremendously effective. The players merely rode in the parade in illuminated cars—they gave it human interest and the prestige of an all-star cast.

Harry Brown had put on a similar show for the Shriners two years before, when they met in Los Angeles. They wanted one in Atlantic City, but were aghast at the cost of transporting the electrical equipment necessary. So Harry Brown offered to bear the expense, hoping to recoup through the sale of tickets to the parade. But it could easily be seen from hotel windows, and the public was disdainful about meeting "more stars than there are in heaven" face to face, having read the list of arrivals in the newspapers.

A good crowd greeted the parade—but you should have seen the ball afterward! All the pomp of an escort composed of the mayor and stalwart, handsome policemen could not make up for the shock of a ballroom designed to hold thousands which held only hundreds.

Rumors of a financial crash—and we were no longer the spoiled darlings who rode in with a police escort, sirens screeching, to be greeted by a welcoming throng. Service at the hotel, which at best was terrible, became nonexistent for us. Though the organization was responsible for our bills, some of our bags were seized while we were confronted individually with bills.

Quietly we drifted away, compassion in our hearts for Harry Brown, who had bet a fortune on an idea and lost it; rancor for his assistants who had misled him about the promotion work they were doing, eternal gratitude to one Jimmy Wade, an affable and ingenious property man who elected himself our courier, secretary, sergeant-at-arms, and general news service.

The show was a flop—but don't blame the players. They were as much shocked as any one at finding that much of the promised all-star cast had been supplanted by extras.



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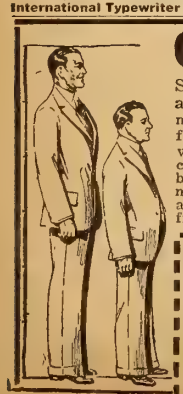


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Continued from page 52

sence. After all, he's only a younger brother and with his good looks and fine physique, Colleen feels he has more than a sporting chance to win laurels on the screen for himself.

"You see, he loves it, and that is more than half the battle," said Colleen with the indulgent smile of a doting sister, though she's scarcely more than twenty-five herself. "And he's getting a fine chance, and Uncle Walter is keen about it, too, and what with ambition and a united family spirit, he is starting off pretty well in life, isn't he?"

Uncle Walter happens to be one of the cleverest men in the country, and Colleen happens to be the apple of his eye. It was Uncle Walter Howie who helped Colleen get her chance in the movies. She was a mere wisp of a girl at the time, but her heart was set on being an actress. Howie told D. W. Griffith about this little niece of his, and Griffith said, "If she'll come out to California I'll give her a six months' trial."

She's been acting ever since. She played many character parts, rôles where her individuality bit by bit made friends for her. There was a freshness and a spontaneity and a simplicity of heart which no amount of antics and capers could disguise. Often as not, she wore pigtails, gingham frocks, and hobnailed boots, but as a gawky, lovable girl she forged her way from a player of bits.

Julanne Seeks the Stage.

Julanne Johnston arrived for a brief holiday, and between matinées and beach parties she decided to look for a job. She began by haunting the managers' offices, for Julanne has decided to go on the stage. Life has not been going any too well on the screen for the tall and willowy Julanne. The breaks have been against her, and like the determined little soldier that she is, she has decided to turn her histrionic ability to good use and try the stage. It is not particularly that she wants to do it. All girls love the screen, but she is just a good sport, and believes in the saying "Never Say Die." For, after all, why should you die a celluloid death while you are young and beautiful and full of *joie de vivre?*

Julanne feels that all things being equal, she will get her chance again, and in the meantime she is going seriously to the Broadway managers trying to convince them they are losing a good bet if they don't have her in the cast of a play due to reach Broadway in the early fall.

Equal to Any Emergency.

Dorothy Phillips came to town with the ill-fated revelers bound for Atlantic City and the Shriners' Convention.

In Baltimore—she is a Baltimore girl, you know—she was met at the station by the mayor, some leading citizens, and her father and sister. Dorothy told me it wasn't only actresses who have to sacrifice for their art. Her father, who is one of Baltimore's politicians and a democrat, had to forget party quarrels and pose in a group picture with Dorothy and the republican mayor, much to the amusement of those who had heard his vehement political arguments, and who couldn't resist a merry quip when the picture was published in the papers next morning.

As it was a long time since Dorothy had been in New York, there was a great deal to talk about. She has gone through the most difficult period of her career in the last three years, for she has had to go on alone since the death of her husband, Alan Holubar.

But Dorothy Phillips is a good trouper, who has been able to hold her own through a succession of inadequate rôles and petty annoyances that would have sent a less capable actress into oblivion.

She is such a "homey" person that one longs to bring in all the platitudes and shop-worn expressions, such as "the girl next door," for they describe her so convincingly. To see her is to talk about ways of making over last year's dress, and a new recipe for chocolate cake. The fact that she is wearing a Paris frock so recently imported that the salt of the Atlantic still clings to it, doesn't make conversation like this seem incongruous.

The Passing of June Mathis.

The film world was shocked and saddened by the sudden death from heart failure of June Mathis, one of its most loved figures, during the performance of a play which she was attending with her grandmother. Although she won her spurs as a writer, she was famous in the eyes of the fans as the discoverer of Rudolph Valentino. When "The Four Horsemen" was in process of preparation, Miss Mathis insisted, in the face of the strongest opposition, that the then unknown Rudy play *Julio*. Her wish was received with incredulous amazement at first, until finally the producers gave in, and the whole world knows the result.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

years and a greater number of crow's-feet, and has obviously passed the age for romantic love-making. ALINE MILLER.
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In Memoriam.

"The year is going, let him go."
Tennyson.

Yes, the year is going, the darkest and saddest year. He is gone who was young, romance and chivalry itself, he who had the most tender smile and the most wonderful eyes of all. Rudolph Valentino has gone forever. And now a year is going, the first year since his death.

But we here in Sweden—and I am sure, everywhere on earth people think as we do—all loved and love *him* more than any other star, and we shall never forget him. We saw only his shadow on the screen, the shadow of a noble, fine personality, and now the shadow has gone, too. But though a year is going he is in my heart as much as he was when he lived.

He was with us only a little time, but we did not make his lifetime happy. Most critics considered him a bad—listen, fans—actor, and if any one wished to tell the truth people laughed at them. But he gave us the most beautiful impersonations we have ever seen, or shall see on the screen. We will never see more beauty than in "Monsieur Beaucaire," no actor could have been able to portray *Juan Gallardo* and *Julio Desnoyers* better than our Rudy did. And not to forget his two sheik pictures! Immortal Rudy!

No one can take his place either in our hearts or on the screen. So let us be faithful to him! Remember him, and revere his memory! The year is going, others will come and go, but he will always be our own beloved Rudy.

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S. Espl. 4, Lund, Sweden.

Up Stage?

I want to say first of all, that I got a bitter disappointment recently in meeting Eleanor Boardman, who was always one of my favorites, but now ranks least of all, because in my opinion and estimation, she is a *snob*. While I was in Chicago recently, I met her face to face at the New Stevens Hotel, and I remarked to one of my girl friends, "Why there is Eleanor Boardman." Of course Eleanor had heard the remark and she gave me a very snobbish gesture, as though she were some queen. When they get so hoity-toity, I am through with them, and I don't care if I never see Miss Boardman on the screen again. EVA M. BUTTERFIELD.
218 Third Street, Fond du Lac, Wis.

A Tribute to Harry Langdon.

Not so long ago, I was taken into the town of Wistfulness, near the Valley of Tears.

Soon after that, I was ushered into the little village of Joyful Laughter, near the Road to Happiness.

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His followers fairly worship him.

Everywhere, one may hear the hearty cry, "Long Live Ludicrous Langdon! Honorable Hilarious Harry!"

Now, you know I've been speaking of the King of Comedy, none other than that moon-faced, sad-eyed, heart-appealing and inimitable Harry Langdon!

At the sight of him, one offers mentally, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, here comes the Strong Man, in Long Pants!"

So, King of Combined Sentiment, success to you!

Long Live Ludicrous Langdon!

HYLDA G. ARMSTRONG.
1723 Polymnia Street, New Orleans, La.

Welcome!

Here's another bouquet for a newcomer—Nancy Nash, one of the cutest little newcomers we've had in a long time. I saw her for the first time in "The City" and, although she wasn't featured, she had the choicest rôle in it. And she certainly did run away with the picture!

She bears a very strong resemblance to Dorothy Mackaill, but she has an individuality all her own. She's as cute as they come, with her wistful charm. Here's banking on this little girl to come to the front before very long. She's got it in her, I know. UNA S. ADLER.
335 Grant Street, Buffalo, New York.

A Protest to the Fans.

A. R. must be a first-class grouch or he *couldn't* say Rin-Tin-Tin and Tom Mix are the "worst ever," not in those very same words but it means the same. Rin-Tin-Tin is a wonderful dog and I have seen many of his pictures and there wasn't one of them that I couldn't have seen and enjoyed the second time. As for Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson—what's the matter with them? I like them both! I'll admit there are some pictures that do not exactly please everybody—they couldn't—but I can't see why the fans will throw so much dirt at the film folks. The stars were probably just as displeased with some of the pictures as the fans, because of direction or something, and the way they are "hammered" makes me good and sore.

I am sure the stars must feel resentful toward some of these fans if they read the letters, but then they are probably so broad-minded that the more the fans rave the more fun they get out of it. I'm for the film folk, and I'm here to say, "If you can't boost don't knock." They earn their money and it probably isn't their fault if some of the pictures don't please. Some of these so-called fans, if they had a chance to meet the stars they are forever running down, would be in line two days ahead of time and be the biggest gushers there.

I don't know why I read some of those letters, because every time I do I get a wrinkle on my nose that takes weeks to get out. Then it's time for another issue so I practically have a wrinkle "four weeks out of a month," caused by some old grouch trying to see how much mud he can throw at some particular actor or actress. For every one that doesn't like them there are a hundred that do, so why should they worry what you think? I'll probably get a few digs myself for this but then the film folks will have a rest. I agree with Vivian about Cullen Landis. ELOISE HOLLAND.
2913 Springle Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.



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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 58

"Kiss in a Taxi, A"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels excellent in lively farce of a hot-tempered waitress in a Paris café, who rebuffs all comers until Douglas Gilmore steps onto the scene.

"Knock-out Reilly" — Paramount. Richard Dix in an exciting fight film—his best picture in years. Cast includes Jack Renault, the professional heavyweight, and Mary Brian.

"Let It Rain"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in good-humored comedy built on the prankish rivalry between the sailors and marines aboard a battleship. Shirley Mason is the girl.

"Long Pants"—First National. Harry Langdon both funny and pathetic in tale of a country boy in his first long pants who comes under the spell of a city vamp.

"Love of Sunya, The"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson's first independent venture. Glittering, but unreal. Skilled performance by Miss Swanson in four distinct characterizations.

"Love Thrill, The"—Universal. Laura La Plante in diverting farce of a girl who poses as the widow of a man falsely reported dead, and then is confronted by him. Tom Moore is the man.

"Lunatic at Large, The"—First National. Leon Errol in highly amusing picture of a hobo who is mistaken for a millionaire and accidentally put into an insane asylum. Dorothy Mackaill and Kenneth McKenna.

"Madame Wants No Children"—Fox. Foreign film. Sophisticated tale of a wealthy man's wife whose feverish quest for excitement leaves her no time for domesticity.

"McFadden's Flats"—First National. Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin in a brick-and-mortar comedy of a hod-carrier who becomes a contractor and is forced into "society" by his wife and daughter.

"Metropolis"—Paramount. Fantastic German film of what life in a big city may be a hundred years from now, with the laboring classes living far below ground, and only the capitalists above.

"Monkey Talks, The"—Fox. Unusual film of a man who poses as a talking monkey in a circus, and loses his life saving the girl he loves from a real monkey. Jacques Lerner and Olive Borden.

"Mr. Wu" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in gruesome, slow-moving film of a baleful old Chinaman's revenge for the seduction of his daughter by a young Englishman. Renee Adoree and Ralph Forbes.

"Music Master, The"—Fox. Fine adaptation of the famous stage play. Alec Francis appealing as the old piano teacher who has spent his life seeking his long-lost wife and daughter. Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton are the young people.

"Night of Love, The"—United Artists. Beauty and romance. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a stormy tale of a kidnaped princess who falls in love with her gypsy abductor.

"Nobody's Widow"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy and Charles Ray in a vivacious farce of a bride who deserts her faithless new husband, forcing him to pursue her and woo her back.

"Paradise for Two" — Paramount. Richard Dix and Betty Bronson in film of man who, to inherit his uncle's fortune, employs an actress to pretend to be his wife, and of course falls in love with her.

"Potters, The"—Paramount. W. C. Fields and Mary Alden in a mildly amusing comedy of a typical middle-class family, in which *Pa* doesn't count until he accidentally becomes rich.

"Red Mill, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies delightful as a rollicking Dutch girl who, after many and devious complications, ends in the arms of a visiting American, Owen Moore.

"Resurrection" — United Artists. Faithful film version of Tolstoy's famous novel. Dolores del Rio and Rod La Rocque both excellent in poignant story of a Russian peasant girl whose love for a thoughtless young prince leads to her downfall.

"Rookies" — Metro-Goldwyn. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur immensely funny as two bitter enemies in a military training camp. Marceline Day is the girl.

"See You in Jail"—First National. Moderately amusing farce of a millionaire's son who goes to jail and, while there, devises an invention which revolutionizes his father's business. Jack Mulhall and Alice Day.

"Sensation Seekers"—Universal. Billie Dove in film of willful, fast-living society girl who high-hats a handsome young clergyman until heroically rescued by him from the villain's yacht.

"Show, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in melodrama of a Budapest side show. Moves a little slowly despite Gilbert's vivid acting.

"Special Delivery"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor proves himself one of the foremost comedians of the screen in highly entertaining film of a nervous mailman. Jobyna Ralston and William Powell.

"Taxi Dancer, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Agreeably entertaining. Joan Crawford alluring as dance-hall girl who gets in with a bad crowd, but finally lands safely back in Old Virginny.

"Tell It to the Marines"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney, William Haines, and Eleanor Boardman in entertaining picture of flippant youth who joins the marines just to play the races and gets put in his place by a hard-boiled sergeant.

"Three Hours"—First National. Corinne Griffith in tale of a mother who steals for the sake of her child. Lots of plot and "high society." John Bowers is the sympathetic friend.

"Venus of Venice"—First National. Constance Talmadge in gay yarn of picturesque Venetian beggar maid who is also a thief, eventually reformed by the rich Antonio Moreno.

"White Gold"—Producers Distributing. Jetta Goudal gives fine performance as Spanish girl in this exceptional film of the West, full of sinister moments and grim situations.

"Wolf's Clothing"—Warner. Lively, entertaining picture of subway guard

who accidentally comes into a fortune and is swirled through all sorts of thrilling adventures. Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Yankee Clipper, The"—Producers Distributing. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in beautifully filmed but trivial sea picture, based on the maritime rivalry between the United States and England in the middle of the nineteenth cetury.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Afraid to Love"—Paramount. Polite but tepid comedy of titled Englishman who marries a girl just to inherit some money and of course falls in love with her. Clive Brook and Florence Vidor.

"Ankles Preferred"—Fox. Trivial hodge-podge featuring Madg Bellamy as a pert shopgirl who means by hook or crook to get on in the world. Lawrence Gray is the "nice young man."

"Beloved Rogue, The"—United Artists. John Barrymore in an undignified, clownish portrayal of François Villon, vagabond French poet of the fifteenth century. Marceline Day is the lady.

"Bitter Apples"—Warner. Meaningless picture of a girl who marries a man out of revenge and then falls in love with him. Monte Blue and Myrna Loy.

"Blind Alleys"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Greta Nissen in slow film of army officer and his bride who are accidentally separated in the big city, and go through all kinds of adventures before being reunited.

"Broadway Nights"—First National. Lois Wilson miscast as gawky, ignorant girl who marries a vaudeville actor, becomes a big success, and is tempted by a rich producer, with husband rushing to the rescue.

"Brute, The"—Warner. Monte Blue in implausible picture of genial, simple-souled cowboy who kisses a girl, then makes the horrible discovery that she works in a dance hall!

"Butterflies in the Rain"—Universal. Long-drawn-out film of modern miss who marries a staid middle-aged man and leads him a merry dance. Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood.

"Climbers, The"—Warner. Irene Rich in dull, meandering tale of innocent Spanish duchess who is maliciously compromised, then banished to Porto Rico, where she falls in love with a sneering bandit.

"Demi-Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer miscast in rôle of a mincing young French girl who steals her stepmother's beau. Lew Cody and Carmel Myers.

"Don't Tell the Wife"—Warner. Another sophisticated comedy of entangled husbands and wives. Not particularly good. Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, and Huntly Gordon.

"Gay Old Bird, The"—Warner. Louise Fazenda in dull, dreary comedy of a cook who is persuaded to pose temporarily as her employer's wife, that he may receive a large sum of money.

"General, The"—United Artists. Not at all worthy of Buster Keaton. Long, dull comedy of an engineer whose locomotive, "The General," plays a heroic part in the Civil War.

"Heart of Salome, The"—Fox. Gaudy, heavily dramatic film of an alluring European adventuress who helps a wicked baron in his nefarious operations, until reformed at last by an athletic young American. Alma Rubens and Walter Pidgeon.

"Heart Thief, The"—Producers Distributing. Dull film of a Hungarian peasant girl who marries a rich old landowner, is almost compromised by his scheming relatives, but is saved in time by the handsome hero. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

"High Hat"—First National. Foolish satire on the motion-picture world, with Ben Lyon and Mary Brian cast to disadvantage in a silly plot.

"Lovers"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in disappointing picture showing the damage done by malicious gossip.

"Love's Greatest Mistake"—Paramount. Old story of country girl who comes to the city, is pursued by a wealthy villain, and saved by the noble hero. Evelyn Brent, James Hall, and Josephine Dunn.

"Man Bait"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost in a theatrical but uninteresting film setting forth the preposterous adventures and unlikely triumphs of a shopgirl.

"Matinee Ladies"—Warner. May McAvoy and Malcolm McGregor in slow, dull film about a cigarette girl and a law student who hires himself out as a professional dancing partner.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow.

"Mother"—F. B. O. Belle Bennett in another tale of a suffering mother, who, after she has raised her husband and son from poverty to luxury, is betrayed by both.

"New York"—Paramount. Conventional melodrama. A writer of popular songs falls in love with a society girl and is accused of murdering the girl he spurned. Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, and William Powell.

"Night Bride, The"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford in mediocre farce of a society tomboy and a young author, who start off by hating each other.

"Notorious Lady, The"—First National. Conventional society melodrama beginning in London and ending in South Africa. Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford are the husband and wife eventually reconciled.

"Orchids and Ermine"—First National. Colleen Moore wasted in thin, unamusing tale of a switchboard operator who marries a rich young man posing as a valet. Jack Mulhall is the young man.

"Rubber Tires"—Producers Distributing. Boring picture of the frantic efforts of a family to recover a discarded car whose value has suddenly risen to ten thousand dollars. Bessie Love and Harrison Ford.

"Sea Tiger, The"—First National. Silly film, laid in the Canary Islands, of two brothers, a girl they both love, and a trouble-making vamp from Broadway. Milton Sills, Mary Astor, and Larry Kent.

"Taxi, Taxi"—Universal. Edward Everett Horton miscast in comedy of



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young draftsman who takes his employer's niece, Marian Nixon, out for the evening and gets mixed up with a crook.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in stagy artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Manon*.

"White Flannels"—Warner. Louise Dresser in tale of a poor, drudging miner's widow who makes a "gentleman" of her son only to be humiliated by his high-class sweetheart.

"Wrong Mr. Wright, The"—Universal. Mirthless farce featuring Jean Hersholt as the sappy son of a corset manufacturer who is mistaken for the cashier who has absconded with the funds. Enid Bennett is a lady detective.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

MARIE OF ST. PAUL.—How you do like to make me work, asking me the addresses of free-lance players who don't stay put at any one studio! Constance Bennett retired from the screen upon her marriage two years ago to Philip Plant. I've no idea what her address is. For Anita Stewart, just Hollywood, California, is all I can suggest. That address should reach almost any well-known player. Try Johnnie Walker at the Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. If Lon Chaney and Jack Holt did not send their pictures when you wrote, that apparently means that they do not answer their fan mail. Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Missouri, and is in his late thirties. He was once on the stage, and in his early screen career was leading man for the Talmadges. He is married to Beatrice Prentice. Eugene O'Brien never answers his fan mail, so his fans have told me.

MISS 1927.—Just a modern girl! Owen Moore, after his divorce from Mary Pickford, married Kathryn Perry. Clara Bow uses her real name, I think, and I believe Marceline Day does, also. Marceline is not married. Her next picture is "Romance," in which Ramon Novarro is starred. Colleen Moore's new one is "Naughty But Nice."

BERYL.—You'll be glad to know that your favorite, Cullen Landis, appears in Tom Meighan's new picture, "We're All Gamblers."

LIGHTNING.—You won't have to strike in the same place—I'll answer your questions the first time. The principals in "Forbidden Cargo" were Evelyn Brent, Robert Ellis, and Boris Karloff. In "Broken Laws," the players were Mrs. Wallace Reid, Percy Marmont, Ramsaye Wallace, Jacqueline Saunders, Virginia Lee Corbin, Arthur Rankin, and the two children, Pat Moore, and Jane Wray.

DADDY'S GIRL.—To think of anybody keeping a file of information about screen players when he doesn't have to! You do like to work, don't you? Victor Varconi was born in Hungary, March 31, 1896. Claire Windsor was born in Cawker City, Kansas, in 1897; Conrad Nagel, Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897; Douglas Fairbanks in Denver, May 22, 1883; George O'Brien in San Francisco, in 1900. Evelyn Brent is married to B. P. Fineman, but at this writing, has just begun suit for divorce. Sorry, I don't know the name of Lillian Rich's husband, nor of Malcolm McGregor's wife. Malcolm has a six-year-old daughter named Joan. The part of *Willowdean* in "Summer Bachelors" was played by Leila Hyams.

AUDREY.—In answer to your very interesting letter, I'll gladden your heart by telling you that William Haines is not married. Joan Crawford is a brunette, five feet four in height. Her first screen rôle was in "I'll Tell the World"—she was then known as Lucille Le Seuer. Since then she has played in "Sally, Irene and Mary," "Old Clothes," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, "Paris," "The Taxi Dancer," "The Understanding Heart," "The Unknown," "Spring Fever," and "Twelve Miles Out," John Gilbert's new picture. I don't know how many Charleston steps she knows—the Charleston is somewhat *passé* here in America. Helene Costello is rising steadily to screen prominence; her forte is light comedy, which doesn't give her the opportunity for big specials such as Dolores has had. Helene has played quite a few leads—in "Ranger of the Big Pines," "Wet Paint," opposite Raymond Griffith, "The Broncho Twister," opposite Tom Mix, and in "While London Sleeps," a Rin-Tin-Tin film. Do write again.

A FAN OF ALL THE STARS.—It must keep you busy, doing all that fanning! Donald Keith was born in Boston twenty-five years ago; he is five feet ten inches tall. James Hall was born October 22, 1900, in Dallas, Texas. He is five feet eleven, and weighs one hundred and fifty-six pounds. George Lewis was born in Mexico City about twenty-four years ago. I don't doubt that you will get your wish of seeing Raymond Keane grow more and more popular. He worked for months in Emory Johnson's new aviation film. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, and is in her early twenties. She is five feet four, and weighs one hundred and ten.

S. A. J.—It is customary to inclose a quarter with a request for a star's photograph. Write Claire Windsor at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio—address at the end of this department. She has left M.-G.-M. but they will no doubt forward the letter to her. Claire was born in 1897; she is five feet six and one half in height.

VALARIA.—The troubles a poor answer man does have, trying to keep track of the addresses of free-lance players! At last accounts Betty Compson was working at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio in John Gilbert's "Twelve Miles Out," but by the time this gets into print she'll probably be somewhere else, so what is the poor Oracle to do? A letter addressed to Hollywood, California, would probably reach her, however. Betty is five feet two, and is in her late twenties. Just address your "What the Fans Think" letter to PICTURE PLAY—address on Contents page.

MARGUERITE MITCHELL.—Much as I like to see newcomers succeed in the movies, they do make things hard for an answer man. For instance—Ruth Handforth. You know more about her than I do, because I had never even heard of her. Oscar Shaw is a musical-comedy player, and appears on the screen only occasionally. He is a tall brunet. You can reach him in care of Charles Dillingham, Gaiety Theater, New York City. Jacqueline Logan has signed with Cecil De Mille. I suppose you read of Einar Hanson's death several months ago. Anna Q. Nilsson doesn't give a home ad-

dress. I've lost my records about Wallace Reid, but I believe he was born in Missouri. Patsy Ruth Miller doesn't give her birthday. Write to Myrtle Gebhart in care of PICTURE PLAY.

OLIVER TWIST.—F. B. O. is one of the smaller companies and does not produce first-run pictures. That is, its films are shown in the small "daily change" theaters. The Swiss leaflet was very amusing, though I couldn't read much of it. Nazimova's most recent films were not very successful financially, so I doubt whether she will play on the screen much in the future. Kenneth Thomson is comparatively new to the screen. He's a De Mille discovery. He played in "Man Bait" and "Corporal Kate," as well as in "White Gold." "Paris at Midnight" and "If the Gods Laugh" have apparently never been released. Thanks for the bouquets for PICTURE PLAY.

BARRYMORE.—It isn't just a few answers that you want, but a *book* about the movies! A list of all the directors and their films would take up countless pages. There are three or four thousand players in Hollywood. It is out of the question for me to describe the hundred or so players you ask about. Their addresses are given in the list at the end of this department.

E. V. B.—Rockcliffe Fellowes is another of those players whose address flits about from studio to studio. As this goes to press he is working in Mrs. Wallace Reid's new film, "The Satin Woman," at the Fine Arts Studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Rockcliffe is forty-two years old, and was married years ago to Lucille Watson, the well-known stage actress. Tom Mix owns Tony, I think. Tom doesn't give his birthday.

PAM-PAM.—So you think I'm a young "kid?" And here I thought I had you all fooled! I'll be five on my next birthday. It was Larry Gray who played opposite Dorothy Mackaill in "Convoy." He was born July 27, 1898. He is a brunet and unmarried. Theodor von Eltz doesn't give his age; his eyes are gray. At this writing, he is working in "No Man's Law," which sounds like a Western to me. Billie Dove is soon to be starred in "An American Beauty." Clara Bow was born July 29, 1905. Charles Delaney has been making "Finnegan's Ball."

Addresses of Players.

Richard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathlyn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret Quimby, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, William Powell, Bebe Daniels, Louise Brooks, Noah Beery, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Roy d'Arcy, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Lars Hanson, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Natalie Kingston, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Elinor Fair, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, Warner Oland, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, Californi...

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Holly-Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Wallace MacDonald, 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

Marceline Day, 1337 North Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood, California.



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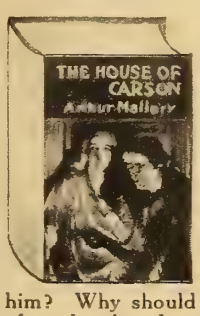
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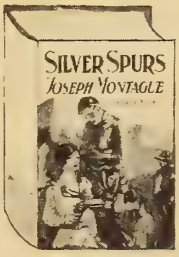
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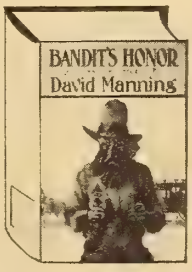


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MONTHLY

Picture Play

Volume XXVII — Number 3

Contents for November, 1927

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What the Fans Think 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

They Call It "Love" 15
Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in a scene from the film adaptation of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina."

Just How Much Is a Star Worth? . . Edwin Schallert . . 16
Does he really earn his immense salary, or should it be cut down?

Please Don't Quote Me . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger 20
One of our most astute contributors visits the movie town and returns with some interesting impressions.

Did She Slap Mr. Goldwyn's Face? . . . Margaret Reid . . 22
Belle Bennett rises to answer her maligners.

By Public Demand . . . . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 24
Fred Thomson responds to the call of the fans.

Manhattan Medley . . . . . Aileen St. John-Brenon 26
Short glimpses of players passing through New York.

A Whole Succession of Silver Linings . . . William H. McKegg . 29
They belong to Don Alvarado.

Houses of the Great 30
Recent pictures of some of the stars' homes.

"Not for Publication" . . . . . Ann Sylvester . . 32
A revelation of some of the secrets hidden behind that phrase.

Virginia Got the Job . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 34
And how! The interesting tale of Virginia Valli's transformation.

Favorite Picture Players 35
Rotogravure photos of eight of them.

When It's Really Painful to Eat . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 43
Clive Brook describes the agony of eating in the movies.

Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander . . 44
Fanny the Fan's babbling gossip of Hollywood people and events.

The Future of the Stars . . . . . Sidney K. Bennett . 48
The third installment of an astrologer's predictions about some of the players.

Exit the Well-Dressed Hero . . . . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 51
Edmund Lowe rejoices over his escape from dress-suit rôles.

Hollywood High Lights . . . . . Edwin and Elza Schallert 53
The latest fragments of news from the film colony.

Mary in the 5-and-10 . . . . . Caroline Bell . . 57
With Mary Pickford during the filming of "My Best Girl."

One Less Latin Hero . . . . . William H. McKegg . 59
Donald Reed, though a native Mexican, firmly refuses to be classed as a Latin.

Continued on the Second Page Following

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The Stroller . . . . . Carroll Graham . . . 60
A roving humorist's ironic comments on life in Hollywood.

The Screen in Review . . . . . Norbert Lusk . . . 62
Our critic's opinions of the latest films.

Through the Camera's Eye 66
Informal snapshots of the players here and there.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases 69
Brief tips on all important pictures now showing.

In Wally's Memory 70
Plans for the memorial window to Wallace Reid in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Where the Aristocrats Powder their Noses . . Dorothy Wooldridge . 71
A glimpse into the luxurious studio quarters of the exclusive United Artists stars.

Begging Shakespeare's Pardon . . . . Ann Sylvester . . . 73
Richard Arlen disagrees with the bard who said there was nothing in a name.

Nothing But the Truth . . . . . Virginia Morris . . 74
Anna May Wong, Chinese star, is revealed as a native American.

Recommended by His Wives . . . . Dorothy Wooldridge . 83
Huntly Gordon's screen wives discuss his assets and liabilities as a husband.

Everybody Loves a Prize Fighter 84
So he is becoming the hero of many a movie.

What's Wrong with These Gambling Scenes? . A. L. Wooldridge . . 86
Two gambling experts will tell you.

Reflected Glory 88
Photos of some of the players with their brothers or sisters.

Including Ward Crane . . . . . Ann Sylvester . . 89
Whose dapper villainy enhances a surprising number of films.

Ease, But Not Idleness 90
Pictures of May McAvoy at home.

Information, Please . . . . . The Picture Oracle . 102
Answers to questions of our readers.

Some Famous Cases of Temperament



WHAT causes friction and outbursts among the stars? At one time or another, nearly all of them have had trouble with the studios employing them, or with the directors assigned to their pictures. Whose fault is it, and what is behind these bold displays of insubordination?

Next month, PICTURE PLAY will publish a story which will throw considerable light upon this interesting subject. The reasons behind some of the more conspicuous flare-ups will be described, as well as the measures which are being taken to discipline the self-willed stars and make them good little boys and girls.



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December PICTURE PLAY will also have an article on the newcomers who have made such headway of late, and the probable progress—or decline—of some of them will be prophesied, according to the laws of astrology.

These are but three striking items in the next issue; there will be thirty more. Count 'em!





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What the Fans Think



Thank Heaven for Poverty Row!

PICTURE PLAY has published two articles about Poverty Row in a space of less than two years. I must commend this magazine for bringing the small, independent studios to the attention of the picturegoer. Other publications have always ignored them. However, there is one weak point in the article that was published not long ago in PICTURE PLAY. The author stated that Poverty Row will soon pass out of existence. Any writer who makes that statement simply doesn't know his onions.

Horse operas are made by these "quickie" companies —not only because they are inexpensive to make, but because there is a steady demand for pictures of this type.

The more serious pictures produced by these independent companies are, as a general rule, very interesting affairs. Of course, there are a few flivvers among them, but did you ever see any film company that had a 100-per-cent perfect program? When I get tired of seeing Lewis Stone making love to some girl young enough to be his daughter, or seeing ballroom sets as big as battleships, I grab my coat and go away to see a "quickie" picture. I am very rarely disappointed. They are such a wholesome relief from glittering, dazzling super-specials. The settings in these pictures are sensible and homelike, and because of this, they take on a human note. The settings are just as human as the story and actors.

Another thing about these small, independent concerns. They give the down-and-outers a chance. Any person who wants to see his old favorites had better hustle along and look up a "quickie" production. I have witnessed Alice Lake, Wanda Hawley, Gaston Glass, and Ralph Lewis to my heart's content in these "quickie" pictures. So thank heaven there is a Poverty Row that gives the old-timers a helping hand, and thus gives us a chance to keep on seeing them.

No, my dear fan friends, the independents will never pass out of existence. Al Hoxie, Bob Reeves, Ben Wilson, and Jack Perrin may not be known to the discriminating movie patrons, but they are dear to the hearts of the Western fan. And for the more discriminating, there are the artistic independent productions made expressly for them. MARTIN BOYER.

80 Hemlock Street,
St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

The Stars Are Too Aloof, She Says.

To some of us it seems time to call a halt on the aloofness of our entertainers, the motion-picture stars.

We have read at various times that the Fairbankses, Ronald Colman, Lon Chaney, and others always avoid the mob. Didn't the mob "make" them? Are they not successful because of the admiration of the "vulgar herd?"

We are told that this self-absorption of the stars is necessary—that we reap the benefit on those rare occasions when we see a good picture. That may be true, but if the stars want us to continue to like them, they will do well to hide their disdain for their "dear public."

If I have misunderstood, I am sorry. But it seems our "dear favorites" are pushing us away with both hands, and we like it not.

MARIAN JACOBS.

Los Angeles, California.

Knocked from Their Pedestals.

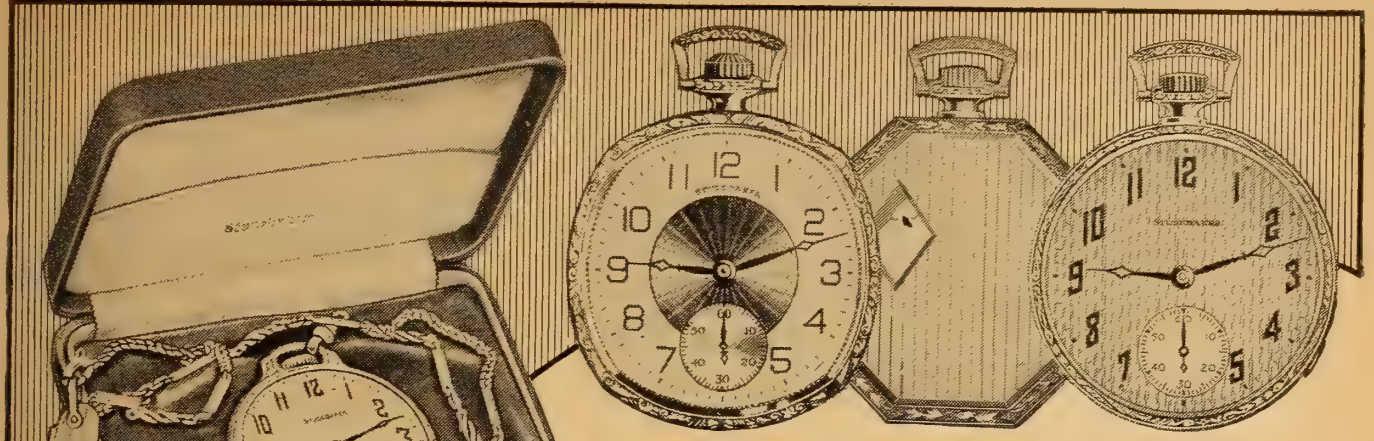
We fans, blinded by the glamour and dazzling adornments of the cinema people, sometimes fail to see and realize that they are mere persons like us, made to appear glorified. We are led and made to believe all the things written about them. Whenever a director backs up an unknown and puts her on a pedestal, we are more than ready to accept his word and worship her, whether she be beautiful or homely, talented or not. Why can't we see and have our own independent ideas? I guess we are just carried by too strong a current.

All of the movie stars live in a world of hypocrisy. They are told everything except the truth. Extravagant praises and flatteries are showered upon them continually, thus spoiling their work and themselves. Why can't they be told the real truth once in a while? It won't do them any harm—it would do them a great deal of good. By this, I do not mean all of them. Ah, no! Why not tell them they are beautiful if they really are?

There are several players in particular that prompted me to write this letter. Allow me to mention these:

Olive Borden—I don't see any reason for the ardent praises and eulogies showered upon this woman. Her hobby of extravagant poses sets forth her faulty features, such as too long a face and prominent teeth.

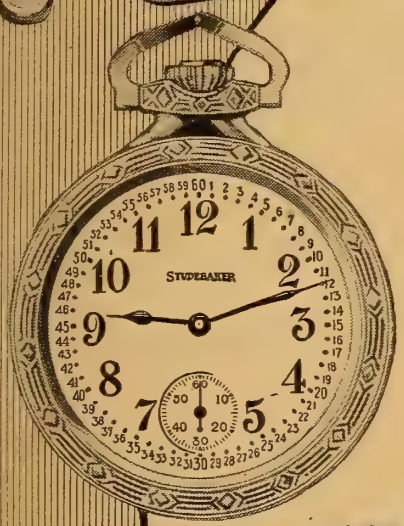
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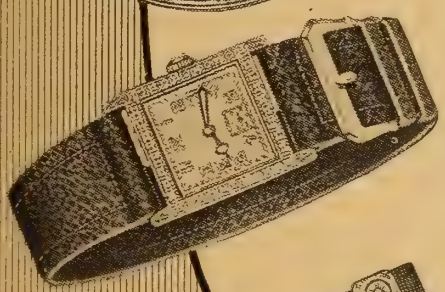


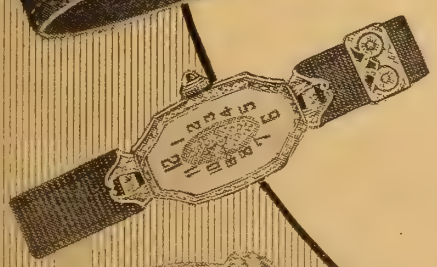
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Continued from page 8

Dorothy Mackaill—I can't, for the life of me, understand how she ever got into pictures with that scanty hair and those pallid eyes.

Greta Garbo—with her beady eyes and unattractive foreign look, I wonder why the producers don't hurry and deport her to Sweden.

Maria Corda—another foreigner, revealing nothing, who is being starred in "Helen of Troy." Why, oh, why?

Renee Adoree—just a plump French peasant girl. *Mon Dieu!*

I hope this letter will not arouse any anger in my fellow fans, but impressions are impressions, and they can't be changed.

PACITA LERMA.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

What More Could Any One Want?

The lamentations of the Novarro fans puzzle me. They cry continually that he never has a chance, that he is not getting a square deal. Why, Ramon has had nothing but big parts from the start. He played the lead in "Where the Pavement Ends," "The Arab," "Scaramouche," and "The Midshipman"—all big pictures. He won the coveted rôle of *Ben-Hur*, the biggest acting opportunity in years, eagerly desired by many prominent screen actors. Now he is starred in "Old Heidelberg," another feature picture. Sundry fans think he should have been given rôles intrusted to John Gilbert. Never! They are entirely different types.

One of the movie magazines prints pages and pages about Novarro every month. Intimate details are given about his character, habits, virtues, talents, clothes, diet, and so forth. Every movie magazine contains one or more pictures of him. What other player gets all this attention?

Novarro is an exceptionally handsome, lovable young man, and a fine actor, and he is being given every chance in the world to make good. It is ridiculous to infer that he has ever been treated unfairly.

GERTRUDE WESTENBERG.

334 Randolph Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Two Stars Who Talk Too Much.

I heartily agree with Irene Hart about John Gilbert, and would like to add the name of Pola Negri, who appears to have babbled to every press man in the five continents.

There is still a certain not-inconsiderable section of the public which, without knowing anything about them, looks down on all film people as a weird and wonderful collection of people who ought to have a zoo to themselves. Such critics are to be strongly condemned, but people like Gilbert, who informs the world with great gusto that Greta Garbo is the most wonderful girl on earth, or like Negri, who announces that she has—for the fourth or fifth time—found the greatest love of her life, do more than anything else toward increasing criticism of the movie people. There are two little proverbs which the two stars mentioned might bear in mind. One is that still waters run deep, and the other, that empty pictures make most noise.

With reference to Miss C. Dawson's recent letter to this department, may I add a word of defense for England. It is not so much defense as a statement of fact. An English critic condemned "The Big Parade." This was entirely ignored by the British public, for "The Big Parade" ran for months at the Tivoli in London. That was one man, not the public.

CONSTANCE K. RIDLEY.

2 Braham Gardens, Earls Court, London, S. W. 5, England.

Are Movie Fans Morons?

After reading the inane ravings and preposterous demands of the fans in these columns, it is an obvious fact that there are more morons outside the films than there are in them. Some of our talented, intelligent stars cannot make good pictures because the morons and the semi-morons are too near-sighted to see them.

John Gilbert and Gloria Swanson have done more to humanize their profession than any other two people. Gilbert is determined not to pose. His sincerity flashes from his eyes. He is one star who behaves like a human being. Gloria is another. Her evolution has been remarkable. And because she never ceases to grow, she evokes eternal interest. She is a lady who is beautiful because she is charming, and her charm lies in her sincerity.

Here I insert a prayer that either Laura La Plante or Dorothy Mackaill may play *Lorelei Lee*, and not some unknown discovery.

Lastly, I laud that diminutive writer for PICTURE PLAY, Myrtle Gebhart, who has a strange, uncommonly fine flair for the "human interest" element in her articles. I must add that she writes for a magazine that asks for popularity on its merit and not on the basis of ingenious contests that fire the thousands and reward the few.

Paradise for the stars must be, as long as the public is mainly moronic, a paradise under the shadow of the swords of publicity.

VIRGINIA FERGUSON.

Fontana, San Bernardino County, California.

She Thinks the Fans Are Funny.

Were I the editor of PICTURE PLAY, I should call the "What the Fans Think" department "Rave On." I am very much afraid that my good friends the fans are snatching their only opportunity to try to make the world believe they are critics, seasoned and unafraid. It's funny.

I should like to suggest to some of these critics that merely staying at home when a player they do not like is shown at the local theaters, is a much surer way of squelching him than writing a dozen burning paragraphs.

My premier favorite is Ronald Colman. I never miss a film of his. I go early and stay late. If he ever thinks about marrying again, I hope I fail to hear of it—I shall probably shoot up the country if that happens. I believe the reason I liked "Beau Geste" was because *Beau* died a bachelor. I really prefer Ronald, however, in happy comedy rôles, such as he played in "Her Night of Romance," since they give him a chance to show that priceless smile, quite the nicest in all moviedom.

If his is frosty lovemaking, as one fan said, then that is the kind that I believe most women prefer. Passionate lovemaking may be very interesting to watch on the screen, but who in real life wants to be pawed over in the Jack Gilbert fashion?

Three cheers for William Haines, the real American boy—mistakes, ego and all!

JAMESINA BROOKS.

Walla Walla, Washington.

In Defense of the Much-abused Fans.

Robert Livingston says he has missed a lot of fun by failing to read "What the Fans Think" all these years, and wonders why we fans enjoy the movies, since we either idolize or criticize to excess. Are we not all human—susceptible to excess enthusiasm, with more or less argumentative dispositions, and extremely loyal? These are the qualities which keep up such departments as "What the Fans Think," and to me they need no defense.

Mr. Livingston was so struck with mirth when he accidentally read this department that he had to write and tell us how funny he thought we were. But, after all, where would the picture industry be, should the fans cease to write what they think? That's a question, Mr. Livingston! Possibly we fans do overdo things a bit, but it is done in all walks of life, by all manner of men, so do not be too harsh with the much-abused fan.

I think the fan is necessary to the movies—as he is to baseball, for instance. Babe Ruth may become tired of autographing baseballs for his fans, Ben Lyon may be amazed at the bill for hundreds of dollars' worth of stamps used to mail his photographs to his fans, but they would both groan, were there no fans to be interested in them at all!

So, as long as we have movies, we shall have the fan with us. In closing, I might add that, if the fans never accomplish any other good, they have at least given the worthy Mr. Livingston a mirthful few minutes, and made it possible for him to break into print through the columns of what he calls the pesky department "What the Fans Think!"

MRS. OLIVE THOMPSON.

Los Angeles, California.

A Few Objections.

I was delighted with the note recently written to this department by Bernyce Brett, for, like her, I am tired of reading the same old interviews with the same stars month after month. Rather I enjoy letters like "The Extra Boy's," from which one gets impressions of the stars from somebody who has seen them and is not afraid to say exactly what he thinks. Along with Miss Brett I hope that more of the fans who have been fortunate enough to see some of the stars in person will write their impressions to "What the Fans Think."

Another letter which I enjoyed was written by Elinor Garrison. I too am sick of reading all the foolish poems and letters about Valentino's death. As Miss Garrison says, it was sad he had to die, but filling the magazines with grief-stricken letters and poems won't bring him back again.

One letter I did not like, however, was John Leo's. Imagine calling an actress of Norma Shearer's ability a "mere clothes rack." One of the most delightful actresses on the screen is lovely Norma, and never has she failed to give a delightful performance in any of her pictures. Perhaps when Mr. Leo has seen Norma's work in "Old Heidelberg," he will change his opinion and perhaps apologize for calling her a "mere clothes rack."

Not only was Miss Shearer so rudely insulted, but such players as Betty Bronson, Esther Ralston, May McAvoy, and Claire Windsor. I wonder if Mr. Leo saw Betty in "Ritzy," Esther in "Children of Divorce," May in "The Fire Brigade," and Claire in "Dance Madness" and "The Little Journey." If not, I recommend all these films and perhaps he will change his mind. As to Claire Windsor's being "pained and pale looking," only a person ignorant of Miss Windsor's ability could say such a thing. Always included as one of the true beauties of the screen, besides holding the title of the best-dressed woman in pictures, this charming star makes each picture she plays in a memorable one, yet Mr. Leo finds her "pale and pained looking!"

Before closing, I should like to tell Miss Vera Parsons that she can still hope to receive Dolores Costello's photo, for eight months after I had given up all hopes of ever getting one myself, I was delightfully surprised. I waited patiently all those

Continued on page 12

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I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact, I have been telling people for the last three years and started several people in the work in Japan.

When one lives in New York, as I do now, and sees the number of wholly unqualified people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there ought to be some test for teachers. I think that learning ten operatic roles, one after another, is a pretty good test of the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

Florence Mendelson,
New York City.

Wouldn't Part With Course for $1,000.00

I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

I wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.

Julio C. De Vosconcellos,
New Bedford, Mass.

Realizes the Dream of Her Life

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me to think I have found such an opportunity to cultivate my voice. It is the one great thing in my life to develop a beautiful voice, and to think that it is daily improving through your wonderful method brought right to my own door.

I will now make you happy by saying it is certainly the best investment I ever made.

Florence M. Clarke,
1488 11th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett,
Newton, N. H.

Continued from page 10

eight months, but when I finally did get the photo, I found it was well worth the wait.

G. W. L.

Montreal, Canada.

Why Rudy Should Be Remembered.

May I answer Elinor Garrison's question, "Why should Rudy be remembered?"

Rudolph Valentino may be said to have been the reincarnation in the modern world of an ideal hero of olden times. The charm which attracted people to him in life, the fame he left behind him, are not to be explained simply by his accomplishments as an artist, an athlete, and a gallant fellow. Above all, there was in him something that others did not have—a wonderful blending of these high qualities, which gave a fire of its own to his acting, a sweetness of its own to his courtesy.

The world's admiration of that bright but short career cannot be anything but strong and lasting, for to many he was the symbol of their ideals. In portraying the struggle and atonement of *Julio*, the chivalry and courtesy of *Beaucaire*, and the bravery of *Gallardo*, he was verification of all they aspired to and imagined. Surely, "he has made us rarer gifts than gold."

Florence C. Gwyther.

72 Lorrimer Square, London S. W. 1, England.

Leave Their Private Lives Alone.

Irene Hart's letter in a recent Picture Play so annoyed me that I feel I must really protest against this type of fan letter being written. Supposing John Gilbert's press agent *has* been a little overzealous on his behalf of late. What of it? Does this make Mr. Gilbert one jot less fine as an actor?

What concern is it of the public how he chooses to behave or not behave *off* the screen? The married life of John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy—and the reasons for its dissolution—concern only two people in the world—*themselves*. It is the greatest impertinence to write about the stars in this fashion. Let us, on the contrary, cooperate with them by giving them thoughtful, helpful criticisms of their work, and have the good taste and good breeding to leave their private concerns alone.

Instead of considering a star as either an "idol" or a "sap," let us think of him as a hard-working individual, a human being with feelings like our own, and hesitate before flinging rude remarks on paper about him.

Let there be a little more dignity, a little more charity, and a great deal less brick-throwing, in return for the infinite amount of pleasure the movies give us.

Dorothy Grace Shore.

11 Drayton Gardens, London, S. W. 10, England.

Irene Hart asks, "How much longer are they going to allow that woman chaser, John Gilbert, to appear on the screen?" Just as long as the public applaud him, my dear.

She said that he mistreated his wife, Leatrice Joy. I wonder if she has ever read the true story of his life. She would know then that most of the charges made against him are false. He loved Leatrice Joy too much to contest them. Leatrice Joy chose a career instead of a home.

She also accuses him of telling "his every feeling to the world." He isn't the one who does it. His press agents publish this to give him publicity. She also asks if we ever hear him mention his love for his child. He doesn't have to shout it from the house tops, for he proved it when he gave her up to Leatrice Joy. He knew he could never give her a mother's love and understanding.

As for his affair with Greta Garbo, that is John Gilbert's own personal affair. When we go to a movie, we don't think of a star's personal life. We think of the character he is portraying. As long as a star gives us a good portrayal, what else matters. Let's forget about the stars' personal lives and be grateful for the hours of romance which they give us.

I wish for the best that there is for all the stars, for I love them all. But my very best wishes go to Picture Play. Long may it live!

E. M. Kartye.

San Antonio, Texas.

Addressed to Donald Keith.

If Donald Keith ever had any little brothers or sisters to take care of, he must have forgotten all about it, judging from his actions in "The Whirlwind of Youth." He should have had a man who has walked a baby up and down every other night for a year to coach him as to how to carry children.

The manner in which Mr. Keith picked up the child during the last scenes and carried her down the aisle of the train brought many snickers from the audience. He carried her as though she were a piece of wood that had some insect on it. He put his arm under her head and back as if they would come unjointed. Now, no one carries a child of her age—about two years old—horizontally as he did. Even if he *had* been away to war and had just recently been introduced to the offspring, it seems that he should have had her in his arms enough to know how to hold her.

But I thought Mr. Keith's acting otherwise was fine.

Nelle Price.

4929 Bryan Street, Dallas, Texas.

Take Care, Miss Costello.

If Miss Parsons, of Cheshire, England, would go to the company that distributes Dolores Costello's pictures in her city, I'm sure she could get a much better photograph than those sent by the stars themselves. Dolores Costello is as fine an actress as she is beautiful, but she should answer her fan mail. I know several people who have never received answers from her. Miss Costello should be careful not to offend her fans.

Jack Bennett.

5547 Etze Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

One Star Who Answers Her Fan Mail.

Having noticed how many fans have been complaining lately in "What the Fans Think" about the stars' growing indifference to their fan mail, I feel they will be interested in what I have to tell them about one star who never forgets. I refer to that incomparable comedienne, Miss Louise Fazenda.

Ever since her old Sennett days she has been one of my favorites, but only about two years ago did I write her telling her of my admiration for her work, at the same time sending her some poor little verses of my own composition. A few days afterward, I received a letter, written in her own hand, and two large autographed photos. In her letter she expressed a wish to hear more about myself. I answered her letter and ever since then she has always remembered to send a card to me at Christmas or a new photo for my birthday. Is it a wonder, then, that I want to let all the fans know that not all the stars are indifferent to their fan mail?

To me, Miss Fazenda is not only one of the best actresses on the screen, but one of the most wonderful and charming women I have ever had the happiness of knowing. With such a beautiful soul that delights in making others happy, she will always be happy.

Harry M. Cohen.

4 Burnside Avenue, Newport, Rhode Island.

There's None to Compare with Her.

I have been reading "What the Fans Think," and I want to say that the best thing about it is that I don't have to turn over a hundred pages to follow the sequence. It's always "continued on page 12," when I've just finished 11.

Favorites? Yes, sure!

Florence Lawrence—she gave me a real thrill. I'll never forget her. Yet I am still *comparatively* young.

Then, there's Norma Talmadge. Boy! I have loved her from the first flash, and I still look upon other stars as mere impostors—unfortunately, I possess a single-track mind, and narrow gauge at that, I guess. Norma seems to lift my very soul, but that's nothing. The whole world has always been at her feet, and what a wonderful woman she is! She is the greatest influence for *good* the movies have.

No one knows how deeply I respect her, nor how tremendously she has moved me.

J. H. A.

Box 337 Houston, Texas.

The Best of the Younger Players.

A few words and a big bouquet in appreciation of Richard Arlen. Of the younger and not-so-well-known players, he seems to me the best. His acting is so refreshing and genuine that you cannot help but feel the charm of it, and he has proved in his recent pictures that he is made of good material. His face instantly attracted me because of the set of that determined chin and the boyish, appealing eyes. Just give him a big chance, producers and fans, and I'm sure he'll make good!

Dorothy B.

Delaware, Ohio.

Calling Attention to Martha Sleeper.

At Lucille Carlson's suggestion, I am writing to tell the fans a little about Martha Sleeper. You may, or may not, have heard of her. She is doing comedies now, and doesn't get a chance to do much except act silly, but once she gets a real chance I'm sure she'll make good. She is darling looking, and quite young. She was made a Wampas Baby Star this year, and though that doesn't mean much, I think she's a good bet.

She used to go to my school before she moved out West, and went to my dancing school, also. She was the star dancer, and used to perform at Carnegie Hall.

Jeanne Gidding.

21 North Twenty-first Avenue, East, Duluth, Minnesota.

A Welcome to Newcomers.

I hail the advent of two newcomers under the Fox banner, to wit, Mr. Nick Stuart and Miss Marjorie Beebe.

Nick, as the lesson-to-husbands in "Cradle Snatchers," was the jack rabbit's cuff buttons and then some, believe it or not. If Elinor Glyn doesn't label him with the fatal "It," he is in for a brilliant future. Isn't it funny that all the folks Mrs. Glyn has called "Ittish" have died miserable deaths, so far as the movies are concerned? That is, nearly all.

As to Marjorie, she is the best comedienne to appear for a long time. And she has looks, too, when she isn't made up for a character part. In Buck Jones' "Hills of Peril," she ran away with the picture.

Dan Rohrig.

Harmony, Indiana.

Continued on page 115

THE ARTISTRY OF THE GREATEST STARS EXPRESSED IN PATHE FEATURES!



ROD LA ROCQUE



LEATRICE JOY



MARIE PREVOST

MILLIONS of fans who follow the Pathe trade-mark as a guide to the best in motion picture entertainment now look forward with new eagerness to the Greater Pathe deluxe feature photoplays for 1927-28 in which these players appear.

This is the great entertainment ideal made possible by the affiliation of the Cecil B. DeMille Studios with the Pathe organization.

What an incomparable array of screen talent —Rod La Rocque, Jetta Goudal, Leatrice Joy, William Boyd, Marie Prevost and Vera Reynolds—vivid, glowing personalities who represent every phase of histrionic ability.

And the famous DeMille Stock Company, including such celebrated players as Virginia Bradford, Clarence Burton, Junior Coghlan, Robert Edeson, Elinor Fair, Julia Faye, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, Jacqueline Logan, Frank Marion, Louis Natheaux, Seena Owen, Franklin Pangborn, Sally Rand, May Robson, Joseph Schildkraut, Rudolph Schildkraut, Kenneth Thomson, Victor Varconi, Ethel Wales, H. B. Warner and a score of others comprising the greatest artistic and dramatic talent of the stage and screen.

Superb casts in unusual stories is the entertainment goal for 1927-28. Baffling mystery, flaming romance, high adventure and sparkling comedy are all embraced in the great stories and plays selected from the works of the world's best authors, writers and dramatists to be produced at the vast Pathe-DeMille Studios, under the skilled guidance of Cecil B. DeMille, master producer, and his corps of screen craftsmen.



JETTA GOUDAL



WILLIAM BOYD



VERA REYNOLDS

Watch for these great Stars and Players at your favorite theatre in Pathe Feature Productions

Pathé Exchange, Inc.

DE MILLE STUDIO PICTURES – PATHÉ NEWS – PATHÉ WESTERNS – PATHÉSERIALS – PATHÉCOMEDIES

Member Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America
WILL H. HAYS, President

Foreign Distributors: Producers International Corporation
WILLIAM M. VOGEL, President

It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play



—how had she found time to practice?

"WELL, Jim—I told you I had a surprise for you!"

She beamed at her husband, delighted to see how surprised—and pleased—he was.

And I was astonished, too. Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before. I didn't even know that she could read notes. Neither of us could conceal our curiosity.

"How did you ever do it?" her husband asked. "When did you find time to practice?"

"And who is your teacher?" I added.

"Wait, wait!" she laughed. "One question at a time. I have no teacher, that is, no private teacher, and I do my practicing between dishes."

"No teacher?"

"No—I learned to play the piano an entirely *new* way—*without* a teacher. You see, all my life I wanted to play some musical instrument, and the piano appealed to me most. I thought I'd never learn how to play it, though—for I haven't much time to spare, and I thought it would take long, long hours of hard work and study. And I thought it would be expensive, too."

"Well, it *is* hard work, and it is expensive," I said. "Why, I have a sister...."

"I know," she laughed, "but *I* learned to play the piano through the new simplified method. Some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how a young man had learned to play the piano during his spare time without a teacher. I found that thousands of others had learned to play their favorite musical instruments in this same delightful, easy way, and so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," Jim said.

"Well, you see, that was my big surprise. Ever since I received my first lesson I've been practicing by myself—during the day while you've been away at business. I turned my spare moments between housekeeping and shopping into something pleasant and profitable."

"If you planned to surprise me—you've certainly succeeded," said Jim.

Which Do *You* Want to Master in a Few Months?

Piano	Hawaiian Guitar
Organ	Drums and Traps
Violin	Mandolin
Piccolo	Harmony and Composition
Clarinet	Sight Singing
Flute	Ukulele
Harp	Trombone
'Cello	Cornet
Guitar	Saxophone

Voice and Speech Culture
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-string or Tenor)

Learn to Play at Home

This story is typical. There are thousands of men and women who have turned their spare moments into valuable time. In hours that would otherwise be wasted, they have learned to play their favorite musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music.

Are *you* letting priceless moments slip by when you could be learning to play some musical instrument—easily, quickly?

You simply can not go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then by illustration and diagram you are *shown* how, and when you play—you *hear* it.

Thus you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home. Without any long hours of tedious practice. Without dull or uninteresting scales you learn how to play real music from real notes.

Here is your chance to become a good player—quickly—without a teacher. The U. S. School of Music will make you *a capable and efficient player*. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

Demonstration Lesson FREE

Half a million people have already taught themselves to play their favorite instruments right in their own home. To prove that you, too, can learn music this fascinating way, let us send you our free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" which fully explains this remarkable method. We will include also our Free Demonstration Lesson.

Mail Coupon Today

Remember—it is not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that "talent" means everything. Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. **At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!** Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating free book and Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 5311 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. School of Music
5311 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

.....

Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Is a Star Worth?

ary, and how much longer will he be able by the recent vigorous campaign to make carefully considered in the article below, salaries of the most outstanding players.

Schallert

that the player holds for the public—on the number of shekels he can bring in at the box office. And the law of supply and demand in relation to movie salaries is carried out much more accurately than you might suppose.

Take, for instance, Tom Mix, who has a higher weekly salary than any other player. He is said to receive $17,000 weekly, for which he now produces seven pictures annually. Seventeen thousand a week is a lot of money!

Mix is a striking example, because he is a true small-town favorite, and has been a clean-up in the smaller communities for years. He is called a quantity producer. He takes few vacations, and his pictures can be counted on to arrive on schedule. That is one reason why he is valuable, plus the fact that the cost of his productions, outside of his own salary, is low.

Lately, Mix has indicated a wish to make fewer pictures annually, and there has been some talk, incidentally, of a break between him and the Fox organization. Whether or not this means that Fox disapproves of his proposal of fewer pictures per year, I do not know, but I can well imagine that such a suggestion is not welcome to the Fox officials. For the frequency of Mix's appearances has had much to do with the income he has brought his organization.

Mix, like many important stars, not only possesses a contract but also shares in the profits on his productions. This means that the returns he obtains



Photo by G. L. Manuel Freres

Madge Bellamy is among the highest-paid of the free-lance players, averaging $2,000 a week.

Photo by Apeda



Newcomers are cheap. James Murray was paid only $60 a week to play the lead in "The Crowd."

are somewhat variable, but they always maintain a high average because of the size of his salary.

Douglas Fairbanks, like Mix, is a hero with the youth of the country, but his following is chiefly in the large towns. While a Mix picture may run only a week in the majority of theaters, a popular Fairbanks picture is sure of a run of several months to a year in big cities like New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other leading centers. He is also a big leader in the market in foreign countries.

From the amount that Doug paid in income taxes a few years ago, it was judged that his productions yielded him $500,000 annually. More recently



Photo by Ruth Harrett Louise

Lillian Gish draws the imposing sum of $8,000 a week.

he has probably surpassed that figure by $200,000 or more. For his later productions have not involved so great an investment as "The Thief of Bagdad," for instance, and have made quite as much, if not more money.

Gloria Swanson is *potentially* the greatest feminine money-maker in the business. From all accounts her association with United Artists might possibly bring her as much as $750,000 annually.

Paramount was reported to be willing to give Gloria a salary equal to $17,000 weekly, but she enjoys more freedom with United Artists, and that was one reason why she decided to associate herself with that company. The one risk that she runs is a decline in her audiences, but she is thought to be safe in this regard if her forthcoming films show improvement.

Established stars can usually count on a loyal public. Mary Pickford encountered some disapproval from her public in her several transitions through "Rosita," "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "Little Annie Rooney," and "Sparrows," but she is nevertheless sure of a tried and true following, which means money.

In actual returns from his pictures, Harold Lloyd continues to surpass everybody. He has been variously rated as making $20,000 to $40,000 weekly, but $25,000 is probably close to the correct figure. Lloyd averaged two pictures a year for quite a while. He has been going a little slower lately, but this has not materially lessened his returns, because his income from individual productions has been greater since he aligned himself with Paramount's powerful distributing system.

Recently, Fred Thomson created a sensation by signing a releasing contract with Paramount that, it was reported, would bring him $10,000 weekly. Actually he is paid by the production, and the value to him personally is supposed to be something like $500,000 annually on this basis. This means that he will have to make five or six pictures yearly.

Most players work under contracts of one sort or another, and in most instances these are "straight-salary" contracts. This means that a player is guaranteed a steady job, and a regular weekly wage or sometimes so much a production. Contracts are written in various forms, some of them guaranteeing a salary for only forty weeks of the year, and others for fifty-two weeks. They contain all manner of provisions, and though apparently devised on the most amicable terms, are referred to by the cynical as emblems of all the suspicion and distrust that can exist between a player and producer. And oftentimes this is considerable!

Nearly all contracts are made on a "sliding basis," so-called. This means that, when a player signs with an organization, he or she



Photo by Gene-V

Harold Lloyd, who is his own boss, still makes more money than any other star, averaging about $25,000 a week.

receives a certain specified sum to start with, and that this is gradually increased for the life of the contract, which runs three to five years as a rule. These advances take place at intervals of six months usually, and at the end of any six-month period the company can, if it chooses, tell a player that it no longer desires his or her services.

Certain of the larger companies have a custom of starting newcomers at $50 or $75, which is a very large salary in comparison with the average beginner's wage in civil employment. The first raise after six months is to $100 or $125, or even $150. The next advance is to $250 or $300, and so on, until at the end of the second year the player is usually receiving about $500 a week.

One thousand dollars per week is the goal of most players who start out to get anywhere. I recall that a few years ago Colleen Moore felt that she had achieved a great result when she first received a check for this amount. If I am not mistaken, she saved it for a few weeks as a souvenir. Colleen is now said to receive $12,500, her returns being based partly on a percentage of the profits. It is interesting to note in Colleen's instance that she never once took a cut in salary during all the time that she was slowly fighting her way upward; in fact, she made practically every new engagement count for a little increase in salary.



Colleen Moore, whose success in recent years has been tremendous, makes about $12,500 weekly.

Many people contend that screen newcomers are pushed ahead too rapidly in their salaries. The film companies answer that argument this way. They say that, if a player is not worth $150 to them at the end of the first six months, he isn't worth anything. They argue that if popularity isn't built up quickly in pictures, it won't be built up at all. Either a personality "clicks," or it doesn't.

But though there are a number of cases that might seem to prove this, there are just as many to prove the contrary. The names of those who have struggled and foundered for years before they at last got just the rôle to put them across are so numerous that they can scarcely be counted.

Some of the leading stars, in the order of their drawing power in this country, might be catalogued as follows: Harold Lloyd, big everywhere; Gloria Swanson, a great favorite with the women; Tom Mix, king of the small-town trade; Douglas Fairbanks, an almost universal hit; Colleen Moore, tremendous success of late; Charlie Chaplin, always sure of a big audience. Then, in the order of their box-office popularity, there are Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Pola Negri, Clara Bow, Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney, Lillian Gish, Jack Gilbert, Ronald Colman, Constance Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, John Barry-



Ernest Torrence, a free-lancer, earns about $3,000 a week when working.

Photo by Seely

Continued on page 94

Please Don't Quote Me

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Illustrations by Constance Benson Bailey

PICTURE PLAY'S roving correspondent reveals some piquant facts about Hollywood and its denizens, with the request that the information be regarded as strictly confidential.



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People are wealthy, or they are poor. There isn't much middle ground in the picture colony. As a result, the tempo is at racing speed all the time.

The golden chance lies just round the corner. It may take years to get it. The golden promise is so readily given that in nine cases out of ten it is dross.

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Hollywood, for a whirl, is a great spot. Pack a few bags and join me. But be sure you have your return ticket in your pocket before you start!

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You suppose, in your knowing way, that Mr. Goldwyn produces pictures. If you were in Hollywood you would know that he also specializes in staging fancy weddings, impressive, popular, and guaranteed to hit the front page. His Banky-La Rocque production was nothing short of a nuptial classic. Thousands attended, Cecil B. DeMille served as best man, personally supervising the groom, Mr. Goldwyn himself gave the bride away with a lavish gesture, and the stars, Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, appeared in the flesh, as advertised.

Every one agreed that it was the beginning of a Goldwyn year. As a result of the huge success of this orange-blossom idyl, three other cinema soubrettes hurried out to enter the bonds, as they are called, of wedlock.

Renee Adoree chose a business man, Helen Lee Worthing promised to honor and obey a physician, and Jane Winton annexed a playwright, one Charles Kenyon.

So it went. Confusion was everywhere apparent. Actors, loath to accept the proposed ten per cent cut, held mass meetings. Stars had visions of their diamonds being traded for groceries, their limousines dwindling to Fords.

More mass meetings were held. The scenarists, the scene shifters, the directors, and the electricians all met indignantly. What with all the studios suggesting that all loyal workers accept the cut, and what with all unattached males shaking for fear they might fall victims to the matrimonial epidemic, Hollywood was in a state approaching turmoil.



There are two bookshops and eighteen beauty "shoppes" on the main street.

Turmoil, of course, describes the cinema capital. It is a beautiful little city, fringed with palms and eucalyptus trees, elegantly boulevarded, surrounded by yes men and bootleggers. There are wise men, too, and beautiful women in abundance, and efficiency experts, and private secretaries, and just people.

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There is a tony-looking riding academy specializing in trick

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I found none of these occasional pippins half so lovely as the stellar bodies themselves. There were no blond manicurists to compare with Claire Windsor, or Greta Nissen, or the breath-taking Garbo, none to outshine Phyllis Haver, Esther Ralston, or Dorothy Mackaill.

And among the brunettes the following sights were unparalleled in barber shop, beanery, or bathing-beauty contest: Florence Vidor, Kathleen Key, Billie Dove, Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Sebastian, Dolores del Rio.

It is such scenery that the Chamber of Commerce should use to popularize Hollywood as a vacation resort, scenery to be found nowhere else on earth.

Bunk is glorified in the film belt. Aware of how far hokum goes toward making a picture a success, the natives apply it to their business as well as their pleasures. Lemonade stands become icy igloos, and ice-cream cones are dispensed from giant freezers, stationed along the principal boulevards. Each freezer is fully fifty feet high, with a handle automatically revolving at its side.

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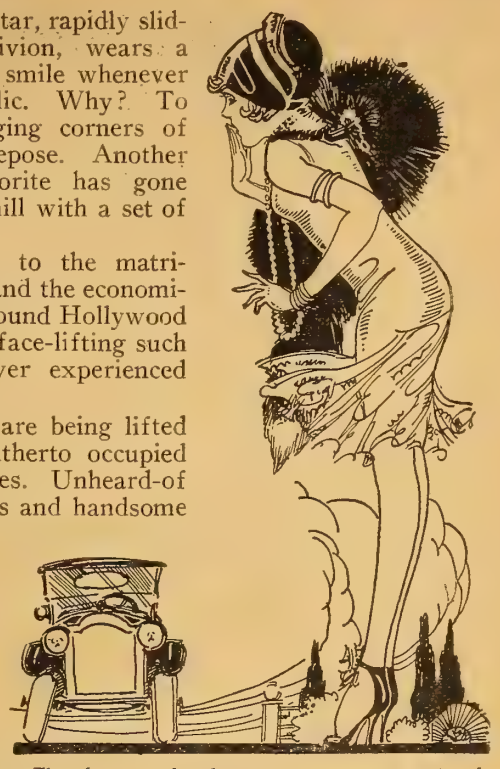


Socially, Hollywood puts its best foot forward.

One blond star, rapidly sliding into oblivion, wears a fixed, ghastly smile whenever she is in public. Why? To hide the sagging corners of her mouth in repose. Another fading favorite has gone through the mill with a set of false teeth.

In addition to the matrimonial wave and the economical streak, I found Hollywood undergoing a face-lifting such as it has never experienced before.

New faces are being lifted into places hitherto occupied by old favorites. Unheard-of young beauties and handsome youths are crowding their way into leads on every lot.



The threatened salary cut put many a star in a flutter.

All the way from Mexico, by way of Hal Roach comedies, comes Lupe Velez, who will startle you with her vigor and flashing vitality when she appears opposite Fairbanks in "The Gaucho."

Another leading rôle in that picture has fallen to the lot of Eve Southern, a promising belle sponsored by the astute Edwin Carewe, Columbus of Dolores del Rio.

There is Mary Byron, an extra girl deployed to provide the heart interest in the next Buster Keaton comedy, an ambitious affair drafting the talents of Ernest Torrence, no less. And Shirley O'Hara is another extra tasting the sweets of success, doing a lead opposite Adolphe Menjou in "A Gentleman of Paris." Of Shirley more anon.

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It did not surprise me to find sex having its fling. It usually does. Gilda Gray was tossing her hips about in a little thing called "The Devil Dancer," Gloria was temporarily *Miss Sadie Thompson,* looking as seductive as necessary, and Maria Corda was appearing in public without stockings, preparatory to becom-

Continued on page 98

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Continued on page 98



Miss Bennett claims that MOTHER MACHREE *is the only rôle worthy of her talents that has been given to her since "Stella Dallas."*

Did She Slap Mr.

That remains open to question, but Belle Bennett in her own defense, telling her side in her late

By Margaret

IN the various publications devoted to the movies, there was given, some time ago, a brief account of Belle Bennett's disagreement with Samuel Goldwyn and the subsequent severing of her contract with him. The *pièce de résistance* of the story, as reported, was that, during the final interview between the actress and the producer, Mr. Goldwyn was alleged to have called Miss Bennett names and Miss Bennett to have slapped Mr. Goldwyn's face.

All of which made a fine story, but remember that Belle Bennett gave us *Stella Dallas,* proclaimed as one of the finest pieces of acting seen in recent years on screen or stage. An actress of such caliber is certainly not to be lightly dismissed, nor badly misreported and maligned.

At first, Miss Bennett made no attempt to defend herself against the story published. She turned the other cheek and accepted her persecution silently. But motion-picture careers cannot be defended so passively. Protecting the other cheek with a gloved hand, one draws a knife and strikes back, if one would protect one's prosperity from movie politics. A knife would probably frighten the gentle Belle Bennett into tears, but she *is* now using a weapon against those who have attacked her.

"Truth is my weapon," she said to me. "The time has come for me to speak. I had intended not to mention the subject again, but here I find myself telling you all about it."

I had gone up to see her in her little stucco home on a quiet hillside. Her two sons—one adopted, and the other her own—sat with me in the living room while I waited for Miss Bennett. A tidy, usual sort of room, furnished and arranged like any comfortable living room in your own town. A marble cherub on a pedestal, holding aloft a lamp; "Just a Cottage Small" in the center of the rack on the piano; several portfolios of stills and photographs on the table.

The boys, both somewhere near twenty, with nice, shy manners, made conversation to fill the interval. Miss Bennett, they explained, was with her father, who had been in an automobile accident some weeks before. They led me out and showed me the little terraced garden. All the plants and shrubs, they said, had been given to the star by friends. They were going to tie a label on the stalk of each plant with the name of the giver printed on it, the boys said. Wasn't it hot, and had I enjoyed "The King of Kings," and would I like to see some of Miss Bennett's photographs?

There was a picture of the young son whose death had so tragically occurred just as Miss Bennett was about to begin work on "Stella Dallas." There were countless photographs of Miss Bennett, scenes from "Stella" and other productions, informal snaps of the star.



As Emil Jannings' wife in "The Way of All Flesh," says Miss Bennett, she is just part of the background.

I looked up from the golden-haired pictures as the original quietly entered the room. Her hair is a dark, ruddy brown, parted in the middle and knotted low in the back. A simple house dress, embroidered in wool, gave her a competent, housewifely appearance.

"I am sorry you have been waiting so long, but my father needed me. As long as I am there to hold his hand, everything is all right."

Her voice is beautiful—perfectly modulated, low-pitched, and gentle.

Goldwyn's Face?

does, in the interview below, take up the cudgels disagreement with the Samuel Goldwyn company.

Reid



But she bears no malice, she says, against any who have been unjust to her. Photo by W. F. Seely

A sad voice—the voice of a person who has suffered acutely.

We sat at lunch on the balcony off the living room, with Hollywood shimmering in the heat beneath us. Miss Bennett's manner is mild, almost benign. It is impossible to imagine any one wanting to persecute this epitome of gentleness. With as much tact as possible, I broached the subject of her trouble with the Goldwyn company.

She says what she has to say very well, talking in completely formulated ideas and sentences, defending herself from untruths and injustices.

"One thing," she said, "has always annoyed me. That is, for people to say that I was 'made overnight,' that I sprang from nowhere into the fame that 'Stella Dallas' brought me. Why, I was a star with Essanay when Gloria Swanson hadn't yet been heard of. I starred in four stage plays on Broadway. For years I worked in stock. To get the part of *Stella,* I waited eleven months. I took thirteen tests. I refused other engagements while waiting. And then, finally, started to work at exactly half the salary I had been getting on the stage.

"No, my success in that film was no 'lucky break.' To give a fine performance, an actress must have either unbounded experience, technique, or inspiration. It so happened that I had all three. That is why I could give *Stella Dallas* to the world as I did."

Her voice did not veer from the smooth, soft tone in which she had greeted me. She is tranquil even in indignation.

"Of course, I have had only that one good picture. All the others since have been made without much consideration for me—with the exception of 'Mother Machree.' But I notice now that for that they are billing three names instead of just mine, which means they are building up the other parts of the film in the cutting."

I believe, by the way, that the basis of Miss Bennett's trouble with Mr. Goldwyn was a dispute over how she was to be billed for her films.

"The last two weeks of 'Stella Dallas,'" she continued, "were made miserable for me, because of a misunderstanding with Mr. Goldwyn's partner. Ah, they were unkind to me, but my heart forgave them readily. I have been hurt so much, yet when people injure me, I want only to show them their error, as one does with children. I used to go in to see that man and be faced with his deliberate injustice, yet I always felt like taking him by the hand, as I would a child, and showing him the way."

Her black eyebrows arched in the center, accentuating the sadness of her face.



She feels that she should have been made a star after the world-wide acclaim she received in "Stella Dallas."

"At eight o'clock on the first day of 'Stella,' I had buried my son. The day before, I had been in the hospital, singing him to what I thought was sleep, but what was really his passing. In the morning, I placed him to rest, and that evening I was in make-up, at work.

"Unkind stories were printed saying that I had kept my boy hidden, or that I had introduced him as my brother, so that people might think me younger. Untruths—all untruths! Why, every one in Hollywood knew my son—*as* my son, too. I took him everywhere with me. Every one loved him. I was very proud of him."

Her green eyes clouded and darkened and, for the only time during the interview, her voice faintly broke. She paused a moment, looking out over the valley, and then continued.

"You know what happened when 'Stella Dallas' was released. The world proclaimed me. And yet Mr. Goldwyn contended later that my name did not rate major billing, that I was an excellent actress but not a star What, I ask you, *makes* a star but an excellent actress?

"They apparently thought they must discipline me. Discipline *me,* who had never had anything from producers and directors and actors—from any

Continued on page 96



Photo by Mortensen

Though Thomson, a former minister, is not in the movies to make money, his contract with Paramount should bring him something like $10,000 a week.

By Public

Fred Thomson, who has always carefully star, releasing through Paramount, simply and for his films that was sweeping over the

By Myrtle

GET Fred Thomson on our program!" demanded Paramount salesmen, with their fingers on the national pulse.

So that quiet Western star, known chiefly in the small towns of the country, was signed by Paramount to produce four specials a year, on a profit-sharing basis that should net him approximately ten thousand a week, at the most conservative estimate.

His pictures had only rarely been shown in the big cities. But the outlying districts had spoken. This is just another instance of the power and influence over the movies of the small-town audiences.

Will Main Street's idol now also become a Broadway favorite. That question is not bothering Fred Thomson. He signed with Paramount because that company offered the greatest number of small houses through which to release his films. The metropolitan movie palaces are only incidental in his consideration.



It was in the small towns that the Western star and his famous horse, Silver King, built up their great popularity.

Neither pull nor favoritism had anything to do with making a big-league star of Fred Thomson. Public demand alone has put him where he is. When nine or ten thousand exhibitors had announced that he was one of their best drawing cards, the producers began to sit up and take notice and, with the termination of his F. B. O. contract, the bidding for his services became brisk, resulting in his alignment with Paramount.

The story of Thomson's former activities as a minister and his entry into the movies because he felt that through the screen he could reach a broader congregation than through the pulpit, has been told before. A brief reference to this, however, is necessary, because in it lies the secret of his appeal to the public. His program Westerns have taught lessons of chivalry, truthfulness and honesty to numberless boys. That basic thought of teaching something to the boys of the country will be continued, under various guises, in his specials. Indeed, except for it Fred Thomson would not be acting. He is in the movies for two reasons—because he wants to give the youth of the country a form of wholesome entertainment that will have a good influence on them, and also because he gets a great kick out of the work.

Had he been less inclined to be stubbornly idealistic, he would have been on Broadway before now. In one of his Westerns there was a bit of business in which Silver King, his horse, shot Indians as they popped over a hill by pulling with his teeth a twig which Thomson had arranged in the trigger of a gun. He knew that scene would delight the kids. A wire from New York informed him that the picture would be booked for an indefinite run at the Capitol *if* he would "cut out that silly business where the horse shoots the Indians." Thomson refused. An executive of F. B. O. came West for the sole purpose of persuading him to agree, so that he might "make" the big town. But Thomson only smiled and said, "I made that scene for the kids. I won't sacrifice it just to please a few city folks." And he remained firm in his stand.

Demand

shunned publicity, is now a big-league solely because the immense demand country could no longer be ignored.

Gebhart



In his first film for Paramount, "Jesse James," Thomson seeks to prove that the notorious bandit was really a hero. He is shown here in a scene with Florence Dudley and Nora Lane.

I have heard it said that Thomson is difficult to interview. But I have never found him so. Though resolute in his refusal to talk much about himself, he will talk for hours, with boyish enthusiasm, about the ideals that he tries to implant in young minds through his movie characters. He has humor, and a personal magnetism that catches you up on the wave of his own zeal. He believes in what he is doing with a fervor that is contagious.

Hollywood couldn't understand Fred Thomson at first. He was called successively a *poseur* and a nut. Wise, shrewd men, in the business to make money, smiled at his nonsensical altruism. That he has now, despite his indifference to the financial end of the game, been shoved up into the big-money class, is the wonder of all Hollywood.

He has consistently shunned the spotlight and has never employed a press agent, yet is now one of the most widely known of the stars. His contention has always been that a good picture speaks for itself. However, now, with his new contract, he must accept the services of a publicity man whether he likes it or not.

Luncheons, premières and parties bore him. He does not dance, not because he disapproves of dancing, but simply because he doesn't care for it. And for the sake of his health, he neither smokes nor drinks.

Once a year, sighing, he dons his tuxedo and dines at the Ambassador, to please his wife, Frances Marion. Making additions to his home and grounds, training his horses, conversing with cowboys and sportsmen, books and music—these are his interests. He is a Princeton man, and comes of a line of scientists and preachers.



Fred Thomson hates the spotlight, but finds it rather hard to avoid nowadays.

His choice of the life of Jesse James for his first big-time movie grew partly out of a desire to right a wrong.

"The popular conception of Jesse James as a desperado should be corrected," he insists. "James was a hero. Through research work in collaboration with his son, a Los Angeles lawyer, we have dug up the real facts of his life. After the Civil War, he joined a band engaged in guerrilla warfare in Missouri. When the carpet-baggers and usurers invaded the South, instituting a régime of cruel authority, this band was called in to take the oath of allegiance. Some refused, and under James' leadership vowed revenge. He led the last stand of the South, going down proudly, in tattered glory.

"He was a Robin Hood of his day, a vital personality, a dashing, picturesque, and lovable man, with chivalrous ideals. And what a marvelous physique and endurance he had! Shot fourteen times, his body punctured with wounds, he crawled off into the woods like a dog, and let nature cure him. Think of the drama in a character like that!

"It has never been proved that James killed a single man.

Continued on page 108



Lucila Mendez has found it hard to get started in pictures, even though married to Director Ralph Ince.

Manhattan

Bits of information about the

By Aileen

JUST before Christmas, about ten years ago, three little maids from school—with apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan—trouped into a vaudeville theater in Los Angeles and asked the manager for a try-out.

"All right," he said casually, "come back in half an hour and I'll take a look at your act." Before they had time to say Jack Robinson, they were outside again, gazing in wonderment at one another.

It was all very well to be given a chance to show their act, but the pity of it was they didn't have an act. Quick, however, to seize an opportunity, and determined to earn some Christmas money, they hit upon a plan. They scurried to the ladies' lounge and devoted the next thirty minutes to the concoction of an act.

Vivian, the angelic-looking girl with the baby face, had a gift of harmony, and many a summer evening had been spent by the sisters singing her versions of songs of the day on the back stoop. Rosetta, the comédienne, had long before developed a "line" of her own, and Evelyn, a motherly little soul, brought an organizing force to the ambitious group.

They were graceful little things with flaxen hair and blue eyes, and being practical as well, before the half hour was up they had manipulated songs, dances, and stunts into fifteen minutes of entertainment, suited to their child-like personalities. Nowise abashed, they did their stuff for the amiable manager who, struck by their naïveté and charm, booked the act for the following week.

Costumes were the next consideration and they presented more of a problem than the framing of the act. Talent they undoubtedly had, while ducats they decidedly had not. However, they sought one Madame Keeler, and told her their story. While she was fitting them with pink frocks and white pinafores, as if with one voice they chirped, "We'll never forget it, and when we are famous headliners you shall make all our costumes."

Those giggles and coos which had won the heart of the manager and the costumer, and the singing of merry airs in unspoiled, high-pitched voices, touched the hearts of the audience. Instead of playing one week in the local theater, the sisters remained a second and a third, finally going on tour. The Duncan Sisters, as they called themselves, became one of the biggest drawing cards in vaudeville.

Evelyn left in the early days to marry Stewart McClelland, but Vivian and Rosetta carried on together. They never forsook their baby-doll dresses, sunbonnets, white socks, and patent-leather pumps. During the years they trouped the country, true to their promise, Madame Keeler always made their frocks.

All of which goes to show that the Duncans are staunch young souls not given to idle promises. Keen, far-seeing, indefatigable workers, obstacles had no terrors for them. When music was scarce they wrote their own songs; when humor was lacking they made their own gags; and when they felt the time had come to star in a musical comedy, they took their friend Catherine Chisholm Cushing by the hand and persuaded her to make a play out of an idea they had. "Topsy and Eva" was the result. Joseph Schenck, always on the *qui vive* for fresh talent, converted the play into celluloid, with Vivian as *Little Eva,* and Rosetta the incorrigible *Topsy* who confessed, "I'se bad, I is." By way of adding to their labors, they decided to tour the country in a prologue to this picture.

It was while in New York for the opening of the film that Rosetta failed Vivian, and Vivian with a couple of hours' notice had to do their act alone. It wasn't Rosetta who failed exactly, but her voice refused to make itself heard. Nothing daunted, Vivian took her baby stare, flaxen hair, and ruffled frock to the Rivoli Theater, alone. To all appear-



Lya de Putti frequents Coney Island, because there she finds real people.

Photo by Wide World Studio

Medley

ever-changing film world in New York.

St. John-Brenon



Rosetta and Vivian Duncan recount the interesting story of their early stage career.

ances, it was *Eva* herself who trotted about, but in reality it was an experienced trouper who, twenty minutes before the curtain rose, marched downstairs from her dressing room and took command backstage. She called in a dancer or so, summoned *Uncle Tom* to do his bit, ordered a piano here, a spotlight there, all in a tiny, piping voice, as she darted about till the curtain rose, and *Eva,* demure and shy, was revealed to an admiring audience, while the stage crew marveled.

Next morning a big limousine drew up to a steamship pier, and a diminutive girl in Alice blue emerged to be seized in the arms of Nils Asther.

"I'm going to marry Nils," admitted Vivian. "He doesn't speak English and I don't speak Swedish, but I'm learning and so is he."

Rosetta heartily approves of Vivian's choice of a husband, so, as is to be expected of these gifted coworkers, all is harmony in the Duncan ménage.

There is a *camaraderie* about the Talmadge clan that is infectious. They call their mother Peg, which in itself is indicative, and their father, who died two years ago, was just plain Fred.

Norma herself, who has inherited common sense and humor from her mother, says, "I'll tell you what we're like—Sanger's Circus! That's the Talmadge family." If you've read "The Constant Nymph" you'll catch the allusion; if not, you must do so in order to know that Sanger's Circus was composed of a family group in which the individual was supreme, and keeping faith with one's self was the home's first law.

In the Talmadge family we have Constance, frothy, gay, and irresponsible; Norma, who is moody, concentrated, and reliable; and Natalie, whose home and family are the vital factors of her life, instead of Norma's acting, and Constance's beaux. Yet none would go so far as to say, "I have chosen the better part." There is no interference, no comparisons—just the good-humored byplay of pals.

"I'm a terrible housekeeper," says Norma. "If Joe"—that's Joe Schenck, her husband, as all the world knows—"calls up to say he is bringing one friend to dinner, or twenty, it's all the same to me. If the tablecloth isn't big enough, I can get a sheet to help out. But not so Natalie. Her home is perfect. Why, I buy things for my home I wouldn't dream of getting for Natalie. She wouldn't have them. Everything has to be perfect and correct. She knows how things should be and sees that they are so.

"One night I gave a dinner party for a crowd, and Natalie and Buster were among the guests. They were seated at the far end of the table.

"I had ordered flowers from the garden instead of from the florist, as I learned afterward was the thing to do, and before long little ants made their unexpected appearance on the table and began to crawl about. I suppose there were dozens of such errors to be detected by an exacting hostess. However, it seemed unavoidable to me, and I felt secure in my ignorance until a note was handed to me by the butler. It read, 'You may have more money, but I set a better table.' It was from Natalie."

Norma, who had just returned from Paris, laughed good-naturedly as she related the incident. And went on to recall the virtues of her friend, Fanny Brice, the stage comédienne, who accompanied her to Europe. They took an apartment in Paris and later Miss Brice went to Italy, while Miss Talmadge visited the Riviera.

While abroad she saw a great deal of Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, and came back on the same steamer with Elsie Ferguson.

But her happiest remembrance is of some orphans who were being taken to the seashore. Funds were scarce and some of the expectant group were destined for disappointment. Norma says a lump came into her throat when she heard some of the children ask the priest, "Am I to go or shall I be left behind?" The result was that after a consultation she found it was



When Norma Talmadge makes "The Darling of the Gods" she will be a Japanese.

Photo by G. Maillard Kesslere



Photo by Richee

Bessie Love came East to play in "The West Pointer."

a simple matter to finance a bus for all, with no broken hearts left behind. "I got a bigger kick out of being able to do that little thing for those kids," she said, "than anything that happened to me abroad."

West Point has seized upon the imagination of the film writers and directors. They are raising their boy stars to be soldiers. Or rather, two army men wrote a story which appealed to Cecil DeMille as a happy tale for Bessie Love and William Boyd, so Donald Crisp chaperoned a whole carload of players from the Coast to Uncle Sam's school on the Hudson. Douglas Doty put into workable form a scenario embodying the spirit of West Point, its customs, traditions, and aspirations. Bessie Love portrays the daughter of the commandant and William Boyd the roughneck wooer whose conceit battles with the ideals of the training school. It is called "The West Pointer" and eight or ten upperclassmen have leading rôles.

It was while the company was taking scenes at West Point—for the entire picture, with the exception of a short prologue, was filmed there—that William Haines put in an appearance.

"What are you doing here?" asked Bessie Love.

"I've come to imbue myself with the spirit of West Point for a picture of that name which I will make shortly with Edward Sedgwick," answered Bill politely.

Raymond Shrock wrote it, ignorant of the plans of Donald Crisp and his players, who had already taken possession of the fort. However, the producers of the two pictures reached a gentlemen's agreement not to interfere with each other's plans and proceeded without enmity or rivalry to work out their respective plots.

Haines went into training without further ado while awaiting the arrival of Joan Crawford, who was to play opposite him. Sedgwick and Haines worked together on the production of "Slide, Kelly, Slide," it will be remembered, and in "West Point" Haines has another of those smart-aleck rôles like the one he played in the baseball story.



William Haines also sojourned at the military academy to film "West Point." Photo by Russell Ball

Lucila Mendez and Ralph Ince are doubling in brass. In private life—if there is such a thing among movie folk—they are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ince, but in "Coney Island" they are Ralph Ince, director, and proprietor of a hot-dog stand, and Lucila Mendez the wise-cracking girl of a cheap show.

"Easy enough to be a leading lady when your husband is a director," you mumble. But ask Miss Mendez.

"If you want to be an actress, don't marry a director," advises the vivacious South American. "It makes it a hundred times harder to get along. In the first place, your husband usually wants you to remain at home and sew a fine seam, and frowns upon your aspirations to act. And when you finally do sell him the idea, you will find that nine times out of ten, studio officials think the director recommends you merely because you are his wife. So there you are. Of course, if you stick long enough, you will win out; but don't think that just because you are a director's wife it makes it easier to get a job."

While Gloria Swanson has been busy converting *Sadie Thompson* into a celluloid character, Jeanne Eagels, who portrayed that colorful lady on the stage for several seasons, has become John Gilbert's leading woman—or to be more precise, she is being costarred with that volatile gentleman, in "Fires of Youth," a newspaper story developed by one of the clan, Monta Bell. Bell is also directing the picture. It is based, in some respects, on the career of a public figure in Washington, where most of the picture is being filmed.

When "The Patent Leather Kid" came to Broadway, all New York was expectant, particularly because it was promised that Rupert Hughes' story would restore Richard Barthelmess to his traditional histrionic glory.

For many moons, Barthelmess, one of our finest actors, has been struggling with poor rôles, inept stories, and routine direction, while many of the celluloid plums have been plucked by second-raters. Barthelmess and First National banked their hopes on Alfred Santell's production of the story of the pugilist who preferred to do his fighting in the ring, instead of at the front, when all young America was heeding the call to arms.

Barthelmess was at the opening, and the welcome he received left no doubt of the effect his sincere acting had upon the first-night audience.

Continued on page 110

A Whole Succession of Silver Linings

When Don Alvarado meant to go to Spain, he found himself in Los Angeles; when he meant to go into business, he found himself in the movies; and when he meant to get a small rôle in one film, he discovered he had a big rôle in quite a different one. Who says there's no Santa Claus?

By William H. McKegg

ONE finds in this world, particularly in the picture world, that though you may lose one thing you have set your heart on, you often get something else even better. Strange forces lead us here, push us there, shaping our lives in unexpected ways. This has been particularly true in the case of Don Alvarado.

Six years ago Don came to California from New Mexico. He had *wanted* to go to Spain, to spend a few years in study there, but various obstacles had prevented. Thus, the unknown forces had urged him toward the great film mecca.

He was seventeen when he arrived in Los Angeles. He had come presumably to go into business, but he kept his eyes on the movie studios. They were, he discovered, difficult to enter. So he went to work in an office. A couple of years rolled by. He was still earning only a small salary.

"Something urged me to hunt for a bigger job," Don explained. "I figured that if I could get a good position at a good wage, I could save up and try for the movies without fear of starving."

So he gave up the job he had and went after a bigger one that had been partly promised to him, only to find that it had been given to some one else. Now he had no job at all! What to do? Might as well try the studios, he thought—for he couldn't be in a worse plight.



Don insists that strange unknown forces have been working in his behalf, shaping his life in quite unexpected ways.

Don went out to the Metro-Goldwyn studio in Culver City. It just happened that a young man of his type was needed at that particular moment for a Mae Murray film. Thus, through losing a good business job that he had banked on, Don suddenly found himself in the movies—in Mae Murray's "Mlle. Midnight."

Don's first big break came when he won a contract with Warner Brothers. But except for a few inconspicuous parts, he wasn't given much to do by that organization. So at the end of a year he obtained a release from his contract.

"After that," he told me, "I practically had to start all over again. For about six months after leaving Warner's I could get nothing to do. My clothes were going; my money was nearly gone.

"Then I heard of a certain small part in a Metro-Goldwyn film that I thought I should like to have. I decided to go after it. To suit the character I cut my hair very short—so short that it stood up on end all over my head. I looked a sight, but I had been out of work for over six months, and was ready to go to any extremes to get even a bit."

But—Don failed to get the part. However, it was just at that time that he received a call to report at the Fox studio for a test for the leading male rôle in "My Wife's Honor," featuring Dolores del Rio. Fantastic hair-cut and all, Don reported, somewhat nervously, and to his surprise was given the rôle. He was told that his hair, with a few days' growth, would be just right for the character he was to play.

What had urged him to go after that small part? What had urged him to cut his hair all out of shape in an attempt to get it? That rash act, which would probably have ruined his chances of getting anything anywhere else, just happened to gain him the rôle of leading man opposite Dolores del Rio.

Who shall deny that unknown forces were working for him?

After that, on the strength of his success, Don returned home to see his parents, his two sisters and his brother in New Mexico.

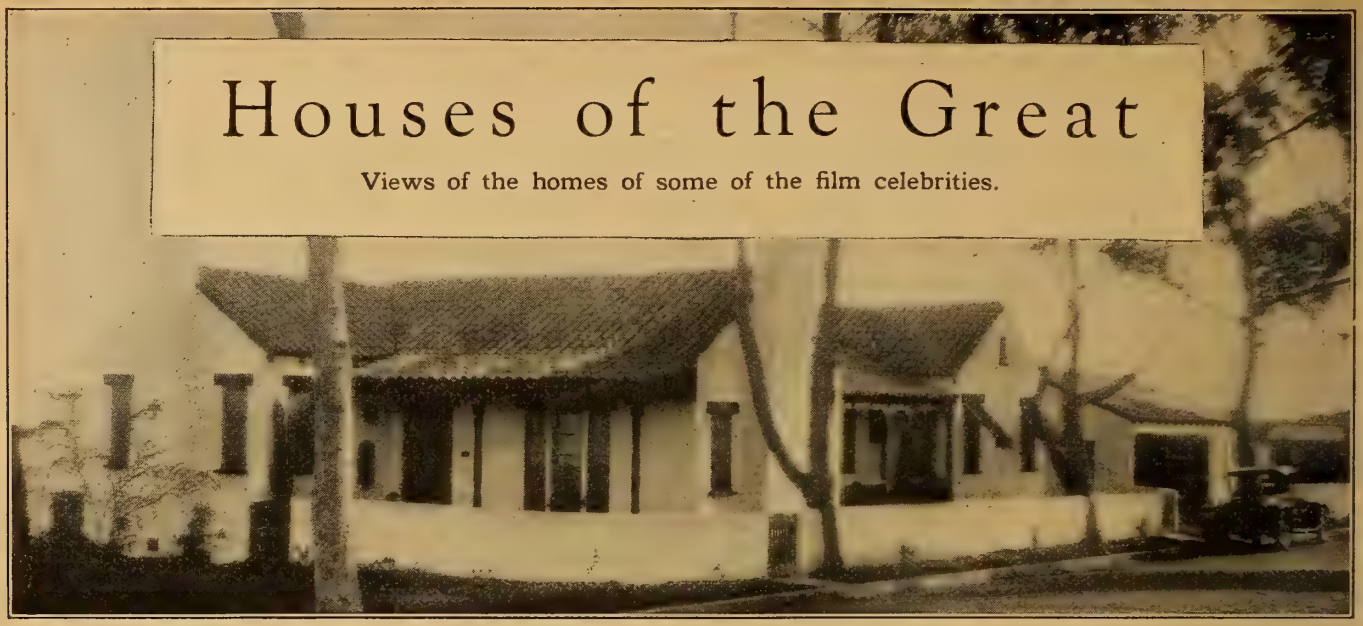
"I had not been home for six years," he said. "Then, when I did at last get home, I was with my people only a week when a call came again from the Fox studio asking me to return at once and take a test for 'The Monkey Talks.' I hesitated, for a test is not a guarantee of a part."

Don could have refused but, instead, feeling the urge within him, he returned to Hollywood, and for thus dragging himself away from his people after only a few days' visit with them, he was repaid. For, after taking the test, he was given the romantic lead in "The Monkey Talks."

Continued on page 111

Houses of the Great

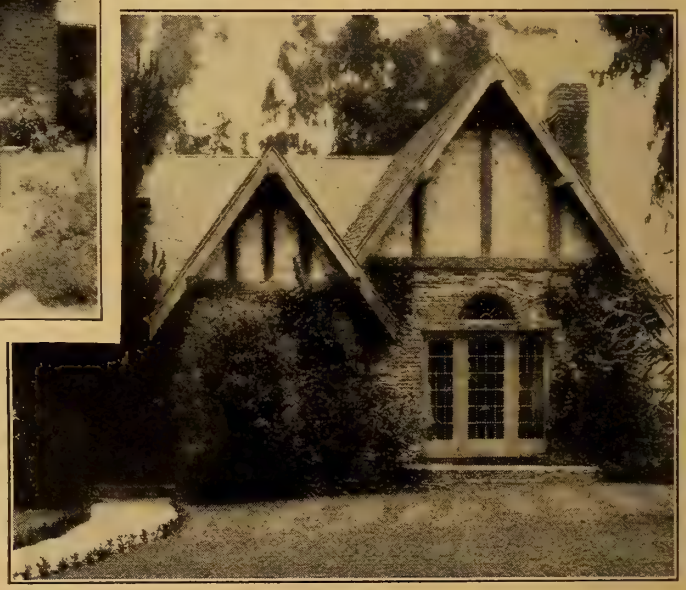
Views of the homes of some of the film celebrities.





One reason why Dorothy Sebastian bought the Spanish bungalow above is that it is so close to the beach, and Dorothy can skip down to the ocean for a swim in no time at all.

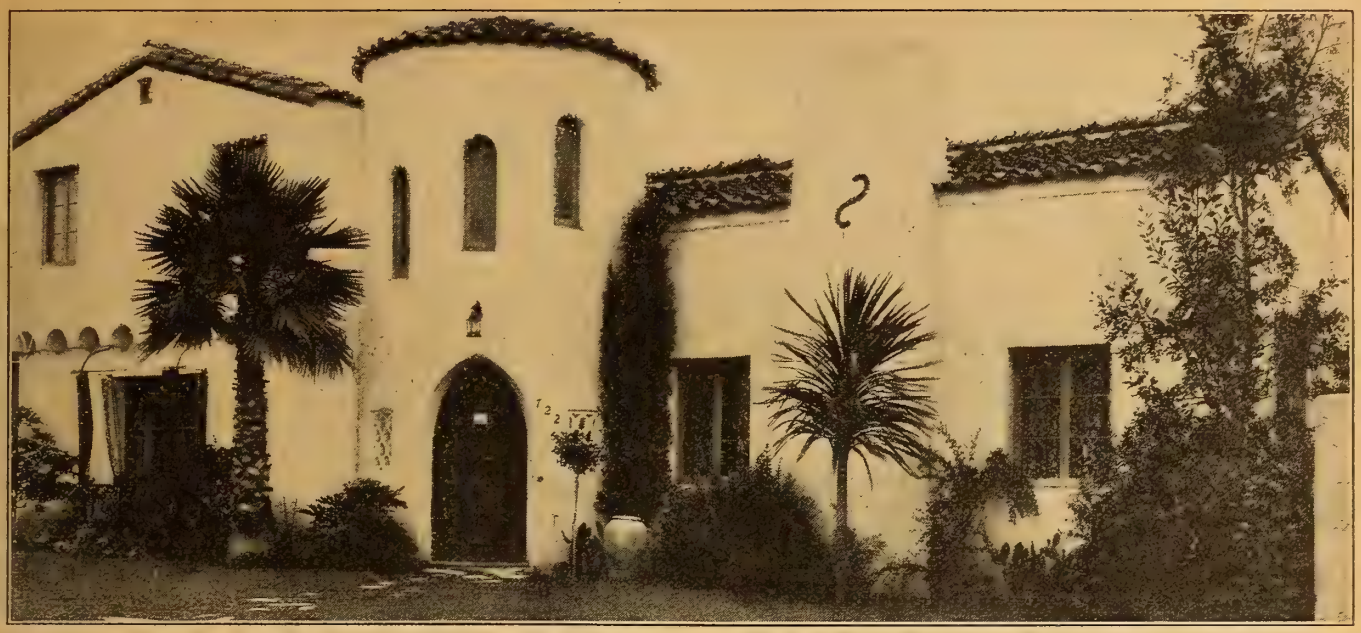
Below is the neat little home of Owen Moore in Santa Monica.



"The Chimneys" is the name that Leatrice Joy has given her new dwelling in Beverly Hills, a view of which is shown in the picture above.

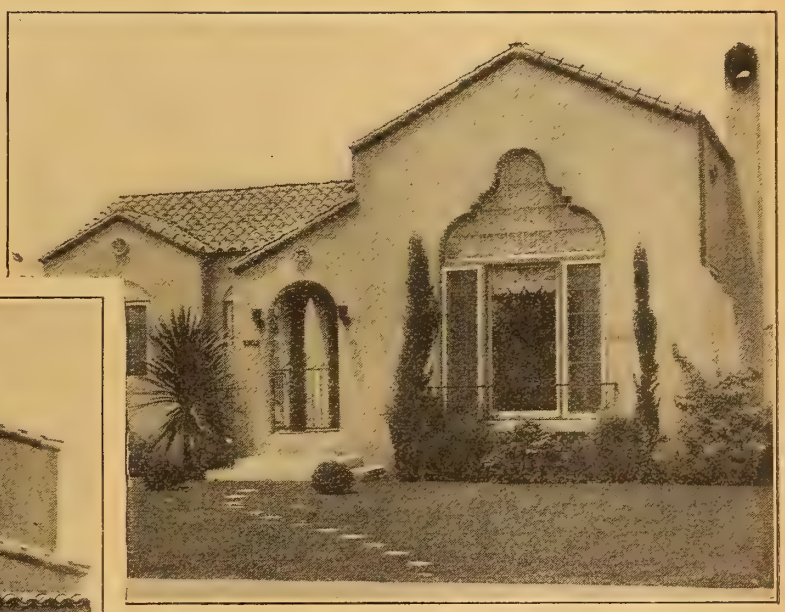
Below, King Vidor's rambling home, with a winding roadway leading up to it, is perched on a hillside overlooking Hollywood.





Above is where Aileen Pringle lives, in spacious Spanish grandeur.

William Haines' modest but dignified home, below, is located in the very center of Hollywood.





The bungalow, above, where George K. Arthur and his wife and child live, is small, but what it lacks in size it makes up in stateliness.

Marion Davies' attractive home, below, with its extensive grounds and gardens, is one of the show places of the film colony.



"Not for

Keep it under your hat, but there are here of the movie world that are from time to for publication," as well as the reasons why

By Ann



Photo by Apeda

Too much secrecy sometimes hurts an actor. Francis X. Bushman refused for years to admit that he was a married man with children, with the result that the deception, when finally discovered by the fans, reacted against him.

THIS is just between you and me.

Confidentially, I wouldn't want it to go any further than the half million of us, for these are studio secrets more or less. I don't mean the scandals, divorces and other local difficulties. The morning papers usually cover those pretty thoroughly. But there are certain other things which, for various good reasons, it is thought best not to tell to the world at large. For one thing, the producers like to preserve an illusion in the public mind concerning certain players or pictures. Or perhaps a player, for his own reasons, wants to keep some phase of his off-screen life out of the public prints. Whatever the case may be, the secret or secrets that are to be guarded are labeled, "Not for publication."

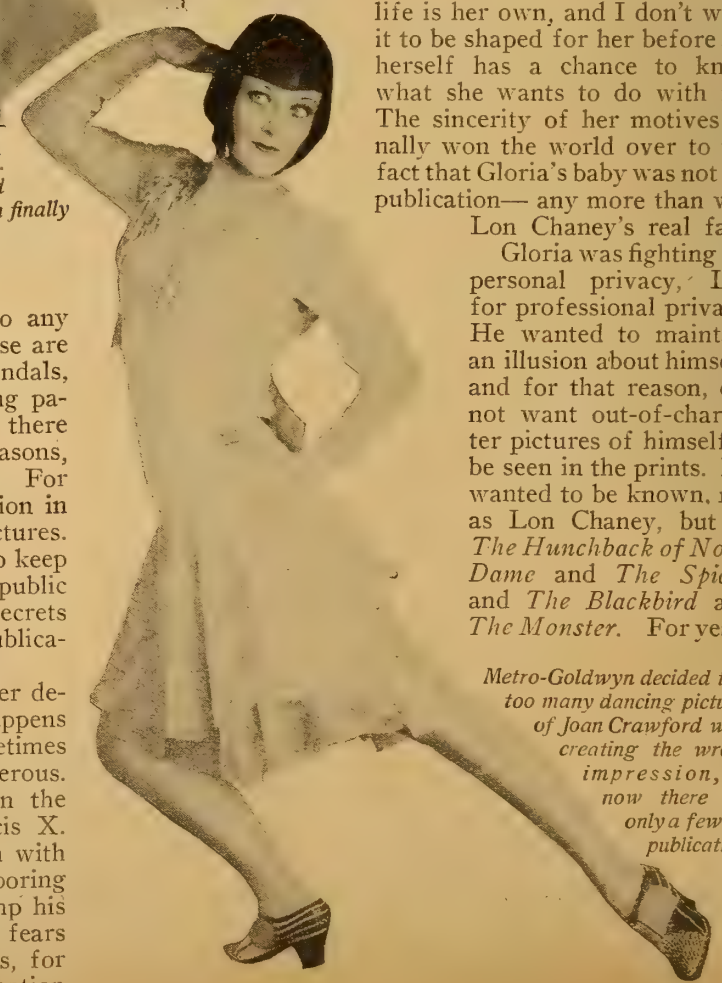
What is gained or lost by such a publicity barrier depends on how the particular case in question happens to work out. Holding out on the public is sometimes beneficial, but it can also prove to be very dangerous.

Do you remember, for instance, way back in the very beginning of movie publicity, when Francis X. Bushman refused to admit he was a married man with a brood of children? The matinée idol was laboring under the impression that domesticity would cramp his style with the little flapper fans. Time proved his fears to be groundless, silly, and really quite dangerous, for when the truth finally came out in print, the deception he had practiced worked as a boomerang against him.

Again, it almost turned out unhappily when Gloria Swanson refused to allow her baby to be photographed for the world at large. The public is inclined to be suspicious of something withheld, and when Gloria shook a determined head at the camera men who came to publicize her infant daughter, absurd reports flew around. Gloria heard the silly rumors, but heeded them not. Instead of dashing out to the nearest expensive photographer and posing for a series of maternal studies, she still held her ground and her baby's privacy. As it happened, the world eventually began to respect her for it, but the result might have been just the opposite.

"I don't want my little girl flaunted before the world until she is old enough to decide for herself whether she wants to be exploited in the newspapers," Gloria said. "I want her to feel that she is an individual—not merely the daughter of a well-known actress. Her life is her own, and I don't want it to be shaped for her before she herself has a chance to know what she wants to do with it." The sincerity of her motives finally won the world over to the fact that Gloria's baby was not for publication— any more than was Lon Chaney's real face.

Gloria was fighting for personal privacy, Lon for professional privacy. He wanted to maintain an illusion about himself, and for that reason, did not want out-of-character pictures of himself to be seen in the prints. He wanted to be known, not as Lon Chaney, but as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *The Spider* and *The Blackbird* and *The Monster*. For years



Metro-Goldwyn decided that too many dancing pictures of Joan Crawford were creating the wrong impression, so now there are only a few for publication.

Publication"

discussed some of those deep, dark secrets time hidden behind that pat phrase, "Not they *really* ought not to be told to you.

Sylvester

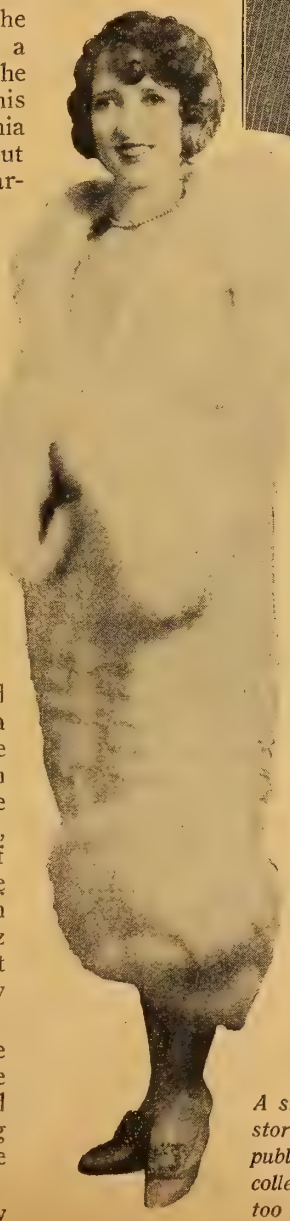


For a long time Lon Chaney kept the fans in the dark as to what he really looked like, for he allowed no pictures of himself to be published unless they were in character.

he refused to pose for a picture of himself because he feared it would be published without his permission. Lately, however, he has rather relaxed his vigilance, and a few photos of him as himself have found their way into papers and magazines. But Chaney doesn't like it very much.

"I want to be known for the work I do on the screen," he has been heard to protest on numerous occasions, "not for my personal likes and dislikes, or for what I eat for breakfast. I shouldn't care if the world never heard of the real Lon Chaney, so long as they kept on being interested in the actor, Lon Chaney."

Louis B. Mayer had the same idea of protecting a player's standing when he called Joan Crawford into his office one sunny California morning for a little chat about her dancing activities. Particularly about the number of items that were being printed about her terpsichorean talents. He tapped a little bundle of clippings that told all about what a good dancer the young lady was. He also indicated a raft of pictures showing her doing the Black Bottom and the Charleston and receiving dance trophies and other testimonials to her toes. Then he asked her if she wanted to be known as a dancer or as an actress?



He told her that she had an interesting future as a dramatic player but that she was jeopardizing it with frivolous publicity. A little of such publicity, he said, was all right. Too much of it would be detrimental. He said that from that time on he wanted to see less jazz notices about her, and that he would notify the publicity department to that effect.

And that is how it came about that you don't now see so many pictures as you used to of Joan Crawford kicking her feet in the air. They're no longer for publication.

An insurance company thought it best to put a stop to the numerous stories and pictures of Mrs. Tom Mix's jewels. The rich cowboy's wife has probably the most costly collection of gems of any one in the film colony. Her jewelry is so magnificent that a popular magazine had it all photographed several years ago with the idea of giving their readers a thrill. The idea was all right, and probably did give the readers a thrill, but the insurance company felt that the risk was too great. Unfortunately, they pointed out, the world is full of crooks as well as sunshine. So now, though it is of course impossible to keep people from *mentioning* Mrs. Mix's jewels, bold publicity about them has been eliminated.

A stop has been put to the numerous stories and pictures that were for a while published about Mrs. Tom Mix's costly collection of jewels—it was considered too risky to publicize them so much.

Cecil DeMille, for a very novel reason, objects to having his personal charities written up. It isn't that he thinks that the public wouldn't like him so much if they knew he was kind to the blind, the lame, and the halt. DeMille has never been afraid of the public. It is just that stories of this kind-heartedness interfere with the idea of himself that he likes to build up. His close friends have told me that he resents being caught in a sympathetic mood. He once sent a ten-dollar bill to a beggar by way of a prop boy while he sat back in his canvas-backed throne and pretended to be annoyed that the man had found his way onto the lot.

Continued on page 100

Virginia Got the Job

She was listed as sweet and girlish, but Virginia Valli suddenly flashed her s. a. and showed the startled movie world that she too could radiate "It."

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

FOR a conservative number of years, Virginia Valli played the part of the engineer's daughter or the fireman's niece or the professor's ward; always she was pure and sweet and crinoline. Although she was rewarded at the end of each picture with a church wedding, or at least a peach-blossoming love scene, she was not satisfied. Being good had its drawbacks—every one of her heroines was the same.

Then people began talking about sex appeal, and the Glyn loud speaker began broadcasting about "It." And Virginia pricked up her ears, winked a saucy eye, bought a beauty spot, and displayed the Valli s. a. It is not too soon to add that she got the job. She was awarded the rôle of *Gaby Deslys,* Parisian madcap, toast of kings, Fox feature extraordinary.

Virginia is Irish, quietly beautiful, gently poised. When she was seeking a screen name, she called herself Virginia because that had always been one of her favorite States, and her last name she selected, whimsically enough, from a billboard on Michigan Boulevard announcing Valli Valli in "The Purple Road," a comic opera. Thus was born Virginia Valli.

Her Chicago home was not too far from the Essanay studio, and there she received her first experience before the camera. Then, when Universal offered her a two-year contract, she seized it gladly. She had no idea what a care it was going to be. There were railroad pictures and Westerns, romances and melodramas. In all of them Virginia was beset and persecuted—an innocent among wolves. Just one thing distinguished all of them—they were all commonplace.

"And the sad part of it is," she pointed out wistfully, "you spend just as much time and just as much effort on a mediocre picture as you do on a good one."

Once the Laemmle forces loaned Miss Valli to Goldwyn for "Wild Oranges," which, under the direction of King Vidor, proved to be one of the finest picture plays ever wrapped in tins. In it Virginia showed what she could do. There was depth to her characterization, understanding, and a fine subtlety. Under Vidor's artistic guidance, she achieved new heights.

Once through with the Universal contract, which at last worked its way to a laborious conclusion, Virginia decided to free-lance. There was a Fox picture, and another. Then a Fox contract.

Now she is a Fox feature, so to speak. She has promised to do four super-superbas annually. Thus far, two have been given to the waiting world—"Marriage," from the H. G. Wells novel, and the picture based upon the life of Gaby Deslys. This is flickering nationally under the title of "Paid to Love." Whoever thought of that received a raise, I have no doubt.



Photo by W. F. Seely

The trick by which the gentle Virginia won the dazzling rôle of GABY DESLYS *in "Paid to Love" is still being talked about in Hollywood.*

"In spite of the title, I think it's good," said Virginia, when I saw her in New York. "And really, the title is justified. Gaby, you know, was quite a gay girl. The rôle offered me escape from a long line of ingenuous heroines.

"I had been doing them so long that I felt colorless and matter-of-fact. I was by way of becoming stereotyped. All my pictures were so similar—girl, boy, heart interest, obstacle, success! The same old thing over and over began to wear on me. So I swore I'd escape.

"Then I heard of the film about Gaby that Fox was planning to do. I heard that Howard Hawks was to direct it, and that he was entirely undecided as to a lead. I said to myself, 'There would be a slick chance to snap out of it! The smart Parisian atmosphere, the naughty Gaby, the allure of the theme, the dramatic possibilities.' So I set out to get the part."

There was a large party being given at the Ambassador. Virginia knew that Hawks would be there. And so, believe it or not, she arrayed herself as she thought the dazzling Gaby should look, swept into the ballroom in an imported creation that was the last gasp, and played up the idea so successfully that, before the evening was half over, the amazed Hawks had made an appointment with her to have tests made for the rôle of *Gaby.*

"I had the tests two days later and, happily enough, got the part," said Virginia. "Poor Mr. Hawks had a hard time persuading the Fox people to let me do it. I was listed as sweet and girlish. But he finally convinced every one in the office, and we went ahead and made the picture. It was great fun. And I hope that I'll get by in it. Such a new thing for me, you know."

She interrupted herself. "But don't misunderstand me, please. I'm not ambitious to do tragedy, or things beyond me. But I do want to get a sufficient variety of rôles to keep a fresh viewpoint. Oh, I know actresses aren't supposed to have viewpoints, but they *do.* And they do get fed up when they're called upon to do just one thing over and over."

Virginia Valli is proof that Hollywood is not just a hotbed of types. For she is neither stiff-necked nor simpering. She is quite herself. She does not gush on the

Continued on page 112



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

VIRGINIA VALLI grew tired of the innocuous rôles that were her lot in mediocre films. In the story opposite she tells how she got her chance to play a colorful heroine and, incidentally, where she found her unusual name.



Photo by Max Man Autrey

WITH *Diane*, in "Seventh Heaven," proclaiming her the greatest discovery of the season, little Janet Gaynor faces the task of proving that she is not a one-part actress. We wager she will succeed gloriously in "Two Girls Wanted."



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

IN the short time he has been on the screen, Tim McCoy has gathered unto himself a large and loyal following, including many who thought there was nothing new under the sun in Western pictures. His next will be "Wyoming."



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

BEAUTY and a Book, or a Girl in a Garden—whichever title you choose, the answer is Norma Shearer. Perhaps she is reading the play of "Trelawny of the Wells," her next picture, or maybe her mind strays from the printed romance to dwell upon her own romance with Irving Thalberg. Their approaching marriage is announced by Norma's mother.



Photo by Freulich

WALTER PIDGEON'S fans protest that there aren't enough of his films and that there are all too few photographs of him. We cannot remedy the former complaint, but we can urge his admirers to watch for "The Thirteenth Juror."



Photo by Russell Ball

VICTOR VARCONI is a builder rather than a meteor. He brings distinction and skill to every rôle, without challenging comparison with any other player—a sure way to find an enduring place in the esteem of discriminating fans.

ALICE WHITE proves that individuality and the ability to act are sometimes found in unexpected places. She used to be a script clerk before she got her chance in front of the camera, and now there's no telling how far she'll go. Can't you see her as *Adraste*, the Greek equivalent of a flapper, in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy?"



Photo by Russell Ball



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

DOES the actor lead an easy life? Speaking for himself, Clive Brook says yes, but there is one surprising hardship which he describes on the opposite page. After reading the story, you might not care to change places with him even for a day.

When It's Really Painful to Eat

Those sumptuous feasts in the movies may look very appetizing from out front, but just let Clive Brook tell you how the poor actor feels toward food after he has had to eat before the camera all day long for days and days on end.

By Helen Louise Walker

CLIVE BROOK eyed his appetizing salad with extreme distaste. We were lunching at Madame Helene's, and the food seemed to me to be especially nice.

"Why are you so blasé about the salad?" I inquired, digging into mine with relish.

"I've been eating Hawaiian food all morning on the set," Mr. Brook explained, with a grimace, "and moreover, I've been doing it all day every day for nearly a week! Result is I can't muster up any interest in any kind of food at all."

"But," I asked, "do you really have to eat the movie food? Can't you just sort of pretend to nibble?"

"You can *not!*" he returned, emphatically. "You have to *eat* it, and you go on eating it, and you have to pretend to enjoy it! You eat it in the long shots and then you eat it in the medium shots and then you eat it again in the close-ups. You eat and *eat!* Heaven help the actor who gets an eating sequence to do! I'd rather jump off a cliff."

His plight seemed so depressing that I began to lose interest in my own food.

"You'd be surprised how much eating we players have to do on the sets," he went on. "It takes a strong constitution to act in the movies! I remember when I made my first American picture, I had to drink what was supposed to be wine, but it was really only grape juice. I had just come from England and had never before tasted grape juice. I thought the first two glasses were very nice, but when I had drunk nine large tumblers of it inside half an hour, I was so ill I couldn't see. And I haven't been able to bear the sight of grape juice since. It was awful.

"Then, another time, for the greater part of two days I had to eat cold boiled potatoes—without butter—and drink strong, black, cold tea. They took close-ups—lots of close-ups—and the property men kept bringing on more potatoes and more tea. I just managed to live through it," he sighed, "but only just. Potatoes are deadly things, too, when you are afraid of taking on weight. If I gain a pound or two, it all goes to my face, and that is bad.

"And it's not only in the movies that you suffer. There was a time when I was on the stage in England when I was supposed to eat two cutlets at each performance of the play I was appearing in. That meant every evening and twice on matinée days. The management didn't furnish me with real cutlets but gave me browned potato-cake affairs which looked like cutlets from the front.

"I was getting heavy and wanted to lose weight, and there I was having to eat those big potato cakes at every performance. The consequence was that I scarcely dared eat at all at my regular meals and for weeks I practically lived on the potatoes that I ate on the stage. I got fatter and fatter. I prayed that the show would fail, but it had a very good run, and we went on and on until I thought I should die of potatoes.

"Drinking sequences in the movies are just as bad as the eating ones, because they usually give you ginger ale—than which there is no more insipid drink—in lieu of wine. And they expect you to wave your glass aloft and look jovial and festive over it!

"Mal St. Clair played a little joke on some of us once. The scene was a banquet and we were to drink a toast. Our glasses were filled and we raised them, looking as enthusiastic as we could over the prospect of the warm, sticky drink we expected to get. But when we sipped it, it turned out to be real champagne of priceless vintage. The surprised delight which every one of us inadvertently registered was just the expression St. Clair wanted to get.

"But that trick has been played in the reverse, too. One time not long ago a rumor got about that there was to be really good wine on the set in a certain scene. With zestful expectancy, we players held out our glasses to be filled and raised them to our lips with all the eagerness in the world. Our deflated expression of disappointment when we found that it was the same old ginger ale was very funny. But it happened to be exactly what the director wanted.

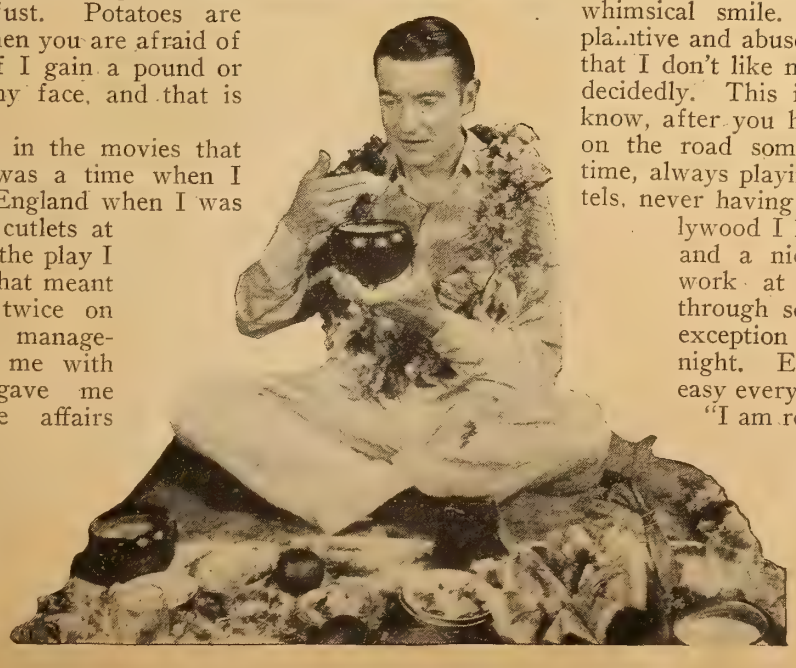
"And then there's smoking. To smoke when you don't want to, or when you don't like it is sometimes a real hardship. I have seen a girl who had never smoked in her life have to go on the set and light a cigarette and try to look as if she liked it when in reality she was miserable.

"Just after I had my tonsils out, I had to smoke long, heavy Egyptian cigarettes steadily for days, with the result that I lost my voice completely for some weeks.

"But, dear me!" he broke off, with his whimsical smile. "I am sounding very plaintive and abused. You will be thinking that I don't like my job. And I do, most decidedly. This is an easy business, you know, after you have been on the stage—on the road sometimes for months at a time, always playing at night, living in hotels, never having a home! Here in Hollywood I have a comfortable home and a nice contract. I come to work at nine and am usually through soon after five. It is the exception when we have to work at night. Easy life—easy climate—easy everything!

"I am really getting soft, I think. You don't accomplish much in an artistic way, you know, if things are made too easy. True accomplishment is the fruit of struggle and pain. I

Continued on page 107



By the time Clive Brook had reached his fiftieth bowl of poi during the making of "Hula," a permanent grimace had settled on his face.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Alberta Vaughn, lost in obscurity since her F. B. O. contract expired, plays a small rôle in "The Drop Kick."

Over the

Fanny the Fan discourses on the blond films, and recent occurrences pleasant

By The

NO one could blame her, of course, if she picked out a nice, quiet insane asylum to go to for a rest," Fanny announced quite as though she expected me to know whom she was talking about.

"Who? Anita Loos, of course. She cut short her summer wanderings through Europe to come over here and finish the scenario of 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' in peace and quiet. Recalling the Hollywood Hotel as a quiet haven where she used to work hard, she went there, but after a few days she fled to Del Monte, and for all I know she may have left there for parts unknown.

"Wherever she goes she is besieged by blondes determined to get the rôle of *Lorelei*. The poor girl hasn't had a moment's peace since Paramount announced that the choice of a girl to play the heroine was up to her. By letter, telegram, telephone, and in person the demands come. Players don't ask for the part; they demand it, insisting that at heart they are the real *Lorelei*.

"Edna Murphy and Josephine Dunn seem to be leading candidates for the part at the moment, but I shouldn't be surprised if Clara Bow played it. Why she should I don't know, because Clara is a riot at the box-office in almost anything, and 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' needs no such attraction."

"I don't care who plays the part, so long as it is some one reasonably young." There may have been some slight rancor in my voice, a hang-over of the depression suffered at seeing a college picture wherein the supposed students looked like the oldest alumni back for a reunion.

"Mary Brian is the latest to announce that she wants the part," Fanny went on undaunted. "Imagine sweet little Mary——"

"*Little* Mary," I expostulated. "Have you lost your eyesight, or didn't you see the preview of 'Shanghai Bound?' Little beside Richard Dix, possibly, but he is hardly the standard of a svelte, girlish figure.

"When she and Jocelyn Lee walked away from the camera, the organist must have been sorely tempted to play the Elephants' March."

Fanny's eyes blazed with anger. It annoys her to have any one else get catty.

"Remember you were sitting almost in the front row, where you got a distorted view of the picture."

"All right," I granted. "Allowing six inches off for the point of view, a strenuous course of bending exercises would still be good for her. And as for Jocelyn Lee——"

"Say no more," Fanny ordered in a positively regal manner. "She reminded me of Nita Naldi in that picture, and any one who bears even the faintest resemblance to Nita is simply gorgeous.

"But speaking of reducing, every one has gone back to dieting, because Hugh Anderson, who presided at the Turkish Baths, has gone and eloped.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

The final indignity has been heaped on Betty Bronson—she is playing in a Western.

Teacups

invasion, dear old college days in the and unpleasant in the film capital.

Bystander

"The newest diet is spinach and prunes—nothing else. Prunes for breakfast, spinach for luncheon, and prunes and spinach for dinner. Of course, after two days of it, you don't care whether you go on living or not. After all, perhaps the most effective treatment for staying thin is, as Corinne Griffith says, to get a motion-picture company of your own and start worrying about responsibilities.

"I am so glad that after all her troubles with her first picture for United Artists, Corinne is to have Lewis Milestone direct her. He is wonderfully clever, and should make a big thing of 'The Garden of Eden.'

"Everybody has been having troubles lately—or imagining they have. Just about the time that the late-summer reports of bad slumps at the box-office come in, the producers all get panicky and an atmosphere of depression sweeps through the studios like a visitation of seven-year locusts.

"The only recent pictures that have made really startling records, locally, are John Gilbert's 'Twelve Miles Out' and Norma Shearer's 'After Midnight.' And, of course, Emil Jannings in 'The Way of All Flesh.'

"No one even mentions picture criticisms in friendly circles, almost every one has been so viciously slammed recently—and not without some reason, I'll grant. The two girls who are riding on the crest of a wave of commendation are Phyllis Haver and Gwen Lee. All over the country reviewers have simply raved about them, lately.

"Do you remember when Phyllis used to be dismissed as beautiful but dumb? Without losing any of her beauty, she has slowly but surely developed into an amazingly adroit player. Phyllis never works up to a big scene the way so many people do, with that self-conscious air of going into it as though it were a football scrimmage. She is subtle and adroit and wonderfully poised. If enthusiasm on the set means anything, and sometimes it actually does, she ought to be a sensation in 'The Wise Wife.'



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Dorothy Revier, borrowed from Poverty Row by First National for one picture, made such a hit that she is staying for two more.



Photo by Russell Ball

Critics everywhere are praising Gwen Lee nowadays.

It is one of those things in which a drab creature in the middle thirties suddenly transforms herself, with a Paris frock and a trip to a beauty parlor, into a ravishing beauty. I am still waiting for a picture with that plot, in which the wife puts forth a great effort and her husband doesn't notice any change."

"Oh, well, realism is too much to ask," I remarked cynically.

"Gwen Lee is awfully pretty, and it always delights me to see the way she screws up her face into the craziest expressions, just for a laugh. Remember the scene where she used the nose molder and the eyelash curler in 'After Midnight?' With the right vehicles she could be the greatest *farceuse* on the screen, I am convinced.



Photo by Hommel

Kleig eyes, spider bite, and the heat of the desert made the "Beau Sabreur" location trip one that Evelyn Brent will not soon forget.

"I am glad Gwen has been getting such a good break. She needs encouragement right now. She is in the hospital parting with her appendix and her tonsils. Who was it said that when she saw a turkey coming to the table to be carved, she treated it as an ingénue?"

It was purely a rhetorical question.

"More people have had serious accidents out on location lately. Evelyn Brent got a spider bite on her foot. Sounds trivial, I know, and she thought it was until it started to swell up and the poison spread. Just to make matters worse, she got a bad case of Kleig eyes. Patsy Ruth Miller sprained her ankle in one picture and nearly drowned in the next. Not that she isn't an expert swimmer, but it seems she was frolicking about in a scene with a hydroplane propeller that rather complicated matters. Norman Kerry cut his foot while working over at Catalina, disregarded it, of course, and got blood poisoning. And poor Jane Winton was thrown from a motorcycle.

"She's working up at Pomona, in Marion Davies' picture. And I do hope you realize that going to Pomona on location is quite different for Marion than for any one else. She commandeered the entire inn and had it all redecorated, just to live in for a few days."

"What picture is Marion making?" I had a feeling that Fanny was trying to conceal something from me.

"It's 'The Fair Co-ed,'" Fanny admitted, with unusual meekness.

"I was afraid so. Is no star going to spare me the spectacle of one who is old enough to know better romping around in a college film?

"Let's see. There's Dick Barthelmess: he's made 'The Drop Kick;' Dolores Costello is making 'The College Widow.' That's really not so bad, if they don't change it to make her a student. In the old play she was the college president's daughter, and the hero was not a student, but the athletic coach. Bill Boyd and Bill Haines are both at West Point making pictures."

"Rod La Rocque is going to make 'Hold 'Em, Yale,'" Fanny offered by way of showing how widespread the disease is. "And Universal has bought the screen rights to a college story called 'The Worm Turns.' They are going to make it with an all-star cast."

"Norman Kerry, I suppose. Well, until Paramount puts Emil Jannings and Thomas Meighan in college films I suppose the siege won't be over."

"You're always thinking of audiences," Fanny protested.

"And why not?" I maintained. "When they pay their good money to see pictures."

"You shouldn't resent the players having a little fun," Fanny insisted. "Lots of the poor darlings went into pictures as children and never had the fun of going to school. So why shouldn't they make up for it now?"

There is really nothing to do about a point of view like that, but luckily Fanny's will-o'-the-wisp mind never stays on any subject for any great length of time.

"Isn't it characteristic of Constance Talmadge to dye her hair dark just when all the rest of the film world is going blond? Never mind, she will be blonde again before she makes another picture. She dyed it just before she went abroad. Probably wanted to avoid being recognized. After she did it, she spent a day running around in circles trying to avoid her brother-in-law. As the producer of her pictures, he might have objected strenuously. Imagine if she had had to make retakes at the last minute.

"Constance and her mother started for Europe just about the time that Norma started back. Ben Lyon is over there, supposedly on a vacation, but he just couldn't resist making a picture called 'Dancing Vienna.' He is



F.B.O., the favorite haven for free-lance players, has claimed Jobyna Ralston for "Little Mickey Grogan."

supposed to have got the highest salary ever paid a visiting player, but that is just one of those newspaper *clichés* like 'long-term contract.' It is a rubber-stamp expression used for every engagement.

"I suppose you have heard that the Garden of Alla, where so many film people live, has been renamed 'The Garden of Alimony?' It's the official refuge of fleeing wives and husbands. Sometimes husbands and wives live there together, and considerately hold their family arguments out in the arena between the bungalows. Just ask any one who lives there about the separation of Lowell Sherman and Pauline Garon. The place has its young romantics, though. Norma Shearer lives there, and she just got her engagement ring from Irving Thalberg.

"Some of the players who live in and near Beverly have had an amusing experience lately A man who says he is Clara Bow's father has been going around soliciting business for a new cleaning-and-pressing establishment. Maybe it *is* her father. I am always dubious about those things; I'll tell you why later. Anyway, this man went to the home of a star who was very popular when Clara Bow was nobody. He asked if she didn't know Clara and was terribly surprised that she had never met her. 'She'd be a great friend of yours,' he assured her. 'Clara's very democratic.'

"But I must tell you why I am suspicious of impostors. A young chap came to see me the other morning—woke me up, in fact, at the crack of dawn—it couldn't have been later than nine thirty—and told me he was Charles Ray's cousin, Albert Ray, the Fox director. He had official-looking documents from the commander of the American Legion, a letter from General Pershing, and medals and citations from practically every country that ever fought in a first-run war.

"He said that he was donating an hour a day to getting magazine subscriptions to send American Legion boys to Paris. I was a little suspicious—I happened to know that Albert Ray was busy starting a new production out at Fox's that day. I questioned him about Albert Ray's pictures and he seemed to know all about them, told him I knew Charlie, and he roasted him horribly. So, he got no subscriptions from me. And then he went to the homes of some friends of mine and told them that I was an old friend of his and had sent him. He was arrested a day or so later on a complaint from Charlie. It seems that his real name is Terry Grady, and that he has been masquerading in several States as Charlie's brother—has even made personal appearances and speeches with Charlie's pictures.

"But speaking of Clara Bow—as every one almost always is—I am so glad she persists in being just herself and not like every one else. Did you see the last picture of the Girls' Club? They all looked just alike. Well, anyway, Clara was called to the studio the other day for a solemn business conference. She arrived clad in a bright orange bathing suit. No beach robe or anything—just a brilliant splash of color. Hollywood needs people like that; it is getting so genteel and subdued.



Phyllis Haver is no longer dismissed as a mere beauty—she has developed into an amazingly clever actress.

Photo by Irving Chidnoff



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Dolores Costello has been engulfed by the wave of college pictures—she is making "The College Widow."

"She and Ruth Mix, Tom's daughter, have become great friends. As a matter of fact, every one is devoted to Ruth. She is practically a newcomer in the film colony, as she has been out in vaudeville, but now she is in pictures. She appeared in her father's last production and is now working under John Ford's direction.

"Incidentally, the Archduke Leopold is playing a small part in the new Ford picture. The production crew showed some concern at first, wondering what they should call him, but after they got to know him, with characteristic disregard for titles, they decided to call him 'Archie.'

"By the way, have you

Continued on page 112

The Future

The coming year is expected to bring careers of many stars, as well as radi of motion pictures. Read these predic

By Sidney



Carmel Myers will have much profitable activity in April, 1928, and should consider no vacation then.

Neil Hamilton, below, is due to give another outstanding performance, according to his horoscope.



LET us look over the coming year and by means of astrology determine who is going to be who in the movies.

The year 1928 will be a profitable one for many well-known members of the film colony who have recently had difficulty in keeping the pot sufficiently warm, and also for quite a few who have not yet aroused deafening applause.

The movements of the planets through the signs of the zodiac affect nations, organizations, and individuals as they click off certain relationships that are measured by angles.

Of these, there are three which are very pleasant and expansive for those who feel them, especially when the planet involved is the benefic Jupiter. This body will move rather rapidly during the first seven months of 1928, but it will nevertheless give opportunity for many to profit and make substantial advances. When Jupiter slows down during August, September and October, there will be a select few who will be able to leap ahead of the crowd and make exceptional progress.

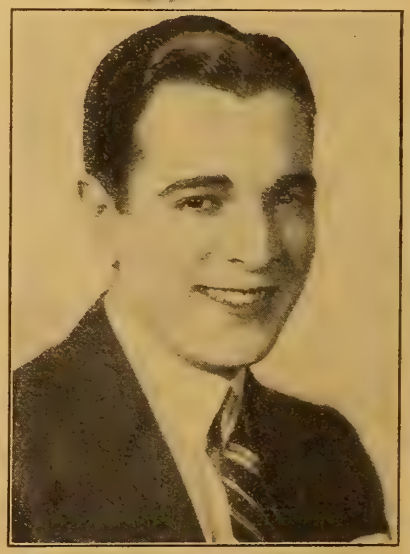
If you want to see the best pictures of the year, go to those in which you will find actors and actresses who are under favorable planetary vibrations at the time, as well as of those who were pleasantly stimulated by good conditions when they were working in them.

The director can profitably employ astrology by selecting his cast from among those whose planetary indications are good at the time of casting, for that is when any one will do his or her best work.

Producers should consider the feasibility of beginning a picture when the actors are indicated by astrology as being in condition to render their top performances, as well as the proper time for the first shot, which is always the horoscope of the picture.



Jacqueline Logan should find next March a successful month in her professional and personal affairs.



Donald Reed will find the fates favorably inclined toward him in January, 1928.

January, 1928, will be a favorable month for Charles Ray, George Walsh, Henry B. Walthall, Harrison Ford, Conrad Nagel, Ken Maynard, Florence Vidor, Donald Reed, Helen Ferguson, Ethel Clayton, Reginald Denny, and Jobyna Ralston. Syd Chaplin and Betty Compson should also be considered in this group, but their affairs are to be complicated by important changes —which may be unfavorable to their private concerns at the time, but which will turn out for the best in the long run. A good deal of moving about and changing of plans will be done by all these stars in January and February, but the period will be profitable for most of them.

Important shifts and readjustments seem to be the lot of Gloria Swanson, James Cruze, and Warner Baxter in February, for each will probably have considerable difficulty in managing private affairs at that time. Yet there are distinct evidences in their horoscopes that they will be able to register steady progress in their profession.

There will be as many changes, but not very uncomfortable ones, in the affairs of Lila Lee, Arthur Lubin, Johnny Hines, Philippe de Lacy, Lawrence Gray, William Pow-

Pola Negri's stars promise a remarkable rôle for her in the autumn of next year.



of the Stars

startling changes in the lives and cal readjustments in the entire field tions of an astrologer for future reference.

K. Bennett

ell, Kenneth Harlan, Corinne Griffith, and Helene Chadwick, all of whom will find February a profitable month in which to sign contracts and start new undertakings.

Those born between March 20th and 28th will experience the movements of a tennis ball that is being batted all over the place, during most of 1928. They will be on the scenic railway and will find very little level track. This applies, of course, to all persons born between these dates, whether they are stars or not, and the problem they will be called upon to solve next year will be how to hold on to the gains and avoid the losses which are predicted for them.

Among those who will have opportunity for gain in financial and personal affairs during March, 1928, are Anna Q. Nilsson, Victor Varconi, Lon Chaney, Wallace Beery, Ethel Wales, Myrna Loy, Dolores del Rio, Clara Bow, Rod La Rocque, Yakima Canutt, Jacqueline Logan, Alec B. Francis, Virginia Lee Corbin, and Kathryn McGuire. This will be welcome news to many of them, for Saturn, the planetary wet blanket, will have been bothering them considerably before February, 1928, is torn off the calendar.

April will be no time to indulge in a vacation for Gertrude Short, Yola d'Avril, Mary Pickford, Carmel Myers, Thomas Meighan, Hobart Bosworth, or Pauline Frederick, for this will be a month during which they can work hard, with the assurance that it will mean real money in the bank later on. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is to be included in this list, although 1928 is a rather negative year for him, and he must exercise much care in handling situations which are indicated as full of friction for him.

William Powell, below, should prepare for changes, though not uncomfortable ones, in February.





Helene Chadwick's lucky month will be February—the best time to start new undertakings.



Myrna Loy must wait patiently for March—it will be a time of financial gain for her.

The group that looks best for May, 1928, artistically as well as at the dear old box-office, includes Claire Windsor, Charlie Chaplin, Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, and Eleanor Boardman. December, 1928, will also be good for them, and their sincere efforts will pay big dividends at that time.

When June arrives, opportunities for advancement in public esteem, as well as collecting its somewhat transitory cash value, will be surrounding Harold Lloyd, Belle Bennett, George Fawcett, Ruth Roland, and Alice White. This group will also experience a pleasant and fruitful month in November, 1928.

Between July 1st and November 1st, 1928, the heavens will smile on the sons and daughters of April 25th to 28th, inclusive; August 28th to 31st, inclusive; and also those born on or between December 26th and 29th.

We shall see many new faces appearing at the cinema banquet table during the coming summer and autumn, and the largest proportion will belong to those who first saw the light of day on the birthdays just mentioned.

Tip to casting directors: Look out for this bit of information, for there will be enterprising youths and maidens who may give you one of these birthdays just to get a chance. If you can verify the dates of

Renee Adoree may equal her remarkable acting in "The Big Parade" when her great chance comes next year.





Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is advised to be careful in dealing with situations that may prove difficult.



Warner Baxter's planets foretell shifts and readjustments which he must be prepared for in February.

Eleanor Boardman, below, will rise artistically and in box-office value next May.



their births, they are the ones you should favor with your good rôles at the time. Among those already well-known in this group are John T. Murray and John Bowers.

August, September, and October of next year will yield some wonderful performances by those born April 29th to May 3rd, September 1st to 5th, and between December 30th and January 3rd. These dates hold the nativities of Mary Astor, Renee Adoree, Neil Hamilton, Doris Kenyon, Jason Robards, Marion Davies, Snitz Edwards, William Haines, Pola Negri, and Barbara Worth.

If I were the casting director, with the job of selecting people for an important picture next summer, I'd choose as many as I could from this list and others whose birthdays occur in the periods mentioned. On the other hand, if I were an actor and could claim one of these dates as mine, I'd raise my own salary if I weren't on contract, for I'd be worth it to any concern for whom I worked.

Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky seem to the astrologer a strangely assorted couple, but here's hoping they know more about it than I do. If they can safely weather the storm which is threatening their domestic happiness in October and November of this year, there is no reason to think they will not live contentedly together forever after.

Raymond Griffith's horoscope indicates that he has made some errors in the past, which it is hoped will be corrected when he leaves Paramount.

Raymond's ability is what might be termed that of reaction, for he never suffers by being surrounded with a strong cast. The better his associate actors, the better is Raymond. He feels the stimulation of working with players of the first rank and can usually surpass them, so he has nothing to fear—no one could ever steal a picture from him. What he needs for 1928 is a very strong comédienne opposite him. And he shouldn't be too economical in purchasing stories, for he will need the best on the market.

James Hall, whose rapid rise to prominence has surprised many, will continue his success, but will not be paid anything like what he is worth until after his birthday in 1928. The motion-picture industry has seen many shake-ups, but the tremors of the past will be like mere petty adjustments compared with the complete rearrangements, forming of new policies and changing of personnel, which it is due to experience next year. This applies particularly to one of the largest organizations. The agitation will be most strongly felt during March and April, 1928, at which time matters are apt to become so strained among those who manage this concern that one or more important men at the head may be forced out of control.

The planets give the old type of producer a little more than a year to remain in power, after which we shall see fourteen years of exceedingly different methods in the making and merchandising of motion pictures, as more fully described by me in the September issue of Picture Play.

The last gasp of the old guard is already apparent in their effort to cut down the importance of individual names in the selling of pictures to the people. They are just as wrong as they could possibly be, for more and more names are going to become well known, without lessening the prestige of

Con'd on page 105



Raymond Griffith needs a stellar comedienne opposite him to insure his greater success in 1928.



Kathryn McGuire will have cause to thank her lucky stars for what March will bring her.

James Hall will eventually be paid what his popularity is worth—but not until after his next birthday.



Exit the Well-dressed Hero

Edmund Lowe, whose sudden transformation from polished-gentleman to roughneck rôles took every one so completely by surprise, discusses the new type of hero that has swaggered onto the screen and expresses it as his opinion that the dress-suit actor is a back number.

By Myrtle Gebhart

NO longer will a dress suit make an actor.

This is the opinion of Edmund Lowe, who prior to introducing a new type of hero in "What Price Glory" wore out innumerable dress suits doing innocuous rôles amiably.

The hero whom we may expect to see more frequently from now on will devote more time to business and less to love; he will be human, with faults, and he will usually be drawn from the middle classes. He won't be an illusion or an ideal. He will annoy and irritate us, but he will amuse us, and we shall like him.

"Step up and meet the new guy," Ed greeted me, with a wide grin. "But watch out, baby. Got your roller-skates? I'm liable to throw you into a car and kidnap you. I'm a tough bird now. Grab what I want." A burlesque of *Sergeant Quirt.* A snap and a wink and a swagger. Shoulders back. Elbows shoving aside imaginary crowds.

Those who could not see *Sergeant Quirt* in the well-tailored Edmund Lowe until he had dirtied his face and let flow a lava of highly colored language, could not have known him very well. Ed never has been the sap that he played on the screen up to a year ago. He has always had a physical vigor and a running fire of smart humor that his pale shadow self had not caught until he made the great change in "What Price Glory."

Over the luncheon table he gave me his reactions to his new type of rôle. Questions were unnecessary, so exuberant was he over his release from his rut.

"The old type of hero," he said, "was just a well-dressed dud. The new hero is a regular guy, a hustler who knows what he's after and gets it. He controls the plot—he isn't just a puppet. He is given a background now; he has a definite place in the world, something to do besides pop into dramatic situations at the prescribed moment. Making love and being heroic are secondary matters to him. He has business to attend to now. In 'Glory' it was war. That was his first consideration. In 'Is Zat So?' it was prize-fighting. In 'Publicity Madness,' it is salesmanship. The new films are being so constructed that the dramatic elements grow out of this idea, that romance should be subservient to accomplishment. That makes a film more real. In life, romance is secondary to a man's business. By highlighting romance, the screen has become artificial.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr *Lowe's hard-boiled* SERGEANT QUIRT *in "What Price Glory" set the new style in heroes.*



His next tough rôle was the prize-fight promoter in "Is Zat So?" Photo by Spurr



Photo by Noel *Now he is portraying a smart-aleck, wise-cracking salesman in "Publicity Madness."*

"But the public is tiring of trash. There's evident a groping toward primitive elementals. All the recent big successes, from 'The Big Parade' to 'Chang,' from 'Seventh Heaven' to 'Resurrection,' have been based on something *actual,* however diversely it may be expressed.

"Man battles for life—he must work. Those are his primitive instincts. When he has time for it, and gets around to it, he loves. The screen has overplayed love. We need love, but first we must live and work and fight our way to our goals. That is the first principle.

"Never in all the years I have been acting have I been so keyed up over my job. I always knew before just what to expect, knew that I'd get a stereotyped plot placing the hero in situations obviously constructed. Now there's zest to my work. I never know just what I'm going to do in my next part.

"Life," he went on, with enthusiasm, "has some spice to it now. I used to get so tired of posing that I was on the point many times of giving up the screen. I strained at the leash, and if I could have made as much money at anything else, or if I hadn't loved acting as much as I do, I'd have quit.

"Then, when 'What Price Glory' came along, I convinced Fox that I could be as tough an egg as any hard-boiled sergeant, and I cut loose. I was everything I had wanted to be for years. But I was afraid I might not get over, and might have to drop back into the parlor again. You know, I'm a lucky dog. Lots of actors wanted to do *Sergeant Quirt,* and now, because luck was with me, I'm a creator."

Thumbs in his vest, he sat back and permitted me to gaze upon the genius.

"A creator in this sense, that I was given the chance to bring a new character to the screen that has been of wide influence in changing the type of the movie hero. Watch the trend, child. We're getting away from the sleek, overstuffed hero. There's a quotation, 'For their sins you love them.' Don't their little faults make your friends the more human? We admire *Galahad,* but who'd want him for a daily companion?

"Now I have something I can get my teeth into. I don't mean to do another *Quirt* in every picture I make from now on. But his basic characteristics—his roughness and humanness—have given me a new lease on life.

"Besides, characterizations like that bring new contacts that take an actor out of the usual movie rut. When I was doing 'Is Zat So?' I met a lot of prize-fighters. Tough sports on top, and gentle as lambs at heart. Now I'm getting acquainted with snappy salesmen, and they're regular guys."

Nor is this desirable trend in the movies applicable only to the hero. The heroine, too, seems slated for renovation. Signs point to the happy day when she will no longer just smile and simper, or flip and flap.

"The sentiment and idealism of womanhood always will be a motif in picture stories, for man's instinct is to idealize woman," Ed said thoughtfully. "But the screen heroine is likely to become more human. If Gloria Swanson succeeds in putting over *Sadie Thompson* without whitewashing her too much, that will be a forward step toward humanizing the heroine.

"Characters are becoming *people.* Real life, instead of glamour, is going to be reproduced on the screen. The screen in the past year has already progressed far in realism, and it should go even further.

Continued on page 105



Lowe in a typical, well-groomed rôle such as he was formerly identified with.

Hollywood High Lights

Pertinent paragraphs of news from the movie center.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

HAROLD LLOYD is building his new home in Italian-renaissance style, and it is fashioned after the Villa Gambiera, near Florence, Italy. It is taking almost as much time to build as is required for one of Erich von Stroheim's pictures, and should be the new show place of Beverly Hills.

We visited it one day prior to Harold's departure for the East to film his new comedy. Located next to the famous Ince estate, his new domain is laid out with a golf course, canoe course, and beautiful gardens. It has taken two years to finish the grounds, and the house itself will take fully a year to construct.

In the elaborate plans for the dwelling, Harold's daughter Gloria was not forgotten. Her own private nursery is going to be such as every little girl in the world has dreamed of. But best of all, a miniature playhouse, standing in the center of a lovely miniature garden, with a duck pond, awaits its dainty little mistress. It has a living room, dining room and boudoir, and a kitchen with gay china and shiny little pots and pans.

Even better than the playhouse are the pony stables, with frisky Shetlands waiting to be ridden by smart young sons and daughters of motion-picture stars, or to be driven by them in saucy pony carts.

Some of the Beverly Hills mansions are really comparable to the dwellings of princes and dukes. The home of Fred Thomson and Frances Marion is one of the most remarkable in its beauty and its setting, but Lloyd's new home promises to surpass even that.

Harold, by the way, is one of Hollywood's favorite sons. He is an unassuming, very sincere young fellow, and possesses a simplicity of manner that is quite captivating. The film colony has always pointed to him with a certain pride, and it regards the building of his magnificent new estate not as the reckless gesture of a young man gone crazy with money, but rather as a monument to his fine achievements.

About Harold's New Picture.

Harold told us something about his new picture. He said that in it he is going in for a broader humor than in any of his recent comedies. He considers this advisable since such films as "The Callahans and the Murphys," "Behind the Front," and "We're in the Navy Now," have proved so popular with the public. He has gone to New York to take scenes at the Yankee Stadium and at Coney Island.

Harold's "The Kid Brother" wasn't quite so strong an attraction at the box-office as "The Freshman," though it ran it a close second. His comedies nowadays bring in nearly twice as much money as in the days when he filmed "Grandma's Boy," which shows how he has climbed during the past few years. "The Freshman" was his topnotcher.

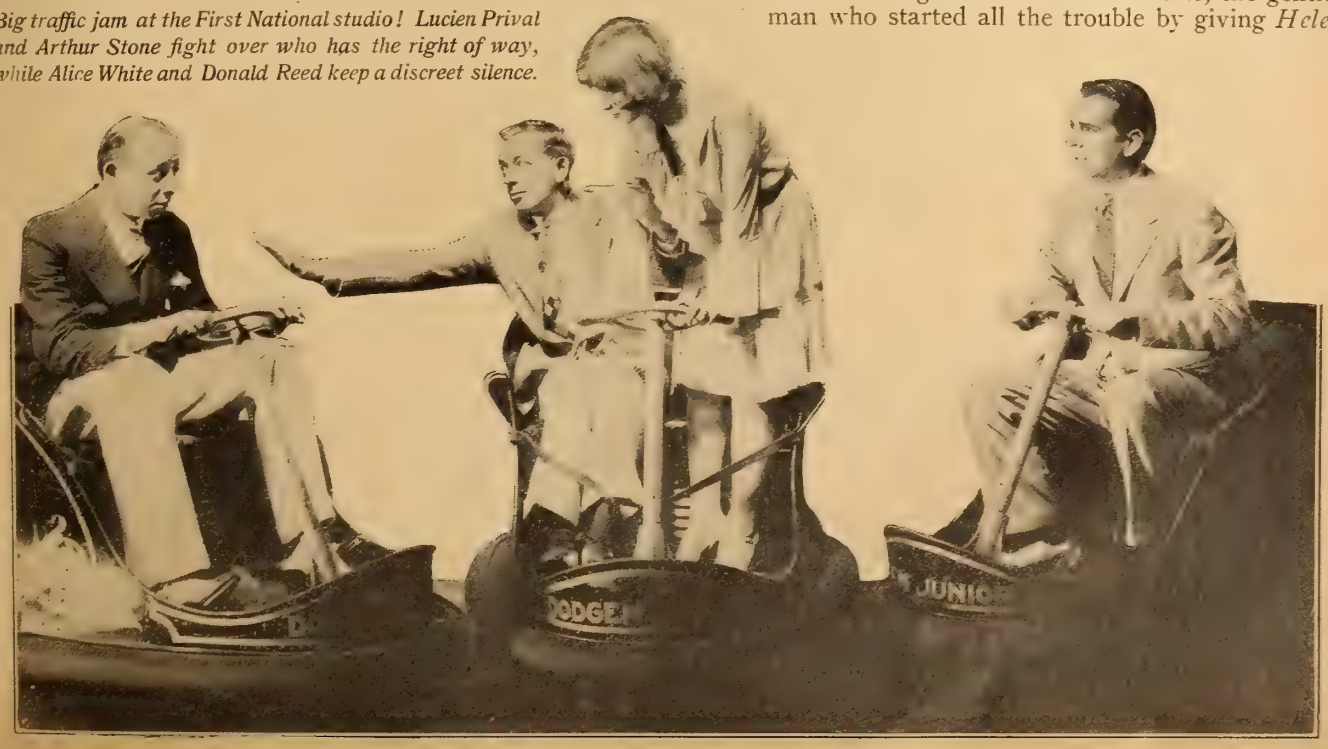
Mythology á la Mode.

Ancient Greek mythology will have to be studied up by the boys and girls appearing in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," so that they may appreciate the full significance of the rôles that they are playing. Though in lieu of this, they can, to be sure, read John Erskine's book, from which the production is adapted.

That charming satire may make a very clever picture. We say "may" because there's never any telling what may happen, even with such a nice classical lady as *Helen of Troy*, before the producer, scenarist, and director get through with her. However, hope runs high at First National that a very successful feature will come out of the popular novel.

The title rôle is played by Maria Corda. Her husband, Alexander Corda, is directing, and Ricardo Cortez has been assigned to the rôle of *Paris*, the gentleman who started all the trouble by giving *Helen*

Big traffic jam at the First National studio! Lucien Prival and Arthur Stone fight over who has the right of way, while Alice White and Donald Reed keep a discreet silence.



the pretty golden apple. Lewis Stone is *King Menelaus;* Alice White, *Adraste;* Lucien Prival, *Poiros;* and Virginia Lee Corbin, *Hermione.*

They won't modernize their clothes, either, but will be seen in the classical costumes of the Trojan War period.

A Fascinator from Mexico.

Until she ran into a streak of bad luck, Lupe Velez, the little Carmen from Mexico, proved the life of the party at the United Artists studio, where she was playing opposite Doug Fairbanks in "The Gaucho." Then Lupe was taken sick with peritonitis, and was in bed for several weeks just toward the close of the picture. It is her first big film, and everybody is saying that she will make a big hit in it.

Lupe has a strange personality—the most unusual since Barbara La Marr originally flashed on the horizon. She isn't known to the fans yet, because prior to "The Gaucho," she had done only a little work in Hal Roach comedies. Once she is seen, though, she will be remembered.

Incidentally, she has a captivating accent, and a delightful way of twisting words around. She wanted to tell some one recently that she was "no mind reader," but instead made it "no read minder."

Marred by the Jinx.

The Dempsey-Sharkey fight is ancient history now, and by the time this appears in print Dempsey will probably have met his more famous opponent, Gene Tunney, but Hollywood had a great time fêting Jack upon his return from the first-named bout.

The only damper to the occasion was the illness of Jack's wife, Estelle Taylor, who suffered a nervous breakdown just about the time that Jack won his famous victory. The jinx that has followed Estelle during the past year seems bent on persisting. Everybody hoped that Jack's success might mean a turn in the tide for her also, but actually it didn't. Estelle now, by the way, has finally freed herself from her United Artists contract, under which she had been kept idle for about a year.

He Can't Lose.

We heard the Dempsey-Sharkey fight returns on Gloria Swanson's set, and when Jack's victory was announced the place was like a madhouse. The little portable radio was nearly torn to pieces by those who attempted to get final details in the midst of the general uproar over the outcome of the fight.

Gloria's husband, the marquis—by which title, by the way, he doesn't like to be called—won several large bets. The man who did the cleverest betting, however, was Sid Grauman, the theater owner. Grauman bet $1,000 to $4,000 that Dempsey would win both fights. Then he turned round and bet $2,000 even that he would lose the Tunney fight. As a result, he will clear $1,000 if Dempsey loses in this latter battle, and $2,000 if he wins. Something like that, anyway.



Dorothy Mackaill must be one of these "new women" in "The Crystal Cup." Anyway, the up-to-date heroine in that film has a quaint idea of a dinner gown.

Attaboy, Ben!

Just about as clever as Grauman's betting was the feat recently achieved by Ben Lyon—that of drawing salaries from two different organizations at the same time. Ben managed this while on a trip abroad. It was his vacation and he was being paid by First National. But while on the other side, he was offered a job in a German production and, securing the permission of his company to go into this for the sake of the experience of working in a foreign studio, he accepted the job and a very fat salary in addition.

Immediately after the German film, Ben started on a film in Paris for his own company. It is called "French Dressing." The German film is "Dancing Vienna," and Ben is featured in it with the new European star, Lya Mara.

Extra! Man on Fire!

There have been many daring stunts in the movies, but Metro-Goldwyn caps them all with the showing of a "burning man" in "The Trail of '98."

This "burning-man" episode occurs during a fight between Ralph Forbes and Harry Carey in an Alaskan dance hall. The battle wages furiously for a while, and then Forbes is seen to hurl a lamp at Carey which smashes over his head and sets him afire. Carey appears to dash down the hall with his clothes and hair ablaze, and finally sets the building itself on fire by igniting curtains and hangings in his wild flight.

The double who performed this feat wore asbestos clothing, which was sprayed with gasoline, and also a plaster-cast face that served as a protecting mask during the harrowing episode.

Another Team of Comics.

Yet another comedy team will make its appearance on the screen when Charles Murray and Fred Kelsey are shown in "The Gorilla" as the two detectives, *Mulligan* and *Garrity.* The comedy-team idea is becoming so prevalent that some day soon we may see Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri in a slapstick film together. Maybe!

The film, "The Gorilla," is adapted from the popular stage play, and there was much competition for the title rôle.

Conrad, the Man of the Hour.

If we were to pick the man of the hour in the studio world, our choice would fall irrevocably upon Conrad Nagel. This may seem surprising to the fans, as Conrad's recent efforts on the screen have not been particularly outstanding. But Nagel's importance in the film colony at the moment is due, not to his achievements on the screen, but to the valuable aid he rendered recently in the matter of ironing out the difficulties that arose between actors and producers over the proposed cut in all salaries. At a meeting of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, he received a thunderous ovation when he rose to speak. It far surpassed that given to any of the other speakers.

The meeting itself was a pretty tame affair, the producers agreeing that they would make no cut, provided that the players, directors, and scenarists would co-

operate in every other way possible to bring down the cost of pictures, and provided that the actors in particular would make no naughty displays of temperament.

Erich von Stroheim, at a table toward the rear, was an interested spectator at the meeting, and must have smiled inwardly and sardonically at the proposals of economy, though he maintained a consummately suave exterior. He has been trying to cut his picture, "The Wedding March," down to footage, and it will probably be released in two parts of about twelve reels each. We don't care how long it is, nor how long he has taken to make it, we are more than curious to see it.

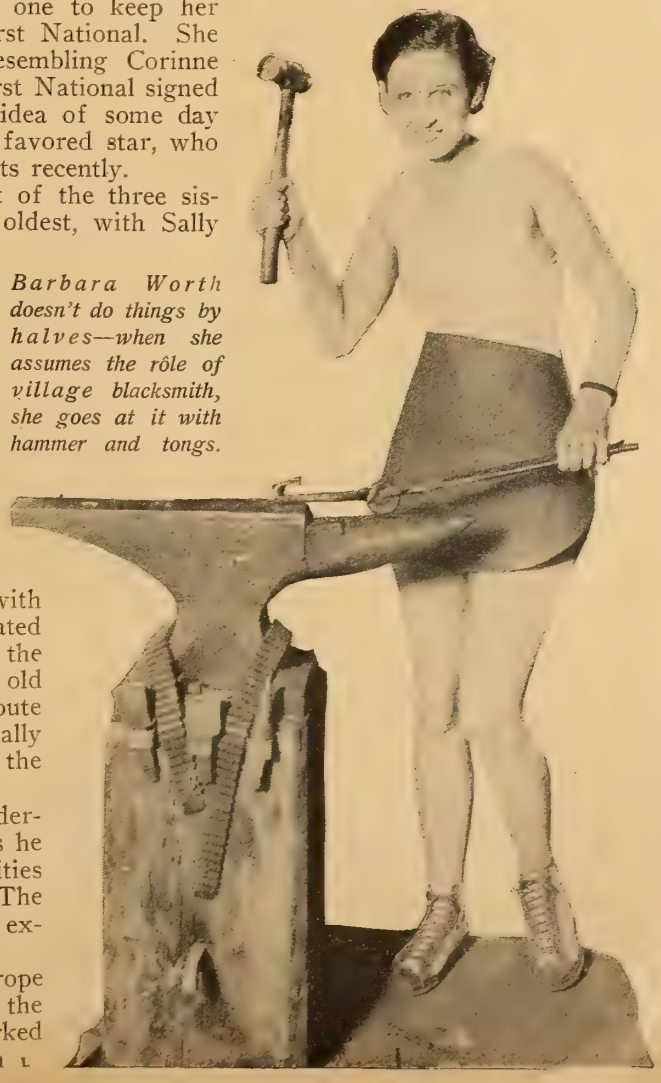
Those Talented Families.

Those two little Irish girls, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, are together in Cosmopolitan's production, "The Lovelorn." They're sisters, you know, Molly having changed her name from Sue O'Neil when she signed with First National.

Molly bids fair to outrun Sally as a result of her performance in "The Patent Leather Kid," starring Dick Barthelmess. In our opinion, she has a more palpable appeal than her sister, though we thought that in "The Callahans and the Murphys" Sally seemed exceptionally sympathetic.

It's amazing the way whole families of sisters are getting into the movies nowadays. Sally Blane and her sisters offer the most striking example. There are three of them working in films, and their brother Jackie took part, when he was a youngster, in some Wally Reid films. The family name is Young. Loretta Young, the only one to keep her own surname, is with First National. She has a type of beauty resembling Corinne Griffith's, and perhaps First National signed her up with the remote idea of some day using her to replace that favored star, who went over to United Artists recently.

Loretta is the youngest of the three sisters, and Polly Ann the oldest, with Sally between them. Polly Ann has been doing small parts with First National, Universal, and other organizations. The girls' mother, Gladys Young, also used to be in pictures, in the earlier days.



Barbara Worth doesn't do things by halves—when she assumes the rôle of village blacksmith, she goes at it with hammer and tongs.

The Old, Old Story.

There have been rumors of differences between George O'Brien and the Fox organization, with which he has been associated ever since he came into the movies. It's the old, old trouble over rôles, a dispute that seems to go on eternally between the actors and the studios.

We can somewhat understand George's feelings, as he hasn't had any opportunities worth chronicling since "The Iron Horse," unless one excepts "Three Bad Men."

George has been in Europe visiting F. W. Murnau, the German director. He worked under Murnau's direction in "Sunrise," and his rôle in that film should attract much attention, and possibly make George feel better.

A Real Rest for Janet Gaynor.

We saw little Janet Gaynor at a studio party at Fox's just after she had finished work on "Two Girls Wanted." She was looking forward to her first rest in months, and she and her mother had taken a house at the beach. She did take a trip through the East and to Florida a while ago, but was on the go all the time, so didn't get much rest. The vacation she was planning when we saw her was to be a "really quiet one."

Al Jolson Breaks Into the Movies.

Predictions are that Al Jolson's performance in "The Jazz Singer" will be one of the pleasant surprises of the season. Certainly if enthusiasm and hard work contribute anything toward success, Al has delivered these in abundance. He has entered on his career as a movie star with the same pep that he puts into his songs.

We saw him on the set while he was doing some black-face scenes, and we talked with him another day just after he had finished singing before a crowd of supers on a theater set. He told us that he had wept while he was singing, as the episode had been the climax where he gives up his musical-comedy career in order to assume the duties of his dying father as the cantor in a Jewish synagogue.

"I'm all in; I'm all in," Al kept repeating. "They made me take that scene a dozen times, and then they said, 'Well, we'll have to have one more retake.' 'My Gosh!' I said. 'I can't go on crying forever.' Then the director bawled me out, and that made me mad and I cried again." He offered a pair of reddened eyes in evidence.

There is considerable of Jolson's own life in "The Jazz Singer," as his own father was a cantor, and he himself started his career singing in cafés in San Francisco, just as is shown in the picture.

Nothing that Jolson has ever done on the stage has such an aspect of seriousness as this picture, because "The Jazz Singer" in its bigger moments is far removed from comedy.

Just One Grief After Another.

This year will go down in movie history as a banner one for mishaps. Nearly every one seems to have some battle scars to show.

George Bancroft, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Pola Negri all have badly bruised shin bones acquired during combats on the set.

Evelyn Brent and Pola Negri were both recently bitten by spiders, with infections resulting.

Monte Blue dislocated his wrist while punching a dummy in a gymnasium scene in a prize-fight picture.

Patsy Ruth Miller nearly drowned while working on location.

Jane Winton dislocated a vertebra falling from a motorcycle.

Irene Rich was very much under the weather following a trip to a torrid Arizona location.

Mabel Normand, Gwen Lee, and Diana Kane have all been on the sick list. Miss Normand had a bad attack of summer influenza. Miss Lee had her appendix and tonsils removed, and Miss Kane, her appendix.

We really think that if this sort of thing keeps up we shall have to start a special department in these columns under the title, "The Hospital Register."

A Thrill for Thirteen Girls.

Mary Pickford was hostess extraordinary recently to thirteen "best girls" from as many different cities. They had been selected through a letter-writing contest and given trips to California as part of a publicity stunt for Mary's picture, "My Best Girl."

Mary entertained the thirteen girls at tea at her home on Sunday afternoon, and during the affair they vied with the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars in a swimming contest in the Fairbanks' pool. The Wampas Stars got the worst of the battle, and their honor was barely saved by Sally Rand, who won second prize. A San Francisco girl, Gabrielle du Chesne, among the visitors, was the winner, and received a Paris vanity case from Miss Pickford. Sally's prize was a pair of shoe buckles from Czecho-Slovakia, selected from the star's personal wardrobe. Another visiting girl, Mildred Lindquist, from Chicago, won a linen handkerchief as third prize.

The film girls at the party included Patricia Avery, Rita Carewe, Helene Costello, Barbara Kent, Natalie Kingston, Frances Lee, Gladys McConnell, Martha Sleeper, and Sally Phipps.

Mary put in her appearance a little late. And what do you suppose was the reason? She had been cutting Doug's hair! He wore it in a very special way in "The Gaucho," and only Mary could perform the feat of clipping it correctly. Doug had felt it needed some trimming before he could attend the tea—not as host, but merely as one of the guests.

Activities of the Stork.

Even though John Boles isn't very well known yet on the screen, it may be interesting to the fans to know that he recently became the father of a baby girl, his second. Boles was Gloria Swanson's leading man in "The Love of Sunya." Then he came to California when the Swanson unit moved out from New York.

The stork, by the way, is reported hovering over the home of Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens.

A Bad Year for Marriages.

We are really getting weary of recording domestic troubles in Hollywood, this has been a year of such devastation. Jason Robards, Montagu Love, and Pauline Garon are the latest involved in separations—Miss Garon from Lowell Sherman.

Polly Moran and Marie Dressler, the hilarious comedy team of "The Callahans and the Murphys," are paired off again in "Bringing Up Father."



The Latest Engagements.

It is satisfying to learn that the engagement of Robert Agnew and Ann Rork is on again.

We don't know whether or not to believe that young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will wed Helene Costello, but he is certainly attentive and, among other things, met her at the railroad station when she returned from the East.

Rumor is also linking the names of Mary Astor and Howard Hawks, the director. And Helen Lynch and Carroll Nye will probably be married by the time this is in print. And, oh, yes, we almost forgot that Dorothy Revier, under contract to Columbia, and recently leading woman to Dick Barthelmess, is going to marry Charles Schoen Johnson. Mr. Johnson was formerly the husband of Katherine MacDonald, while Miss Revier was previously the wife of a film director. She is one of the Wampas thirteen.

It gives us great pleasure definitely to announce that Raymond Griffith and Bertha Mann, stage actress, will probably be wed before this item appears. Miss Mann is a very charming woman and enjoyed a great vogue in Los Angeles theaters a few years ago. She and Ray have been friends for a long while, and have been engaged for nearly seven years.

Griffith severed his connection with Paramount recently and expects soon to make pictures in London for the British National Film Company.

A Blow to Elopers.

There can't be any more hurried weddings in California, because a new law has been passed making it necessary for every couple to obtain their license at least three days before the ceremony is performed. This will prove inconvenient to those folks in films, as well as those in other walks of life, who like the dramatic effect of an elopement.

Carroll Nye and Helen Lynch had planned a surprise wedding, and went to Riverside to have the knot tied, but they had to return home again, still single and rather out of countenance.

What About It, Norma?

Norma Shearer's mother recently conceded the probability that her daughter and Irving Thalberg would eventually wed. This is the first partial confirmation of the many rumors that they were engaged which have resulted from their constant companionship and apparent devotion to each other. The young couple continue, however, to deny their troth, but we're convinced that this is merely the conventional expedient of two people who hope to surprise their friends.

Rumors of an estrangement between Norma and her mother were afloat for a while, because Miss Shearer was living away from her mother in an apartment in the Garden of Alla. But Mrs. Shearer averred that this was only due to the crowded conditions that occurred at home when her married daughter was taken ill and several nurses had to be engaged. Mrs. Shearer and Norma plan to move soon into the new home Norma has been building.

Continued on page 108

Mary in the 5-and-10

In Mary Pickford's new film, "My Best Girl," the harum-scarum child that the movie public has so long adored subtly passes into young womanhood.

By Caroline Bell



"Buddy" Rogers plays the rôle of the boy who walks into the 5-and-10 and steals away Our Mary's heart.

A LITTLE golden-haired girl in a gingham dress and apron, darned stockings and scuffed slippers, darts down the aisle of a crowded 5-and-10-cent store. She is laden with shiny aluminum ware, pots and pans that clatter to the floor when a stout lady bent on bargains bears down upon her. Or she bears bolts of ribbons. She has a smile of cheer for the tired old lady in the notions department, a sharp tongue for a fresh boy. So she scurries, at the beck and call of all. Oh, a busy little person is *Maggie.*

Again, she is in the stock room. The fresh boy has cut his finger. She must bandage it for him, practical little nurse that she is. The spark of love springs up between them, shining through their joyous fun.

In "My Best Girl," Mary Pickford attempts to combine the riotous element of her "Little Annie Rooney" with the maturity which she feels she must now essay, not so much because of advancing years as for its dramatic purposes. Playing child rôles has been very, very real to Mary. It has been a precious experience, and loath she is to let it go. To grow up gracefully, without too abrupt a transition, is her problem. Kathleen Norris' story, supplemented by gags furnished by Mary and Director Sam Taylor, promises to bridge the gap.

"*Maggie,* curiously, is both a child and a woman," Mary explained. "Circumstances have caused her to mature early, without smothering her childlike love of fun, her Irish impetuosity and temper. She is the moral as well as financial support of one of those 'dependent' families. The mother is morose and domineering, the father a weakling, the sister going wild. *Maggie,* an errand girl in the 5-and-10, gets a job there for an apparently seedy young man who turns out to be the son of the owner. They have fallen in love, but when the boy's father discovers the situation, there is a break.



But though she has had to assume the responsibilities of a woman, MAGGIE *the little errand girl is still a child in spirit.*

"Her romance shattered, *Maggie* tries to forget the hurt in her heart by turning her whole attention to pulling her family through their difficulties. She saves them from disgrace, generally straightens things out at home, and eventually wins over the rich owner of the store and, of course, the boy.

"There are many *Maggies* in real life," Mary went on. "She has countless counterparts. You've no idea how many girls like *Maggie,* at once young and mature, are the mainstays of their families."

Though the incidents and the characters are totally different, in a way the story of the film bears some resemblance to Mary's own life. She herself as a child was the provider, rebuker, and comfort of her family. Except that her shrewdness and her practical, executive ability have grown with the years, I imagine that Mary was in her childhood very much as she is now—a small, erect figure, with her sharply cut chin a little defiant, with pathos and trust in her blue eyes, but with a manner of calm precision.

Beneath her tranquillity there are



MAGGIE *and her boy friend sit in a packing box and build castles in the air.*

with a great wisdom at the same time. Her characterization in "My Best Girl" requires delicacy, and of that Mary is fully aware, approaching each sequence with hesitancy, which grows into surety as she feels her way.

You see her under the lights, their rays picking out the gold in the curls massed atop her little head. She is so tiny, yet somehow her very bearing suggests responsibility. She notices you outside the camera range, walks over to you with quick steps, and seizes your hand. Her words dispel the illusion of childhood. In a voice not without musical cadences, but calm and decisive, she outlines her story, her future plans. A gesture or two, a judicious choice of words, showing unusual clarity and continuity of thought—a way of sighting her objective and heading for it by the shortest route. That has characterized Mary always.

When you look at her, she is a child. When she talks, she is a woman—a woman who knows thoroughly every branch of her work and also is well versed in many other subjects. Her mind is not absorbed with only one idea—it has a diversity of interests.

I try to write of Mary without let-

Continued on page 104

little worries—her brother Jack's threatened divorce, her mother's ill health, various family problems brought to her to be solved.

Her husband, Doug Fairbanks, once said, "The secret of Mary's appeal is her natural sympathy. It is instinctive with her. From her infancy she has had calamity thrown in her face. People have groped their way to her with their troubles. Instead of bringing their gayeties to share with her, they have brought problems and grief. The instinct to ease suffering early became her dominant force."

Maggie's age is indeterminate. She hovers between fifteen and twenty-five—she is both, and all the ages in between. And so is Mary.

It seems strange that Mary, a wife, an executive of responsibility, can maintain on the screen that illusion of childhood. The only answer is that she will be a child at heart as long as she lives—yet, old



Our heroine finds herself in an awkward position, but trust MAGGIE—*she'll get out of it somehow or other.*

One Less Latin Hero

When you have a name like Ernesto Avila Guillen, yet don't want to be a Latin hero, what are you going to do about it? That was the fix that Donald Reed was in, and he had to change his name twice before he could persuade the producers to consider him 100 per cent American.

By William H. McKegg

DONALD REED had to be three different people, and make three separate attacks on the movies, before he became what he is to-day in the great motion-picture industry.

He was christened Ernesto Avila Guillen. And as such, he came with his parents twelve years ago from Mexico City, his birthplace, to live in El Paso, Texas.

"You may not believe me," Donald insists, sounding inordinately proud of his English, which bears not even a suggestion of a foreign accent, "but I did not speak a word of English then."

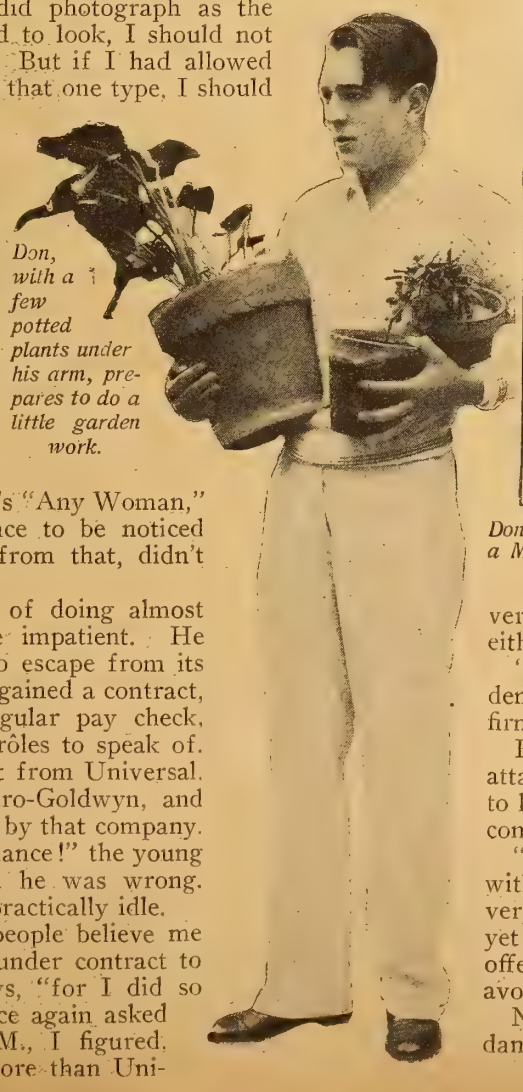
After staying three years at El Paso, the Guillen family moved to Pasadena, California. Ernesto went to school. Then, four years later, he sallied forth to conquer the movies or die in the attempt. In time he managed to convince the right people that he really could put across something worth while.

But he rebelled when they insisted on regarding him as a Latin type. "But you're Mexican, aren't you?" he was asked. "Your name's Mexican. Why not be cast as such?"

It wasn't that Donald wanted to hide his real nationality.

"The fact is," he points out, "I do not look foreign at all on the screen. You would take me for an average American. Now if I did photograph as the typical Latin is supposed to look, I should not have objected so much. But if I had allowed myself to be cast only in that one type, I should never have got any other type of rôle."

To get rid of this Latin jinx, our hero resorted to strategy. Americanizing his name, he next appeared at the casting offices as Ernest Gillen. Eventually, he gained a contract with Universal, but that was about all he did gain from them.



Don, with a few potted plants under his arm, prepares to do a little garden work.

He was loaned out for a part in Alice Terry's "Any Woman," which gave him a chance to be noticed by the fans, but aside from that, didn't do much for him.

After several months of doing almost nothing, Ernest became impatient. He had changed his name to escape from its Spanish association, had gained a contract, and was receiving a regular pay check, but—he was getting no rôles to speak of.

Freeing himself at last from Universal, he trekked over to Metro-Goldwyn, and was eventually signed up by that company. "At last! Here is my chance!" the young man thought, but again he was wrong. And again he was kept practically idle.

"Do you know, few people believe me when I tell them I was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn," he says, "for I did so little for them. So I once again asked to be released. M.-G.-M., I figured, wouldn't miss me any more than Universal. I had done nothing of consequence for either company."



Donald, who called himself Ernest Gillen for a while, is a Mexican by birth, so no wonder he had a hard time escaping the Latin jinx.

"You should go in for Latin types—there's a demand for them," he was told, but he was firm in his determination not to.

For the third time he collected himself for an attack on the casting offices. The chance came to him to sign up with First National. Another contract! Would it be like the other two?

"I knew it would be very good for me to be with First National," he relates. "A contract is a very pleasing thing to have, but to have one and yet not be given any worth-while parts, or else offered just the type of parts you are trying to avoid, helps no newcomer to establish himself."

Not to be caught a third time, Ernest took a dangerous chance. "Have a good part for me

Continued on page 112

The Stroller

Random observations of an itinerant humorist in the film colony.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

THE following interview with Gwendolynne Goldfish is offered with whatever apologies may be due to contemporary contributors to fan magazines:

I have just interviewed dainty little Gwendolynne Goldfish, and I am so thrilled!

You know Gwendolynne, as I shall call her from now on. No one could possibly refer to such a charming little dear as "Miss Goldfish." Gwendolynne has just played a rôle in "Flames of Desire."



We sat on the veranda of her gorgeous Hollywood home, with its magnificent view of the majestic gas tank that towers over the Pickford-Fairbanks studio. Gwendolynne has been in pictures only a few months but she has the darlingest estate and three cars, which, you must admit, is not bad for a girl who was never even in the "Follies."

"My art," she murmured dreamily, "is all I live for." I was too surprised to reply. Who wouldn't have been?

"Tell me," I asked breathlessly, "of your life."

"Well, I was born in——" A far-away, thoughtful look came into her eyes. "Just a minute," she said, and dashed into the house. She came out a few minutes later and went on glibly. "I was born in Deauville, but my family had very little money, and I had to work for a living. I had always wanted to act and I was educated in a convent. Then my music—it was my passion—and I studied in Paris and Rome for seven years. After that I studied dancing in Vienna. What a city! I shall never forget the five years I was there. Then to Berlin to study the drama for three years with Max Reinhardt. And then my career in the movies." Then, as an afterthought, "I am just seventeen."

I felt myself in the presence of sheer genius and hardly knew how to act. There was a silence. The charming voice of Gwendolynne's mother ended the interview.

"Darling," she called, in her delightful Parisian brogue, "the man from the automobile finance company is here again."

I left in a daze. Do you wonder?

With Will Rogers functioning as mayor of Beverly Hills, the deplorable absence of a civic executive in Hollywood deserves some thought.

There is no lack of mayoralty timber in the movie colony. The chief duty of all the mayors I have ever seen seems to be to wear a plug hat at public functions. Adolphe Menjou or Raymond Griffith would serve admirably.

Norman Kerry proposes to run for the office on a platform advocating the installation of safety nets around all Hollywood apartment houses.

Jesse Lasky would be a formidable candidate if he would promise to cut taxes as he does salaries.

If Clara Bow could get votes from all her former fiancés, her election would be assured.

Cecil DeMille would have little dissension in his administration if he chose his aldermen from among his assistant directors.

In any event, interest in the selection of a mayor for Hollywood is keen, and it is reported that Will Hays is all ears to hear of the outcome.

The large number of recent movies with famous athletes in the starring rôles raises a rather puzzling question.

For years, movie interviewers, press agents, and the stars themselves have been exploiting the theory that heaven-born inspiration is necessary for any one to become a movie actor.

Then, along came "Red" Grange, chiefly noted as a dodger of football tacklers, and performed so well in his first picture that he was signed for a series of others. And there is Gertrude Ederle, who on the strength of having navigated the English Channel did a picture with Bebe Daniels. There is "Babe" Ruth, baseball swatter, who turned out to be a pretty fair comedian on the screen. And Gene Tunney, the big sock and belt man, as one sporting writer has described him, made a successful movie serial even before he became the heavyweight champion.

Now does all this prove that the stories about the difficulties of screen acting are applesauce? Or do these athletes, by some miracu-



The fantastic earrings favored by all the girls nowadays lead one to wonder just what they will dangle from their ears next.

in Review

inspected for your benefit.

Lusk



Richard Barthelmess regains his old form in "The Patent Leather Kid," a finely directed story of a conceited prize fighter who is ennobled by the war.

shown in order to achieve completeness of the subject. This makes for impressiveness, but not for emotional response, unless you are more interested in the performances of airplanes than in human beings.

The players are earnest and their appeal in other pictures is well known. Clara Bow, however, is scarcely credible as the lone driver of an ambulance—our irresponsible, adolescent Clara! The driver of an ambulance of rag dolls, perhaps, but not of wounded men. Nor is it possible to believe that Buddy won the war.

Pursuit of *Napoleon's* Papers.

Not in months has Rod La Rocque had so congenial a rôle as comes his way in "The Fighting Eagle." With the exception of "Resurrection," he has never had so good a picture. It should not be missed, particularly if you like gay and fairly plausible romance in a Napoleonic setting—a period infrequently seen on the screen, though every actor yearns to play *Bonaparte* in one phase or another of the Corsican's career. However, Mr. La Rocque does not attempt that. He is *Etienne Gerard,* a patriotic country youth whose eagerness to serve the emperor intrigues the fancy of the *Countess de Launay, Napoleon's* spy, who obtains for him a commission in a crack regiment and uses him to assist her in circumventing the enemy. During this association they fall in love, and in the end, after *Etienne* has incurred the displeasure of the emperor and is about to be shot, all ends in bliss.

The story is not the most intricate ever seen, but there's enough of it, and it's not without suspense, either. But what counts for more is Mr. La Rocque's brilliant characterization, beginning with the awkwardness of *Etienne,* his development into a swaggering braggart, and the courage underlying his boastfulness. You accept him as a human being, to laugh at, to like in spite of his failings, to admire and to forgive. He is a real creation of which any actor might be proud, but somehow he is not to be thought of apart from Mr. La Rocque. The latter's lightness of mood, as well as sound skill, seem to have been maturing for this rôle.

For that matter, the entire cast is excellent. It is a novelty to find Phyllis Haver in the furbelows of a French countess embroiled in plot and counterplot, but she acquits herself well, even though the character makes slight demands on her ability as a comédienne.

A Grateful Bootlegger.

John Gilbert makes a hero of a bootlegger in "Twelve Miles Out," a free and easy adaptation of the play of that name. Admirers of Mr. Gilbert would find him heroic if he played *Nero,* so the success of this picture is assured because he is in it.

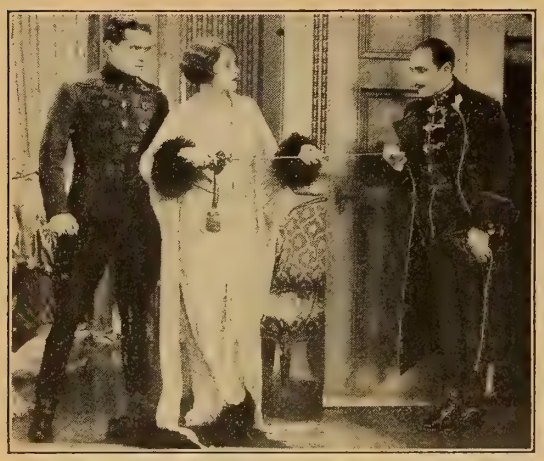
He is *Jerry Fay,* who trafficks in liquor on the high seas, with a sweetheart in every port, and all the rest of it. The early part of the picture is given over to his various water-front exploits. Not until he invades a Long Island home and abducts Joan Crawford, a society girl, and her weak-kneed fiancé, Edward Earle, does the picture become tense. The majority of the action occurs aboard *Jerry's* schooner. He repels and fascinates the girl by his ruthlessness and braggadocio, and incidentally shows up her craven fiancé. The appearance of his old enemy and rival, *Red McCue,* considerably quickens interest at this point, for *Red* discovers the girl and determines to take her away from *Jerry.* The bootlegger banters and temporizes to save her until at a critical moment revenue officers appear, fire on the boat, and in the mêlée *Jerry* is mortally wounded. He dies in the girl's arms, with an ultra-sentimental caption telling us how happy he is to have known a noble woman, or words to that effect.

"Twelve Miles Out" is not an important contribution to the artistry of the silent drama, but it is racy, at times gripping, and Ernest Torrence, as *Red,* is magnificently capable of his difficult rôle. As before mentioned, Mr. Gilbert will please his admirers, who will find no cause for complaint in his conscious picturesqueness, his tense poses, and his standardized stares.

Amusing Troubles of Twins.

It is doubtful if twin brothers ever caused complications to equal those in "Adam and Evil," but twins have ever been active in fiction and on the stage and screen, so who is to object to them now? Rarely has the physical resemblance of brothers been employed to greater advantage than in the new farce. It is quick-witted comedy, deft, rather daring at times, and always amusing. Without the polish of the Lubitsch farces, which it somehow recalls, it is speedier and more direct in its attack upon one's susceptibility to laughter.

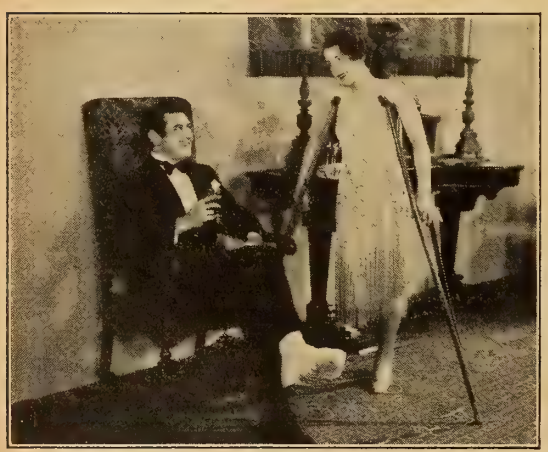
Instead of bewailing thinness of plot, here is a case where it is too complicated to recount! Enough to say that Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle are a typical married couple from whose love time has rubbed off the bloom. She nags and is suspicious, he is selfish and—but every wife will recognize his failings. He is spied by a gold digger who insists that he is his twin, and will not take no for an answer. The twin arrives in town



"The Stolen Bride."



"The Fighting Eagle."



"After Midnight."



"Painting the Town."

and the climax comes when Lew sends him to make love to the gold digger, not knowing that his wife is occupying the hotel room assigned to the girl.

Lew Cody plays both rôles, of course, and plays them with all the resources of the supreme *farceur,* while Miss Pringle shines with especial luster in the scenes where, piqued and jealous, she assumes the airs of the vampire but finds her husband's twin too ardent a lover. Gwen Lee is amusingly convincing as the gold digger, and the whole picture bristles with clever points and sallies.

Something New About the War.

A new note in war dramas is struck by "Barbed Wire," based on Hall Caine's novel "The Woman of Knockaloe," with Pola Negri the star. A French peasant girl falls in love with a German prisoner interned in her village, and at a court-martial testifies against one of her countrymen to save *Oskar.* For this she is reviled by the townspeople, and when peace is declared and she is about to leave with *Oskar,* her brother returns, blinded. His calmness in the face of great affliction softens the hearts of those who would have none of his sister, and eventually quiet is restored.

All this is superbly pictured and is a new side light on the war. Clive Brook, as *Oskar,* surpasses all his previous rôles in this grimly tragic portrayal of a man who is as much distraught by the love that comes to him, as *Mona* is when she realizes she loves a man she should hate. The late Einar Hansen, whose last picture this is, found his best opportunity as *The Brother,* and his performance will not be forgotten. Pola Negri's commanding presence dominates, because she is scarcely ever off the screen, but she does not suggest the emotional peasant. She is more the calculating actress—as well as an accomplished one, particularly in a gripping scene where she is cheered and acclaimed by the German soldiers for saving one of their number from death.

Mother Wakes Up.

In "The Satin Woman" Mrs. Wallace Reid makes another of her intermittent appearances. The picture is her best in a long, long time. It is one of those independent productions the fans hear a great deal about, meaning that it is not sponsored by one of the larger companies, and therefore will probably not be seen at the most glittering "palaces." Oddly enough, it is far more entertaining than many of these, and has a first-rate cast which includes Rockcliffe Fellowes, Alice White, John Miljan, Laska Winter, Buddy Post, Gladys Brockwell, and Ethel Wales.

Mrs. Reid has the rôle of a wife and mother who neglects her family for the social whirl. Her awakening comes when her husband strays—and settles a generous income upon her. Some years later she is seen with her daughter, now grown, at a Florida resort. The girl is a self-willed flapper—Alice White—who flaunts her infatuation for a dancer at the hotel, whom she expects to marry. So mother steps in, arrays herself seductively, and becomes daughter's rival.

This has been done before on the screen—oh, many, many times. But it is done well, with the maximum of suspense, good acting, and handsome settings and gowns. The end comes too suddenly and it is rather machine-made, but it doesn't lessen the moviesque entertainment of "The Satin Woman." Mrs. Reid's performance is notable for restraint and good taste, and her costumes are gorgeous. For a picture that isn't likely to be ballyhooed, this will surprise you.

A Comedian Runs Wild.

In "Painting the Town" is seen the irritating spectacle of a young, energetic and talented comedian overflowing the entire picture. The effect makes you think that the director so enjoyed the antics of the young man that he stood by, let him do as he pleased, and left the other players to fare as best they might. The comedian is Glenn Tryon, who is not without his good points, but they do not include restraint or the least inkling of when to lay off. He simply got his chance after years of waiting and decided not to let a foot of film get by without stamping his impress upon it. When he released a mechanical mouse in an office and

the girls leaped onto the desks while he guffawed at his cleverness, it was enough for me. But devotion to duty kept me to the end. Now, my feeling is that I have seen more of Glenn Tryon than any other person on the screen.

There is no story to excuse the picture, but the characters are given names, as usual, so all that remains is to explain them. *Hector Whitmore* is a smart-aleck inventor whose tricks have never found a market Some won't wonder why! He meets *Patsy de Veau,* of the "Follies," pursues her to the city, appears in every scene thereafter, and through a ruse on her part sells an invention to the fire commissioner. Though *Patsy* is on the crest of the wave, professionally speaking, she resides in a hotel with but one bath to a floor, which she visits in a garment of ostrich feathers. After shedding her robe, she finds *Hector* under the shower. "Painting the Town" is that kind of a picture; and Patsy Ruth Miller, ambitious for "colorful" rôles, draws this one to show us what she means.

If You Believe It, It's So.

A beautiful lady is paid to snare the crown prince If you can't guess what happens, then you may as well go to the foot of cinema class. On the other hand, if you are just becoming aware of the great world of make-believe found in the movies, it is possible that you don't know what happens—what always does happen: beautiful lady can't go through with her bargain, because beautiful lady falls in love with crown prince. And you see her crush her pearls to symbolize the meaningless of everything less than true love. This, then, is the picture entitled "Paid to Love." It is rather entertaining for one reason or another. To some it will be a riot of enjoyment; others will perchance sob when *Crown Prince Michael* upbraids poor *Gaby* for her seeming deception, and a smaller group will just shake their heads.

Savonia, another mythical kingdom run on the lines of comic opera, is the scene of the story, which has *Michael* a prince indifferent to the love he might easily have, whereas *Eric,* his cousin, cannot get enough. The ancient expedient of having the latter's eyelids flutter at the passing ankles of a maid is used to make this clear. *Gaby,* the dancer, promises to coquette with *Michael* for a price, but some one is careless and she mistakes *Eric* for her man.

All this is nothing to think about after you have seen it, but it will not prove dull to the majority, especially because of the favorites in the cast, of whom William Powell, as the villainous *Eric,* is easily the best. George O'Brien, the *Crown Prince* beloved of *Gaby,* depicts a wholesome young American unaccustomed to fancy uniforms. Virginia Valli's well-bred distinction is not that of a lady who is probably described somewhere in the subtitles as "the toast of Europe." But it cannot be denied that the players satisfy the requirements of this sort of fiction.

Juvenilia.

Richard Dix has a pretty juvenile story in "Man Power," which no one outside a lunatic asylum could believe, but which is made interesting by good direction and the work of Dix. As *Tom Roberts,* he makes his first appearance in a small town as a tramp—that is, he arrives in a box car, with one suit, no shave, and a war record. At the exit of the picture he has won the adolescent heiress, conquered a tractor owned by her father, and saved the town from a bursting dam. All of which is nonsense, but which by the rules of the movies will bring pleasure to many. Mary Brian is the girl, much too youthful to be paired off with a husky like Dix, and by many she is thought to act well.

More Sinned Against Than Sinning.

"Madame Pompadour" is a British National picture, which means that it was filmed abroad with an unfamiliar cast save for Dorothy Gish, in the title rôle, and Antonio Moreno. It is colorful, handsomely costumed, and admirably acted. Purporting to tell the story of Madame Pompadour, an ornamental if not quite moral lady attached to the court of King Louis XV, it succeeds in presenting a fictitious version of her career. No one will mind

Continued on page 100



"Adam and Evil."



"Twelve Miles Out."



"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."



"Madame Pompadour."

Through the

The players are glimpsed by the camera

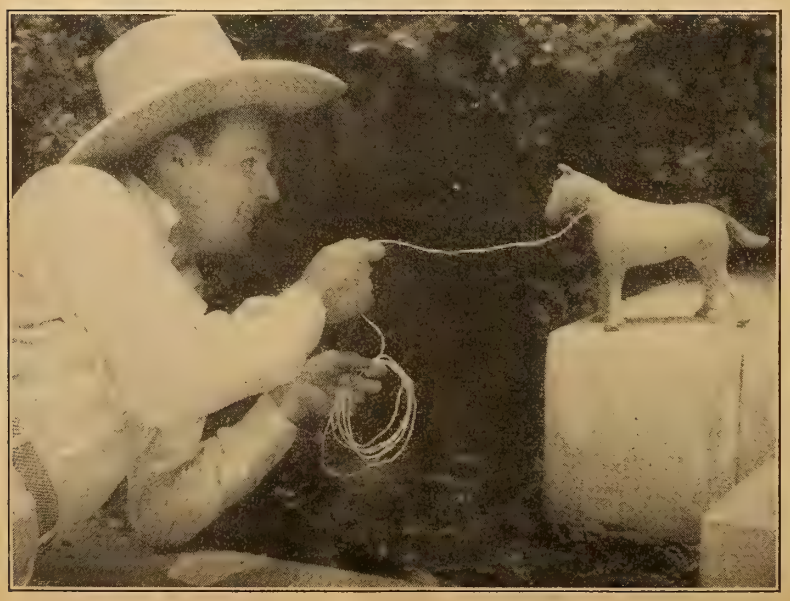


Dorothy Sebastian, above, takes her grandmother's patchwork quilt and converts it into a snappy little vest as gayly colored as Joseph's coat.

Lane Chandler, below, one of Paramount's new Western stars, improves the shining hour with a little lariat practice at home.

The two bathing beauties below are Gertrude Ederle and Bebe Daniels. The girl who swam the English Channel simply couldn't resist the title of Bebe's picture, "Swim, Girl, Swim," so she accepted a rôle in that film.







The Spanish señorita above may be recognized as Gertrude Olmsted in her rôle for "Buttons," and if you look closely, you will discover that the tame rooster is none other than Roy d'Arcy.



Marjorie Marlowe, right, is the latest lively recruit to Christie comedies, and has already won a personality contest in that town where personality counts nothing else but.

Camera's Eye

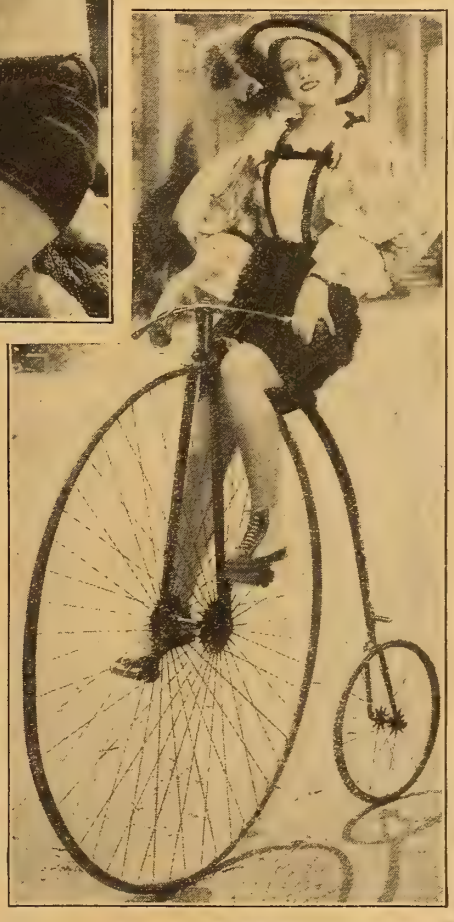
here and there about the movie town.



We never noticed it before, but my goodness, don't Gilbert Roland and Ramon Novarro, above, look just like brothers?



Norma Shearer, left, was voted the favorite screen actress of the senior classes of both Princeton and Columbia University, so she diplomatically roots for both of them.



Left, Barbara Worth impersonates a fair bicycler of long ago, but horrors! are those knees we see? And bare ones, too! We're sure such a thing as a knee hadn't even been heard of in those far-away days.

Below, Mary Pickford, with a pussy willow for a baton, coaxes a bit of feline harmony from her trio of kittens.



In case you're going to Iceland, here's a chic little all-fur bathing suit to take along with you, but June Marlowe must really find it a bit warm for California.





The youthful mariner above is Sally O'Neil, out for an afternoon of boating on Lake Arrowhead.

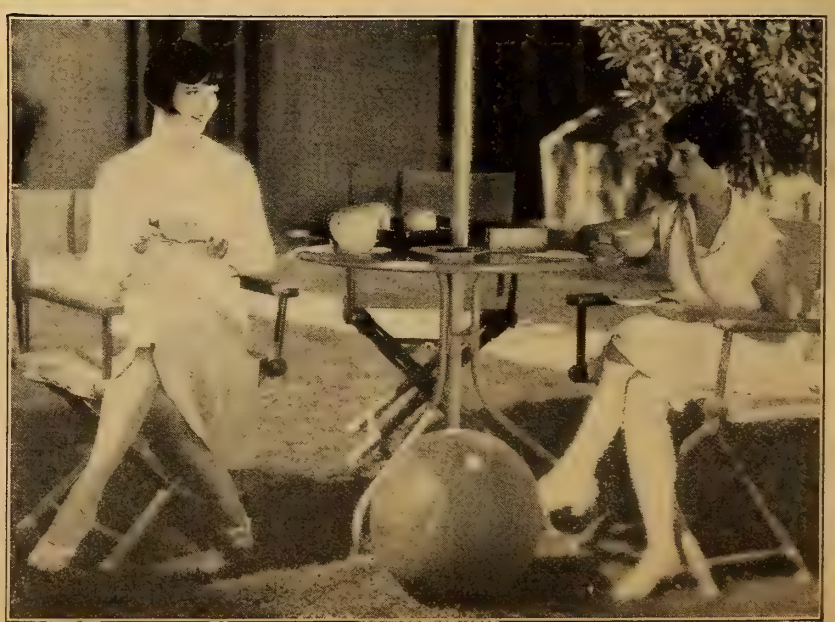


Above, Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle, and Owen Moore get into the atmosphere for "Tea for Three" by having just that—tea for three.



One, two, three, point! Polly Moran and Jackie Coogan, above, take a few nimble steps between scenes of "Buttons."

Right, Louise Brooks and her kid sister have tea together on the shady lawn of Louise's Hollywood home.





A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto.*

"Fire Brigade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A real thriller about firemen and fires. Don't miss it. Charlie Ray is his old, lovable self as a boy fireman in love with a millionaire's daughter—May McAvoy.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenius comedy of browbeaten younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Rough Riders, The"—Paramount. Interesting picture built round Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American War, and interwoven with the simple, human love story of a girl and two soldiers—Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack, and Charles Farrell.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian waif whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Haines as a wise-cracking Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neil as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountaineers themselves enacting the simple but intensely interesting story.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"Way of All Flesh, The"—Paramount. Emil Jannings' first American film. Simple, human story revealing the star at his best in a tragically pathetic rôle. Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver, and Donald Keith.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Alias the Deacon"—Universal. Jean Hersholt in rôle of lovable crook who poses as a deacon and is instrumental in bringing together the two young people of the film—June Marlowe and Ralph Graves.

"All Aboard"—First National. Fast Johnny Hines comedy of an acrobatic shoe clerk who somehow lands in the Arabian desert and saves the heroine, Edna Murphy, from a sheik.

"Annie Laurie" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in mildly interesting picture based on the ancient feud between two Scotch clans. Norman Kerry is the blustering hero.

"Cabaret"—Paramount. Gilda Gray in sure-fire film of a dancer who foils the villain, saves her erring brother from jail, and captures the heart of the detective—Tom Moore.

"Callahans and the Murphys, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining sure-fire film of Irish brawls and reconciliations, notable chiefly for the comedy of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

"Camille"—First National. Norma Talmadge lovely in unconvincing modern version of Dumas' tragic love tale. Gilbert Roland shines in romantic rôle of *Armand.*

"Captain Salvation" — Metro-Goldwyn. Somber film of religious bigotry in New England of the '40s, and subsequent sinister happenings on board a convict ship. Lars Hanson, Pauline Starke, and Marceline Day.

"Casey at the Bat"—Paramount. Wallace Beery in amusing film of baseball in the '90s, with Zasu Pitts as the home-town milliner who wins the heart of our hero.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"Children of Divorce"—Paramount. A high-society film dealing with the unhappy lives of three children of divorced couples. Lots of plot and excellent cast, headed by Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, and Gary Cooper.

"Convoy"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill in secret-service melodrama of a society girl who sacrifices herself to save the United States navy, only to be spurned by every one and clapped into jail. Lawrence Gray and William Collier, Jr.

"Cradle Snatchers"—Fox. Louise Fazenda is the ringleader in boisterous farce of three neglected middle-aged wives who hire three college boys to make their husbands jealous.

"Dearie"—Warner. Tale of a mother who secretly sings in a night club in order to put her snobbish son through college. Irene Rich and William Collier, Jr.

"Easy Pickings"—First National. Mystery film, with Anna Q. Nilsson in rôle of a "boy" crook who turns out to be a long-missing heiress. Kenneth Harlan is the gentleman hero.

"Evening Clothes" — Paramount. Adolphe Menjou in mildly diverting story of a bankrupt Parisian boulevardier who, when his creditors permit him to keep one suit of clothes, chooses evening dress. Virginia Valli and Louise Brooks.

"Fashions for Women"—Paramount. Gay Parisian farce revealing Esther Ralston in a dual rôle and an array of beautiful clothes. Einar Hansen and Raymond Hatton.

"First Auto, The"—Warner. Melodrama, laid in the '90s, of a father's estrangement from his son because of the son's ardor for the newly invented horseless carriage. Charles Emmett Mack and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Frisco Sally Levy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sally O'Neil in amusing comedy featuring the intimate home life of a family headed by an Irish mother and a Jewish father.

"Hills of Kentucky"—Warner. Rin-Tin-Tin again in a film well worth seeing. Tale of wild dog tamed by a child's kindness. Dorothy Dwan and Jason Robards.

"Is Zat So?"—Fox. Featuring the comic results when a down-and-out prize fighter and his manager—George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe—temporarily act as butler and second man in a Fifth Avenue mansion.

"King of Kings, The"—Producers Distributing. Sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ. H. B. Warner dignified and restrained in central rôle. Cast includes Jacqueline Logan, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, and Rudolph Schildkraut. (Continued on page 117)

In Wally's Memory

Wallace Reid's fans did not rest until they had organized their enthusiasm and justified their loyalty by planning a permanent memorial to him in a great cathedral.

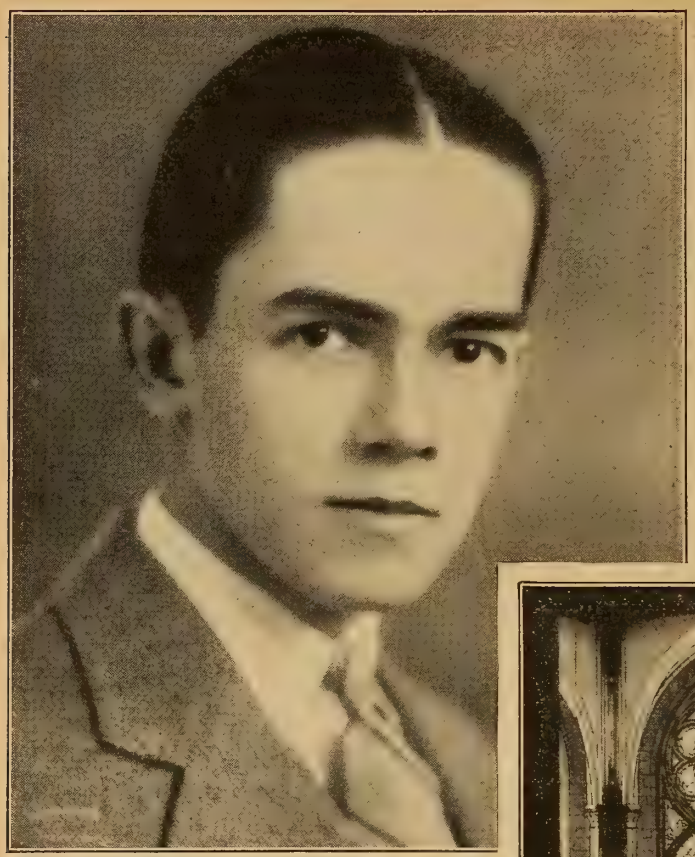


Photo by Brooks

Ray E. Harris directed the activities of the club from the start and conceived the idea of a memorial.

THOSE who decry the enthusiasm of fans, or question the practicality of fan clubs, need only hear the story of the Wallace Reid Memorial Association to reverse their opinion and to admire the enthusiasm back of its inception, as well as the ambitious form that enthusiasm has lately taken.

They will learn that through the earnest efforts of a single fan, a far-reaching club was formed, with headquarters at 3625 R Street, Washington, D. C., and through the further efforts of this fan, a movement has been started to erect a bay in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, in memory of Wallace Reid.

The fan is Ray E. Harris, a college student, who started the club shortly after the actor's death, with only a few members, hardly any funds and scarcely any channels of publicity. To-day there are more than two thousand members scattered throughout the world.

Once the decision was made to erect a permanent memorial to the club's namesake, the project was put on a practical basis. Bishop Manning consented to the erection of a bay in the great nave of the cathedral, and the next step confronting the youthful president of the association was to enlist the support of a committee to supervise the campaign to raise funds.

His success is best judged by the names of those who have given their support to the movement. They include David Belasco, Thomas A. Edison, E. F. Albee, Cecil DeMille, Daniel Frohman, Jesse L. Lasky, Carl Laemmle, S. L. Rothafel, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Elsie Janis, Alice Brady, and Mrs. Bertha Westbrook Reid.

The actual work in connection with the drive is being handled by a committee at the cathedral, with the contributions in the custody of the president of a leading trust company in New York.

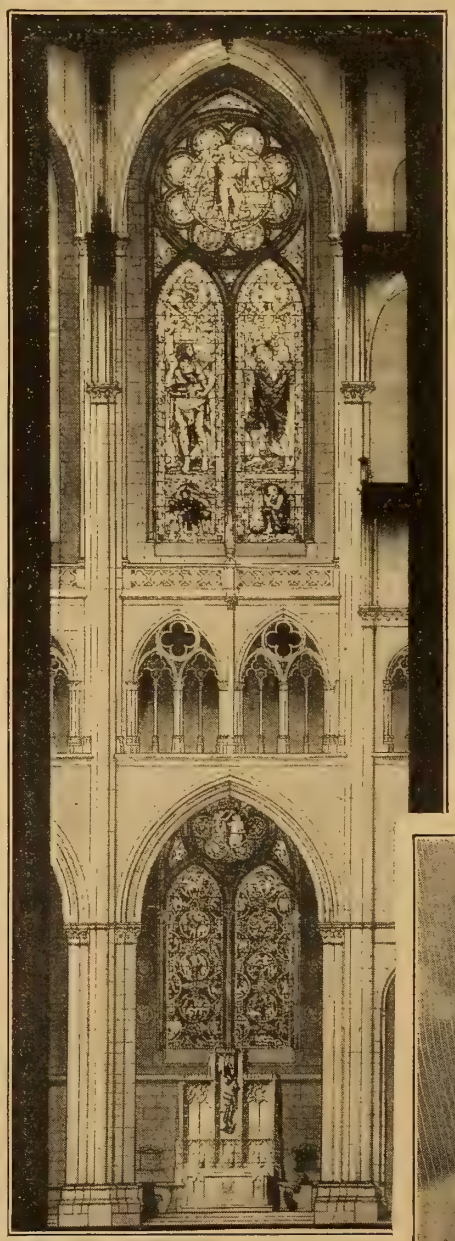
The total cost of the bay is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but this large amount does not lessen the hopes of those whose enthusiasm is responsible for the most concrete plan yet formed to perpetuate the memory of a screen star.

The determination, executive ability, and sound judgment displayed by Ray E. Harris will make the memorial no less a tribute to Wallace Reid than to the finest qualities of American youth, and the enthusiasm which unites fans the world over.

Already this enthusiasm has extended beyond the membership of the association, and voluntary contributions have begun to come in from admirers who have not forgotten Wallace Reid and are eager to add their bit.

Benefit performances are expected to be held in various cities this fall, under the auspices of city officials.

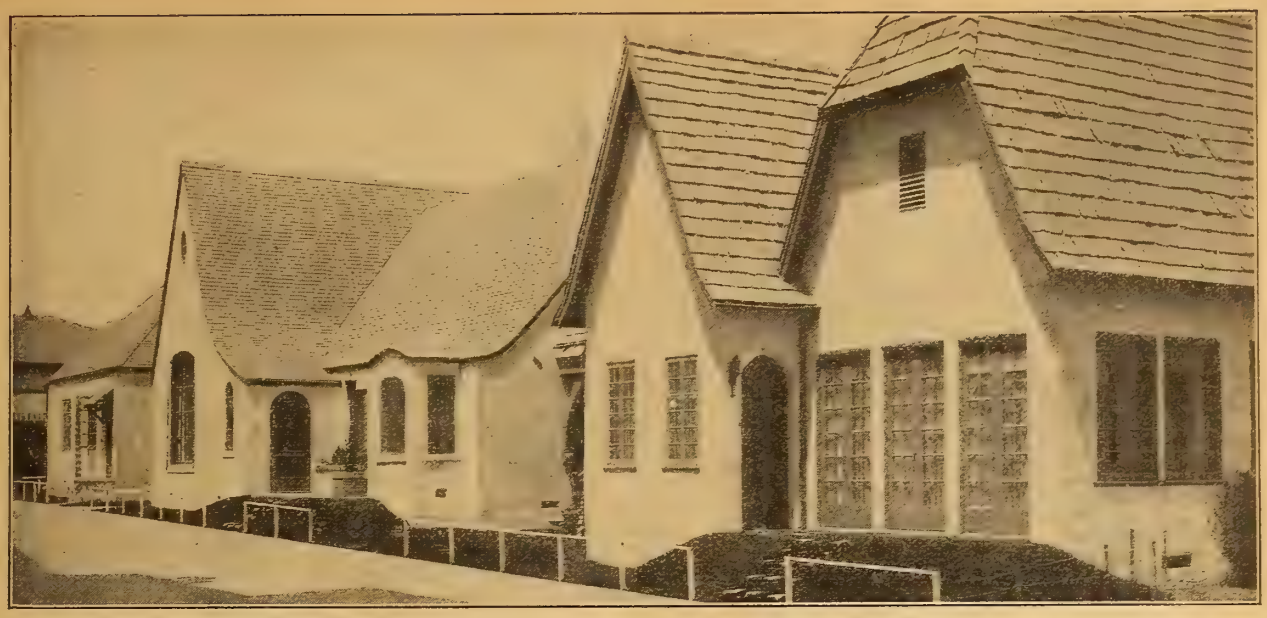
All this indicates the successful functioning of a carefully built plan rather than the results merely of fan ardor.



The proposed bay in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.



Wallace Reid.



It is in these little houses that Doug and Mary, the Talmadge sisters, John Barrymore, Gloria Swanson and Corinne Griffith apply their make-up and spend their spare moments on the days when they are working.

Where the Aristocrats Powder their Noses

The little row of bungalows on the United Artists lot where the élite of filmdom dress and make up for their pictures are the most de luxe studio quarters in Hollywood, being almost as luxuriously equipped as the stars' own homes.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

THEY call it "The Street of the Stars." It consists of only three bungalows, with a fourth in the making, and is on the United Artists lot. It is one of the most exclusive spots in Hollywood. Its population consists of five celebrated young women, two celebrated men, three dogs, an equal number of cats, a monkey, a parrot, and a flock of canary birds. In addition, there are secretaries and a retinue of soft-treading servants. And quiet!

Bungalow No. 1 is the studio quarters of Norma and Constance Talmadge; bungalow No. 2, of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Bungalow No. 3 is a duplex, housing John Barrymore in one apartment and Corinne Griffith in the other. Bungalow No. 4 is at this writing in course of construction for Gloria Swanson. At the end of the street is a building containing Doug's private quarters.

How are they furnished? How do they look on the inside? Are they workshops or rest rooms? Do these great actors and actresses reflect their artistic tastes and ideas in the finishings of their studio quarters? What does one find inside—an atmosphere of concentration, or of joyful relaxation?

The comfortably furnished living room in John Barrymore's studio bungalow offers him a pleasant retreat from the Kleigs.



The Talmadge bungalow is furnished in tones of amber and jade, with touches of pale lavender, giving the general impression of springtime. It consists of a reception hall, lounge, dressing room, dining alcove, and kitchen. In the lounge is a deep fireplace, before which sits a huge, angular, crackled-china cat. Amber satin prevails in the lounge furnishings, including a restful couch, chairs and a writing desk. There are a few choice books and some current magazines. There is a look of comfortable disarray such as one finds in a room that is used.

In the dressing room there are many windows, with the chintz curtains of delicate green and yellow carrying out the impression of spring. There are two dressing tables and two high chests of drawers, one for Norma, facing west, and the other, for Constance, facing south. There are innumerable bottles of imported perfumes and alluring cosmetics, a phonograph, a chaise longue, chairs, and a deep wardrobe filled with gowns, wraps, costumes, and rows and rows of shoes.

The kitchen is completely

Where the Aristocrats Powder their Noses



Here is where Mary Pickford rests between scenes, and beyond is a glimpse of the dining room where the star has her lunch.

equipped, from the typical California cooler and gas range to the crisp, ruffled Swiss curtains. Here luncheon is prepared for the Talmadge sisters whenever they are at work at the studio. Adroit questioning brought forth the information that Norma's favorite lunch consists of avocado salad and spinach, while Constance takes whatever is ready, provided there is plenty of it.

And John Barrymore's bungalow? It reminds one of old Florence—time-stained woods, somber tones, relieved by deep rich crimsons and the indescribable blue that spells Italy, tarnished gilt picture frames, and bits of priceless tapestry. There are three rare old Hogarth prints; a wall bookcase, in which are glimpsed several first editions; a sketch of Barrymore by James Montgomery Flagg; gilded angels from some Florentine shrine; a picturesquely scarred and jagged portion of an Old World choir window; a Venetian mirror, blurred and stained, and lavishly decorated with glass leaves and flowers; an original painting by Robert Reid; photographs of Barrymore as *Richard III.* and *Hamlet;* a handsome old suit of armor, headpiece and all; a quaint old example of chenille work, representing an English rural scene; a photograph of Mr. Barrymore with his baby Diana in his arms; and Mr. Barrymore's illustration for a poem written by his wife, Michael Strange.

His dressing room contains an electric phonograph, a desk, where his secretary attends to the innumerable affairs of a world-famous man, and a large dressing table. The phonograph records show a varied taste, ranging from Wagner and DeBussy to the most recent jazz.

Norma Talmadge before her mirror in the gay dressing room of the bungalow that she and Constance share.



Outside a window of this room is a large cage where Clementina, Mr. Barrymore's monkey, lives. Clementina chatters excitedly when her adored master enters the room, and usually shows a fine disregard for her figure, eating large bananas about a third the size of herself. In this respect she does not follow the example of her illustrious owner, who eats sparingly.

The dressing room also contains a very interesting map made by Mr. Barrymore when he was spending a vacation in the Bermudas. It imitates the antique mariners' maps depicting all the flora, fauna, reefs, and shoals. A cherished possession of Mr. Barrymore's is a copy of the *Boston Investigator,* dated October 26, 1832, with an advertisement in it of the play, "Trial by Battle," in which his mother, Mrs. Maurice Barrymore, was playing the leading rôle.

The kitchen of the Barrymore bungalow is fully equipped for the light lunches he eats—if he eats at all. As a rule, two meals a day are all he indulges in.

Corinne Griffith's apartment consists of a large reception room, a dressing room with bath and shower, and a kitchen. The reception room is simply furnished in tones of soft gray, rose, and dull gold, and contains a deep chaise longue, a comfortable couch, and inviting chairs. There are books, magazines, and bowls of flowers. And on the day I was there, I saw two tiny, snow-white kittens curled up in a bassinet.

The dressing room is of the same color scheme as the lounge. In addition to a dressing table, there is a full-length triple mirror with electric bulbs up and down the

Continued on page 96

Begging Shakespeare's Pardon

Richard Arlen begs to differ with the man who said there was nothing in a name, for no sooner had Dick changed his cognomen from Van Mattimore to Arlen than his luck changed also.

By Ann Sylvester



Photo by Richee

Dick's change of name brought him luck in love as well as on the screen, and he is now happily married to Jobyna Ralston.

I DON'T know whether or not there is anything in numerology, but I do believe there is something in names. A rose by another name might smell just as sweet, but it certainly wouldn't sound so pretty.

This is the story of a name—a couple of names, to be exact—and a young man who belonged to both of them. How he came to change from one to the other, and what the change resulted in, comprises the lesson for to-day.

Seven years ago, a young man named Richard van Mattimore landed in Hollywood with plenty of money and no desire to go into the movies. Recently, you probably saw him on the screen opposite Louise Brooks in "Rolled Stockings" as Richard Arlen. Pretty soon, if not already, you are going to see him in "Wings" under the same name. We get to all that in time.

Mr. van Mattimore came to Los Angeles from Texas on his way to the Orient. He was the son of a rich St. Paul family, and having delved into every fad that happened to catch his fancy—from way up in the sky in the aviation corps to way down in the oil wells in Texas—he had decided to travel. It was his plan to make leisurely stop-overs at interesting places en route, and Los Angeles was the first stop. After the Texas heat that he had been enduring, Los Angeles was to Mr. van Mattimore not only cool but interesting. He rented himself a little bungalow in the Hollywood hills for a month or two, and settled down to enjoy the life of the city.



His rôle in "Wings" is the best he has had thus far, and should do a lot toward putting him over.

He was young and handsome. He enjoyed a prosperous bank account. Was there any reason why such a young man should not make friends quickly in The City of the Angels? His hospitality was unlimited, and he was a great fellow, so the hangers-on at the various movie studios made friends with him.

Why didn't he go into pictures, they asked, time after time, as they sat about drinking his refreshments and eating his food. He shrugged his shoulders at the idea. But day after day and night after night, all he heard was movie talk from his new friends. In time he began to be interested. A few of the boys who dropped up to see him did extra work and, more for the laugh of it than anything else, he let them get him a couple of jobs in the movies. He and his friends used to arrive in style at the studio in a swanky car that Dick had rented for the duration of his stay, and they always lunched at the best restaurants at Dick's expense. His salary for the day didn't half cover what he spent on his friends.

He had been working in pictures almost no time at all when he was offered the male lead in an independent production called "Vengeance of the Deep." Can you imagine such luck? His back-slapping friends simply couldn't get over such a break. Dick never got over it, either. He sailed away with the company to Honolulu, where the exteriors were to be shot, and it is unfortunate to record that when they reached Honolulu, a most embarrassing situation developed. It seemed that the producer of the romance was just out of money. He had a story, a staff, a cast, and a deep love of art in his soul, but no cash in his pockets. He came to Dick, spreading his hands and weeping. What to do? What to do? Dick reached for his check book. It cost him $12,000 to get the company out of Honolulu and back to Hollywood. The picture had been well named.

The sudden output of so much money left Dick low when he got back to Los Angeles, and then everything seemed to go wrong. Some investments he had counted on turned out badly—his people were not in sympathy with his movie career—and the bottom all at once

Continued on page 104

Nothing But the Truth

An illusion is shattered—Anna May Wong, favorite Chinese film star, is discovered to be a native American, but after a delightful interview with her, you find you don't mind, after all. And besides, her parents are Chinese.

By Virginia Morris

WE realize that you may not like it, but we're going to tell the truth about Anna May Wong. You may expect us to say that we found her burning incense before a fat Buddha, or doing an Oriental turn in two strings of beads and a veil. Or you may expect us to announce that we wormed from her the secret that she was a real Chinese princess.

Well, we're not going to tell you any such thing. Anna May Wong has never even been to China, and you might just as well know it right now. Moreover, she has seen New York's Chinatown only from a taxicab, and she doesn't wear a mandarin coat. If you met her on the street you'd never take her for a Hollywood star—she's more like a college student, with her severely tailored black suit, her mannish shirtwaist, and her floppy black felt hat.

Her English is faultless. Her conversation consists of scintillating chatter that any flapper might envy. Her sense of humor is thoroughly American. She didn't eat rice when she and I lunched together, and she distinctly impressed it upon the waiter to bring her coffee, *not* tea.

We were lunching in her suite in a New York hotel. Gaping wardrobe trunks and traveling bags were receiving wearing apparel from her deft hands in a frenzy of last-minute packing.

"I decided only an hour ago to take this afternoon's train back West," she announced. "You see, a wire came confirming my selection for the rôle of the Indian girl in 'Rose Marie,' and I must rush back for the start of the film."

The possibility of arranging for a stage début under the management of Gilbert Miller had brought her to New York a week before—that and the New York première of "Old San Francisco," at which she made a personal appearance. During that week she had done all the things that first visitors to New York are expected to do—she had visited the Woolworth Tower, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, a Harlem night club and a few theaters.

In spite of her apparently thorough Americanization, Anna May was raised to respect the rigid conventionalities of the Chinese and she loves their traditions. Her father is a native of China, but he migrated to Los Angeles when he was a boy. Since then he has been in business in that city.

"Does he live with you?" we asked.

"I live with *him!*" she corrected.

My inquiry as to whether there were any other children brought the response, "A whole dynasty of them. Three brothers, all in business. Three sisters who work on the screen. All my sisters did bits in 'Old San Francisco.'"

The full-fledged star of the house of Wong went into pictures when she was little over fifteen. Ever since she had been old enough to sneak away from home for afternoons at the movies she had been an ardent fan. Then the proximity of the studios lured her and she hung around casting offices until one day Marshall Neilan looked at her long enough to decide that he wanted her to do a small part in "Dinty." A few months later came her "big chance." That was the lead in "The Toll of the Sea," an adaptation of the "Madame Butterfly" story.

"That was my favorite part," said Anna. "I doubt if I'll ever have another as nice. Like most people, I guess, I like rôles that win sympathy. So-called 'sinister' rôles—and I get plenty of them—I don't like so much."

It was one of these sinister characterizations, she reminded me, that had brought her in contact with the man she considers the cleverest person in pictures, not only as an interpretive actor but also as a creative producer—Douglas Fairbanks. Fairbanks has been her friend and adviser ever since she appeared with him in "The Thief of Bagdad" as the Oriental slave girl.

Anna May Wong off screen looks quite different from her screen self. In celluloid reflection she is a petite person, fragile, tiny. In reality she appears amazingly tall, and this appearance of height adds dignity to the very definite sense of self-assurance that surrounds her. Exactly the opposite is the case with most film players. Most of them are smaller than they seem on the screen.

"Many people are surprised at my height when they first see me," she said. "My only explanation of the impression I give on the screen is that I wear low heels—or no shoes at all—before the camera. Also, nearly every one has a preconceived notion that Chinese women are small, and so unconsciously expect me to be so."

As she went on with her packing, my eyes wandered about the room. I wondered as to the source of an exquisite cluster of delicate orchids, but was too polite to ask. And there was a bottle of Parisian perfume from which she had taken a gentleman's card when she had opened the box brought by the bell boy.

We noticed other things, too—that there was no leather edition of the "Songs of Li Po" in evidence, but that there *was* a well-worn copy of Milt Gross. And another interesting detail—though her clothes were American, most of the things that she was arranging in her wardrobe trunk had a Chinese touch to them. There were tulle evening dresses ingeniously ornamented with Oriental embroidery, sport frocks cleverly adorned with a touch of the East, afternoon gowns with a bit of Asia on them somewhere.

"I love American clothes," she confessed, "but I realize that I look better if my gowns have a suggestion of China about them. And it's good business, too!"

No one can doubt that Anna May has been an efficient manager for herself. She's very young—not far over twenty—and she has the unique record of being the only actress in Hollywood who hasn't a rival in her particular line. If there's an Oriental part to be played, Anna May gets it every time. That's why she can well afford to free-lance, going from company to company, busy from one end of the year to the other. Her most recent pictures include "Mr. Wu," "Old San Francisco," and "The Chinese Parrot."

To my question of whether she longed to play in an all-Chinese production she quickly gave a negative answer.

"Surrounded by Occidentals, I attract attention," she said. "Surrounded by my own people, my work might not stand out. I've had an offer to go to Peking to work as the star of a specially organized Chinese company, but I've refused. That would be fatal to my career in this country."

[Continued on page 114]

Anna May Wong has been described as a Chinese goddess who is a darned good scout—another way of saying that she combines the appeal expected of her Oriental parentage with the straightforwardness and common sense of her American education. She has won for herself a unique position on the screen, and the impressions of her on the opposite page reveal her odd fascination.



Photo by Irving Chidnoff



Corinne Griffith, in the garden of her home in Hollywood, finds an appropriate background for her cool, unruffled loveliness, as well as certain relaxation and refreshment after a long siege before the Kleigs. Just now her responsibilities are doubled, for she is producing her own pictures, the first of which is "The Garden of Eden."

Indian Summer Days



Yola d'Avril, left, prepares for the sudden changes expected at this season with a flannel coat of futuristic pattern and simple design.



Mary Brian, above, illustrates the simplicity of good taste in a blouse of Alice-blue silk combined with a shoulder cape and skirt of woolen material in gray-and-blue plaid.



If you have an extra fox fur lying idle around the house, Miss d'Avril, right, suggests that you combine two of them as she does.



Dorothy Mackaill, left, introduces a military coat of white, ornamented with buttons of yellow bone and pipings of yellow twill.



Miss Mackaill displays, right, a smartly novel combination of black, white, and red, which may be duplicated in any materials.



Photo by Milton Browne

Ralph Forbes and Lillian Gish are first sweethearts and then husband and wife in "The Enemy," a picture that purports to show the futility as well as the inevitability of war, with the scene laid in Austria, and, in particular, in Vienna—not gay, waltzing Vienna, but a city of poverty and tears.



Photo by Russell Ball

Unimaginative indeed is the star without a polo outfit in his wardrobe! Not to be caught napping between scenes of "Man Crazy," Jack Mulhall obliges with this nonchalant study of how the really well-dressed polo hero should look.



Photo by Gene-Korman

A straight step to fame is via the route of leading lady for Harold Lloyd. Ann Christy is the newest ornament to grace that pedestal, with emulation of Bebe Daniels and Jobyna Ralston no doubt ever before her.

Recommended by His Wives

Huntly Gordon's numerous screen wives tell what sort of husband they think he would make in real life, and all agree in highly recommending him.

Compiled by Dorothy Wooldridge



"Huntly Gordon is very unselfish," says Irene Rich, "and that alone should make him an ideal husband."



Betty Compson thinks he would need to be given a gentle scolding every now and then.



He would tolerate no foolishness in his wife, according to Viola Dana, yet would always be quick to forgive.



Huntly could be depended on, says Alma Rubens, to be able to deal with the most trying situations.

SCREEN husbands usually seem so charming, so gentle, so perfectly delightful. I often wonder if they don't sometimes want to go way off in the woods somewhere and just cut loose for a change.

Take Huntly Gordon, for instance, widely known portrayer of husband rôles. Huntly recently discarded his fifty-second screen wife. Yet he enthusiastically declared to me not long ago that he "still believes in women." After fifty-two experiences! It doesn't seem natural.

But what do his women think about *him?* Is he, with all the gentleness and deference he shows in films, the type that would really and truly make an adorable, delightful husband? Is the real Huntly Gordon as charming as he appears in the movies? I decided to make a few inquiries among his many screen wives to see what they think of him as a possible husband, and how they would handle him in case they were really married to him.

Here is what they told me:

GLORIA SWANSON.—I think Mr. Gordon would think long before marrying, for he is a careful man. But after he was certain, I believe nothing would ever shake his belief in his wife.

Mr. Gordon, when I worked with him, was always in such wonderful humor on the set. One couldn't help picturing what a merry companion he would be as husband. He is the sort who would make of his home a place to stay in and be happy in—not the sort who would use his house just as a place in which to eat and sleep. He would probably demand of his wife, in return, that she too make their dwelling place seem homelike.

Pola Negri fears that if he is as trusting in real life as he usually is on the screen, he might be easily imposed on by a wife.



BETTY COMPSON.—Huntly Gordon is the sort of man who would have to be given a good-natured scolding by his wife now and then—a scolding such as one would give a naughty child. He is really just a kid in many ways—mischievous to an extreme.

I believe you see a man at his very worst in the studio, for there you see him under the most trying conditions, with his nerves being constantly tested. I have seen Huntly in those surroundings for several weeks, on end, when we were working together, and I have this to say of him: I recommend him to any girl for a dependable, safe, and sane husband.

IRENE RICH.—One of the first things I look for in a man is unselfishness—a trait that is rare in men. Mr. Gordon is very unselfish, and that alone should make him a thoughtful, lovable husband. He has been my screen husband many times, so I ought to be able to judge.

VIOLA DANA.—Huntly Gordon would make a regular he-man, cave-man husband who would tolerate no foolishness on the part of his wife but who would, nevertheless, be forgiving in nature. I can't imagine him ever being cruel.

A man with such a sense of humor and with such an even temper as Huntly has should certainly make a good husband.

MARY ALDEN.—I have reached an age where I look for more than just physical handsomeness in a man. No doubt Huntly has his faults, but I should say that his good points far overbalance any bad ones he may have, and I think he might safely be recommended as a husband.

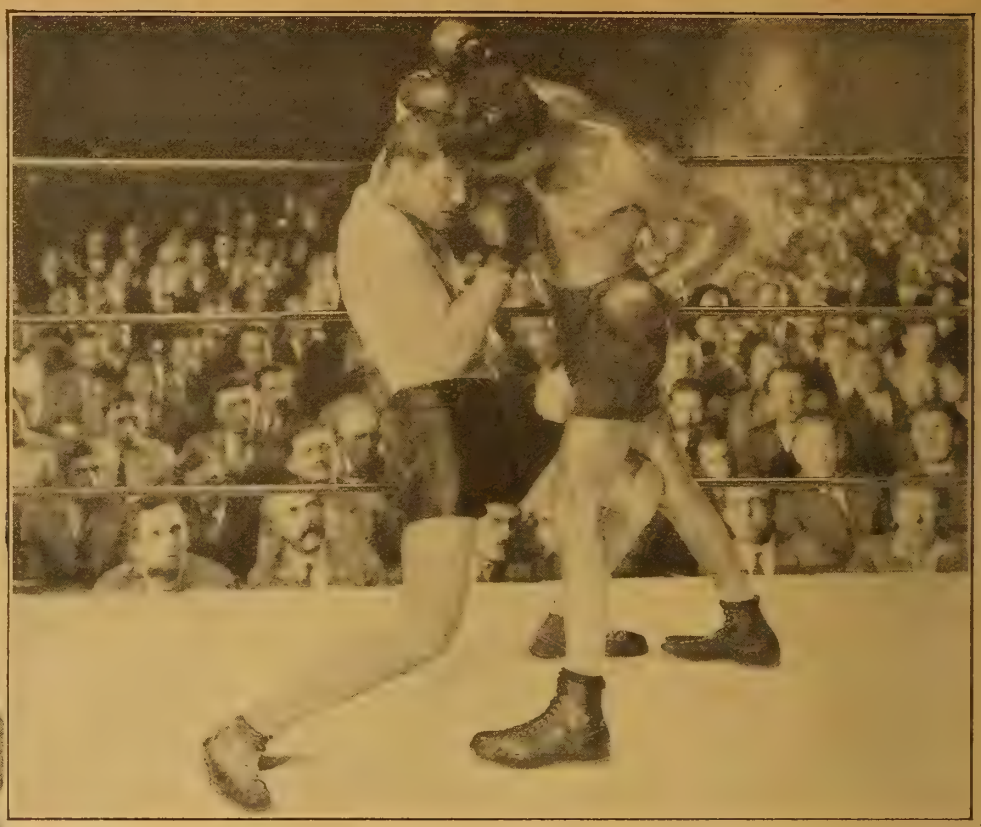
He would be tender, thoughtful and unselfish—what more could one want, asks Aileen Pringle.



AILEEN PRINGLE.—How should I know what sort of husband Huntly Gordon would make? I believe, though, that he would be good to his wife. I think he would be tender, thoughtful, and unselfish. After all, if a man can be that—and can make love wonderfully in addition—isn't he rather ideal?

ALMA RUBENS.—Mr. Gordon is always so thoughtful about little things. Then,

Continued on page 107



In "Betty's a Lady," right, Charles Ray enters the prize ring and has a terrific battle with George Magrill.

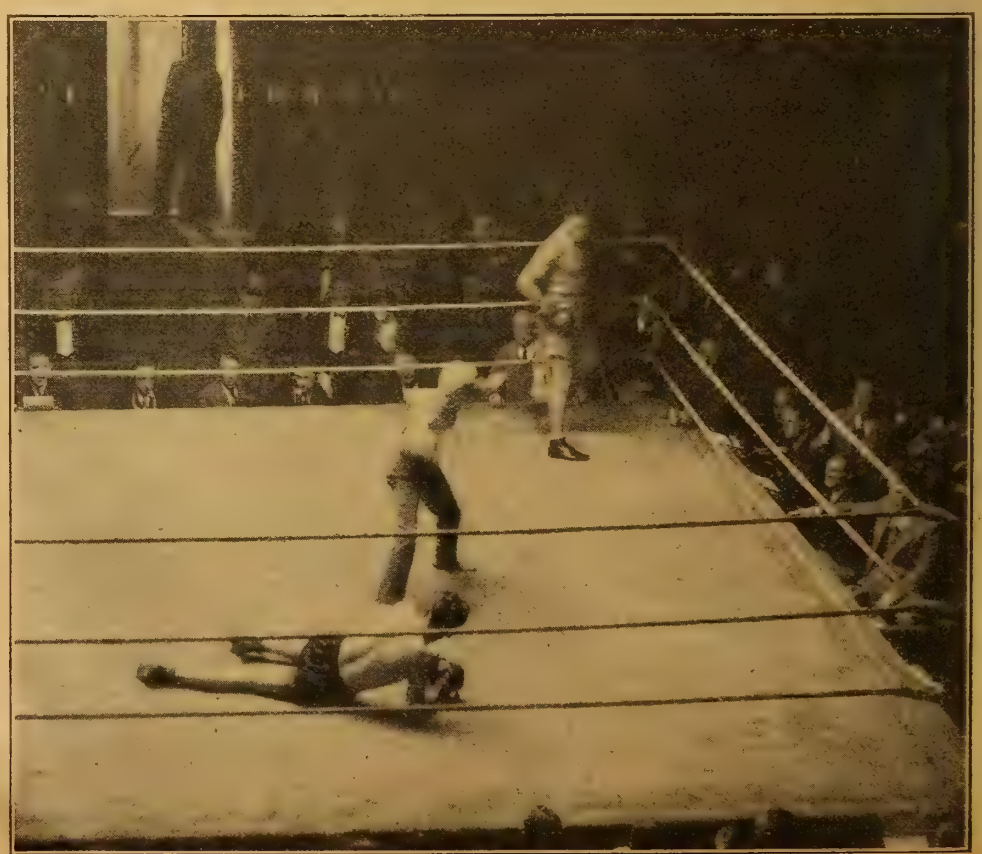


No wonder he's called "The Patent Leather Kid!" Richard Barthelmess in the film of that name faces his opponent as sleekly combed and brushed as though at the opera.

Below, the fight in "Knock-out Reilly" between Richard Dix and Jack Renault, professional heavyweight, was one of the best ever seen on the screen.

Everybody Loves

Or, at least, they seem to, for past year or so, one of the most



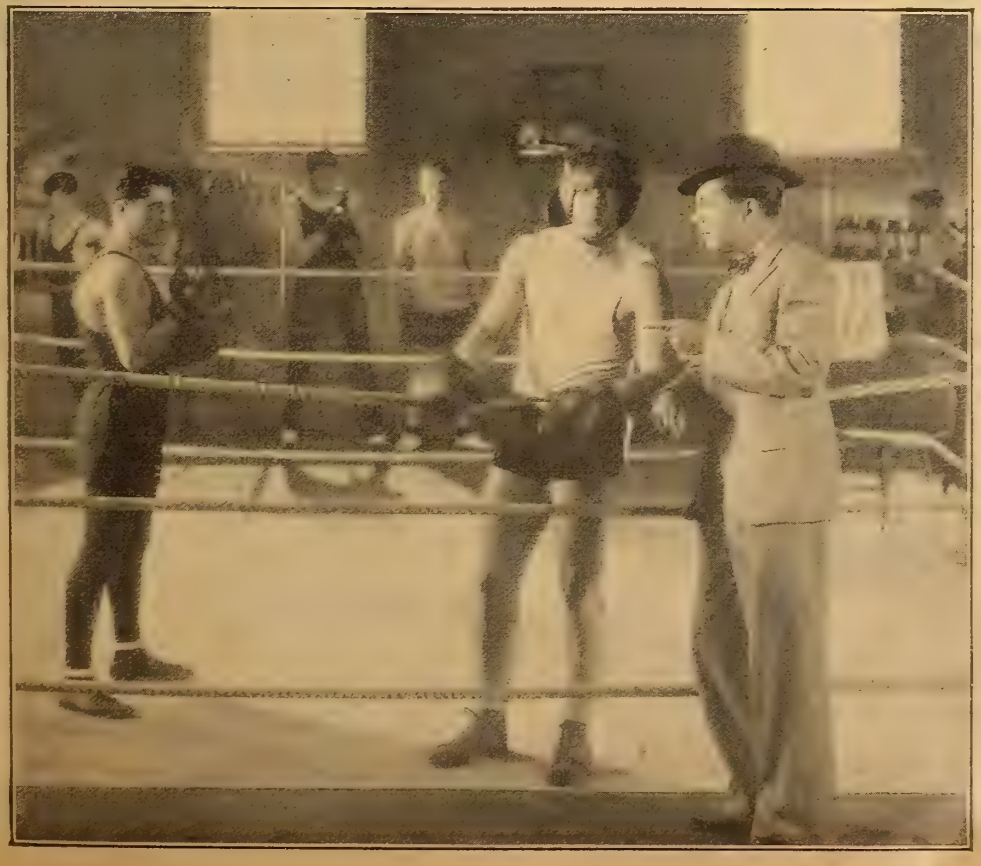


Wallace Beery as a pugilist in "We're in the Navy Now" was not what you might call a success. He is shown, left, about to be knocked cold by Tom Kennedy.

a Prize Fighter

he has become, during the popular heroes of the movies.

Below, Reed Howes as the prize-fighter hero of "Rough House Rosie" discusses an impending bout with his manager, played by Arthur Housman.





Kenneth Harlan in "Twinkle-toes" claimed the proud title of middleweight champion of London's Limehouse district, and you may be sure he was treated with wholesome respect by his neighbors.



Rex Ingram's "The Magician" is one of the few films about Monte Carlo that has given a true picture of the gambling at that famous resort. Alice Terry may be picked out in the group at the gaming table above.

What's Wrong with

Two experts on gambling and the customs glaring mistakes commonly made in the

By A. L.

SCOTT TURNER is a gambler—and a good one, too, they say. Back in the old days when gambling halls were open forums in the West, he gained the sobriquet "The Cherokee Kid," but there is nothing about him now to merit such a flippant title. Immaculate in his dress, courteous—almost polished in manner—his face absolutely immobile save when he smiles, he looks like a popular man-about-town, a middle-aged, well-to-do clubman. Yet at one time he was the gambling partner of Tex Rickard in Goldfield, Nevada, and again at Nome, Alaska, and was associated with Dick Canfield in gambling enterprises in New York. He probably knows every gambling game there is.

With the idea of asking Turner how true to life are the gambling scenes that one sees in the movies, I asked him to my office not long ago to look over some stills that I had. He sat down and began running through the little pile of pictures, smiling now and then as some impossible situation caught his eye. Presently he paused and handed me a picture.

"Such a thing as that," he said, "would never be allowed."

The still showed a poker game in progress, with a crowd of onlookers pressing against the backs of the players' chairs, awaiting the showdown.

"In a poker game where there are big stakes," said Turner, "no one outside the game is permitted to come close to the table. It is roped off, and the spectators must stay back. In the second place, no player holds his hand high enough in the air to be photographed by a camera. Of course, I understand this is all for picture purposes, and essential to the story. But it's unreal. And that tense look on the gamblers' faces is as much out of place as Al Jolson's make-up would be in a Broadway beauty parlor.

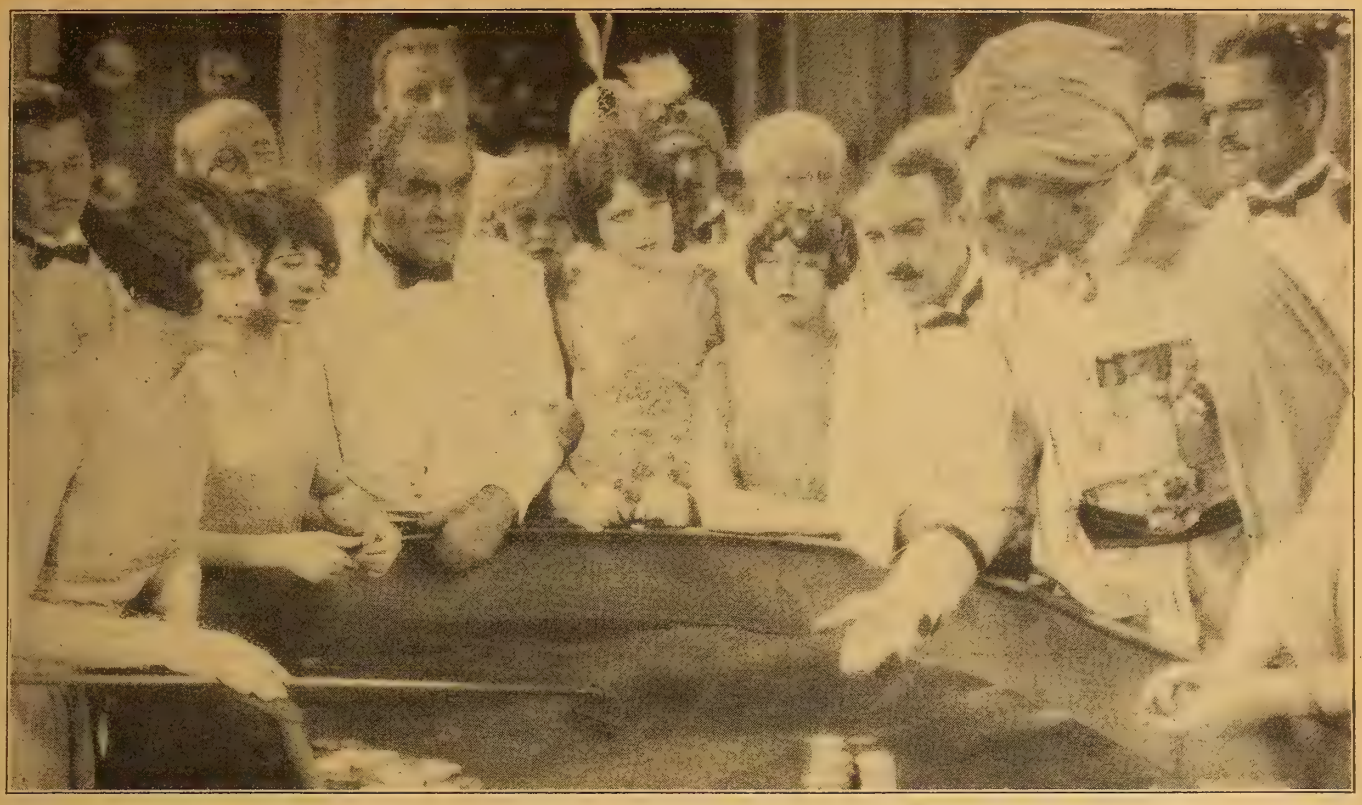
The Monte Carlo scenes in "The Magician" were accurate because they were filmed on the spot. This picture shows Ivan Petrovich, hero of the film, in the gardens before the Casino.



"Did you ever see a *real* poker player at work? Under any and every circumstance, his face is as blank as what folks usually draw in a Chinese lottery. And if he did register anything in his face during the game, you wouldn't believe him."

He handed over another picture.

"Look at this," he continued. "The fellow's dealing faro. The hero is appar-



The croupier's rake used by Priscilla Dean in this scene in "The Dice Woman" was out of place—rakes are not used in dice games, according to Scott Turner, gambling expert.

These Gambling Scenes?

of gambling halls point out some of the filming of gambling scenes for the movies.

Wooldridge

ently putting all he has on his last bet. He's leaning over the table, his face not two feet from the dealer's box. And the dealer has started to turn the next card before the chips are down. You know what would happen to that dealer, don't you? The boss would throw him out on his neck!

"Then, look at this. Here's a fellow holding out a pair of aces. He never could get away with that in a real gambling hall. A trained dealer can tell even when only one card is missing from the deck.

"You can tell a gambler the moment he picks up a deck of cards. The very movement of his fingers, his wrists, his arms, the posture of his body, give him away. A rather amusing thing happened when 'The Spoilers,' featuring Milton Sills, was filmed. Wallace MacDonald played the part of *The Broncho Kid*, but I was called in to double for him at faro. They took long shots of Wallace and then close-ups of *my* hands with the cards. After the picture was released, Wallace got a letter from a fellow in Texas, congratulating him on his work. 'It's the first time I ever saw faro dealt correctly by a movie actor,' the man wrote. But it was my hands he saw.

"You never see the dealer in a gambling game sitting with one eye cocked on a player, as he is so often shown in the movies. That's the job of the 'observer,' who has a high chair from which he can watch everything that goes on about the table."

Turner continued running through the stills.

"Here's a dealer using a croupier's rake in a dice game," he said. "Rakes aren't used in dice games. A dice table is small enough for the banker to reach every part of it with his hand. Wonder where they got the idea of a rake?

"And here's a picture of a fellow holding a royal flush—*I* never had one in all my life. Never had a straight flush that I can recall, unless there was some card running wild. And I haven't seen a man hold four aces more than four or five times in all my gambling experience."

Turner has acted as technical adviser for numerous gambling scenes in the movies,

Continued on page 106

The dealer in this faro game in "The Flame of the Yukon" is starting to turn the next card before the chips are down—an error for which a professional dealer might be fired. Left to right, Mathew Betz, Winifred Greenwood and Arnold Gray.



Reflected Glory

Every one knows the stars, but few know their relatives. Here are five who are proud of their famous sisters.





Richard Crawford, upper left, is so proud of his sister Joan that he too is making a name for himself on the screen.

Claire Windsor and her sister, Mrs. John Huck, upper right, are enough alike to be mistaken for each other.

Renee Adoree, below on the right, and her sister Mira are so congenial that they live together.





Marion Davies and her sister Rosemary, above, show a marked contrast to each other, for one is as light as the other is dark.



Dorothy Sebastian and Mary Helen, above, leave no doubt of their relationship. Mary Helen also plays in motion pictures.

Including Ward Crane

That suave, dapper gentleman, whose name is included in the cast of a surprising number of films, has done so much toward making screen wickedness attractive that he deserves the attention of the fans—though Mr. Crane himself is sublimely indifferent to whether he receives any attention or not.

By Ann Sylvester



Ward Crane reminds one of a ten p. m. demi-tasse in the drawing room, to the tune of dinner jackets and slender cigarettes.

THE cast includes," write the reviewers whenever the occasion presents itself, "Ward Crane and others."

"And when I die," says Mr. Crane himself, "they'll probably put on my tombstone, 'Here lies Ward Crane—and others.'"

You might think from that that Mr. Crane cares what the reviewers say. You might think that their reviews upset him a lot and that, whenever they give him adverse criticism, he has to take to his bed with hot-water bottles. But if you think that, it's because you don't know Mr. Crane at all—not at all.

Of all the people in the world who "don't care," Mr. Crane is the most careless. Not even Eva Tanguay can touch him. When it comes to letting the world run its course without any interference, Ward Crane stands in a class by himself. And because he is so elaborately indifferent, and so handsome, and so sort of "It-ish," and because he has done so much toward making screen wickedness attractive, I thought you might like to know about him, for there are all too few people like him in the world.

He has many claims to distinction. For one, he is the only man who could invite a young lady to the Orpheum on Sunday night, buy her a bag of chocolate drops and help her eat them, without giving the impression of a small-town frolic for very simple people.

He is the only movie actor I know of who hasn't a press agent.

He is also the only sportsman I have so far run across who can lose $5,000 in a "gentleman's proposition" without batting an eyelash.

Ward and Jack Pickford live together in a delightfully comfortable and thoroughly bachelorlike establishment at the beach. Although they kid each other about every conceivable thing, a warm friendship exists between them. Ward can talk for an hour about the performance Jack gave in "Brown of Harvard"—when Jack isn't around. When he *is* on hand, he asks him if he paid the Metro-Goldwyn people to put him in the cast.

Of his own work he has little to say, but that little he says well. He prefers to play suave, dapper gentlemen of the rounder type.

He is one of those persons behind whom it is practically impossible to sketch a background. I dare say that, after he left his boyhood home in Albany to tackle a stage career in New York, he spent many months hanging around casting offices and interviewing hard-boiled directors about small parts. I believe that is what happened. But I can't imagine it. He is altogether too nonchalant, too sure of himself to make a convincing Merton.

He appeared in a few plays of comparatively little importance and then sauntered into pictures—sauntered in so successfully that he now stands more or less alone in his type, being more enthusiastic than Menjou, less buoyant than Cody, and more subtle than D'Arcy.

Ward stands as an "eligible bachelor" on the dinner list of practically every hostess in Hollywood. He is the man whom visiting ladies simply *must* meet—old enough for flapper attention, young enough to charm those who are no longer flappers, witty enough for the sophisticates, balanced enough to discuss welfare work—if by some horrible fluke that subject should come up. Ward reminds one of a ten p. m. demi-tasse in the drawing-room, to the tune of dinner jackets and slender cigarettes.

Strictly speaking, he doesn't "go" with anybody. That is, he "goes" with no lady in particular. At various times in his life, he has "gone with" stunningly smart women like Irene Castle and Constance Talmadge. Though he firmly refuses to comment about women, I imagine he still prefers that type—slim, tall, French-heeled exponents of femininity whose repartee is as smart as their chain anklets.

He confesses to a high admiration of Corinne Griffith on the screen.

"I love playing with Corinne," he said to me. "She has a certain charm no one else can quite equal. She is a lovely person."

Then, somehow, we got on the subject of New York.

"I'm crazy about that town," Ward said, "particu-

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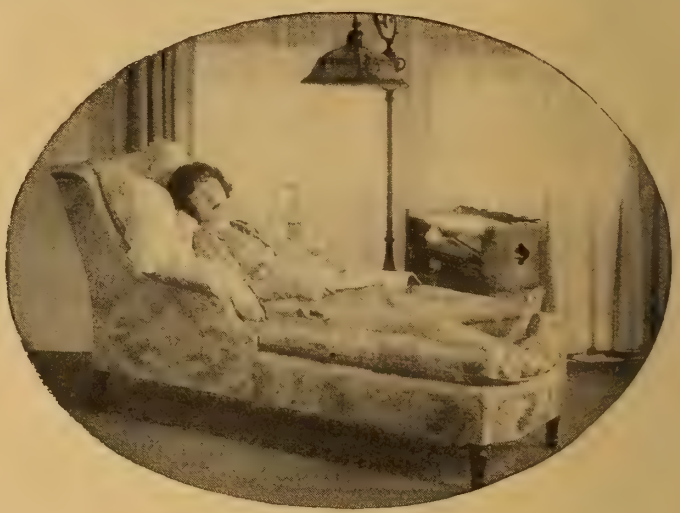


Ease, But Not Idleness

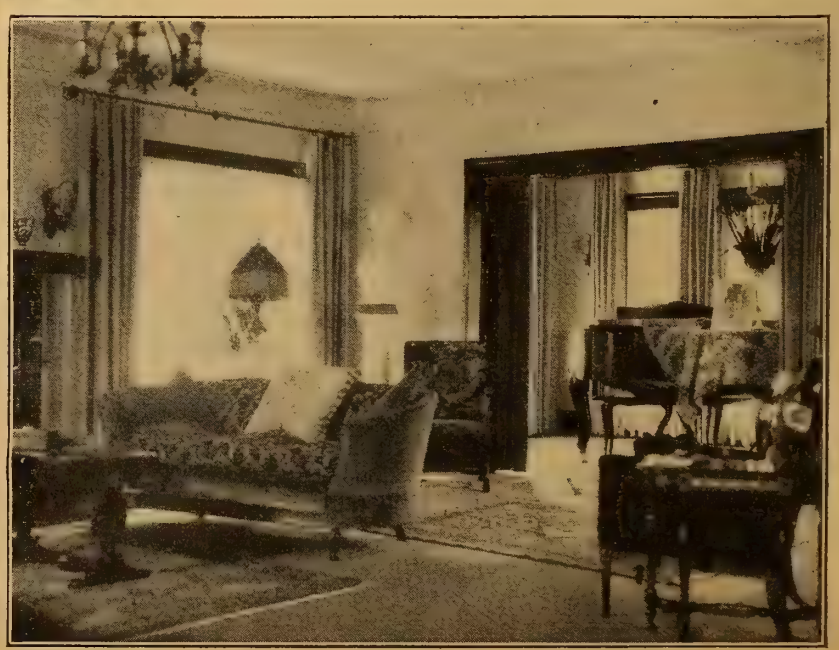
May McAvoy enjoys luxury, but you will never find her idling—no, not even in her home.



May's eagerness to get her mail sends her out to the letter box bright and early every morning. No dawdling with it over the grape fruit for her!



Nestling in the depths of a *chaise longue* might mean laziness to some, but May's practical training has taught her to combine rest with work. She is reading a scenario.



Her living room, right, is conventionally comfortable and very practical. She avoids superfluous ornamentation and meaningless fripperies in her home.

H A V E A C A M E L



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SYD CHAPLIN *now with* M-G-M

"Asks You Another"

I'LL see you later with some of my new pictures. The first one will be "Fluffy." In the meantime, I've heard that M-G-M fans have such a mean vision that it's almost second sight. So come on. Prove it to me now. Here's a real test for the keenest eyes and the longest memories. To the writer of the best set of answers from a man we will send a check for $50 and the whip used by Ramon Novarro in the chariot race in Ben Hur. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman we will send a check for $50 and the bracelet worn by Joan Crawford in her forthcoming success, "West Point." The next 50 best writers among women will receive an autographed portrait photograph of Ramon Novarro. The next 50 best writers among men will receive an autographed copy of Greta Garbo's latest photograph. So come, you boys and girls who look, see and remember.

Sincerely yours,
SYD CHAPLIN

Syd Chaplin's Six Questions!

1 What M-G-M star is known as the best-dressed woman on the screen?

2 What noted character in history was called "The Man of Destiny," and what M-G-M picture deals with his life?

3 How does Karl Dane put out the candle in "The Big Parade"?

4 What M-G-M star has been called "the flaming star of the north"—and why is she so named?

5 What is the secret of Norma Shearer's acknowledged success? (Answer in not more than 50 words.)

6 What M-G-M star owes his ability to pantomime to the fact that he is the child of deaf-mute parents?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of the Lon Chaney Contest of September
PAUL PACKARD, The Press Cleveland. O.

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.

An American at Last!

Those fans who complain because the foreign stars do not adopt this country as their own should read this story about Antonio Moreno, who has been trying ever since he was twenty-one to become a citizen of the United States and has only just succeeded in getting his final naturalization papers.

By Alma Talley

TONY MORENO has been trying for years to become an American. He thought he should pledge allegiance to our flag, since he had made this country his home, but the flag kept waving just out of his grasp.

He was only fourteen when he was brought from Spain to this country by a friend of the family's, and he has lived here ever since. When he was twenty-one he thought he might as well make a good job of living in the United States, so decided to swear allegiance to Uncle Sam.

"What boat did you come over on?" was one of the questions put to him. He couldn't remember—it had been so long ago and he had been so young. Besides, he had been in the charge of an older man, who naturally had been the one to engage the passage. And he had been seasick all the way over.

"When you're seasick for seven days," said Tony to me, "you don't care what boat you're on. After a while you'd just as soon not be on any boat at all."

Anyhow, what with one thing and another, seven years after his arrival he couldn't remember the name of the boat. He could have had it looked up, of course, but you know how it is—careless youth and all that. He just didn't bother.

Later, though, when he was a little older, it really seemed the thing to do. America was quite definitely his home, and America was paying him his salary. Besides, the war had come on and he wanted to enlist, but it would be impossible, he found, to get a commission unless he was a citizen. So he applied again for his first naturalization papers.

Again he was asked on what boat he had come over. He remembered now that it had been a German steamship, and this time he really took steps to have his passage looked up. But as a result of the war, all the German shipping records on this side of the water had been destroyed.



The chief difficulty was that Tony was only fourteen when he came to this country, so couldn't remember the name of the boat that had brought him.

So a few more years slipped by. Then Tony determined that he was going to be naturalized if he had to put everybody in the country to work looking up records! He wrote to the Spanish consul in Washington, who wrote to Madrid. Tony found that he really had been born all right, and proved it. He wrote to old friends who had known him when. They proved that he was really here, and that he had come over on the German line that he had mentioned, though they couldn't name the specific vessel. But in view of the fact that the steamship records had been destroyed, the United States officials agreed to accept his friends' affidavits and to let Tony become a citizen.

So at last he took out his first naturalization papers. That was in about 1921 or 1922. In two years he would be eligible for his final papers.

Then he was engaged to play in "Mare Nostrum." He and Rex Ingram and Alice Terry and others went to Spain to film that Ibáñez story on its native heath. They stayed there nine months.

When Tony returned to this country, he applied for his final papers.

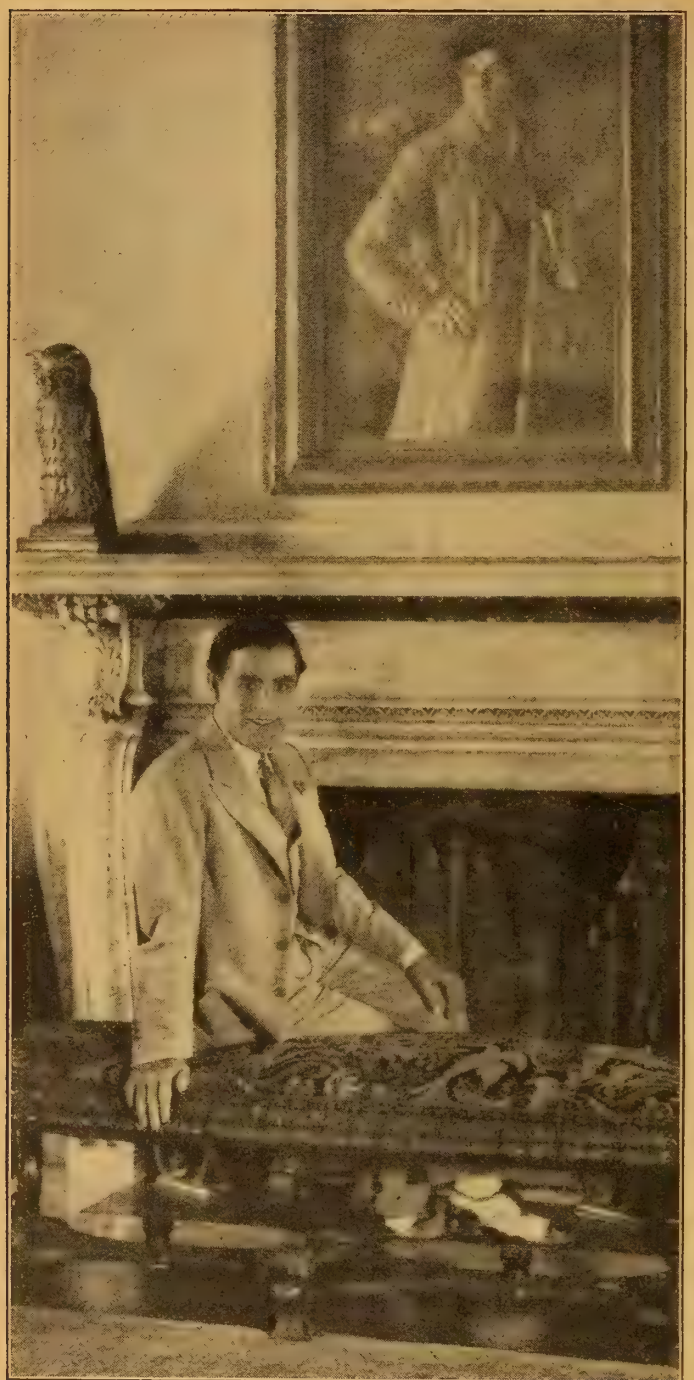
"You can't get them now," he was told. "You've been out of the country more than six months." So there he was, just where he had started, and he had to begin his two-year period all over again!

Last January he went abroad again, to play opposite Dorothy Gish in "Madame Pompadour," which was made in England. He had some qualms as to whether he'd have to start counting up another two-year period on his return, but this time everything came out all right. He got back just in time, five months after the day he had left.

So, in your diatribes against foreign stars, just realize all the effort that is involved in becoming an American citizen. And leave out Antonio Moreno in your reproaches. For at last, after a long, long struggle, he has become one of us.

And we should be proud to have him. A thoroughly charming gentleman is Tony. Combined with his native Latin traits are his acquired Americanisms. He has the chivalrous courtesy of the Latins without their sentimentality, and the practical traits of the Americans without our Anglo-Saxon brusqueness.

He still speaks with a slight accent—though it's not sufficient to qualify as "broken English"—which betrays



Though the Moreno home is considered one of the show places of the film colony, Tony has never learned how to put on airs and is still just his simple, friendly self.

his foreign origin, and of course he looks like a Latin, with his very dark hair and eyes and heavy eyebrows.

But the final proof of his southern European nativity, if more proof were needed, are the two rings he wears on the little finger of his right hand. I stared, fascinated, at these rings as Tony and I lunched together. Imagine a man wearing, not one ring, but two, on his little finger! All aglitter with red and yellow stones—rubies and canary diamonds. The two rings were just alike in their workmanship, but one of them had two diamonds and one ruby, the other two red stones and one yellow.

"The colors of the Spanish flag," he explained, when I commented on the unusual adornment. "The flag may either have one red stripe and two yellow ones, or the other way around. So my rings are copied after it. Besides, I love rubies." He has the same idea carried out in a pair of cuff links, he said, though he was not wearing them that day.

So, despite his eagerness to become an American citizen, Tony still loves his native Spain. Spaniards, he said, have a particularly strong national feeling; in fact, he thinks that perhaps some of his countrymen in this country may resent his change of allegiance.

Over the luncheon table we talked of Spain, which he had recently visited on his trip abroad. He had attended some of the bull fights, but he says he has lost his Latin fondness for them because he likes horses too well to enjoy seeing them mutilated.

And while in Spain, he went to see the village baker for whom he had worked as a boy. Tony is that kind of person—the kind that, for all his fame, would still look up an obscure baker whom he had known when he was a child. He has no desire to forget the humble days of his youth.

The baker asked several friends in to meet the movie star, including a rather shabby professor and a strange young man who sat back and peered through his glasses, saying nothing. The professor kept plying Tony with questions about himself and others in the movie colony. His inquiries grew more and more personal, until at last Tony began to resent his curiosity.

"Are you by any chance a newspaper man?" he asked warily. "You ask questions exactly like a reporter."

"Oh, no, indeed," said the professor suavely. "I used to be one, but not any longer."

Tony glanced at the silent young man, who was peering with great interest through his glasses but saying nothing.

"And how about your friend? Is he a reporter?"

It turned out that he was. The professor had been asking questions for the young man's benefit, trying, under the guise of a friendly chat, to get all sorts of gossip about other screen stars; trying, like reporters throughout Europe, to get details, for example, about the Chaplin divorce suit.

"That's all they were talking about over there," said Tony. "The first question reporters asked me was, 'How about the Chaplin case?' Why, even if I had known any of the details, I certainly shouldn't have gone about talking about them. Fortunately, in the professor's case, I became suspicious of his curiosity, and evaded most of his questions. But I was very angry. I had paid a friendly call on the baker, and he had betrayed my friendship by trying to trap me into a personal discussion, without telling me that everything I might say in the intimacy of his little parlor was likely to be quoted. That is not my idea of courtesy or hospitality.

"I suppose that Spanish newspaper probably published a terrible story about me, about how rude I was—just because I refused to talk about my friends' affairs, and left when I saw the trap I was in."

We talked of England.

"The English have a quarter now on American pictures," said Tony.

"A what?"

"A quarter. You know—like the immigration."

"Oh," said I, "you mean quota!"

"That's it—quarter. I can't say that word—I'm sorry. I say 'quarter,' and some one always says, 'Raise you to a half.'"

Anyhow, he explained the new English quota law, which limits the number of American films shown in England to something like seven per cent. Tony thinks it tends to make English pictures even worse than they were, instead of helping the industry. [Cont'd on page 103]



Gladys McConnell, above, is getting the real low-down on how to be funny from Harry Langdon, whose heroine she is in "Three's a Crowd."

Gayle Lloyd, right, brightens Christie comedies with her beauty, pep, and sense of fun.



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Marjorie Beebe is a re
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leen," as she did in "Ankles Preferred."



Ann Christy, right, began as an extra and is now a full-fledged lead for Harold Lloyd.



Worth?

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favored by the
the youthful play-
nearly so costly as
re ones. During the
"Seventh Heaven" and
for instance, Janet Gay-
s receiving only $300 weekly,
e Charlie Farrell's salary is still
the "early hundreds." James
Murray, so recently an extra, was
paid only $60 a week to play the
male lead in "The Crowd." Other
newcomers used in featured rôles get
less than $100 in many instances,
though when they are considered
promising, they are soon raised to a
higher figure.

Because these newcomers can be
obtained at such low salaries, there
is much talk of using them to re-
place some of the older stars whose
popularity shows signs of being on
the wane.

Featured players were very scarce
a few years ago, and were signed up
in large numbers by the bigger com-
panies. But now, as a result of the
influx of new talent, many of these
players are not being used anything
like enough to justify their high cost
to their various companies.

There are often very peculiar
wrinkles in contracts. Some of
them are worded in such a way that
the star stands a chance of owing
himself or the company money be-
fore the contract is completed. This
occurs particularly when a star is
allotted a certain sum of money to
make a production. There is one
star, a comedian, who was allowed
a certain amount for each produc-
tion but whose costs so far exceeded
it that he is now getting only a very
moderate salary until he makes up
the deficit.

Strange conditions also arise in
the lending of players from company
to company. There is one player
who receives $50,000 a year for
his services, that is, about $1,000 a
week. He is lent to other companies
at two and three times that figure.
If the total income gained in this
fashion by his company exceeds
$30,000, the actor shares in the prof-
its, but if it doesn't, he doesn't get
anything. Consequently he never
knows quite where he's at.

Independence is the goal of most
actors. It is the bright land of prom-
ise. A star enjoys great satisfaction
in being able to feel that he is master
of his own destiny. But there are
plenty of worries incident to inde-
pendence, and there is always the
danger that if one topples from one's
high position, things may not move
so blithely as before.

There are few of the bigger stars
in pictures who haven't accumulated
fortunes on which to live in compara-
tive comfort. Charlie Ray is almost
the only exception, though rumors of
financial difficulties have occasionally
hovered about other stars.

Still, the successful film players
are nearly all good investors. Real-
estate investments, and other remun-
erative enterprises, have brought
some of them as much money as
their film work. That is one reason
why a large number of players can
afford to be particular about con-
tracts and rôles, and why opposition
to a general cut in salaries could so
safely be raised in the film colony.
The amazing thing is that stars keep
on working despite the fortunes they
have stowed away. Were it not for
the glamour of pictures, a number of
them would probably retire.

There is a chance that the present
contract system may be altered. One
company has now adopted the policy
with several players of paying them
moderate salaries and giving them a
bonus over that amount when any-
thing that they do seems to warrant
it. This has worked out very suc-
cessfully, and it's interesting to note
that a bonus is paid quite frequently.

It seems likely that the scaling of
contracts in the future will be differ-
ent. Instead of a newcomer being
raised, say, to $150 a week at the end
of the first six months, and to $250
at the end of the first year, and $500
at the end of the second, increases
will probably be more gradual.

Has the salary peak been reached?
No one knows. The best statement
of the case I have heard is that "a
star is worth all the money he can
get, if he is worth it, and *if* he can
get it." This seems to be the answer
to the salary question in the movies.

, but
now their
each other. If
any wide differences be-
tween the importance of a player and
what he or she is receiving, this is
usually due to the fact that that
player has only recently come to the
fore. Players who have been popu-
lar for a long time naturally have
built up their salaries much more
than those who have gained promi-
nence only recently.

Those who receive more than
$2,000 weekly are exceptional,
though there are any number of fea-
tured players whose salaries run be-
tween $1,000 and $2,000. And
nearly all full-fledged stars of pre-
sumably strong box-office appeal re-
ceive more than $2,000 if they are
under contract to big companies.

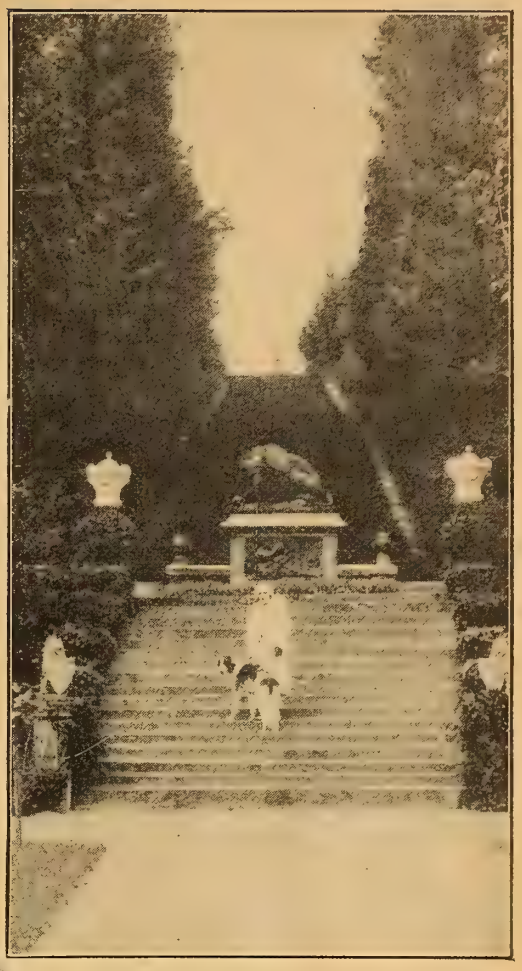
Some free-lance players also get
large salaries during the periods
when they are working. Among
them is Ernest Torrence, who re-
ceives $2,500 to $3,000 weekly. Con-
way Tearle used to receive $3,000
and even $3,500 per week, but pro-
ducers are no longer so keen to pay
him such a figure. When he appears
in "quickies," he still demands this
salary, and has refused to make any
concessions. His firm stand has lim-
ited the amount of work he has done
in the past year, and cut down his
income considerably.

The Princess Pola's Chateau



La Negri finds old-world pomp and charm in her French estate at Reuil Serain-court.

Pola Negri chose her French estate as the setting for her marriage to Prince Serge Mdivani, with a critical eye for the romantic beauty of the old château. Stars do get so fed up on screen weddings that they want something unusual for their own.



Pola and her Russian wolfhound, above, survey the landscape with the proud feeling of ownership.

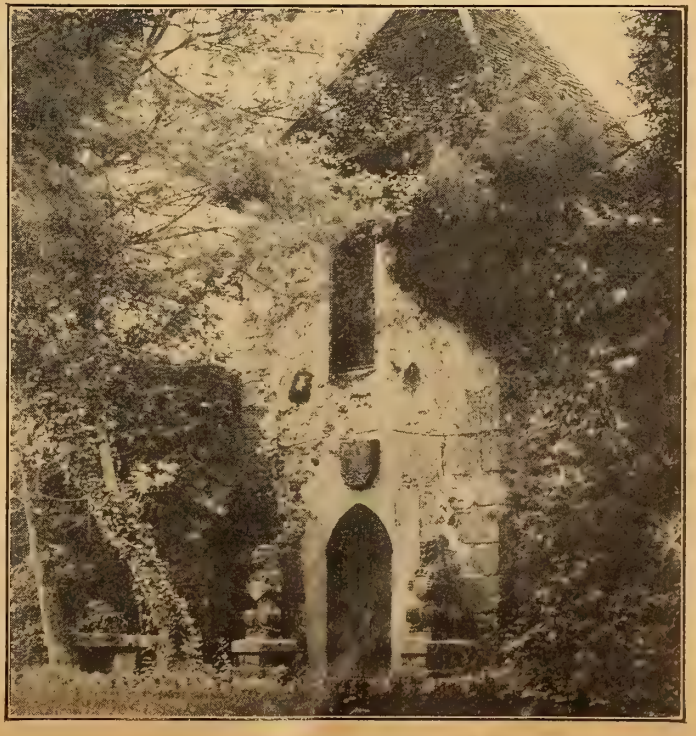


The famous statue of the lion, left, that guards the château garden.



Every historical estate has its special note of interest. The sixteenth-century Norman tower, right, on Pola Negri's property is the objective of many a tourist of the château country.

Left, a view of the gardens that are a replica of Marie Antoinette's playground at Versailles



Did She Slap Mr. Goldwyn's Face?

Continued from page 23

one, down to the last electrician—but the utmost love and respect and consideration. I was farmed out, given parts which should have been left to lesser actresses, made to do pictures that were rushed through in three weeks. All because I couldn't and wouldn't play their politics."

The pictures she made during this period met with lukewarm enthusiasm from the critics. Could it be possible, they wondered, that the *Stella Dallas* type of part was all Belle Bennett could do. Tearful rôle succeeded tearful rôle—all, inferior shadows of *Stella.*

"Picture after picture I made," said Miss Bennett, "knowing I should not be playing such parts, yet giving my best to each of them. I worked hard, as I have always done. I didn't run round to parties. I didn't become careless with my costumes nor neglectful of my make-up, even though I knew I should be doing better things. Everything I do is done earnestly."

Her small, feminine chin rose almost spiritedly.

"The final indignity came when I was loaned to Famous Players for the part of Emil Jannings' wife in 'The Way of All Flesh'—a rôle in support of a famous star, which meant that *I* should be only a part of the background. You wouldn't ask a great painter to do an advertisement, would you, or a great judge to try a case of petty shoplifting? Yet I was forced to accept that part in 'The Way of All Flesh.'

"Europe has her wonderful dramatic artists, and they are treated as such. Picture me going to Germany to work and having Emil Jannings in my supporting cast! It would be absurd, wouldn't it?

"Not, you understand, that I blame Mr. Jannings or any of his company.

"Why, you should have heard Mr. Jannings talk to me about 'Stella Dallas!' And you should have heard Max Reinhardt and Morris Gest. They were discussing me at a big banquet. 'She is a great actress,' they agreed. 'The greatest actress in America,' Mr. Gest said. 'No,' replied Mr. Reinhardt. 'What!' cried Gest. 'Why not?' 'The greatest actress in the world,' Mr. Reinhardt corrected him.

"Yet that actress was playing what was virtually a bit in Mr. Jannings' picture. After one scene that I played Mr. Jannings fell on his knees and kissed my hand, he was so moved by my work. But that scene was cut out! My part was cut to nothing.

"You can imagine how I feel. People seeing the announcement of the film in the paper say, 'Oh, Belle Bennett is on to-night.' They gather their families and go. They come out of the theater afterward, puzzled and disappointed. 'But we hardly saw her,' they say.

"I should have been breaking faith with the public to continue under such conditions. It wouldn't matter to me if I were billed as Mary Jane Doe, if you know what I mean. But the characters I give to the world must be big things like *Stella Dallas.* I want to play characters who are misunderstood and misjudged, so that in real life they may be understood at last. I want to teach people, be an example. I have my ideals. They are high and I cannot change them. I'd rather stay off the screen than continue in worthless pictures.

"I am free now. But please understand, I have only the very kindest thoughts for Mr. Goldwyn. What I shall do next is not definite. Gene Stratton-Porter's daughter and son-in-law want me to do one of Mrs. Porter's works. It is a wonderful story, and I may do it."

Her pretty mouth parted timorously over her even, white teeth at the thought of the vague possibility of further attempts to retard her progress.

"But they can't do that," she said. "America wouldn't have it. America loves me."

Life is real, life is earnest, to Belle Bennett. The future of her career is a matter for conjecture, depending on whether or not chance sends her more pictures to equal, but not—oh, by no means—to duplicate "Stella Dallas."

That she regards her career with consummate seriousness is the strongest weapon in Miss Bennett's good right hand.

Where the Aristocrats Powder their Noses

Continued from page 72

sides. One entire side of the room consists of wardrobes, hat and shoe closets.

The kitchen, though completely equipped, is seldom used. The fragile Miss Griffith eats little and infrequently.

Mary Pickford's bungalow is a delightful riot of flowers, sunshine and song birds. It is furnished entirely in the Colonial period. Everything from the Chippendale dining-room chairs—formerly owned by Queen Mary's aunt, the Duchess of Albany—to the delightful old pieces of silver and Revolutionary pewter denotes meticulous care in selection.

The dining room, which is full of the song of canaries, contains the Chippendale chairs, a handsome dining table, and a lowboy whose polished surface reflects the silver and china. And there are flowers, and more flowers. Above the table is a magnificent crystal chandelier, which came from a famous London drawing-room.

The dressing room is in delicate shell pink and blue The dressing table, which Miss Pickford brought back with her on her last trip to England, occupies the extreme end of the long room, with windows on either side. The commodious wardrobe is filled with frocks, wraps, and accessories for every occasion.

The kitchen is as elaborately equipped as that of a large town house. A chef, parlor maid, personal maid, and secretary comprise the bungalow ménage, with a butler and footman pressed into service from "Pickfair" when needed for special dinners.

A rest room is just now in the process of being furnished. This opens onto the quiet street and will be Colonial like the rest of the house. On the walls will hang photographs inscribed to "America's Sweetheart" from the great Duse, from Mussolini, from Gabriel d'Annunzio, Marconi, Thomas Edison, the King and Queen of Siam, and other celebrities.

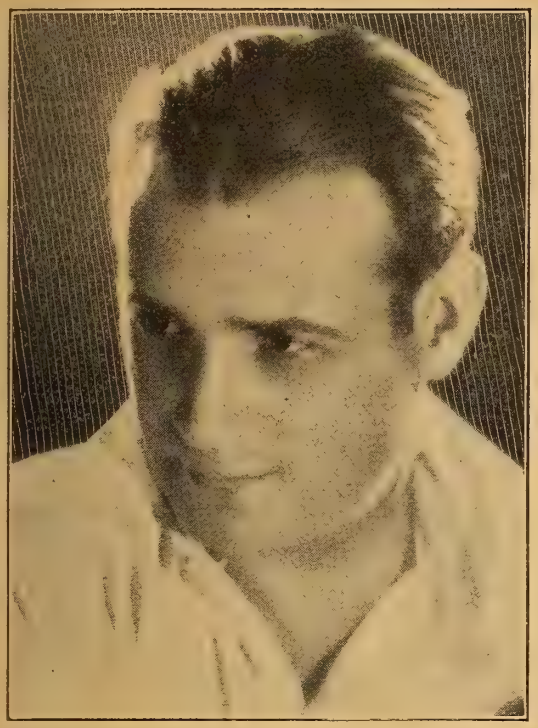
Doug's private quarters at the end of the street are done in modified Chinese, black and gold. He has a private office, dressing room, and a sunken bath with connecting shower and steam room. Outside, is a playground. Rosita, the parrot which sat on the shoulder of one of the pirates in Doug's picture, "The Black Pirate," shares honors with Robin Hood, a huge St. Bernard, and Rooner, a plebeian pup who made his first appearance on a studio set when Miss Pickford was making "Little Annie Rooney."

Just how Gloria Swanson will furnish and fit her bungalow is exciting much attention as its construction progresses. That it will be "different" is a foregone conclusion, but just how different Miss Swanson has not yet disclosed.

Along "The Street of the Stars" some of the world's greatest motion pictures are discussed and devised, in an atmosphere of quiet luxury. It is a unique spot.

Pass the Paprika!

The Hungarian stars are supplying their own spice to American pictures.



The conquest of Hollywood by Budapest would be pretty much of an international problem if the conquerors weren't so charming, and Hollywood such a willing victim.

In Hungary, even insurance solicitors are sure-fire movie heroes, as witness the case of Victor Varconi, above, a former Budapest business man.

Even the coveted rôle of the Trojan charmer was captured by a Hungarian, for Maria Corda, below, will play the title rôle in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," that sparkling satire.





As far as Hollywood is concerned, Hungary is bounded on the south by romance, on the north by plaintive gypsy melodies, on the east by moonlight, and on the west by Vilma Banky.

Paul Vincenti, above, another central European idol, who is playing in "The Stolen Bride."

Lya de Putti, below, was a tempestuous siren in her foreign pictures, but her American interpretations have been a little too colorless.





When Vilma Banky, left, arrived in Hollywood and immortalized Hungarian loveliness in Anglo-Saxon heroines, the producers began to chant, "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" And if Vilma answered, "There are a few, a very few," she was underestimating Hungary's capacity for stardom.

Please Don't Quote Me

Continued from page 21

ing *Helen of Troy* for purposes cinematic. The censors will not be altogether without sleepless nights during the coming winter.

Socially, Hollywood puts its best foot forward, whether in the intricacies of the Black Bottom or the soothing waltz. The place is crowded with interesting people, charming hosts. A visit to Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan is always entertaining. Across the street you may drop in to see Mabel Normand, or rather Mrs. Lew Cody.

Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer are likely to be dancing at the Coconut Grove any Tuesday evening. The movie folk flock there. An even more metropolitan atmosphere obtains at the Biltmore, but it is more sedate. The amazing number of mineral-water and ginger-ale bottles on different tables is understood when one is shown that all is not soda that sparkles, and that ginger ale by any other name would look as amber.

The Vignola castle high up in the hills is a beautiful pile, and the Pringle *casa* hard by the beach at Santa Monica is one of the rarest spots in the film belt.

For the athletic there is a ping-pong court. A bowling alley adjoins the living room, and a squash court abuts the patio. There is always something doing at Santa Monica. So vigorously does Aileen indulge in sports, she has found it expedient to equip her limousine with percolator and electric grill, enabling her to design breakfast as she is driven from her home to the studio at flush of dawn.

Most entertaining is done at the homes of the stars, but they enjoy their golf at Rancho and Hillcrest, where Owen Moore is acknowledged champion, and their tennis at Palomar, the picturesquely situated club boasting a dozen courts.

Night clubbing is difficult in the West. The natives will not stay up much later than midnight As a result, the two or three clubs are dull spots. The most pretentious, perhaps, is the Cotton Club, at Culver City, a barnlike, gloomy place not vastly enlivened by a group of colored entertainers.

If you go to Hollywood to look it over quite casually, in the tourist manner, you will find it all very delightful, peopled with agreeable gentlemen, exquisite ladies, upstanding youths, and radiant maidens. You will gasp at the schoolgirl complexions. You will marvel at the special bodies most of the cars boast, to say nothing of the stellar bodies gracing the tonneaus.

And if you are lucky you will overlook or fail to notice the rapidly flowing undercurrent of despair, the disappointments and monotonous routine, the forgotten promises, and the broken spirits. That is not designed as a sob touch. That is recorded as a sound fact: Not only extras suffer. Well-known players share disappointments as well. If you have done good work in a dozen pictures, in prominent rôles, that is no guarantee of steady employment. Casting director, producer, and director all must agree that you are the type. Then perhaps the picture is postponed for a month, and you wait and wait, just as the extras wait.

Hollywood, when all is said and done, is Heartbreak House. How can it well be otherwise with twenty-five thousand people waiting for extra work, which in the past six months has averaged less than a thousand jobs a day? If you are quick at figures you have already gathered that twenty-four thousand men, women, and children turn toward home tired and disappointed, every day.

If any ambitious small-town beauty fancies herself in films, she has only to reconsider the appalling figures I have just quoted, figures obtained at the Central Casting Bureau, through which all of the studios employ their extra people.

Come to Hollywood. It's a great eyeful. But don't give up the job back home.

Put it this way—but please don't quote me!—Hollywood is a great place to *visit*.

The Stroller

Continued from page 61

Every once in a while, a movie producer gets a bright idea for holding a contest to determine who shall play some particular screen rôle. In most cases the player has already been privately determined, but in any event the contest gets some publicity for the picture.

Such a contest was conducted by Paramount to select *Lorelei Lee* for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but you can bet that some actress under contract to that studio will "win." The contest was conducted by Arch Reeve, rotund and serious-minded publicist of the Lasky company, by the method of mailing post cards to all directors and producers, asking them each to suggest their choice.

Harry Wilson, another press agent, who publicizes Rita Carewe among other folk, had several hundred duplicate post cards printed and mailed them all into Mr. Reeve suggesting Miss Carewe, signing the names of everybody in the business, from Will Hays down. All this, of course, caused Arch Reeve no small annoyance, as it was calculated to do, and effectually jinxed the balloting.

Mr. Reeve, addicted to a great deal of worrying even at best, is constantly being given new things to worry about by his friends.

A stray dog—a typical mutt—wandered onto the set where Richard Barthelmess was making "The Drop Kick."

An inspiration—directors constantly have them—landed like a thunderbolt on Millard Webb. "A college boy should have a dog," he cried. "Let's use it in the picture."

The mutt was very tractable during the first day, and every one was sure it would add a splendid touch to the film. An assistant assistant director was assigned to care for the dog and to see that he arrived made up for work promptly every morning. He became a pet of the troupe. Dollars and dollars worth of chocolates were bought for him. Things thus went on serenely for three days.

Then the mutt became temperamental, as many another actor has done when too well treated. He wouldn't act. He ceased to obey orders and devoted most of his time to biting the star during the filming. Finally, as a dramatic climax to his film career, the dog ran away.

By this time he had been definitely registered in many hundreds of feet of film. Moreover, there wasn't another dog like him. So the company, with an overhead expense of many thousands of dollars a day, quit work in a body and chased the dog. He hid under buildings and stages. He dashed across roadways, perilously close to speeding automobiles, while the director and the business manager gasped. He at last headed for the hills, with the whole troupe in full cry at his heels.

A trained dog that would have followed his trainer's directions could have been rented for seventy-five dollars a week. The mutt—with no salary attached—cost the company a sum considerably more than that.

At last reports, the new dog star, to use an expression familiar in movie circles, was still "at liberty."

What Does My Fortune Say?

Some of the Hollywood ladies play at being soothsayers.

Below, Dolores del Rio practices on Claire Windsor's palm and discovers all sorts of amazing things about her sister star's future.

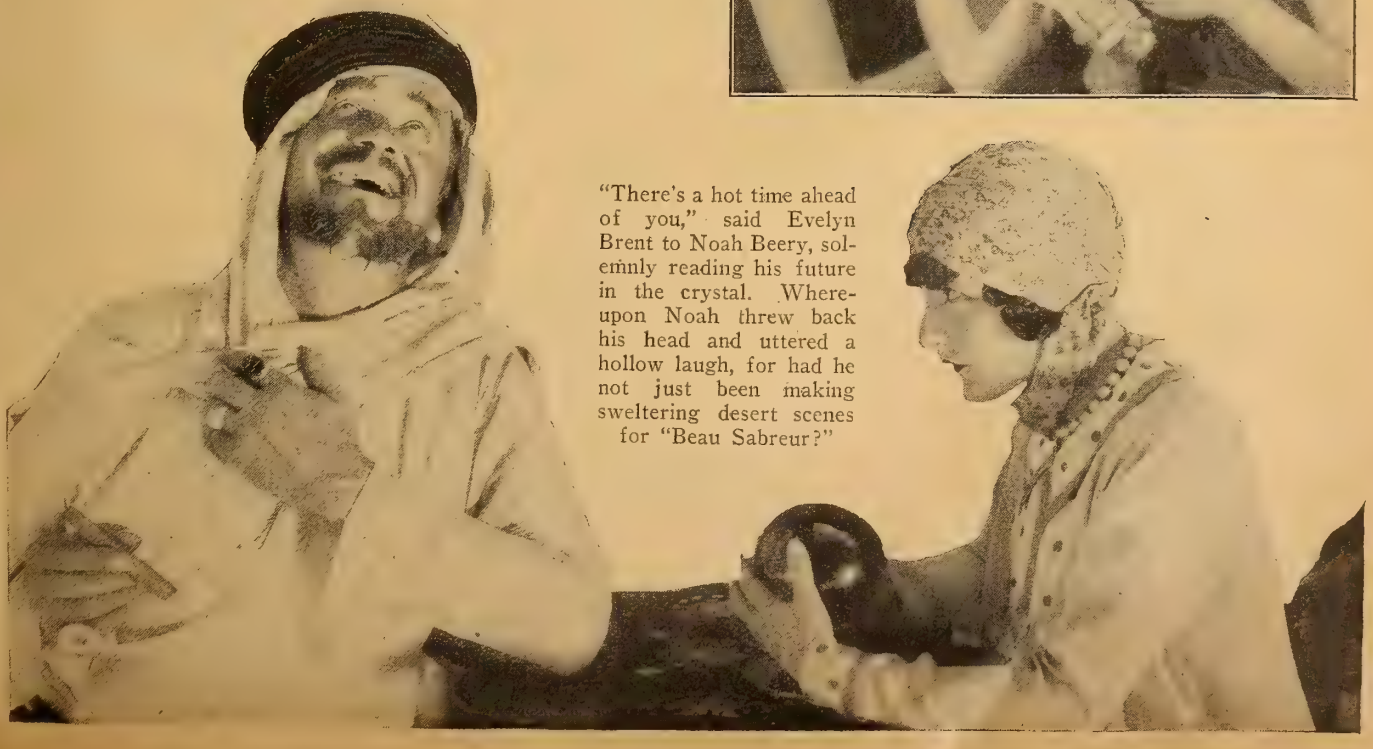




"Ah-h, the nine of hearts—you will have wealth and esteem," says Gertrude Orr, the scenarist, reading Dorothy Dwan's future, above. "And the Jack of hearts—a good friend is about to come into your life." Altogether, if the cards speak the truth, things look very rosy for Dorothy.

Right, Lois Wilson plays gypsy with May McAvoy's hand. She has a very wise look on her face—she must have found something momentous in store for May.





"There's a hot time ahead of you," said Evelyn Brent to Noah Beery, solemnly reading his future in the crystal. Whereupon Noah threw back his head and uttered a hollow laugh, for had he not just been making sweltering desert scenes for "Beau Sabreur?"

"Not for Publication"

Continued from page 33

Every man in the publicity department would have been fired if the real truth had reached the prints. Mr. DeMille's "The King of Kings," his magnificent home, his rages and tantrums may be publicized, but *not* his charities.

Occasionally, a star's romances are carefully kept dark, but this practice isn't as prevalent as it used to be in the days when a sweetheart or a wife was considered a liability to a male star's popularity, simply because it was thought that she detracted from her boy friend's voltage with the lady fans. However, I understand that even in this advanced age, the Fox people are anxious that their handsome hero, Charlie Farrell, should not marry or even become engaged for some time to come.

The secrets of trick photography are guarded as rigidly as possible, and the studios have repeatedly requested reporters not to divulge the tricks to the world. Douglas Fairbanks was particularly cagey during the making of the fantastic scenes of "The Thief of Bagdad," and though he could not prevent a certain few technicalities from being described in the press, he did all he could to discourage an exposé of the mechanical workings of the magic carpet, the flying horse and the hundred and one other tricks that were used.

Paramount is so secretive about a certain tricky camera effect in "Wings" that every one involved in the shooting of the scene was sworn to secrecy. It pictures an airplane falling to earth, and the spectator—which means the camera—seemingly falls with the plane, at the same time getting a close-up of Dick Arlen as the pilot. The question is, where was the camera and the camera man, and nobody will tell you.

Business secrets in the movie world are also closely guarded from the public. For instance, though the fact that Harold Lloyd is backing Edward Everett Horton's comedies for Paramount is as well known in Hollywood as Greta Garbo's latest show of temperament, still Harold's publicity department objects to having it published.

Metro-Goldwyn likes to keep it from the world when it retakes scenes for any of its pictures. This studio has a reputation for remaking as many pictures as it makes, and the general excellence of its releases certainly justifies the practice. Sometimes the M.-G.-M. officials even go so far as to appoint another director to shoot the re-takes or added scenes. This in no way reflects on the original director of the picture.

When Ernst Lubitsch completed "Old Heidelberg" for M.-G.-M., he departed for Germany to shoot certain atmospheric exteriors. During his absence the executives decided to add a few more scenes to the film, and John Stahl was called in to shoot them. There was no particular reason for *not* mentioning this fact, yet neither was there any particular reason for mentioning it. So they didn't. The world might never have known of it if a certain newspaper representative hadn't caught Mr. Stahl in the act and printed what really was not at all for publication.

From now on, whenever you hear that something is "not for publication," remember that nine times out of ten this results from a desire to preserve an illusion and not from a malicious intention to deceive. There's an old adage that "What you don't know won't hurt you"—and sometimes it helps.

Anyway, the movies have found it to be that way, and if there is anything in this article that you feel I shouldn't have mentioned, just keep it to yourself and remember that it wasn't for publication, anyway!

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

this so long as the picture entertains, and it does. The true story of Pompadour's escapades would never pass the censors anyhow, so it is just as well that a denatured version be provided. Miss Gish and Mr. Moreno are expert, the latter finding himself in the romantic rôle of a radical poet who captures the fancy of *La Pompadour* and becomes her bodyguard, until the king discovers they are in love with each other.

Another Crook Sees the Light.

There may be a thrill for some in the mere sight of Norma Shearer. If so, her presence in "After Midnight" will atone for the picture. Otherwise it is uninspired, inexcusable, and to the critic Miss Shearer is listless. Her rôle is *Mary,* a prim and proper cigarette girl in a night club, who lives with her sister who is neither prim nor proper. But as played by Gwen Lee she is human, which *Mary* is not. Wending her way home after midnight, *Mary* is accosted by a crook who holds her up for ten dollars. When his back is turned, *Mary* whacks him with a lead pipe, is overcome by remorse and takes him home with her to bathe his head. It's *that* kind of a story.

There's a lot more to it—an endless lot before the crook is finally reformed, *Mary* has donned spangles, attended a "wild" party, slid down the banisters, and *Sister* is killed in an automobile accident for the sake of wringing a possible sob from the gullible. *Mary* is in the car, too, with not an eyelash disarranged by the crash, and emotionally as placid as peaches and cream.

Lawrence Gray is vital and sincere as *The Crook*—his best dramatic rôle so far—and Gwen Lee is the show girl to the life.

Gorgeous Goulash.

The familiar princess-and-peasant theme, a favorite of fairy lore, is used to excuse the gorgeous settings of "The Stolen Bride." Though the period is the present, the thought behind it is Hans Christian Andersen.

Sari, Countess Thurzo, as a little girl loves *Franz Pless,* the gardener's son. Fate, or whatever it is that prolongs pictures, separates them and the usual twenty years pass. *Sari* is about to marry *Baron von Heimberg* against her will, and *Franz* is employed as the *Baron's* orderly so that he can be near the scene of anguish. There is a great deal of the latter on the part of *Sari,* but she does nothing to stop the preparations for her wedding. Finally, however, she elopes with *Franz.*

The production is exceedingly handsome—much too rich for the thinness of the story—and detail is pictured *ad infinitum.* Billie Dove wears all the jewels, satins, and furs in Hollywood, apparently, and Lloyd Hughes is nobly American as the Hungarian hero.

***Topsy* Has Her Fun.**

"Topsy and Eva" is a burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," done in the style of the musical comedy which inspired it. The Duncan Sisters, who adorned the stage version, do likewise on the screen, Rosetta playing *Topsy* and Vivian *Eva.* The former is a rough-and-ready comedienne and the latter makes *Eva* a blond doll, generously allowing her sister all the honors. The picture has hilarious moments through the sheer madness of the comic treatment given the old story, but its length is too great.

Those Emotional Mountaineers.

Simplicity and unpretentiousness often yield a picture more worthy,

Continued on page 109





Heroines of the Plains

But these cowgirls of the movies come from almost every place except the plains.





Lucille Irwin, above, came all the way from Honolulu to be a sombrero girl before the camera, and Marietta Milner, in the upper left-hand corner, is a Viennese maiden.



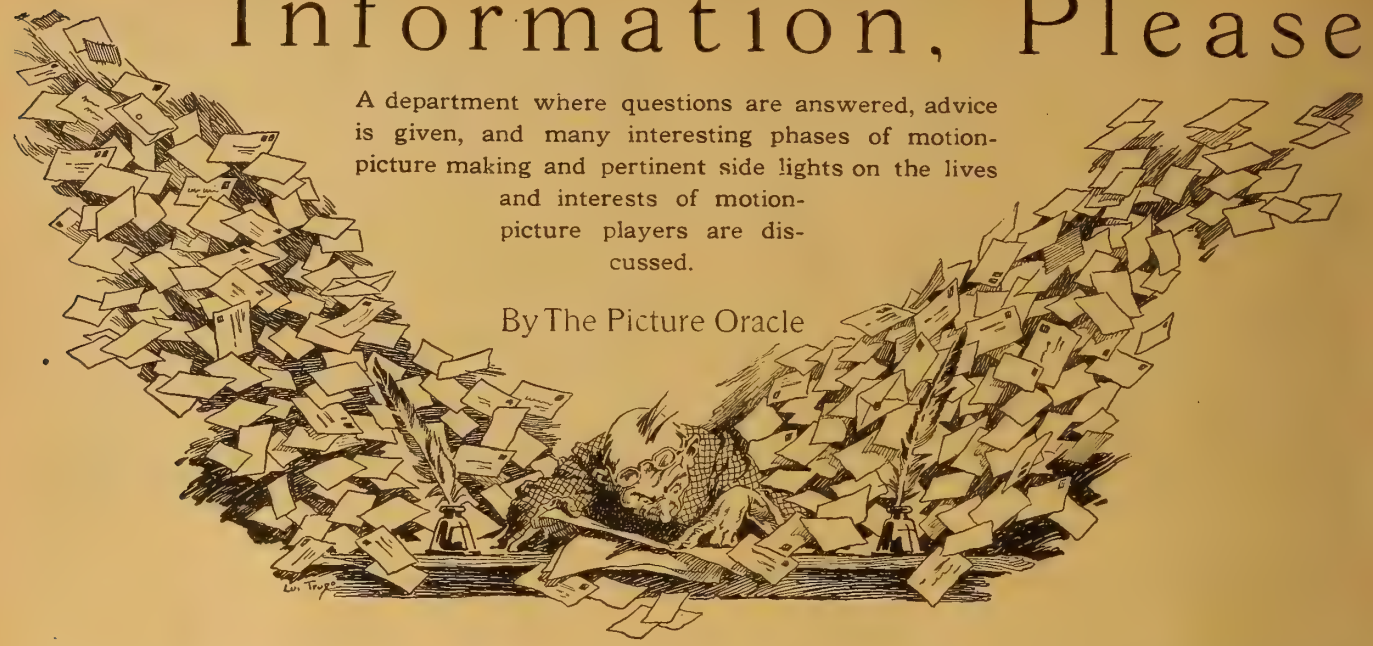
Barbara Worth, on the horse above, who plays rough-riding rôles as though born to them, is a Columbus, Ohio, girl.



Sally Blane, left, can really claim the West, having been born in Salida, Colorado, but Leila Hyams, right, is straight from New York City, where she played on the stage before she came to Hollywood to be the Western heroine in "The Brute."

Thelma Todd, right, the girl of the plains in "Nevada," is in private life a stanch New Englander from Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Information, Please



A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

NICKY.—I'm full of contrition—which, I assure you, is bad for the digestion!—that you had to wait so long for your answer, but there is a waiting list, and letters are answered in the order of their arrival. Ramon Novarro is twenty-eight. No, I'm afraid he doesn't answer his own fan mail. Taking charge of a star's correspondence is a full-time job in itself. Rod La Rocque is twenty-eight. He has been featured in films for years, but has been starred only about two years. Stars under contract seldom select their own films, though sometimes they are allowed some choice in the matter. All this depends on individual contracts. There are at present no stars between fourteen and sixteen years of age.

J. L. S.—Where have you been, that you didn't know Valentino died a year ago? Or did you? He was born in Castellaneta, Italy, May 6, 1895. He had been twice married and divorced—from Jean Acker, and Winifred Hudnut, professionally known as Natacha Rambova. He was five feet eleven inches, weighed one hundred and fifty-four pounds, and had black hair and dark-brown eyes. His real name was Rodolfo Guglielmi. Adolphe Menjou was born in Pittsburgh, February 18, 1891. He is divorced from Katherine Conn Tinsley. He is five feet ten and a half inches, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and has dark hair and dark-blue eyes. That is his real name. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, July 18, 1894; height, six feet, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds; brown hair and eyes. He is unmarried and his real name is Peter Brimmer. Ricardo Cortez was born in Vienna, September 19, 1899; height, six feet one inch; weight, one hundred and seventy-five pounds; black hair, brown eyes. He is married to Alma Rubens. Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, November 15, 1878. He is five feet ten and three-quarter inches, weighs one hundred and seventy-four pounds, and has gray hair and hazel eyes. He is married to Florence Oakley. Raymond Griffith was born in Boston in 1890. Height, five feet five and a half inches; weight, one hundred and thirty-nine pounds; black hair, hazel eyes. He is a bachelor.

MAY MCC.—So you think I am not an old man with a beard? Surely you wouldn't take my whiskers away from me, after all the years it took me to grow them! The girl who played *Dale Ogden* in "The Bat" was Jewel Carmen. I don't know where she can be reached, as she seems to have retired from the screen—I believe she had some lawsuit over a contract. Phyllis Haver was born in Douglas, Kansas, January 6, 1899. Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, New York, September 5, 1897. Renee Adoree's real name is Renee de la Fento. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is working, at this writing, at the Fox studio. He is six feet two inches, and has brown hair and dark-blue eyes. He is twenty-four years old.

EDNA BLACK.—I can see you're the kind of person that gives three cheers every time you see a sombrero. The addresses you ask for are given in the list at the end of this department.

MISS BLUE EYES.—Indeed your questions don't make me dizzy; it's only the bootleg stuff that does that. A large picture of Valentino and an interview with him was published in PICTURE PLAY for the issue of November, 1926. Write to the Circulation Department for a copy, inclosing twenty-five cents. Rod La Rocque was born twenty-eight years ago—I don't know the exact date. If I ever get to Florida, I shall certainly look you up in Marianna. Shall I just ask the postmaster there where I can find MISS BLUE EYES?

BRIGHT-BROWN EYES.—You can be assured that your favorite, Lillian Gish, is as sweet as they come. She spends all her leisure time at the bedside of her invalid mother. Lillian is thirty-one, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, and is five feet four inches. Her new picture is "The Wind."

AN ARDENT MOVIE FAN.—I can't understand why it should take courage for you to write to me. Is it because of my whiskers, or has the story leaked out that once, at the age of eleven, I scared a horse so much he ran away—with me on him! I believe William Boyd and Elinor Fair have no child. Lawrence Gray was the hero in "Ankles Preferred;" Allan Forrest was the villain. Ramon Novarro's "A Certain Young Man" was never released, I believe. Clara Bow made her first screen hit in "Down to the Sea in Ships," when, in a secondary rôle, she walked away with the picture. She also played opposite Glenn Hunter in "Grit;" and she played in "The Boomerang," "My Lady's Lips," "The Scarlet West," "Capital Punishment," "The Shadow of the Law," and "Two Can Play"—besides the films you mentioned.

JANE MACD.—Aren't you lucky to have passed a screen test! I do wish you luck if you go on with a film career. In "Sorrell and Son," the players are Norman Trevor, H. B. Warner, Nils Aster, Alice Joyce, Carmel Myers, and Louis Wolheim. Lupe Velez is playing in Doug Fairbank's "The Gaucho." Harold Lloyd's new leading lady is Ann Christy, till recently an extra. Barry Norton is a Fox player. Rex Lease recently completed his F. B. O. contract, and hasn't, at this writing, made a new connection, so I don't know where to suggest that you write to him.

J. P. RAMSEY.—I have no official connection with fan clubs. PICTURE PLAY formerly announced new ones when so requested, but that was all. I understand that such a club is formed by a group of friends, who, through the film magazines, invite others to join them.

RUSSELL HORENCY.—So all the athletes in your town are Richard Talmadge fans? And quite right, too; Richard is a real athlete. Before he played in pictures, he and three or four of his brothers used to have one of those "Allay-oop" acts in vaudeville. Richard was born in New York of Italian parents; his real name is Metzetti. His new picture is "The Road to Monterey."

MISS SAUCY.—Now I won't have you calling your questions silly, because that would make the answers silly, too, and I must try to take my work seriously. Lya de Putti was born in Hungary, and is in her early twenties; she is five feet tall and weighs one hundred and five pounds. Ralph Graves is six feet one inch, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He was born in Cleveland, but doesn't say when. Alice Joyce doesn't say when, either; she was born in Kansas City, Missouri. She weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and is five feet seven inches. Grant Withers is a Kentuckian; he is six feet two inches, and weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds. He is twenty-three. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is about six feet tall. So you look well in blue? Do you ever get out on a blue Monday?

Continued on page 120

Censoring the Censor

The average censor, according to the arguments presented below, doesn't know a harmful film when he sees one—he bans really fine pictures for bigoted reasons, yet passes by others which are truly injurious.

By Madeline Glass

TO any intelligent citizen who attends the movies, the thought must often occur, Where is the dividing line between a moral and an immoral show?

In view of the fact that conscientious leaders in many of the most important professions—writers, educators, ministers, judges—have been unable to agree upon this question, it is not surprising that the general public is at a loss to sift the grain from the chaff.

And the average hired censor is no more capable of recognizing a truly immoral picture than a longshoreman is capable of passing judgment on a collection of rare ceramics. It is a perpetual source of irritation to a self-respecting movie patron that his or her film fare must first pass the inspection of a salaried moralist whose judgment is bounded on the north by the seventh commandment, on the east by prohibition, on the south by politics, and on the west by his own personal inhibitions. On the other hand, the movie patron himself is not blameless. Producers would not continue to put out trashy pictures that whet the censorial appetite if they did not receive ample encouragement from the public.

My chief quarrel with the professional moralists is that they seem utterly unable to distinguish between true morality and immorality, coarseness and refinement, intelligence and stupidity, realism and hokum. To my mind, deliberate distortion of facts or inexcusably bad taste is as deplorable in a film as moral defection. D. W. Griffith, gifted as he is, has spoiled a number of his pictures by errors in taste. "Way Down East" caused the censors to have puritanical fits because the heroine was an unmarried mother. Yet, actually, the real and only offense in the picture lay in the scene where the "bridegroom" pulled the reluctant "bride" into the bedroom. The incident, which was totally unnecessary to the advancement of the story, was in atrociously bad taste.

Charlie Chaplin played a mean trick on the censors when he made "A Woman of Paris." It didn't offend them—it stumped them. Here was patent immorality, yet so tastefully and exquisitely was it presented that they didn't know just where to clamp their shears into it.

I consider a number of Colleen Moore's apparently innocent pictures as being more or less injurious. I can fairly hear the angry protests at this seemingly absurd statement. Nevertheless, I do not retract a syllable. The typical Moore picture, based on the Cinderella theme, presents a false view of life and instills, consciously or unconsciously, fantastic ambitions in the minds of young girls. The percentage of working girls who marry handsome, charming young millionaires is so infinitesimal as to be unworthy of consideration, yet Miss Moore's pictures give the impression that this is the rule rather than the rare exception. Because of this distortion of facts, I regard many of her pictures as pernicious, in spite of the heroine's impeccable character.

If "The Big Parade" had been produced as Laurence Stallings wrote it, it might have been less popular, but it would certainly have been more ethical. Originally it was an uncompromising argument against war. In its present form, it undertakes to prove, in its own fallacious way, that a baptism of shell fire and blood develops character and strengthens the spiritual nature of a man. War does nothing of the sort. War is inherently destructive and degrading, and should be so presented in a medium of such vast influence as the motion picture. Because of its false slant on a great, vital issue, I consider "The Big Parade," despite its technical and histrionic virtues, an injurious picture.

"The Covered Wagon" was an excellent example of pictorial honesty. Except for a few regrettable errors, such as the arrangement of the wagon train and the breed of cattle used, the production was entirely true. In it high courage and hard labor received a commensurate reward. Adventure was qualified by hardships. The beauty of loyalty and the homely gospel of the plow were both carefully emphasized. "The Covered Wagon" was a credit to the industry and to the nation, yet the censors objected to the very logical and realistic drinking scenes. How idiotic to try to pretend that those rough frontiersmen drank nothing but water!

By deleting two reels from the beginning of "Variety," the censors defeated their own purpose. Instead of purifying the film for the innocent public, they ruined the moral of the story. Originally the picture proved the law of compensation—a man deserted his wife for another woman, then the woman deserted him. After the pernicious purifying had been accomplished, however, the absconding pair were introduced as husband and wife. As their life together was not all that it might have been, the picture appeared to be a reflection on matrimony.

If we must have professional censors to protect the public, they should at least be wise and just. The office of passing on the merits of a movie that may influence the opinions of thousands is so delicate and important a task that it should be approached with sympathy and an impartial mind rather than with belligerent prejudice.

An American at Last!

Continued from page 92

"Now," he pointed out, "since exhibitors *have* to show English productions, English producers are turning out any old thing. Pictures are sold merely on their titles sometimes, even before they are made. The producers just slap together any old thing, because under the government's protection, they know the exhibitors have to take their films."

Mr. Moreno thinks that as a result American producers will send more and more companies to England to make pictures, so that their films may be shown in that country as British productions.

You'd like Antonio Moreno. He has just enough of the foreigner about him to make him unusual and interesting. His dark skin, his courteous manner, his slight accent—all these things make him distinctive. His accent consists mostly of a bit of confusion over the pronunciation of some words, and a mild distortion of the meaning of others.

His demeanor is simple and friendly, despite his fame and his wealth, and the fact that he and Mrs. Moreno live in one of the most elaborate "show places" in Los Angeles.

Here's to one of our foreign stars who's a foreigner no longer!

Begging Shakespeare's Pardon

Continued from page 73

dropped out of his finances. The movies had been merely a plaything at first, but now they became a necessity to him. He had to give up the gay little house on the hill and most of his fair-weather friends. Things weren't so hot.

He did extra work for a year or so. His experiences were drastic, though later quite amusing to look back on. His previous financial independence had spoiled him for taking orders from assistant directors, and he was fired more than once for insubordination.

Once he was called to the Lasky lot for a small part in James Cruze's "Beggar on Horseback." He was taken into the wardrobe room and rigged up in a lovely curly white wig and pale pink tights and told that he was to play a fantastic king of the fairies who was to come dancing in on a broom and sweep under Edward Everett Horton's bed looking for rats. Dick fortified himself with aspirin, said a silent prayer that none of his friends would see the picture, and went down to the set. He had a fiendish time while waiting. The white curls kept falling down in his eyes and he nearly burned the whole wig trying to light a cigarette. Finally they reached his scene.

"Now you come dancing in like spring," explained the dry-witted Jimmy Cruze, "and start sweeping around looking for rats." By this time the whole studio had wandered over to see Dick do the dance of the fairy king. "All set—*camera!*" yelled Cruze.

But instead of the king of the fairies bursting onto the set in an æsthetic dance, a highly irate young man came thundering in with his lovely wig knocked to one side and, waving his broom insanely at Mr. Cruze, screamed, "I'll be darned if I'll go hopping around in tights looking for rats!"

He was fired immediately, with a handshake from Jim Cruze.

But in spite of his independence he got plenty of work of one sort or another.

"It was round about that time that I decided to change my name," Dick told me. "Because if you have a 'Van' in your name, people naturally suspect you have money. Besides, I hadn't had any luck with the name I had and it was too long, anyway, for practical use. I don't know how I happened to pick 'Arlen.' It was short, for one thing, and seemed to fit in with the 'Richard.'"

Enter the new man—Richard Arlen. Mr. van Mattimore was no more.

I suppose numerologists would credit his advancement from then on to the influence of the new vibrations. But whatever it was Dick did much better. He got small parts in several pictures with Colleen Moore, and more work with James Cruze, and quite a nice rôle in support of Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly."

Paramount didn't think he was the world's greatest actor, but they did believe he had a striking personality and a more than pleasing presence before the camera. So they put him under contract. That contract didn't mean stardom, nor even featured rôles. He worked up gradually, doing as he was told to do and biding his time until his opportunity came along. In "Wings" he has the best rôle he has had thus far, and it is expected to do an awful lot for Dick.

"Last year was the luckiest of my life," he told me. "It not only brought me a break on the screen but Jobyna." He reached over and patted the hand of the lovely Jobyna Ralston, who was formerly Harold Lloyd's leading lady and is now Mrs. Richard Arlen.

Their romance is too well known to need to be rehearsed here, but if two people were ever madly, crazily, wondrously happy and in love, it is these two. They don't play round much with the other young couples of Hollywood, and many a first night has got along without their presence. They spend their time between pictures golfing and horseback riding and motoring. You're likely to find them any afternoon headed in the direction of the State Highway, where they can "open up" their high-powered roadster to its top notch.

Shakespeare may be right, and there may be nothing in a name, but considering all the good things that have come to Dick Arlen since he changed his, you can't blame him for disagreeing with the famous bard.

Mary in the 5-and-10

Continued from page 58

ting any sentiment creep in, but I cannot. Perhaps it is because she was my first idol and, though many illusions have been shattered behind the scenes of Hollywood's glamour, I love Mary still. Her sweetness, which is not mere saccharine sentimentality, her unfailing graciousness and gentleness, the breadth of her understanding and the largeness of her heart, strike me ever anew.

There is sunshine around Mary. You feel it radiating from her. Not gladsome, joyous sunshine, not frivolous rays darting here and there, but a calm, warm glow that highlights the shadows that cling to her. You could not see the sunshine were it not for the shadows that throw it into relief; so you would not have Mary, the child of brightness, had you not also the Mary who is reminiscent of a play-starved, toil-weary childhood.

Mary is back in harness to stay for a while. There will be no more jaunts to Europe for the time being. Steady work for a year or so at least. She is already considering her next story.

Mary and Doug continue to work and to play together. Picturesque sets for Doug's "The Gaucho" nudge the tenement where *Maggie* lives.

They still talk of making a picture together. It is one of those dreams that they take out, fondle, and tuck away again. But such a move would be foolish financially. A film of the two would bring little more into the box-office than one starring either of them. Besides, the difficulty of finding a story that would give the individual talents of both full scope is easily seen.

"How could we?" Mary asked. "It would be like trying to combine the work of an artist who paints in bold, sweeping strokes with that of a miniature painter. Douglas pictures life as we dream of it through rose-tinted glasses—glamorous, thrilling, lovely. I film little segments of it as it really is, with only slim threads of beauty running through its ugliness."

The sets for "My Best Girl" are few and simple, the only elaborate one being the home of the wealthy father of the boy Most of the action transpires in the 5-and-10-cent store and in the tenement where *Maggie* bosses, looks after, cries over and laughs with her family. Disguised in old clothes and dark glasses, Mary spent days in a real 5-and-10-cent store seeking little incidents both humorous and pathetic to incorporate in her story.

Though I admit a little temerity in regard to her present effort, though I would wish her to remain forever the child, I have great faith in Mary's astuteness, in her artistry. I believe that somehow, perhaps so subtly that we shall scarcely be aware of the change, she will create a grown-up counterpart of the child that has for so long been "America's Sweetheart."

The Future of the Stars

Continued from page 50

the best among those who are favorites now.

The latter part of 1928 will be the battlefield of a tremendous motion-picture war between the intrenched financial interests and the unorganized, individual artists and writers who understand the technique of the screen and the desires of the public.

The old-timers have been those whose characters and talents corresponded with the Golden Age of the movies and its type of showmanship. The present wielders of power and strength will not change their viewpoint as fast as will the public. The year 1928 is indicated by astrology as the most important yet known in motion pictures, for it will mark the progress from merely bigger pictures to actually better ones. And the rebels will be responsible! New men and women will take their places as leaders in entertaining the picture-goer. These new men and women will never organize as our present celluloid rulers have done, but they will nevertheless dominate the industry as countless small units, like snowflakes that pile up and stop the great locomotive.

I can hear the hoarse guffaws of many who will read this, for most people think the golden millions of the ruling moguls cannot be scattered or dissolved. But there was a time when nobody thought Rome could fall, and the Romans would have summarily clipped off the head of the astrologer who dared predict it.

Exit the Well-dressed Hero

Continued from page 52

"'Publicity Madness,' my new film, is going to be a walk-away. Wait and see. I'm a smart-talk salesman. The soap I sell is no good, but my line is, and I get away with it—high, wide, and handsome."

Ed's new screen humanness has won him a new Fox contract, to make four pictures a year, two of which are to be specials.

"Joker, that word," he grinned. "There's no such thing as making a special. The much-advertised specials usually turn out to be duds. The simple little 'quickies' sneak up on you and turn out to be specials."

Out in Hollywood, they never would have believed, a year or so ago, that Ed Lowe, the matinée idol, could muss his hair, dirty his face, and kick into the tussle of the rough-and-tumble. But then, who would have thought that Lindbergh could get to Paris?

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What's Wrong with These Gambling Scenes?

Continued from page 87

and his small hands and slender fingers have often been photographed dealing cards in close-ups of gambling.

When Erich von Stroheim was filming "Foolish Wives" several years ago, there were several scenes, as you know, depicting the gambling at Monte Carlo.

"Send for Edward Reinach," he ordered. "I want these scenes to be correct."

When Reinach arrived, Von Stroheim said to him, "I want to picture these games just as they are played in Monte Carlo."

"Then you'll have to build some roulette tables," Reinach replied. "There are none in America just like those in Monte Carlo."

Accordingly, the tables were constructed, with only one zero on each wheel. Those in America have two zeros.

"The Casino," says Reinach, "is rarely patronized by young girls —most of the women at the tables are between thirty and forty-five years old. Yet in films featuring Monte Carlo, you'll find that pretty faces and youth predominate.

"And in the Casino, there is no boisterous laughter, no exultation over winnings. Instead, a subdued tone, a quiet atmosphere, prevails. There is no smoking or drinking at the tables. A bar is in another room, to which persons may go for drinks. If a player drew out a pocket flask and took a swig at one of the tables, he would be politely requested not to do it again. But not long ago, I saw a picture, supposedly of Monte Carlo, in which a woman sat at one of the tables with her arm about a man's neck. She handed him a cigar which he lit. He then proceeded to blow clouds of smoke into the air all around the table!

"No persons in military uniform are permitted in the Casino, nor persons in clerical garb. No French banker, bank employee, or other person who is a French subject handling other people's money, is knowingly permitted to gamble there.

"But American films do not adhere to these facts. The film producers present what the American people *think* Monte Carlo is like. They make it appear to be a feverish, excitement-swept place where tragedy is written in the faces of the gamblers and where the play is in confusion. That is not Monte Carlo.

"One time at Monte Carlo, I won a bet of 250 francs at the roulette table, and a woman standing behind me reached for the money.

"'*Pardon,* madame,' I said, 'but that is my money.'

"'No, no, no!' she exclaimed. 'It is mine!'

"It nettled me a little, but I did not know just what to do. I kept on playing, watching her from the corner of my eye and debating the situation. Presently, a croupier quietly pushed 250 francs to me and said nothing. Rather than permit an argument to start, the house paid the loss.

"That shows one difference between American gambling houses and the Casino. Over here, if one person reached for another's money, it would be deemed justification for a fight. It at least would cause a red-hot argument. But Monte Carlo doesn't permit loud arguments."

Edward Reinach, like Scott Turner, is a gambling expert. He specializes in the technical direction of movie scenes portraying Monte Carlo. He knows everything there is to know about that famous resort.

"America thinks of Monte Carlo as a wild and hectic place," Mr. Reinach says, "and motion pictures too often encourage that idea. But it isn't a wild and hectic place. Nothing could be more dignified."

Including Ward Crane

Continued from page 89

larly in the fall. Morning in Central Park on the bridle path—noon at the Algonquin with all those fellows who are the real civic officials of the town, ruling it with their witty opinions—tea time on Fifth Avenue —night on Broadway, with its lights and——"

"Shows and supper clubs," I put in.

"Yes," said Ward, "and Childs' at two a. m."

"The New York *Times* the morning after," quoth I.

"You said it!" said Ward.

Can you blame him for being enthusiastic? Ward and New York —New York and Ward—they somehow go together.

When It's Really Painful to Eat

Continued from page 43

haven't struggled for so long that I'm afraid I'm beginning to atrophy.

"Come and have a look at our Hawaiian banquet," he invited, as we left Madame Helene's.

I did, and was lost in admiration when we stepped into the tropical fairyland which was the set for some of the scenes in "Hula."

A long tablecloth was stretched on the grass, laden with interesting-looking dishes. Mr. Brook insisted that I sample some of these, thereby winning still more sympathy from me for the poor, harassed actor who is faced with the necessity of devouring weird and arbitrarily selected foods in the interests of his profession.

There was chicken cooked in coconut milk, which wasn't so bad. There was fish wrapped in banana leaves and boiled in tea. There was raw salmon, looking like discouraged strips of pimento, with a sour sort of sauce over it. There were other raw fishes with amazing sauces. There were little side dishes of sea-weed, which looked like tobacco and tasted like shredded coconut gone wrong. There were whole, roasted piglings, and there were gorgeous tropical fruits in profusion.

And there was poi. I declined, however, to taste that concoction, though I was assured that it was the choicest viand of the lot. All of these things are supposed to be eaten with the fingers but poi seemed to me the least enticing of them all to be taken in that manner. It looked something like soiled marshmallow whip and something like modeling clay that had been treated with too much oil. And you are supposed to scoop it in drippy gobs out of a little bowl with two fingers, and lick it off. I was firm in declining poi.

As I left, the company was just lining up at the feast for the afternoon's work. Two property men passed me, one with a platter of raw fish, the other with more dishes of the dreadful sea-weed.

"How much longer they gonna be eatin' this stuff?" asked one of the other.

"I dunno. Two more days, anyhow," replied his companion.

"Gosh! Those poor actors!" ejaculated the first.

And I, hurrying away, feeling already that I should not enjoy that night's dinner, was inclined to agree with his sentiments.

Recommended by His Wives

Continued from page 83

too, he is always so dependable. He gives a definite impression in all his screen work that whoever married him could depend upon him in any sort of an emergency—that he would understand and deal diplomatically with the most trying situations.

Even as the villain in "The Gilded Butterfly," he was a very likable sort of villain, and captured the sympathy of the audience, for all his villainies, because of his kindly consideration and innate chivalry.

Yes, I think Mr. Gordon makes one of the best husbands on the screen, and I'll wager that more than one wife has held him up as an example of what the ideal husband should be.

POLA NEGRI.—The perfect husband for a woman with a past—such was the Huntly Gordon whom I married in "Shadows of Paris," in which I was a girl of the Parisian underworld, an apache queen who climbed from her criminal haunts to the glittering salons of Europe's most magnificent city. Huntly was *Raoul*, minister of the interior, a man who completely believed in and worshiped his treacherous wife.

As a screen husband he left nothing to be desired. He married me under the impression that I was a fascinating Polish widow. I did not love him at first. My heart was with an apache leader. My husband did not have the fire, the daring and adventurousness of the apache and, therefore, in the beginning, I looked upon him as a dupe. For I could twist him round my finger. I could whisk myself from his sight to seek the gay, reckless life of the apache cellars, without his ever suspecting.

Gordon was the loving, generous, unsuspecting husband who showers everything upon his undeserving wife. It is well for the woman with a past to have a husband who never thinks to pry into her former life, nor thinks to doubt her present one. It is fortunate for any woman to possess a man of such complete faith.

So that's what Huntly Gordon's screen wives have to say about him, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that he would make a perfectly wonderful husband, and a very jolly one.



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By Public Demand

Continued from page 25

He wounded many. And they were either officials out to get him, or rich usurers and misers who were bleeding the South that he loved."

In quick sentences, with a few sharp, emphatic gestures, Thomson outlined the story of his film. It's perfect movie material.

"For seventeen years James was an outlaw," said Thomson, "leading a band that roved through the hills and woods, living precariously, raiding towns, where they demanded toll of the scheming rascals who had the South under their thumbs.

"At first, the danger and zest of the adventure appealed to the restless James as much as his high purpose of righting wrongs. Then he grew graver and less impetuous. When Zerelda Mimms admitted her love for him, he wanted to give her up, knowing that he could never escape the shadow that hung over him. He pictured their uncertain life together and his inevitable end. But she insisted upon sharing his troublous life.

"Good movie plot, isn't it?" Thomson grinned. "And a perfect coincidence, by the way, is that his favorite horse was very similar to Silver King.

"Will Hays banned 'Jesse James' at first. 'Why,' he said, 'you're crazy! James was an outlaw.' But when I had given him the true version of James' life, he approved my idea of filming it in order to correct the libelous legends about one of our most romantic figures."

Westerns are enjoying a revival of popularity. A couple of years ago, with the influx of sophisticated films, Westerns were thought to have had their day. Thomson explained what he thought to be the reason for the renewed interest in them that has now developed.

"This country is still vitally young," he said. "Our ancestors migrated and founded settlements. Their sons conquered the wilderness and the Indians, pushed on across the Alleghanies across the Mississippi, out the Oregon trail. We are still not very far removed from this pioneer urge. And that urge must have action to satisfy it—action against the elemental forces of nature."

From his childhood Fred Thomson has watched desert spaces reclaimed and converted into miniature paradises. He knows the West that he loves, and he plans in time to film a story of the West and its six-shooter. "The Six-Gun" will be the title. There will be a fade-in of a British judge in black gown and white wig, seated behind a massive desk—the spirit of Blackstone. That will dissolve into the six-gun—the West's emblem of authority.

"The silly notion that guns meant bandits should be corrected," said Thomson. "The gun in the primitive West meant law and order, peace, protection for the weak. But for the six-gun we would not now have all this beauty of California. I want to do a saga of the gun, a real story of how the desert was reclaimed. I want to catch on the screen the actual spirit of the old West."

He will do it. The public has made him a popular hero for just that—doing what he wanted to do.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 56

Wesley Barry's Return.

Wesley Barry has emerged from obscurity. He has been playing a jockey rôle in the Metro-Goldwyn production, "In Old Kentucky." Wesley has grown up and lost most of his freckles, but he isn't a tall boy, at that.

Looking Backward.

Bits of news culled from the issue of PICTURE PLAY for November, 1922:

With 20,000 persons present at the Hollywood Bowl to hear Will Hays define movie policies, Bill Hart got the biggest ovation. Harold Lloyd and Rudolph Valentino tied for second place.

"Bull" Montana, the comedy star, returned from a triumphal tour of Italy and was met at the railway station by "Spike" Robinson, "Broken-nose" Murphy, "Pig-iron" Dalton, the "Battling Savage," and a lot of other little playmates.

Marie Prevost quit playing in Universal feature comedies and was engaged for the lead in "The Beautiful and Damned," with Kenneth Harlan as leading man. They were reported engaged to marry.

Gloria Swanson lost a limousine.

Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro were cast for "The Passion Vine." The release title was "Where the Pavement Ends."

A reconciliation between Bill Hart and his wife was forecast as a result of an expected visit from the stork.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 100

because more honest, than a million dollars' worth of fashion parades and war scenes. Such a film is "Judgment of the Hills," as simple as the Kentucky mountaineers it portrays and as strong and primitive as their emotions often are.

The story deals with the reaction of the mountaineers to the war and conscription. *Brant Dennison,* a hard-drinking fellow, the hero of countless feuds and fights, is frightened by the scarred face of a returned soldier and hides when the call comes for him to go to camp. His little brother turns him over to the sheriff, he is taken unwillingly away, eventually distinguishes himself in action, and returns a hero—to find the school-teacher waiting.

Not much of a plot, to be sure, but it has good intentions and, barring lethargic action, is interesting. Orville Caldwell, as *Brant,* is excellent, and Frankie Darro, the child actor, is a fine artist. Virginia Valli, the *Teacher,* deserves credit for looking like one.

The Dangerous Age.

"Lonesome Ladies" is respectable and harmless, though it tries hard to imply otherwise. Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson are married, probably for ages, but all does not go well. This is indicated by having *Polly* seated at one end of the living room, while *John* buries his nose in a newspaper at the other. He eventually meets a former flame, who has remained strangely youthful, and there is an attempted flirtation on her part. *Polly* flounces off to a women's club where the members foolishly overplay the rights of their sex. At the moment when *Polly* is being chased around a table by a villain, *John* reappears and "rescues" her. A slow, silly picture.

A Museum Piece.

Old-fashioned farce finds outlet in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," a picture unworthy of its cast—May Robson, who played it on the stage for years; Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, Arthur Hoyt, and Franklin Pangborn. *Jack Watkins,* a speed demon, deceives his aunt into believing that he is a doctor with a sanatorium. *Aunt Mary* comes for a visit, with her pretty nurse, and frantic efforts are made by *Jack* and his chum to improvise a sanatorium. The results are as expected. *Aunt Mary* meets an ancient sweetheart with whom she once quarreled, and *Jack* pairs off with nursie.

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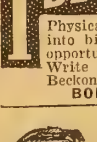


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Golden Glint
SHAMPOO
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Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 28

The story is stereotyped, for while there is drama and action in the study of a pair of young toughs who find their souls in the war, never once does the story penetrate beneath the surface nor trace the spiritual struggle beneath the chaos of these stirring events However, Barthelmess is provided with a character rôle that is worthy of him, and the realism of his portrayal is responsible for the best performance he has given in years.

A youngster named Molly O'Day plays opposite him, and while she is promised stardom for her performance of the dance-hall girl who becomes a nurse at the front, she fails, so far as we are concerned, to show any attributes that infer her possession of stellar material. She is a comely person who looks more than her reputed eighteen years, and while there is no mistaking her earnestness, that is a quality common to most girls in pictures who are eager to get to the top.

Thomas Meighan decided that New York and points East were the only places to spend a holiday—points East being his home at Great Neck, where the Meighans have a place near the water, and entertain the world at large over the week-end.

There is a belief that is more than a rumor that Meighan will not go back to the Coast. He has always preferred making pictures in the East, but when Paramount closed the Long Island studio, Meighan perforce moved his make-up box and eyebrow pencil to the Coast.

Richard Dix, too, is agitating for New York as the place to make pictures. With these powerful allies using their influence, as it were, to revive interest in Astoria, it is more than probable that before long the studio there will be more than a warehouse, and will again hum with activity.

For several months Lya de Putti was cheated out of a holiday. Every time she got to New York a telegram would summon her back to the Coast, and she would have to punch the clock and go back to work. The luring Lya has had such a poor deal in pictures since she came to America that, much as she longed to play about New York, she would hotfoot it back to Hollywood in an effort to capture a good rôle before a scenario writer ruined it.

You remember Miss de Putti first came into fame when "Variety" was imported to these shores. Her fatal charm, more potent than the Lorelei, lured a strong man to his doom. Her performance was compelling, because it was sincere and unadorned. There was no attempt to whitewash the career of a wanton.

American producers felt they had found the vamp *par excellence.* They bought sequin gowns for her with very little back to them. They posed her on tiger skins. They insisted that she emote to the tune of a megaphone, and Lya rebelled. If bad she must be, she wanted to be bad as people really are to-day, not as the ten-twenty-thirty drama portrayed lack of virtue twenty-five years ago.

When she last returned to New York, she gave a tea party to celebrate her release, and all the critics and the newspapermen and women clustered about her to hear if her new lot were a happier one. Lya was dressed all in black, and her hair was brushed up into a peak all over her head. She was full of life and enthusiasm, a contrast to the disheartened, dejected Lya who had gone to Hollywood some months before seeking her real personality.

"Yes," she cried, "I have been bad in my new picture for Universal, but bad as people really are, not as convention says they are.

"I want to be real, always real. I like and want real things. I enjoy myself among people who are real. That is why I like to go to Coney Island. There you see life and people as they really are.

"I have been home a week, but I have been to Coney Island three times. I go whenever I have an opportunity, because I love it. I love not only to play, myself, but to see other people play. There they enjoy themselves, with no attempt to conceal their joy. They just let themselves go. Whole families enjoy themselves together. They laugh, they are thrilled. The children cry. They get lost. Their parents are frantic. They wail, they weep. They are in agony till they find Hansy or Gretchen again. And then once more all is merry. Hansy stops howling. He is given much to eat. They all eat more than they should, more than they want. They walk along the street eating hot dogs and sauerkraut, candy, popcorn, just because they want to. They don't care if it is bad for them. They are all enjoying life. Life as it really is.

"Those are the people I know, and an actress should portray the people she knows. You see human nature

as it is, unvarnished, at Coney Island. That is why I spend as much time as possible there."

The Broadway theaters are happy in the belief that they, in the natural course of events, capture all the available talent, and display it with remarkable expediency to an admiring and voracious public. But every once in a while a player comes into prominence who has long had prestige in that vast region known as "the sticks."

Take, for example, Jean Arthur, who for many moons supported hokum stars in the highways and byways of comedy. Westerns, too, were her lot.

But along came Jess Smith, a young producer with a discerning eye, who felt that she would more than fill the bill in "The Poor Nut."

In the parlance of the studio, he took a chance and Broadway felt something new had arrived, little dreaming that in this gentle maiden they were merely adding the laurel leaf to one who had, as the saying goes, already received the approbation of the masses. Her charm and beauty have attracted the attention of First National, by whom she has been signed, and she is considered by that august institution as a "comer" with more than considerable ability.

A Whole Succession of Silver Linings

Continued from page 29

Following that, Don played the rôle of *Don José* in "The Loves of Carmen," in which he believes he has done some good work.

On Don's first appearance in pictures, he was compared to Ramon Novarro in appearance. There *was* a likeness. To-day, since he has grown a narrow strip of mustache, he is said to resemble Ronald Colman. And indeed, on the screen, he does resemble him somewhat. But in real life, Don is like neither Novarro nor Colman. He is tall, very dark, and—in spite of having been born in New Mexico—distinctly Spanish in type. He is of Spanish descent, of course.

Don is now under contract to United Artists. His first picture for them is a comedy called "Breakfast at Sunrise," with Connie Talmadge.

"I feel sure I can do that comedy part quite well," Don prophesied, without vanity, but with quiet confidence. And from all reports, he *has* done it well.

Thus you have Don Alvarado. May the unknown forces continue to urge him onward and upward!

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Virginia Got the Job

Continued from page 34

one hand, nor does she project the formal touch. She is intelligent beyond the average, decidedly, but she does not go out of her way to impress you with her opinions. Should you evince curiosity, she will enlighten you.

Unlike many of her cinema sisters, Virginia knows what is going on in the world beyond Hollywood. Her interests are varied and genuine. We talked about socialism and Carl van Vechten's recent Western trip, the Jim Crow law and Lindbergh's great reception in New York, Barrymore's profile and Irish freedom, American flappers, and F. W. Murnau. With all of these subjects she was familiar; at no time did she retreat behind giggles of girlish diffidence.

She had round about her books that spoke well for her taste—a couple of James Stevens' Irish novels, Ludwig's "Napoleon," Sinclair Lewis' "Elmer Gantry," a new Donn Byrne romance, and a copy of "East Side, West Side," the novel about New York by Felix Reisenberg which is being translated into celluloid as these lines are being written.

"George O'Brien and I are doing it," said Virginia, "and so far it's simply marvelous. It's a story starting in the ghetto, and we've been going down to Hester Street and all over the East Side getting local color."

There is in prospect for her a picture version of Donn Byrne's "Hangman's House." And following that, I should not be surprised to see Virginia flaming forth in various sophisticated films. For in the new Valli revealed in "Paid to Love," according to all accounts, a new exponent of s. a. has flashed meteorlike across the silver sheet.

One Less Latin Hero

Continued from page 59

first, and then I'll sign up," was what he told the First National officials. Certainly a daring stand for a comparatively unknown player to take. However, it worked.

"You can play the lead in Colleen Moore's next picture, 'Naughty but Nice,'" was the answer.

"Then I explained," says Donald, "that I had intended taking a new name. They gave me a long list of foreign names to choose from! I insisted that 'Donald Reed' was as foreign a name as I wished to pick. Seeing that I was determined about it, they finally agreed. And that settled the Latin-type question.

"Now don't be misled by what I have said. I do not mean that I refuse ever to play a Latin rôle. Far from it. I object, however, to the Latin type that is usually represented on the screen. I have an ambition, sometime to make a picture revealing Mexican rural life as it *really* is—the true, simple life of the Mexican vaquero. There would be a Latin rôle worth while!"

To-day, Donald Reed is pretty well fixed. He has been most economical, and has saved his money, so that now he owns a picturesque Spanish hillside home. He has a beautiful young wife who, before her marriage also worked for a time in pictures, being known by her own poetical name of Fania Ralsea.

The third attack made on the great motion-picture industry by Donald Reed, lately Ernest Gillen, originally Ernesto Avila Guillen, seems to have been successful, if the fan letters that have been pouring in since the release of "Naughty but Nice" mean anything at all.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

heard of the new form of entertainment at buffet suppers? Just as the guests make a dive for the baked beans, sauerkraut, et cetera, the hostess brings out a file of magazines that publish favorite recipes of the stars, and reads them aloud. In print, none of them admits a liking for anything that starts out with ingredients more commonplace than caviar or *pâté de foie gras.* When they get around to Jobyna Ralston, I'm sure she will profess a liking for corned beef and cabbage, or something equally prosaic. That girl insists on being disarmingly natural.

"Jobyna is making a picture out at F. B. O. called 'Little Mickey Grogan.' Sooner or later all the good ones go there. It is the paradise of the free-lances.

"Have you heard of the sudden coming to life of the Sennett studio?

Continued on page 114

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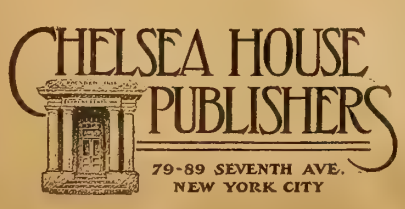
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RAINBOW LANDING	Frank Lillie Pollock
THE PHANTOM ALIBI	Henry Leverage
MARK TURNS WEST	Mary Imlay Taylor
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POISONOUS MIST	Gordon MacCreagh
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 112

Mack Sennett has signed a whole flock of bathing girls, as well as Daphne Pollard and Carmelita Geraghty. Madeline Hurlock has come back from her vacation in New York and has been put to work. The place is fairly humming with activity.

"Alice Day isn't at Sennett's any more—unless their troubles have recently been patched up, and I doubt it. For eight months Alice was on salary without making a single picture. She was lent to First National for one, and to an independent company for another. And when finally she was called for work at Sennett's, she kicked at wearing an abbreviated costume. Unfortunately, her contract called for her to wear the costumes provided by the producer, so she lost her argument.

"A lot of people are working, now, that you haven't seen in ages. As a matter of fact, I have never seen Dorothy Revier in any of her Columbia pictures, but every one tells me she is most attractive. First National borrowed her to play opposite Dick Barthelmess in 'The Drop Kick,' and they liked her so well they insisted on keeping her for 'The Gorilla,' and for Dick's next, 'The Noose.'

"Alberta Vaughn, who has been out of sight ever since she completed her F. B. O. contract, plays a small part in 'The Drop Kick;' Alice Calhoun is returning in 'Forgotten Women,' and you can attach such significance as you like to the title. But the girl I am sorry for is Betty Bronson. The final indignity has been heaped on her head. She is playing in a Western. And not even opposite a recognized star, but a newcomer. He is Lane Chandler, the new Paramount star. He used to be a guide in Yellowstone Park, which sounds rather promising But poor little Betty in a Western!"

"Dry your tears," I requested a little sharply. "You made a solemn promise to me weeks ago that you wouldn't feel sorry for any one whose salary was more than two hundred dollars a week."

"So I did," Fanny admitted sadly. "In which case I'll go off and cry alone. Because I can't expect you to mourn over the economy wave that has inspired M.-G.-M. to fit their loveliest stars out in the most awful dresses you have ever seen."

And as Fanny tripped away with anything but dirgelike tread, I reflected that, after all, Mack Sennett is the master mind of the movies. With the economy wave curtailing expenses in all the studios, he isn't getting cheaper costumes—he's just doing away with them as much as possible.

Nothing But the Truth

Continued from page 74

She feels that because her work is specialized it behooves her to proceed very cautiously. Her business acumen thus far has rewarded her both artistically and financially. She says that she will probably continue to work on the screen for many years more.

Oriental women do not age as quickly as women of the Western world," she said. "That is a distinct advantage that we have. Consequently, I do not have to crowd a lifetime of work into a few years. Occidental actresses pass quickly from the ingénue phase. And yet it is regrettable that there should have to be an age limit for really fine artists. I believe that such players as Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge prove that there need not be. A capable actress is as talented at thirty as she is at sixteen—much more so, really."

Our talk was interrupted by the arrival of a small bell boy to whom she had promised a photograph. He timidly asked her to autograph it.

"What would you like for me to write?" she asked.

He stuttered, "Wudja mind puttin', 'To my pal, Al?'"

"Sure thing! Why not?" said Anna. And she scribbled the elaborate salutation, signed it in English, then gave it an extra flourish by adding her autograph in Chinese.

"So long, Al—don't forget your umbrella!"

A Chinese goddess who's a good scout—that's Anna May Wong. Physically she is beautiful. She has a slim, graceful body, delicate hands with tapering fingers, great dark eyes and glossy black hair, creating a gorgeous contrast with a skin that is like clear amber.

No, she's not quite what one expects. Chop sticks and jade aren't in her line. You may think you're going to see a diminutive *Ming Toy* or a tiny *Golden Bells,* but actually you find a very fascinating American girl whose parents were Chinese. But you're not disappointed, for Anna May makes disillusionment a pleasant surprise.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

Are the Movies Going Backward?

Are the movies slowly retrograding to the old furious-action mark of a decade ago? Are modern films not, after all, pushing up the art path, but turning the cycle that will eventually take them back to the crude beginning? No longer is this the day of the star system—the thrill of idolizing has been succeeded by the thrill of highly wrought, overdone climaxes.

Won't some one page Pearl White's old serial self, Theda Bara's obvious screen vampire, and Broncho Billy's chaps and guns, and inform them that great screen fame awaits them in the new palaces of pictures? For, do we not see to-day their very prototypes flashed upon the so ultra-modern screen—the screen which makes its snatch at realism and its ballyhoo for art?

Did pictures reach their pinnacle of greatness with the inimitable "Four Horsemen" and DeMille's masterpieces, and are they now steadily deteriorating? Is our present film fare that of 1927—or 1907?

TRIX MACKENZIE.

441 Clifton Road, Atlanta, Georgia.

England *Does* Appreciate American Films.

On reading Miss Ryan's acrimonious attack against English film critics in a recent PICTURE PLAY, I was quite at a loss to understand her prejudiced attitude. Some of her accusations were really amazing.

In the first place, she declared that "it is common knowledge that English critics know nothing about pictures!" Now, what reason has Miss Ryan for making such a nonsensical statement? And just because a few adverse criticisms were made by the English critics against one American film—and one only—she declared them to have been actuated by "mean, cheap jealousy."

Is Miss Ryan aware that "The Big Parade" ran for nearly six months at one of London's leading cinemas? This doesn't substantiate her statements about the bitter attack launched against it in England, does it?

No, Miss Ryan, we know enough over here to be able to appreciate such excellent films as "Beau Geste," "Ben-Hur," "What Price Glory," and "The Big Parade." Just because a few critics happen to differ from the opinion of the majority, it doesn't follow that all of England is making an attack against American films as a whole, as you seem to think.

I am sure that my opinion coincides with that of many others over here. We are not all mean, jealous critics. H. J. WRIDE.

Birmingham, England.

All Is Explained.

Fans, I am so happy to-day. I have just been advised by Pauline Garon herself that she did not refuse to see me recently in Chicago—you may remember that I wrote to these columns saying that she had. It seems that she was ill, but, of course, I wasn't told that by the man who asked me to call again at one o'clock—and when I did call again, the lady who told me "Miss Garon does not care to speak" was not authorized to say so, and I know Miss Garon will never guess just how brutally that lady did speak.

I wonder, do any of you fans, when a certain player or players are in town, have to do without dinner and rush pell-mell to the theater in order to get there before even the "standing room" is taken? Last night, I surely rushed without dinner and no powder on my nose to the theater to see Richard Dix, and I found most every one in town had done the same.

Little Janet Gaynor is certainly coming forward, and I'm certainly glad of that. Ever since "The Johnstown Flood," she has showed us "how."

I don't believe Miss Garon has made a picture since she has become Mrs. Lowell Sherman, has she? We want a good picture with her, Mrs. or no Mrs., don't we?

R. D. M.

120 Broadway, Alton, Illinois.

What Is the Reason?

Just a little voice of protest from a fan who appreciates good acting and wonders why her two favorites aren't on the same footing as Lloyd Hughes and Richard Dix. To my mind, my two favorites are splendid "nice-boy" types just like Mr. Hughes and Mr. Dix, but they seem never to get prominent rôles. They are Malcolm McGregor and Cullen Landis.

Don't they both impress you as "nice-boy" types like the abovementioned? I'm always reading something about Dix and Hughes, who are both wonderful actors, but I seldom see anything about Mr. McGregor or Mr. Landis. What is the reason, if I may ask?

JOSEPHINE BRENNER.

176 North Main Street, Freeport, Long Island.

To Harrison Ford.

Those of you who of the stars have raved,
Have some of you by any chance saved
Praise due to leading ladies and men?
If so, you'll agree with me then.

I haven't often seen him out here—
Maybe you're luckier over there—
So I think you can all well afford
A word of praise for Harrison Ford.

It has been ages since I've seen him,
But my mem'ry has never grown dim!
And it was in "Little Old New York"
That I first admired his good work.

I know I'm a poor hand at this game,
That all this I've written sounds lame,
But I've brought him to your attention—
And that was my only intention!

ELLA M. ROBERTSON.

36 Rue de Verdun, Tientsin, China.

A Few Opinions.

Having read the many diverse opinions expressed in these columns, may I offer mine?

1. Where is Bertram Grassby?

2. I hope no one will ever make William Powell a star or a leading man.

3. Although I have never seen Greta Garbo, her photographs fascinate me as much as she is said to fascinate men.

4. A most delightful little actress, who never seems to be in the films I go to see, is Louise LaGrange. I am not the only one who has written about her, so I hope some kind person will be good enough to exploit her a little more.

5. There is nothing to be said about John Barrymore except that he is my favorite actor.

6. I am very glad Lars Hanson is being given a prominent place on the American screen, for his foreign films were the first I went to see and, though I have not the faintest idea now what they were about, I still remember how much I enjoyed them.

7. I offer grateful thanks to Mr. Herbert Brenon and all concerned in the making of



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"Beau Geste," especially the casting director.

In closing, may I say it pains me to see how carelessly the fans fling prejudiced criticism about. I should not like to be raved over in such a senseless manner, and I should be very much discouraged if people wrote the things about me that they do about some of the stars.

EILEEN GRIFFITHS.
25 Thorndale Road, Waterloo, Lancashire, England.

It's Not the Star's Fault.

Having been a reader of PICTURE PLAY for the past three years and more, and a follower of "What the Fans Think," I have often wondered just why the fans always blame the star if a picture doesn't happen to please them. Does it ever occur to them that there are very few of the stars who are in a position to say, for instance, "I want this part for my next picture," or "That part isn't suitable for me—I don't want it." There are very few who have any say as to their rôles; most of them have to take whatever is assigned to them and do the best they can.

For the past few months I have been reading a film trade paper. The paper has a department to which the exhibitors throughout the country write their opinions of the various pictures they have shown, telling also how their patrons liked them, and in very few instances can one find a criticism of the star of a picture. Most of the blame for a bad picture is laid at the door of the producer or the director, where I think it rightfully belongs.

I wonder how many of the fans can guess the star who is a universal favorite with the exhibitors all over the country. That star is Colleen Moore. In all the comments from exhibitors on her pictures, I have found only one adverse criticism, and the exhibitor who wrote it said that though the picture did not draw so well as her others, he thought she handled her part in a very able manner.

A couple of months ago, I noticed in "Information, Please," that some fan had written to ask about one Paddy O'Flynn, and that The Oracle said he couldn't find anything about him. For the information of fans all over the country, I would like to say that Paddy O'Flynn is a young Irishman out in Hollywood trying to get a start in the movies. I have had the pleasure of having several letters from him. He has played in some of the "Newlywed" comedies and in Lloyd Hamilton comedies, and, at present, I believe he is in the series, "Keeping Up with the Joneses," being cast as the daughter's beau.

Just a word in regard to the foreign invasion. Suppose we drive the foreign players back to their own countries? In that case, wouldn't the other countries be justified in driving all Americans back to America? After all the harsh things that have been said about the foreign players, one wouldn't blame them very much if they *did* shake the dust of the United States from their feet, but here is one American who hopes that they will stay—the longer the better—and keep on giving us as good pictures in the future as they have in the past.

PERCY E. MORSE.
Box 381, Neligh, Nebraska.

More Historical Pictures.

My immediate reason for writing is to express my admiration for Conrad Veidt's portrayal of *Louis XI.* in "The Beloved Rogue." I sat through this picture twice to enjoy that part of it—for I must confess I didn't derive equal enjoyment from some of the other portrayals in the picture. I think no country has a more fascinating historical past than France, and for me Veidt has made history live again. His very appearance on the screen was sufficient to transport me into those Dark Ages in which occurred so much that was infinitely more dramatic and moving than the best made-to-order "thriller." I wish some of the big motion-picture companies would bring to life more of these great stories of the past. What a story would be that of Marie Antoinette, for the right type of actress. Though I imagine its tragic ending wouldn't appeal to most audiences.

Well, here's hoping that we see Mr. Veidt in many more characterizations, now that he has come to our shores.

I also wish they wouldn't spoil good stories by putting in Lillian Gish to flutter palely through some part that should be made to live and to appeal.

There is one little actress whom I would like to see get ahead. She is Martha Sleeper. Only not as a poured-in-the-mold ingénue, but more as a character actress. I think her eyes are marvelously expressive.

A FAN FROM MAINE.

Two Bones to Pick.

Permit me to kill two birds with one stone—figuratively speaking, of course! The feathered creatures, in this case, are Mr. Robert R. Livingston of Indiana and Miss Joan Perula of California—San Francisco, at that! And the stone is this letter.

A few words, Mr. Livingston. Yes, indeed, you have been missing *lots of fun* by not reading the illuminating letters written in the "What the Fans Think" department. Perhaps that is why you are so dense. You do not seem to realize that public opinion may interest the movie folk or that they might possibly get a bit of "enlightenment" from constructive criticism; you do not seem to realize that the letters written in this department are written with sincerity and good will, although there are a few which are a bit prejudiced; and you do not seem to realize how the perusing of these letters sharpens one's wits!

The fans *do*, most assuredly, take the movies for what they are intended—entertainment! That is, when they *are* entertaining. There are some pictures that the producers could set a match to and cheerfully say "Here goes nothing;" then, there are others that are like rare jewels among hundreds of imitations. And these ardent fans to whom you are so opposed, are quick to discern the true from the false.

They all are in earnest, discussing this actor or that actress. They "brag" about their particular favorites; and they ridicule other players. If they didn't do all that, if they were so spineless as to accept some of the trash intended for entertainment, if they were so stupid as to accept some of the gyrations of some of our so-called actors—well, perhaps they would be of the same opinion as you. Yes, perhaps like you, they *would* get a laugh out of "the rantings of the Geralds, Lilicas, Jackies, and Dorotheas, and others whose letters appear in these columns"—who happen to do a little thinking, discerning, and choosing for themselves.

To Miss Joan Perula. You wonder if there are others who will dare to *agree* with you! Perhaps I am a bit perverse, but I wish to disagree with you. You can't "see" Mr. Novarro, either as an actor or as a personality? I am sorry for you. Perhaps Mr. Gilbert is more to your taste, yes?

Novarro fans, can you possibly ally yourselves to one who is unluckily a genius, to one who has given to the screen one of its finest characterizations, to one who has

become a star with but about eight pictures to his credit? How could you do otherwise! Can you possibly give praise to one who can portray subtle, satiric comedy as easily as tense, dramatic characterizations or to one whose performances, despite the inferiority of the story in which he is cast, always dominate and captivate? Can you boost an actor who in one picture can make you experience every emotion of which the human heart is capable, who can portray an unharried, carefree youth swept through poignant situations, who can touch the depths of despair, then rise to magnificent triumph?

Is there anything to please you in a young man who has never had a scandal attached to his name or who doesn't flaunt his interest in a young lady before the eyes of the world? Do you delight in seeing a young man who is one of the most refined and handsome in the movie colony? Or, are you prone to deny all this just to try to make others believe that you are ultrasophisticated and consider such ideals as belonging to past ages?

After such a bit of enlightenment as Miss Perula has given you, aren't you convinced that it is just *clever* publicity that is keeping Mr. Novarro on the screen? No? Ah, neither am I!

May Ramon Novarro be able to prove soon his right to the title "idol of the Screen!" CONSUELO MARSH.

677 Sixth Avenue, San Francisco, California.

More Trouble for Robert.

After reading Robert R. Livingston's letter in a recent PICTURE PLAY, I feel provoked to criticize it. What is "What the Fans Think" for? He says he has "missed lots of fun" by not reading this section before. Yes, he evidently gets a great deal of pleasure out of it now, mostly, I should think, by *ridiculing* the contents.

I suppose, Mr. Livingston, you are above taking an interest in the stars themselves, like a number of other narrow-minded people who just go to the movies to be "entertained." There is a great deal more in motion pictures than just entertainment.

You are entirely wrong when you say, "the producer's real aim is, not to exploit any particular star, but to provide entertainment." Why then are *new* players boosted if not to get people to see them on the screen? And why, if they do *not* appeal to the public, are they rarely seen again? The producers, so it seems to me, do not care about a picture being good, if the star in it is a favorite, for they are sure to know fans will go to see the star, regardless of the picture. And all the producers want of a picture is a good box-office attraction.

Also, when you say "let the ardent fans, or rather fanatics, leave the criticism to the experts," you are most certainly under a misapprehension, for where would the stars be without their fans? The fans help the producers to find out which players and pictures appeal most to the general public, and when the fans stop liking a certain star, there is little hope for him or her reigning much longer.

As a last word, I would like to say it really is "funny reading some of these letters." *One* especially, amused *me!* What about "the rantings" of Robert?

CONSTANCE O. SUDDARDS.

Derby House, Blackpool Road, Ansdell, Lytham, Lancashire, England.

And Still They Defend Ramon.

How unutterably beastly it is for fans to "run down" stars they dislike. Do they get any pleasure out of it? I used to be awfully amused when I read rotten things about John Gilbert, whom I loathe, but when I read such things about my own star —then it *hurts!*

Miss Perula's letter about Ramon Novarro in a recent PICTURE PLAY was one of the most spiteful I've ever read. It hurt even though I know it is ridiculous and absurd. To say that Ramon is a publicity hunter and approves of hysterical and extravagant effusions—ye gods! Ramon has always shunned publicity. Out of the six film magazines I buy monthly, only one has had much about Ramon in it for ages.

As for saying he's no actor and he has no personality—oh! But why try to defend him to one who is so obviously prejudiced? I never was very fluent in expressing my ideas, and I can only say that Ramon means everything to me. His acting is superb and natural, and he himself is so boyish, so unsophisticated, so *different* from other stars, that he stands out clearly from them.

I should very much like to know how Miss Perula is so sure that Ramon's increasing popularity is due to his publicity department? How on earth can she know?

RENE WALLINGTON.

3, Wakeman Road, Kensal Rise, London, N. W. 10, England.

Poor Jack and Greta!

About a year ago, a Greta Garbo Club was formed in Oakland, and, as far as we knew, it was the first of its kind in the United States. As soon as we had forty-six members our secretary wrote a lovely letter to Miss Garbo, inclosing a quarter for a picture. That was about eight months ago. Well, we *never received an answer!*

That, combined with her altogether disgusting affair with that altogether disgusting John Gilbert, was enough to disband our club—or at least change our name. And now I am entirely anti-Garbo and Gilbert, particularly the latter. Can't *any one* see that he *can't act* any more than a lamp-post can? In "Bardelys the Magnificent" all the acting he did was a take-off on Doug Fairbankse.

What the public wants is good, clean pictures, not any of these lovesick dramas—"Flesh and the Devil," for instance. William Boyd, Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd, and Elinor Fair are among the stars who would refuse to act in such senseless pictures. I hope to goodness that Greta Garbo realizes that her reputation for good acting—if there is such a thing—is at stake when she will consent to play with such a moonface as John Gilbert, and the same to him.

EXTREMELY ANTI-GARBO AND GILBERT.

Oakland, California.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 69

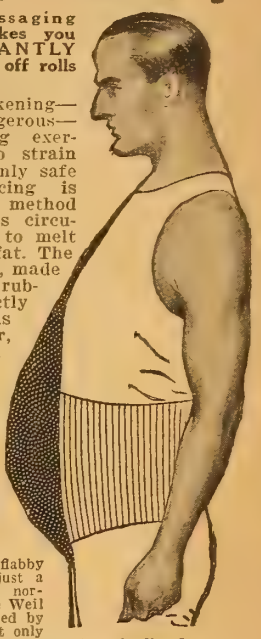
"Kiss in a Taxi, A"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels excellent in lively farce of a hot-tempered waitress in a Paris café, who rebuffs all comers until Douglas Gilmore steps onto the scene.

"Knock-out Reilly" — Paramount. Richard Dix in an exciting fight film—his best picture in years. Cast includes Jack Renault, the professional heavyweight, and Mary Brian.

"Let It Rain"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in good-humored comedy

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"Love of Sunya, The"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson's first independent venture. Glittering, but unreal. Skilled performance by Miss Swanson in four distinct characterizations.

"Love Thrill, The"—Universal. Laura La Plante in diverting farce of a girl who poses as the widow of a man falsely reported dead, and then is confronted by him. Tom Moore is the man.

"Madame Wants No Children"—Fox. Foreign film. Sophisticated tale of a wealthy man's wife whose feverish quest for excitement leaves her no time for domesticity.

"Monkey Talks, The"—Fox. Unusual film of a man who poses as a talking monkey in a circus, and loses his life saving the girl he loves from a real monkey. Jacques Lerner and Olive Borden.

"Mr. Wu" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in gruesome, slow-moving film of a baleful old Chinaman's revenge for the seduction of his daughter by a young Englishman. Renee Adoree and Ralph Forbes.

"Old San Francisco"—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of girl who is kidnaped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Dolores Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

"Poor Nut, The"—First National. Jack Mulhall in consistently amusing college film of shy botany student who pretends to his girl that he is an athletic hero and has a bad time living up to it when she unexpectedly comes to visit him.

"Prince of Head Waiters, The"—First National. Interesting though unbelievable film of glorified head waiter with a son in high society who does not know his father. Lewis Stone, Robert Agnew, Lilyan Tashman, and Ann Rork.

"Resurrection" — United Artists. Faithful film version of Tolstoy's famous novel. Dolores del Rio and Rod La Rocque both excellent in poignant story of a Russian peasant girl whose love for a thoughtless young prince leads to her downfall.

"Rolled .. Stockings" — Paramount. Lively college picture of the conventional type, pleasingly played by James Hall, Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Nancy Phillips.

"Rookies" — Metro-Goldwyn. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur immensely funny as two bitter enemies in a military training camp. Marceline Day is the girl.

"Rough House Rosie"—Paramount. Clara Bow romps amusingly through foolish, far-fetched story of a Tenth Avenue hoyden who breaks into high society.

"Running Wild"—Paramount. W. C. Fields in his element in clever farce of downtrodden husband and father who eventually comes into his own. Mary Brian is the heroine.

"See You in Jail"—First National. Moderately amusing farce of a millionaire's son who goes to jail and, while there, devises an invention which revolutionizes his father's business. Jack Mulhall and Alice Day.

"Show, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in melodrama of a Budapest side show. Moves a little slowly despite Gilbert's vivid acting.

"Singed"—Fox. Blanche Sweet and Warner Baxter both capital in picture of a mining-town girl's desperate struggle to keep her ne'er-do-well wealthy sweetheart from jilting her for a society débutante.

"Slaves of Beauty"—Fox. Full of laughs. Story of a beauty shop that starts in the slums and ends on Fifth Avenue, with the usual triangle developing. Margaret Livingston, Olive Tell, Richard Walling, and Holmes Herbert.

"Special Delivery"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor proves himself one of the foremost comedians of the screen in highly entertaining film of a nervous mailman. Jobyna Ralston and William Powell.

"Taxi Dancer, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Agreeably entertaining. Joan Crawford alluring as dance-hall girl who gets in with a bad crowd, but finally lands safely back in Old Virginny.

"Ten Modern Commandments"—Paramount. Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in very good picture of theatrical life based on the romance of a chorus girl and a young composer.

"Three Hours"—First National. Corinne Griffith in tale of a mother who steals for the sake of her child. Lots of plot and "high society." John Bowers is the sympathetic friend.

"Tillie the Toiler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy film based on the comic strip. Marion Davies excellent as the giddy, gum-chewing office girl who takes her choice between a millionaire and a more lowly suitor.

"Unknown, The" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in melodrama of the supposedly armless man in a circus who, to win the girl he loves, actually does have his arms amputated, only to find her about to marry his rival. Joan Crawford and Norman Kerry.

"Venus of Venice"—First National. Constance Talmadge in gay yarn of picturesque Venetian beggar maid who is also a thief, eventually reformed by the rich Antonio Moreno.

"Yankee Clipper, The"—Producers Distributing. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in beautifully filmed but trivial sea picture, based on the maritime rivalry between the United States and England in the middle of the nineteenth century.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Afraid to Love"—Paramount. Polite but tepid comedy of titled Englishman who marries a girl just to inherit some money and of course falls in love with her. Clive Brook and Florence Vidor.

"Ankles Preferred"—Fox. Trivial hodge-podge featuring Madge Bellamy as a pert shopgirl who means by hook or crook to get on in the world. Lawrence Gray is the "nice young man."

"Bitter Apples"—Warner. Meaningless picture of a girl who marries a man out of revenge and then falls in love with him. Monte Blue and Myrna Loy.

"Blood Ship, The"—Columbia. Sinister sea story full of bloodshed and revenge. Not very skillfully done. Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan, and Richard Arlen.

"Broadway Nights"—First National. Lois Wilson miscast as gawky, ignorant girl who marries a vaudeville actor, becomes a big success, and is tempted by a rich producer, with husband rushing to the rescue.

"Brute, The"—Warner. Monte Blue in implausible picture of genial, simple-souled cowboy who kisses a girl, then makes the horrible discovery that she works in a dance hall!

"Climbers, The"—Warner. Irene Rich in dull, meandering tale of innocent Spanish duchess who is maliciously compromised, then banished to Porto Rico, where she falls in love with a sneering bandit.

"Dance Magic"—First National. Obscure, archaic film of country girl who comes to the big city to be an actress, with the usual dire results. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon.

"Demi-Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer miscast in rôle of a mincing young French girl who steals her stepmother's beau. Lew Cody and Carmel Myers.

"Don't Tell the Wife"—Warner. Another sophisticated comedy of entangled husbands and wives. Not particularly good. Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, and Huntly Gordon.

"Fast and Furious"—Universal. Typical Reginald Denny film, but not up to his usual mark. Story of a young man afraid of automobiles who is forced into a race in order to win his girl.

"Fighting Love"—Producers Distributing. Slow-moving film involving the amorous mix-up in the middle of the desert of an Italian princess and three men. Jetta Goudal, Victor Varconi, and Henry B. Walthall.

"Gay Old Bird, The"—Warner. Louise Fazenda in dull, dreary comedy of a cook who is persuaded to pose temporarily as her employer's wife, that he may receive a large sum of money.

"Gingham Girl, The"—F. B. O. Lois Wilson in innocuous film of sweet country lass who sells homemade cookies in the city and attracts the eye of a villain in spats.

"Heart of Salome, The"—Fox. Gaudy, heavily dramatic film of an alluring European adventuress who helps a wicked baron in his nefarious operations, until reformed at last by an athletic young American. Alma Rubens and Walter Pidgeon.

"Heart Thief, The"—Producers Distributing. Dull film of a Hungarian peasant girl who marries a rich old landowner, is almost compromised by his scheming relatives, but is saved in time by the handsome hero. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

"High Hat"—First National. Foolish satire on the motion-picture world, with Ben Lyon and Mary Brian cast to disadvantage in a silly plot.

"Lovers"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in disappointing picture showing the damage done by malicious gossip.

"Love's Greatest Mistake"—Paramount. Old story of country girl who comes to the city, is pursued by a wealthy villain, and saved by the noble hero. Evelyn Brent and James Hall.

"Matinee Ladies"—Warner. May McAvoy and Malcolm McGregor in slow, dull film about a cigarette girl and a law student who hires himself out as a professional dancing partner.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow.

"Moon of Israel"—F. B. O. Heavy, spectacular German film, laid in biblical times and based on the love story of an Egyptian Pharaoh's son. Cast includes Maria Corda and Arlette Marchal.

"Mother"—F. B. O. Belle Bennett in another tale of a suffering mother, who, after she has raised her husband and son from poverty to luxury, is betrayed by both.

"Night Bride, The"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford in mediocre farce of a society tomboy and a young author, who start off by hating each other.

"Notorious Lady, The"—First National. Conventional society melodrama beginning in London and ending in South Africa. Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford are the husband and wife eventually reconciled.

"Orchids and Ermine"—First National. Colleen Moore wasted in thin, unamusing tale of a switchboard operator who marries a rich young man posing as a valet. Jack Mulhall is the young man.

"Rubber Tires"—Producers Distributing. Boring picture of the frantic efforts of a family to recover a discarded car whose value has suddenly risen to ten thousand dollars. Bessie Love and Harrison Ford.

"Sea Tiger, The"—First National. Silly film, laid in the Canary Islands, of two brothers, a girl they both love, and a trouble-making vamp from Broadway. Milton Sills, Mary Astor, and Larry Kent.

"Secret Studio, The"—Fox. Crude, old-fashioned attempt at the risqué. An innocent country girl comes to the city and is duped by a wicked artist. Olive Borden, Ben Bard, and Clifford Holland.

"Taxi, Taxi"—Universal. Edward Everett Horton miscast in comedy of young draftsman who takes his employer's niece, Marian Nixon, out for the evening and gets mixed up with a crook.

"Tender Hour, The"—First National. Silly film of American girl who is tricked into marriage to a dissolute Russian prince, though in love with a young American. Billie Dove, Ben Lyon, and Montagu Love.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-hat society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnaped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in stagy artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Manon.*

"Whirlwind of Youth, The"—Paramount. Uninteresting picture of a young English girl's shattered romance, later patched up during the war. Lois Moran and Donald Keith.

"White Flannels"—Warner. Louise Dresser in tale of a poor, drudging miner's widow who makes a "gentleman" of her son only to be humiliated by his high-class sweetheart.

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Information, Please

Continued from page 102

HENRIETTA RAWLINS.—Josephine Dunn and James Hall are under contract to Famous Players; write to them care of the Famous Players studio. Joan Crawford, Gertrude Olmsted, and James Murray are Metro-Goldwyn players. Mary McAlister works for F. B. O.

SOME ONE IN SOMERSET SOME TIME.—Wherever you are, you demand accuracy, I can see that. You're quite right, it was Louise Dresser, not Tom Santschi, who killed the villain in "The Third Degree." The article in the March PICTURE PLAY about Tim McCoy was probably written before "Winners of the Wilderness" was made, and it was no doubt later that the time of the story was changed from the Civil War period to that of the Revolution. All sorts of changes are made in scenarios, of course, before pictures are completed. Milton Sills is in his forties; his new picture is "Hard Boiled Haggerty." There is no Milton Sills fan club that I know of. A Mary and Doug Club has headquarters with Margaret Lewis, 328 East Eightieth Street, Los Angeles, California. No, Doug has not released a new film since "The Black Pirate." "The Gaucho," his latest, is now being made. To become a member of a fan club, write to the club for further particulars. The part of *Philip Schuyler* in "Obey the Law" was played by Larry Kent.

QUESTIONS.—I don't know whether to answer your questions or not. You forgot to sign a name to your letter, and I don't know how you'll know your answers when you see them. Mary Brian is nineteen; I am told that her real name is Mary Louise Dantzler. Leatrice Joy's name is Leatrice Joy Zeidler. She is about twenty-five. James Hall was born James Hamilton. Gloria's name is Gloria May Swanson. She is about twenty-eight. The others you ask about, so far as I know, use their real names. Bebe Daniels and Renee Adoree are both twenty-six, Betty Bronson twenty, Lawrence Gray twenty-nine, Neil Hamilton twenty-eight, and George O'Brien twenty-seven. Charles Rogers is twenty-three. Bobby Doyle is so new to the screen that I have no information about him. Jackie Coogan is making "Buttons" following "The Bugle Call." He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn.

BRUNETTE.—All three of your film favorites are also brunettes. Lya de Putti was born in Hungary, and is in her middle twenties. Write to her in care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City. Oh, no, Clara Bow is not Colleen Moore's sister; they're not even twenty-fifth cousins. They are both American girls. Clara is twenty-two, Colleen twenty-five.

KATHRYN DONOVAN.—You've been seeing "Love's Greatest Mistake." I can guess that because you ask about Josephine Dunn and James Hall. Jo was born in New York City twenty years ago. She is five feet five inches and a half in height, weighs one hundred and nineteen pounds, and is a blue-eyed blonde. Her newest film is "Firemen, Save My Child." James Hall plays opposite Bebe Daniels in her new film, "Swim, Girl, Swim." James was born in Dallas, Texas, October 22, 1900. He is five feet eleven inches, weighs one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Joan Crawford is a brunette. Her new picture is "Twelve Miles Out," with John Gilbert.

BU.—You can't scare me by saying "Bu." The reason William Collier, Jr., is not in the address list at the end of this department is that he is not permanently located at any one studio. He has been working lately at the Warner Studio, with Irene Rich in "Dearie." Cullen Landis used to be featured in Goldwyn pictures, but his popularity has fallen off considerably. Since his recent serial, he has played in the Thomas Meighan picture, "We're All Gamblers." Cullen is five feet six inches, and is in his thirties. He is divorced from Mignon Le Brun. Clara Bow is very much a brunette. She has been working in "Hula." Ronald Colman's new picture is "The Magic Flame." Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are "teamed" in "Love." Joan Crawford appears opposite John in "Twelve Miles Out." Olive Borden is under contract to Fox.

ARGIE.—You just love statistics, don't you? William Collier, Jr., was born February 12, 1902. Height, five feet ten inches. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is about six feet tall. Born December 9, 1910. Virginia Lee Corbin gives her birth year as 1912. She is about five feet tall, and so is Lois Moran.

PAULINE GOODWIN.—Peggy Montgomery is probably worth watching, but one seldom gets the chance to watch her in New York, as she rarely appears on any of the Broadway screens. She was born in Rock Island, Illinois, and was graduated from the high school there. She studied to be a musician, but finally went to Hollywood to play in pictures. She is a Universal player—write her at that studio. However, she has lately been playing opposite Tom Tyler in an F. B. O. picture, "Splitting the Breeze."

MARY LEE SEARS.—Jane Novak is hard to keep track of these days, as she doesn't play in pictures very often. She is five feet seven inches—age not given. She was born in St. Louis. Jane is divorced from Frank Newberg and has a daughter, Virginia, about nine years old.

V. L. HARKER.—Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque might just as well be twin brothers—they look so much alike. But as it happens, they are not related. Baby Peggy has been touring in vaudeville.

NEIL WRIGHT.—I don't kneel very often, but when I do, I always kneel right. Louise Lorraine was born in San Francisco, October 1, 1901. She is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, but seems not to have been cast in any current films.

DING DONG.—Thanks for those kind words—that I have "any amount of wisdom." But sometimes when fans write to ask about obscure players who have popped up overnight, I realize that "any amount" is not nearly enough. George Hackathorne was ill for about a year, and that is why you have been missing him on the screen lately. I think, however, that he will return to the movies shortly.

M. E. B.—For your benefit, D. Eccles Havens writes me that Erik Arnold is the young Norwegian actor who played the dying German soldier in "The Big Parade." His latest picture is "Sunrise." PICTURE PLAY published a photograph of him in the issue for January, 1927.

F. C. G.—It was thoughtful of you to write, and I thank you for the information.

ARLETTE JEAN.—F. C. G. writes that John Barrymore made "Raffles" in 1918. The cast included Christine Mayo, Evelyn Brent, Fred Perry, Tom Keefe and Kathryn Adams.

RED ROB.—Your questions really are not hard, Red Rob, since you ask about such a well-known actor as Lowell Sherman. He is about forty years old. I think that is his real name. He married Pauline Garon on February 15, 1926, after his divorce from Evelyn Booth, but he and Pauline are now separated. A complete list of his films is too long to publish here. His later ones include "Way Down East," "What No Man Knows," "Molly-O," "Grand Larceny," "The Face in the Fog," "Satan in Sables," "The Reckless Lady," and "Convoy." Lowell is not making films just now. At last accounts, he was touring in vaudeville. Write to him at the B. F. Keith office, Palace Theater, New York City. I have seen him on the stage, and he is an excellent actor.

H. W.—You *are* eager to know all about Ramon Novarro, aren't you? He was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. His real name is José Ramon Sameniegos. He is one of eight children; two of his sisters are nuns. He was formerly a dancer with the Marion Morgan troupe, with which he toured in vaudeville. Ramon is also a talented musician; he plays the violin beautifully, and once taught music. He also studied for grand opera. He likes all outdoor sports and is fond of dogs. He is seldom seen in public, and spends most of his time with his family in Hollywood. I don't know whether both his parents are living. I doubt if Ramon has time to read all his fan mail.

A DEVOTED FAN.—If you have sent Buster Collier two quarters for a photograph and haven't heard from him, the answer must be that he doesn't take care of his fan mail. Buster was born in New York, February 12, 1902, and was formerly on the stage with his father, William Collier, Sr. His latest films include "Convoy," "The Sunset Derby," "The Broken Gate," "Backstage," and "A Sailor's Sweetheart."

JEANNE AND CHADDY.—I'm sorry, but I honestly don't know Lois Moran's home address. Write to her for her picture at the Fox studio.

NOTE.—This department's practice of announcing new fan clubs each month has unfortunately had to be discontinued, because of lack of space.

Addresses of Players.

Richard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathlyn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret Quimby, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, William Powell, Bebe Daniels, Louise Brooks, Noah Beery, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Roy d'Arcy, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Lars Hanson, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Natalie Kingston, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Elinor Fair, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, Warner Oland, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Wallace MacDonald, 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

Marceline Day, 1337 North Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood, California.

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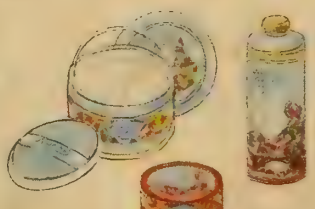


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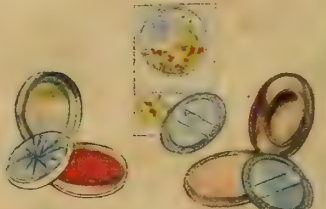
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MONTHLY

NOV-1'27

Picture Play

Volume XXVII

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1927

Number 4

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What the Fans Think 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

Bill at West Point 15
A picturesque still of William Haines and Joan Crawford in a scene from "West Point."

Admit Bearer . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 16
An account of a fascinating day spent at Paramount's West-coast studio.

Are All Movie Stars High Hat? . . . . . Ann Sylvester . . 19
And if so, why? These questions are answered by one who knows.

An Actress Who Knows When to Quit . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 21
Florence Vidor wisely plans not to outstay her welcome on the screen.

Poor Little Rich Boy! . . . . . Helen Klumph . . 23
Another millionaire, Sylvanus Stokes, Jr., joins the extra ranks.

And Now—"Beau Sabreur" . . . . . Edwin Schallert . . 24
On location with this sequel to "Beau Geste."

My Dear, They're *Simply* Screaming! 26
Stills of the numerous comedy teams that have taken the screen by storm.

A Flash-back on Clara Bow . . . . . Virginia Morris . . 28
Revealing her as an excited school kid from Brooklyn.

Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander . . 30
Fanny the Fan's scintillating gossip of picture people and their doings.

Can This Be Conrad Nagel? . . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 34
The gentle Conrad turns into a lion.

Favorite Picture Players 35
Full-page photos in rotogravure of eight popular players.

A Lucky Break for Adolphe . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 43
Menjou's new "find," Shirley O'Hara, proves to be a winner.

The Stroller . . . . . Carroll Graham . . 44
A humorist's rambling observations on life in the movie town.

A Picture of Contentment 46
That describes Jack Mulhall within his magnificent new home.

Hollywood High Lights . . . . . Edwin and Elza Schallert 47
The latest news notes from the film colony.

Girls, Pick Your Chiselers 51
Exit the sheik—enter the chiseler.

Will the Stars Behave? . . . . . A. L. Wooldridge . . 52
A tale of temperamental outbursts.

Manhattan Medley . . . . . Aileen St. John-Brenon 54
Glimpses of players visiting in New York.

Continued on the Second Page Following

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For To-morrow We Die . . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 57
The reason behind Constance Talmadge's frantic gayety.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases 59
A table of tips on all important films now showing.

The Screen in Review . . . . . Norbert Lusk . . 60
A critical discussion of the latest pictures.

In and Out of the Studios 64
Informal kodak shots of film folk here and there.

It Was About Time! . . . . . A. L. Wooldridge . . 67
At last, after twelve years, Gertrude Astor was "discovered."

So Long, S'apstick! . . . . . Carroll Graham . . 69
Glenn Tryon breaks into feature comedies.

The Future of the Stars . . . . . Sidney K. Bennett . 70
The fourth installment of an astrologer's predictions for various players.

See What Lindy Did 73
All of Hollywood takes to the air.

What America Has Done for Ralph Forbes . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 74
The English actor himself tells you all about it.

Make Way for the Ladies! . . . . . Ann Sylvester . . 83
They are becoming more and more important in the film industry.

He's Charlie Chaplin's Side-kick . . . . . Margaret Reid . . 85
And Harry Crocker tells the comedian exactly what he thinks.

Every Boy's Best Friend 86
Photos of some of the movie heroes with their mothers.

Did You Ever See the Villain Get Kissed? . . A. L. Wooldridge . . 88
No, and the bad men of the screen bitterly complain of their sad fate.

Traffic Cops Foiled! 90
Photos proving that the stars are still children.

Information, Please . . . . . The Picture Oracle . 102
Answers to questions of our readers.

Where Do the Stars Come From?



AS crammed as Santa Claus' traditional pack will be the pages of next month's PICTURE PLAY. First, there will be an answer to the question often asked: What is the ancestry of the stars? Not that it matters where they got their ability to act, yet an exhaustive survey of the antecedents of several hundred players has brought forth some surprising facts, which will be revealed to you in a most original article by Myrtle Gebhart.

"They Aren't All Rich" is an informative story by the lively Ann Sylvester. She points out innumerable instances of players you all know living as modestly as perhaps you do yourself, simply because fame has not brought them sufficient shekels to do otherwise.



He Has 150 Suits—and a Bed 9 Feet Wide



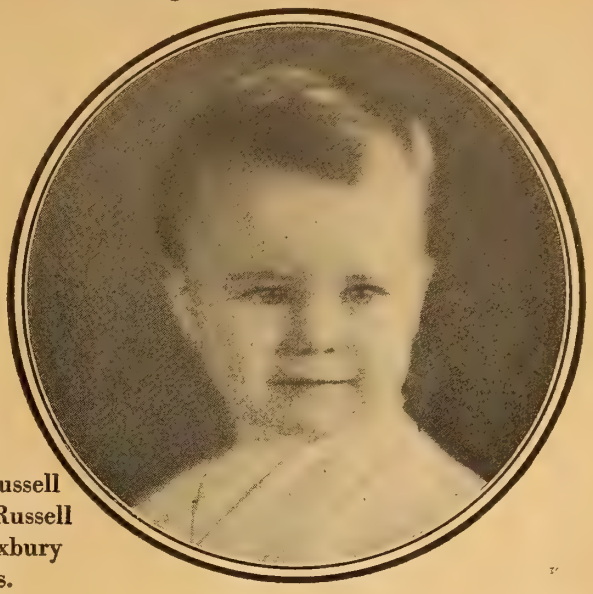
Who? One of the best-known stars, with the home of a multi-millionaire whose imagination has run riot. A visit to this palace of wonders will be meticulously described in the next issue in a way that will leave you gasping. You wouldn't have suspected so much magnificence of this rough-and-ready star.

An intimate impression of William Haines, a denial on the part of Joseph Schildkraut that he has fits of temperament, a revealing visit with Marion Davies, a wealth of new pictures of the stars, both at the studios and away from them—these are but random cullings from the contents of PICTURE PLAY for January. Below the surface there are more!



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What the Fans Think



Are You, Too, Tired of the Old Stars?

I HEARTILY agree with Donald H. McCampbell, who stated in the September PICTURE PLAY that there was "something wrong somewhere."

I, like many other fans, am getting bored with seeing the same faces over and over again on the screen. When one visualizes a story and has in his mind the picture of the hero or heroine, it is most annoying to see the faces of the same old stars trying hard to portray our ideals. It just seems to take the joy out of life to see the older stars trying unsuccessfully to act young. It's a pity that the casting offices turn away good, new talent every day just because the old talent selfishly clings to the hope that they are not *passé*.

I have seen and met many of the old stars of the silver sheet, and have also seen their wonderful homes, and I cannot say enough for them that is beautiful and true. They have become famous and wealthy through hard endeavor, and should be given credit for the wonderful work they have done. But just one word to these wealthy screen idols—why not give a few others a chance to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?

C. L. S.

Los Angeles, California.

Read This and Cease Quarreling.

May I add my unimportant opinion to this battle of comparisons of the screen heroes? Because I am neutral I am writing this in the hope of being a peacemaker.

John Barrymore, John Gilbert, and Ronald Colman seem to be causing the greatest furore. If their various supporters would only realize that the only similarity between these players is that they all play romantic heroes, they might manage to love all three of them, instead of loving only one and hating the other two.

Barrymore is cynical and cold. His lovemaking is cruel. Underneath his tender manner is a derisive mockery that cuts to the heart like a blade. Unquestionably he is an excellent actor, both as a lover and as a character. But it takes a worldly woman or an extremely young girl, carried away by his looks, to dare to love him.

Gilbert is passionate. He has a small-boy quality about him that makes most women forgive his transgressions and want to pet him. He likes to be babied, and women love to baby him—very different from Barrymore, who looks as if he would detest being mauled. Added to Gilbert's undeniable physical charm is excellent characterization. There was distinct differentiation between his portrayals in "The Snob," "The Big Parade," and "Flesh and the Devil."

Ronald Colman is the gentlemanly lover, suppressed and reserved. The woman he loves is always kept guessing. He is best cast in a man's picture like "Beau Geste." He needs to be surrounded by an excellent cast; for though he is a good actor, he cannot carry a picture by sheer personality, as Barrymore or Gilbert can.

Three distinct types of men, each appealing to a different type of woman. Personally, I believe that if Gilbert could be depended upon to be faithful, he would make his ladylove the happiest.

Ramon Novarro is spiritual, aloof and tender. He appeals in the main to the type of woman who worships from afar, or to the very young girls with rosy dreams of romance. He is so extremely youthful in appearance that it seems wrong for him to play sophisticated rôles. *Ben-Hur* was ideally suited to him. He fills the place among the men stars that Lillian Gish does among the women.

It is extremely foolish, though very loyal, of Conrad Nagel's fans to compare him with the great stars. He is a satisfactory leading man and a good actor, but he is far removed from the great-lover class, principally because he does not look romantic.

William Haines has not been brought into these discussions. Is it because every one agrees that he is good? Has it ever occurred to any of you that he is like a sophisticated, naughty Charles Ray?

I am surprised that Lars Hanson has not been mentioned in these comparisons. It is a case of not needing any defense, I guess; but every actor needs his supporters, so rally round, ye Lars Hanson fans! Hanson ought to have a broad appeal, for he looks somewhat like Barrymore, is spiritual like Novarro, and very human, too.

It is a peculiar attitude that so many fans have, that to praise their favorite they must pull down all possible rivals. Frankly, I think it is an inferiority complex—they don't actually believe that their heroes have all the virtues with which they endow them, and fear the competition of other stars playing similar rôles.

New York City. A FAN. [Continued on page 10]



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Continued from page 8

Here's a Challenge to John Gilbert's Fans.

I would like to say that I fully indorse the opinion of L. J. S. concerning Conrad Nagel, and completely disagree with Lillian Partos in her contention that John Gilbert is the better actor of the two. I cannot understand why some people consider that good acting consists mainly in leaping and rushing wildly about, accompanied by violent gesticulations and grimacings. That's *overacting*, not acting. Mr. Nagel's sincere and finished interpretations are a joy to watch, and give an impression of life that is far more convincing than all Mr. Gilbert's gyrations.

To take just one picture, "The Snob," Mr. Nagel's range of expression was marvelous. As he sat quietly in his chair and listened to Gilbert's boasting, he conveyed so perfectly by the varying expressions on his face the thoughts that were passing in his mind, ranging from amazement and incredulity to amused toleration and finally to open contempt, that the subtitles were quite unneeded. Yet he merely sat still and let his face speak his thoughts.

That is what *I* call fine acting, for it requires far more intelligence and knowledge of technique to get over one's thoughts to an audience by facial expression alone, as Mr. Nagel does, than to portray an idea by violent facial contortions and gesticulations, as does Mr. Gilbert in most of his rôles.

I am tired of hearing of John Gilbert's "vivid and sparkling genius," for in every picture of his that I have seen, the only things that sparkled were his teeth and eyes, which glittered with such a hard and determined glare throughout the entire action that it gave one eye strain to watch them. Personally, I find a great sameness in all of Mr. Gilbert's interpretations, for his mannerisms are so pronounced that you can never for a moment lose the actor's identity in the character he is portraying. In "The Big Parade," however, Mr. Gilbert was better than in anything of his I have seen, for he used one or two extra expressions and was sometimes serious, which was a great relief.

But in whatever he does, one is always conscious that he is John Gilbert acting a part, whereas Conrad Nagel is so real and so natural in his playing that he completely submerges his identity in the character of the story. Who of us who sympathized with the anxious young husband in "Memory Lane" ever remembered till the picture was over that the creator of the rôle was in real life one of the happiest young men in Hollywood? In "Married Flirts," he was entirely different—a real cave-man lover—and in his recent comedies he is a new person altogether. But in all he does, he is true to life.

Compare the two actors without prejudice, and see which comes nearer to real life. That is all I ask.

Maeve Crofton.

Manchester, England.

In Defense of Mr. Gilbert's Private Life.

For some time I have felt that the practice of revealing the private life of a star to the public, through interviews and various other forms of publicity, is all wrong. Irene Hart's scathing letter about John Gilbert has made me the more firm in my opinion.

Mr. Gilbert did not "desert his lovely wife and child," as Miss Hart contended, and most likely it is the press agents and interviewers who are "playing on the sympathy of the public," and not Mr. Gilbert. If he was formerly one of Miss Hart's prime favorites, she should be more broad-minded than to allow Mr. Gilbert's private affairs to interfere with her enjoyment of him as an actor. His very fine acting has not changed, regardless of what he personally may or may not have done.

I believe that one should "live and let live." There is plenty of room on the screen for John Gilbert, Leatrice Joy *and*—Greta Garbo.

Virginia Hope Jeffery.

611 14th Street, Santa Monica, California.

I've been reading for some time the various criticisms of the many loyal and devoted fans in Picture Play. One says this, another says that. I am "fed up" with the way these self-appointed critics find fault with our dearly beloved stars, and I'm going to say right now what I've wanted to say for a long time, so please excuse me while I tell these fault-finders my criticisms of them.

Irene Hart, in her letter to this department, said she was through with John Gilbert simply because he deserted Leatrice Joy and their little baby. Now, Irene, is it any of your business how John lives his life? We all live our own lives, and who wants his life tampered with by pesky people telling us how to live? Nobody! Not even you. Let Jack Gilbert have his own affairs without criticisms from us fans, for if Jack wants to desert Leatrice, that's his business and not ours. If he wants to fall in love with Greta Garbo, that's his business, not ours.

Another thing, Irene—Jack is not a sap, as you termed him. He's an artist, and simply because his married life with Leatrice didn't fare well, that ought not to make our appreciation of his superb acting vanish.

Another fan found fault with the way Clara Bow wore her dresses and hair. If Clara wants to wear ruffled hair and shabby dresses, that's her business, not ours. I cast my vote to her as a living symbol or goddess of love, eternal youth, art and beauty.

So let's forget, dear fans, how the stars live, for their ways are their ways, and we should not tell them how to live. So long as they give us good, wholesome pictures, we should be very happy.

Some one else said Ramon Novarro lacked personality. In my estimation, Ramon Novarro has the greatest personality of any movie star except Richard Dix. Richard is my favorite. He's typical of American youth, and we should feel highly honored and thankful that we have a star as great as he. Elmer Walkenhorst.

Concordia, Missouri.

After reading Miss Irene Hart's letter to this department, I feel that I must offer a few words in defense of John Gilbert.

Will some one explain to me what the stars' personal affairs have to do with their popularity? It's nobody's business how many times they are married or divorced. All we care about is the kind of pictures they turn out.

Miss Hart stated that Mr. Gilbert was a "woman chaser," and wanted to know how long they were going to let him appear on the screen. The screen would certainly lose a good artist if *he* was to retire. I can't see how he is a "woman chaser," just because he happens to admire a beautiful woman. Personally, I think he was quite justified in stating that he admired such a glorious creature as Greta Garbo.

As there are plenty of others on the screen to-day who have been divorced, I don't see why Miss Hart is prejudiced against John Gilbert in particular.

Before I close, I'd like to say a few words in praise of young Danny O'Shea. He is handsome and talented and, in my opinion, has most of the younger featured players beat a mile.

Hazel Weatherston.

210 Wellington Street, N., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

To the Rescue of Mr. Oettinger.

Good heavens, why does every one pan poor Mr. Oettinger? I can't stand it any more, so must come to his rescue. To my mind, he is one of Picture Play's best interviewers, because he tells what he thinks, and doesn't merely repeat some one else's opinion! I admire him because he's brave enough to stand up for his convictions, and does not think that, just because some one is an idol, he has to throw bouquets at him. What if you don't agree with him? Often, one doesn't. But does that make him all wrong and you all right? Heavens, how I hate this eternal squabbling over petty things! Sometimes I wonder how old all these fan writers are.

I agree with Dorothy Hamilton that Fox deserves some praise. That company's pictures certainly are improving. Who wasn't thrilled over "Seventh Heaven?" I thought every character was splendid.

I adore everything in Picture Play, especially Malcolm Oettinger.

Jeanne Gidding.

21 N. 21st Avenue, E., Duluth, Minnesota.

Einar Hansen's Death.

The news of Einar Hansen's death made me very sad. What an abrupt and tragic end to a career that was so promising!

He was one of the few foreigners who came to America without scads of publicity. When I went to see "Her Big Night," I came in during the middle of the picture and kept wondering who this new find was, not realizing that he was another foreigner. After that, he became one of my few favorites, along with Ben Lyon, Richard Dix, William Boyd and William Haines. I was terribly shocked by his death.

Perhaps now those very intolerant fans will feel sorry for the unjust and unkind things they have said of the "foreign invasion." Rudy is gone, and now Einar. Let's hope that will put an end to their ill feeling toward the foreigners.

Mary Frances Cooney.

Chicago, Illinois.

What If the Foreigners Should Suddenly Quit?

It tickles me to read the howlings of American fans against stars who are other than American. It would be rather a joke if the foreigners took them at their word, and suddenly dropped out of the movies. I wonder where the American output of films would be then! Somewhere around zero, I think. About two thirds of the film stars would be missing from the billboards, including many who are the backbone of the industry. Surely you would hate to lose Mary Pickford, Ramon Novarro, Syd Chaplin, John Barrymore—he is English by birth—Clive Brook, Antonio Moreno, Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Renee Adoree, Pola Negri, Victor Varconi and Dorothy Mackaill. Why, just think, Rudolph Valentino would have been turned away from the film world's gates if all foreigners had been banned.

But if you are so averse to foreigners, why allow foreign musicians to come to your shores? Why buy foreign masterpieces? Why let your men copy the English cut in clothes? Why buy your clothes in Paris when you get the chance? Why make such a fuss about foreign royalty

Continued on page 12

They'll Make Your Heart Beat Faster with Life, Laughter, Love, Tears *and* Thrills



Rod La Rocque in "The Fighting Eagle"; a Donald Crisp production. Conan Doyle's immortal "Brigadier Gerard" brought to life in tears and laughter.

Jetta Goudal in "The Forbidden Woman"; Remember "White Gold"? Here's a picture even more sensational, blazing with the fire of the most exotic personality of the screen. Directed by Paul Stein.





Vera Reynolds in "The Main Event"; love, laughs and thrills in a story of flying fists and throbbing hearts. Directed by William K. Howard.

Marie Prevost in "On to Reno"; directed by James Cruze. A very modern question handled in a masterly and very modern manner. A laughable satire on legal polygamy.





William Boyd in "Dress Parade"; a Donald Crisp production. A West Point story, made in West Point, at last! A story by a West Pointer, a brilliant colorful picture, made at West Point, with the cooperation of the U. S. Military Academy, the first feature so made. All the romance of the most romantic spot in America.

Leatrice Joy in "The Angel of Broadway"; directed by Lois Weber. The real New York, but a side that does not show on the surface.



Even the titles are alluring!

Take the tropic fire of Jetta Goudal; the romantic personality of Rod La Rocque; the magnetic modernism of Marie Prevost; the lovely lure of Leatrice Joy; the masculine strength and charm of William Boyd and the dainty winsomeness of Vera Reynolds—

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Continued from page 10

when they visit you? Seriously, I really don't think it's quite "cricket" for fans to be so antagonistic to foreign movie players.

I am going to finish wth a toast to our sad-eyed Victor Varconi, and may he have more boosting than he's had up to now. And here's a special toast to Louise Fazenda. She's just the nicest girl in the movies—and the best actress.

BIBI-RI.

Torquay, Devon, England.

To Louise.

(With apologies to Marion Strobel)

Corinne Griffith has hair as soft
As a morning-glory vine,
And eyes as still as summer seas—
But Louise Fazenda's mine!

Louise's hair is slicked or frizzed,
And her eyes are gray, not blue—
Oh, she can't look like fair Corinne,
And I don't want her to!

MARY ANN.

Fort Worth, Texas.

In Justice to William Boyd.

In the September issue of PICTURE PLAY, I noticed a remark about William Boyd which was unjust. The writer, "A Fan from Texas," said that William Boyd told his hostess, Pola Negri, that he did not think her beautiful nor a good actress. Well! I think that fan had better read the interview over again. The interview stated that Pola Negri was amused about it. What's more, Mr. Boyd did not say that Miss Negri was not beautiful. He said he did not think she was *so* beautiful. That's a lot different from saying not beautiful at all. Also, if Pola was amused and did not care about it, why does this fan have a fit about it?

I think Mr. Boyd is a very good actor. Much, much better than some of the silly-looking foreigners. Because he is a good American, I like Mr. Boyd and his acting. I also think his wife, Elinor Fair, is a very sweet woman, and I don't think anybody can blame Bill Boyd for falling in love with her.

Why don't we hear more about Viola Dana and Shirley Mason? Every month I get all five movie magazines, but not very often is there anything to speak of about these two very cute, pretty girls. They seem to me very good actresses.

Good luck to Bill Boyd, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason!

MYRTLE.

915 Messlewood Avenue, Toledc, Ohio.

Why We Mourn Over Our Rudy.

Here we are again! And the cause of our protest is Elinor Garrison's letter to this department.

Miss Garrison dubbed the letters and poems written about Valentino's death as "silly and sickening." We wrote one of those letters about his death, and therefore protest against such epithets. Miss Garrison should understand that different people have different temperaments. Judging from her letter, she seems to have a pretty lukewarm disposition, but not all of us are like her. We are not lukewarm, and therefore find it natural to express our feelings in our letters.

Again, Miss Garrison could not "see why Rudolph should be remembered while there are others who devote their lives to humanity—missionaries, government officials, philanthropists—and yet are not heard of." Indeed? We will try our very best to make Miss Garrison see. The work of missionaries, government officials and philanthropists, however great, has not reached the four corners of the world, whereas Valentino's work extended itself wherever movies exist. He was, in short, an international figure whose influence and personality penetrated all races. By his superb acting he gave hours of delight to millions scattered around the globe. We know of many whose lives were made happier by Rudy's work on the screen.

Valentino won universal fame and admiration to such a degree as to make a unique place for himself. Such a colossal achievement, so rarely found, is worthy of remembrance.

CARMENCITA AND LOLITA.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

Since When Can't Vilma Act?

In reply to Vernon Fulk's letter about keeping a list of all the movies he attended, I would like to say that I too keep a list of the movies I attend. I started doing so two years ago, and have seen one hundred and eighteen movies since then. I find it very interesting and would advise others to keep lists, too.

Now I would like to tell Harry Pfeiffer a thing or two. In his predictions for the stars, he said Vilma Banky would confirm his idea that she can't act. Since when can't Vilma act? I should like to know what she was doing in "The Dark Angel," "The Eagle," "The Son of the Sheik," and other films? Just decorating the screen, I suppose? Furthermore, I should like to know why Rudolph Valentino twice chose Vilma as his leading lady if she can't act?

Mr. Pfeiffer went on to say, "Florence Vidor will take Gloria Swanson's place, and no one will miss Gloria." How can he say such a thing—'no one will miss Gloria"—when he knows very well that almost all the fans would miss her? Florence Vidor take Gloria's place? How absurd! There is no one who could take Gloria's place, just as there is no one to take Rudy's or Wally's place.

ELFRIEDA FRIK.

477 Eaton Street, Hammond, Indiana.

Who is Flobelle? What is She?

Some interesting predictions in a recent PICTURE PLAY enlivened these columns for me, and now give me an excuse to make a few predictions of my own.

First, Florence Vidor will *not* take Gloria Swanson's place, as one fan predicted. Miss Swanson will retain her high position.

Dolores Costello will indeed play in a big picture in the near future.

Greta Garbo will not "follow," but will set the pace, or at least finish even in the race for honors.

William Boyd will rank among the idols of the hour a year hence, and with good pictures should be *the* idol.

Perhaps some one else has noticed the fragile beauty of little Flobelle Fairbanks—perhaps many fan letters have been written about her—perhaps she has been interviewed repeatedly and has signed a five-year contract. I know nothing about her—have read only a brief paragraph, which mentioned her as a relative of the nimble Doug. But having seen her in just two pictures, I shouldn't be surprised to find her on the cover of every film magazine in the country in less than a year, and nothing would please me more than to have this come true.

Little Miss Fairbanks is reminiscent of Lillian Gish in the days when the Gish releases were more frequent. In "The Climbers," as the daughter of Irene Rich, her resemblance to Miss Gish was startling. Again, in "The Love of Sunya," Miss Fairbanks stood out, first for her gamin elfishness, and then for the bedraggled woe she personified.

I should like to hear all there is to know about her, and if "all there is" has already been printed, I'm sorry to have missed it. I should like to know whether she is entirely new or has played extra parts, whether she is a free lance or has a contract, and when she is gong to be featured. Not starred—that might spoil her—but featured. Some director should see a "find" in her. And then, if my prediction comes true, I'll shout, "I told you so!"

JEAN LA ROE, Acting Manager.

James State Theater, Columbus, Ohio.

How Could Any One Hate Him?

One night, when I was at my local movie theater, there was flashed on the screen the coming attractions, among which was an Adolphe Menjou film. Immediately, from a seat behind me, there came a snort—"Oh, I hate that fellow." I looked behind. No need for worry, Adolphe—she was only a woman of thirty, drab, uninteresting.

The reason I mention this incident is because I wonder how many more movie fans take the attitude of this woman, and believe that what they witness on the screen is indicative of the players' private lives. Ye gods! Pity poor Greta Garbo, Lon Chaney and all the horrible villains!

How any one can dislike the suave, subtle, polished Menjou is beyond me. There is a depth of feeling in his acting, a pathos that asserts itself in his few emotional scenes. This was finely demonstrated in "The Ace of Cads," in which, in my opinion, he did his best work so far.

More power to PICTURE PLAY for its impartiality and originality, and may it ascend to the top in popularity!

FLORENCE OWENS.

San Francisco, California.

Give These Two Girls a Chance.

Carmelita Geraghty and Julanne Johnston are two beautiful girls trying hard to get ahead in pictures, and I cannot see why people have to complain about the space given them in PICTURE PLAY.

As for their going to parties, I think that any one who works hard at the studio all day has a right to look for some entertainment. And, furthermore, while attending these parties, a girl might meet some director who might think her just the type for his next picture and might give her a chance to become famous.

Evidently the two particular persons who complain—namely, George Patterson and Harry M. Smythe—didn't see Miss Geraghty in "The Last Trail" and "The Great Gatsby." All of our girls greatly admire the bewitching Carmelita, and the fact that she is one of the best tennis players on the West coast makes us even stronger for her, because we all love sports. I should like to present PICTURE PLAY with a bouquet for writing about Miss Geraghty and printing pictures of her.

Just a few words to Martin Boyer, who in a letter to this department stated that Madge Bellamy had fallen "into a rut" instead of out of one. Miss Bellamy's popularity has greatly increased since she bobbed and bleached her hair. She is a great favorite in our town, because she always gives an excellent performance no matter how bad the story may be, and I doubt if she will ever "pass through the back door of a studio with a lily in her hand," as Mr. Boyer said she had already done.

MISS PAULINE.

Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.

A Warning to Screen Aspirants.

May I relate an experience which I think may interest some of the fans, and perhaps help some?

Over a year ago, I was sitting pretty back

Continued on page 114

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"If you are one of those with sharp eyes and retentive memories, try your hand at these five questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman, I will send a check for $50.00 and a fan I carry in my forthcoming production "The Divine Woman". The writer of the best set of answers from a man will receive a check for $50.00 and the cane used by Lars Hansen in the same picture. For the fifty next best answers, I have autographed copies of my favorite photograph.

Cordially yours,
Greta Garbo"

Greta Garbo's Five Questions!

1 Of which M-G-M star is it said "He rides like the wind and ropes like a fool?"

2 What do you think of M-G-M's News reel? Name three points of superiority (in not over 100 words).

3 From what sign of the Zodiac does M-G-M's trade mark derive its name?

4 Name five mechanical tricks in picture making — for instance "The Close-Up"

5 What is M-G-M's "Screen Forecast"? (Your local Theatre manager can help you answer this.)

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of Slogan Contest for September
PAUL PACKARD
The Press
Cleveland, Ohio

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.

PICTURE PLAY, December, 1927, VOLUME XXVII NUMBER 4



Photo by Rittase

West Point—and William Haines! The combination suggests strict discipline, of course, and Bill's way of evading it by means of ridicule and characteristic uppishness—all pointing to his ultimate development into a good soldier. Almost all the picture, which is entitled "West Point," was filmed in and around the famous academy. The scene above, in which Joan Crawford is Bill's vis-à-vis, has for its background a glorious view of the lordly Hudson.



The imposing façade of the studio, says our frank scribe, seems to be a cross between a Moorish castle and a shooting gallery.

Admit

On a tour through Para covers many contrasting per traveling contributor, who

By Malcolm

THE brothers Warner have a studio that looks surprisingly like an elongated edition of the White House. William Fox brushed up his old place until it seems practically new, with hedges rampant. But Paramount's reincarnation on Marathon Street is the pride of Hollywood.

This new demesne of Zukor and Lasky serves admirably to represent the picture plants of the town. Its imposing façade, rearing impressively toward the heavens, is a cross between a Moorish castle and a Luna Park shooting gallery. Inside its walls, however, the tourist is enchanted by the charm of formal gardens, splashing fountains, and executive buildings done in the English manner.

Probably no studio anywhere offers such extravagant contrasts. Paramount is the home of paradox. There is the dizzy Clara Bow on the one hand and the charmingly dignified Florence Vidor on the other, the fastest director (Cruze) and the slowest (Von Stroheim). There is the serious, swarthy, pretentious Von Sternberg, with megaphone and cane, yes-men and hushed onlookers, while just behind his set, Gregory La Cava good-naturedly lets the camera shoot its stuff while a little old organ wheezes "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." On the Paramount lot, there is something to suit every taste.

On the day of my visit, Richard Dix was having fun persuading La Cava to pose for a publicity portrait. It was through Dix that La Cava got his first chance at directing a big picture, and incidentally, Dix owes his biggest comedy successes to La Cava. Both have a buxom sense of humor.

"Come on, Greg, look De-Mille, please," said Dix.

La Cava struck a pose, cigar at an angle, chin in hand.

"Howzat?" he demanded.

"A pipe would be better," Dix decided.

A pipe was produced, a baby spotlight played on the director's head, and before he knew it, his picture had been taken in one of those despised "arty" poses that he had been burlesquing. He sighed.

"People will see the damn thing and think I take myself seriously," he lamented.

While Dix was getting a light off an extra, not a hundred yards away Adolphe Menjou was summoning his valet to flick a bit of imaginary dust from his shiny patent leathers. Adolphe assumes the stellar manner. He and Dix may be considered drawing cards of approximately equal importance, but they are totally opposite types. To watch them, one would suppose that Dix was merely a friendly extra, and Menjou a director general.

There was a spirit of opéra bouffe pervading the Menjou set. A tidy little orchestra played waltzes that sounded Viennese, while the South American D'Abbade d'Arrast beamed on the ladies clustered about him for instructions, and Adolphe, very dapper, very debonair, very bored, smiled wearily as he concentrated upon his chewing gum. His next picture was most promising, he confided. His last had been very nice. This one, "A Gentleman of Paris," was going to be a sensation. He buffed his nails thoughtfully. Good stories are so hard to get, he said, forgetting apparently that he simply does the same story over and over, with different leading ladies and fresh subtitles.

It was on Menjou's set that I encountered the most glowing blonde in Hollywood, always excepting Claire Windsor and Helen Lee Worthing. A French parley between Menjou and D'Arrast was interrupted as this tall, dazzling blonde undulated toward them. With a smile, she pirouetted before them for approval.

"Magnifique!" said Adolphe, blowing a kiss, and adjusting his impeccable cravat.

"Parfait, chérie," said D'Arrast.

Her name is Lorraine Eddy, and you can see her in "A Gentleman of Paris," as a French maid in a frock that graciously defers to a pair of decorative limbs.

Bearer

mount's extensive new West-coast studio, one dissonalities and much to intrigue one. Thus writes our only recently returned from a visit to the film capital.

H. Oettinger

Beauty is common on the Paramount lot. In a single eye-filling phaëton, Josephine Dunn, Sally Blane, Thelma Todd, and Doris Hill passed by. Emerging from a projection room came Louise Brooks with a sister alumna of the "Scandals," one



Beauty, says Mr. Oettinger, is rampant on the Paramount lot, and he offers Lorraine Eddy as a striking example.

Shirley Dorman, roommate of Joan Crawford, and very soothing optically. Lending the desired feminine touch to the Menjou picture were Arlette Marchal, French and fetching, and the sprightly Shirley O'Hara, newly discovered ingénue.

In addition to the beautiful ladies on this lot, you find many handsome youths cluttering your path. Lane Chandler, Jack Luden, Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper, and "Buddy" Rogers



"B," for Bebe, marks the door of Bebe Daniels' bungalow dressing room.

all give the sight-seeing home folk what is known in Camden, N. J., as a thrill. They are upstanding lads who *may* become actors. One never knows.



The exteriors of many of the buildings are done in the English manner, so that they may be used as movie sets.

At high noon, Paramount repairs to Madame Helene's tea room across the street. Madame is massive, picturesque, dominant, filling the doorway ominously, but giving way to greet you with a *"Bon jour!"* and to usher you to a table. This is the Paramount café—unofficial, to be sure, but unchallenged. Tourists haunt it in the hope of seeing Tom Meighan or a left-over wheel from "The Covered Wagon." They stand about the entrance all day long, mistaking Thelma Todd for Betty Bronson, and supposing that Julie Lang is Evelyn Brent. And they pay well at Madame Helene's for their sight-seeing. On the menu you find this significant legend: "The recollection of quality remains long after price



The avenues are attractively lined with trees and shrubbery.

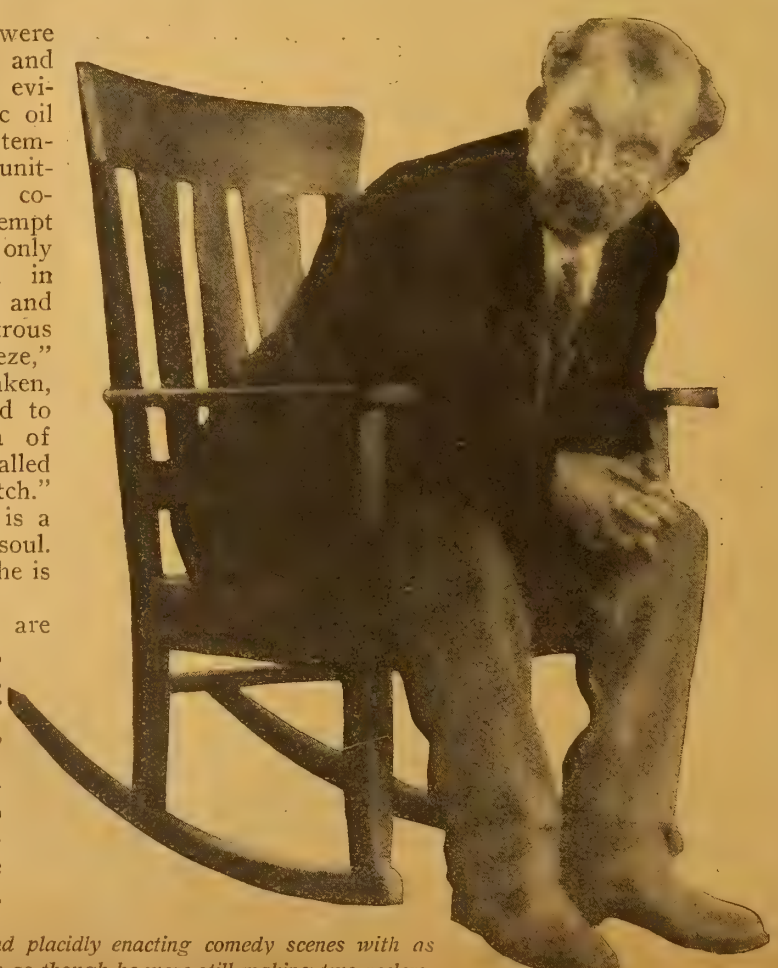
is forgotten." After scanning that ominous line, you proceed to order at your own peril.

With me were the lovely Florence Vidor, Arch Reeve, affable Falstaffian major-domo of Paramount publicity, and Margaret Ettinger, at once the most widely known girl in Hollywood and the most sought-after press representative, as well as having once been a contributor to these pages.

At the next table were Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery, bold evidence that diplomatic oil had been poured on temperamental waters, reuniting the uproarious comedians. Beery's attempt to go it alone was only mildly successful in "Casey at the Bat" and little short of disastrous in "The Big Sneeze," which has been retaken, retitled and revamped to permit the insertion of Hatton. It is now called "Now We're in Dutch." The towering Beery is a merry, boisterous soul. Hatton is as quiet as he is diminutive.

Further contrasts are found in Pola Negri, *brune,* aloof, intense, affected, and Esther Ralston, fair, friendly, smiling and natural.

And watch the assistant directors go dashing about commanding silence while Emil Jannings acts, then step over to the stage where Chester Conklin is working. Watch him—hammers pound, electricians shout to one another across the set, but Conklin, quite undisturbed, proceeds placidly ahead with the work at hand. His method is free and easy, almost careless, but his effects are sure and unfailing. Jannings, on the other hand, studies a scene for hours before he will act it. In fact, most of the foreign actors take their work methodically, weightily.



Chester Conklin was found placidly enacting comedy scenes with as little fuss and ostentation as though he were still making two-reelers.

Not many camera men laugh as they work, but Conklin's camera men seemed to find business a pleasure. The scene shifters, prop men, and carpenters also gave vent to loud laughs as the grotesque little comedian went through a scene with a parrot. When he came off the set, he was tucking his beloved mustache into a cigar box. That serves as his make-up box. However his weekly wage may have soared, Conklin is still the same trouper who used to caper about Professor Sennett's giggle academy. Success never spoils a regular.

That the movies appreciate genius was manifested by the air of tension hovering over the barroom set on which Jannings was acting. Signs impressively marked "Quiet" were conspicuously posted, suggesting a Pullman car after mid-

Continued on page 109

Are All Movie Stars High Hat?

That's what lots of people think, but are they right? The truth of the matter is that some of the players *are* ritzy and upstage, and some are not. But you'll usually find that those who are have some very good reason for being so.

By Ann Sylvester

THEY'RE pretty high hat, aren't they—pretty ritzy? Always putting on the dog—talking with accents they weren't born with—thinking they're a little better than any one else.

That, in a few words, is the opinion of a great part of the unprofessional world concerning actors and actresses, movie or otherwise. That the whole tribe of Thespians are aloof and "airy," is the layman's pet superstition. The everyday world labors under the impression that, if it went up to shake hands with Susie Snuffits, she'd turn up her little million-dollar nose, spin on her satin heel, and walk away. You yourself may have had a sneaking hunch to that effect.

Just to be perfectly frank, I'm not here to tell you that there is no truth in the idea. Some *are* ritzy, and some aren't. Mary Pickford is not. Bebe Daniels is not. Marion Davies is not. Richard Dix is not. Oh, a lot of them aren't. But let's discuss those who are—or are supposed to be—and why.

Has it ever occurred to you that wearing a high hat might be a player's line of defense. Movie players may not be any *better* than anybody else, but they're pestered a lot more than other people, and a cool manner has more than once saved them from a lot of boredom and waste of time.

Take the case of Clara Bow. When Clara first started in the movies, she was as friendly and effusive as a little bear cub. She thought that the world was her friend and would play no dirty tricks on her. She even liked newspaper reporters and confided some of her secrets to them. Maybe you read some of those early articles about Clara, and maybe you missed them, but anyway, they weren't any too flattering. They made her out to be a cross between a hoodlum child and a young lady who discussed her private affairs with such startling frankness that it verged on bad taste.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Richard Dix is one star who could certainly never, under any circumstances, be accused of being high hat.



Bebe Daniels is another who has always been considered a good fellow.

Among others who read these stories was Clara. She decided, after that, that it was much better to be cautious than confidential. She now regards things with a still-friendly, but much more careful, eye. She speaks when she is spoken to, and does not tell everything that she is asked. You can't blame her for that, can you, after the experience she had? And yet her new decorum has earned her in certain quarters the epithet of "high hat." It just goes to show that you can't please everybody, and it's a wise movie star who minds her own business, even though she has to be aloof to do it.

The case of Pola Negri is quite different. Pola is no longer ritzy, but when the flaming Polish star first struck Hollywood she was about the snobbiest lady who had ever turned up her nose in the little suburb. It really wasn't Pola's fault. Mabel Normand had told her to—or so the story goes. It seems that



Norma Talmadge high-hats people she doesn't like, and it makes no difference to her whether they are princes or paupers.

Mabel and Pola had crossed from Europe on the same boat and, just for the devilment of it, Mabel had told her she would get along better if she didn't speak to any one but Jesse Lasky, and not too often to him. Pola was new to the American studios. She thought Mabel ought to know. So when she reached Hollywood, she put on one of the prettiest acts in making herself disagreeable that you ever saw.

I remember one occasion in particular. It was on the second night after Pola's arrival. In the interests of charity, the movie players were giving a performance in the Bowl of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Conrad Nagel, Bill Russell, William Farnum, Mary Miles Minter, and a whole host of others, were in the cast. Other illustrious stars were asked to be present and make appearances on the stage between the acts. Among those asked to do this was Pola. Yes, she said, she would do it. Yes, she would even come to the dress rehearsal of the performance to find out what she was expected to do.

You might not think that film players would get very much excited over seeing another of their kind. You might think that the native talent might even resent an imported actress. But never in my experience have I seen a group of people so excited as were those players in the benefit when they received word that Pola was to appear among them. She was a great artist, and Hollywood had fallen in love with her in "Passion." I remember that, about nine o'clock on the evening of the rehearsal, a prop boy came running onto the stage, interrupting the proceedings with a shout—"Here she comes!" Everything stopped. You could have dropped a pin and heard it. The players drew to either side of the stage, making a pathway for Pola. Every man, woman, and child in that auditorium got to his or her feet to welcome the artist who had captured their hearts. And when actors get to their feet for another player, it is a real tribute. They will do it for Mary Pickford and for a few others, but not for many.

Enter madame!

Upon that group of smiling, welcoming, upturned faces, Pola turned the haughtiest mien it has ever been my misfortune to witness. Without glancing either to right or left, she received her instructions, gave a curt nod, and disappeared from the scene.

Well, everybody had a lot of fun after that panning her, and it was that little stunt more than anything else she did that earned her the reputation she long enjoyed of being bad-tempered and temperamental. But Pola is naturally a friendly, impulsive sort of person, and it didn't take her long to learn her mistake. At the present writing, she's one of the most approachable stars.



When Pola Negri first came to Hollywood, she was about the most ritzy person the film colony had ever seen, but it developed that she thought that was what she was expected to be.

Irving Thalberg, to whom Norma Shearer recently announced her engagement, has

Continued on page 98



Miss Vidor says she has seen too many actresses outstay their welcome in the movies to want to be guilty of the same mistake.

An Actress Who Knows When to Quit

Florence Vidor, convinced that it is a great mistake for any feminine star to fight to keep her place on the screen after her youth has begun to fade, calmly prepares to retire in a few years and turn her attention to other interests.

By Myrtle Gebhart

"IT'S a wise actress who knows when to retire."

Florence Vidor sat with her patrician brown head against the gold pillow, her black slipper gently tapping the green rug. Her eyes rested upon the eucalyptus trees stirring softly outside her open French window.

"I shall not give the public an opportunity to evict me," she continued. "In two, possibly three, years I shall retire from the screen."

Every actress talks now and then of that future day when her screen career will have come to an end, but it's usually spoken of in very vague terms as something quite remote. Seldom does an actress set a definite time limit on her career. The dread day usually dawns with catastrophic suddenness and finds the player quite unprepared for it.

"You cannot continue indefinitely," said Miss Vidor. "It is pitiful to see those whose luster is dimming making frantic efforts to hold onto their vanishing youth. On the stage, one's age can be successfully disguised, but the camera is merciless. Nor, when once she is finished, can an actress return to the screen with any measure of success. Consider Alice Joyce. A brilliant woman, with undeniable gifts. The public loves her still. But she usually plays only supporting rôles, often mediocre.

"No, time is one game that you cannot beat. I shall not waste my energy trying to. When I reach an age when I am too mature for screen stardom, I shall retire. But I shall still be young enough to feel that I have my best years ahead of me, and I am planning to fill my life with interests far removed from pictures."

On a recent trip to Honolulu, Miss Vidor arranged for the purchase of a house near Waikiki beach, where she hopes eventually to make her home.

"For a part of the year, at least," she said. "The ideal life, to me, would be Paris for six months of the year, with the other six months divided between travel, Honolulu, and visits to friends in Hollywood. I should want, however, to maintain a home in Paris, as I dislike hotel life."

No, Florence Vidor does not belong in hotels. Despite the chic cut of her hair, the smartness of her gown, the sophisticated lightness of her conversation, she has a homy air about her, the attribute of a well-bred Southern woman.

"Why pick Honolulu?" I asked. "Why not your native South? Surely you must have many old friends there."

"Indeed, I have. But their attitude toward me would have changed. You cannot escape the movies in this country. The fact that you have once been connected with them sets you a little apart, as a kind of curiosity. In Honolulu, I should be judged for myself alone, rather than for my movie reputation.

"I do not mean to be idle after I retire. I think I shall study sculpture. No particular talent for it has evidenced itself as yet, but I enjoy it, and often one has latent talents. All arts are allied, and if one has a feeling for one of them, one can adapt that feeling to others. I shall always be studying something.

"And there will be tennis every day, and reading. And Suzanne will require more of my time as she grows older. A small child may be safely left to the care of a nurse, with only general supervision from her mother. But a girl growing into young ladyhood needs her mother in a more personal way. She needs her companionship and constant interest. I am sure that simply guiding Suzanne's development will occupy much of my time."

She turned again to Honolulu.

"There is a set of young people there, mostly English, whom I found delightful. We used to play tennis and bridge together, and swim and dance. It was some time before they even knew of my picture connection. They had thought me just a young mother on a holiday with her child. Then, when my profession was discovered, it was relegated to its proper place in the scheme of things with the casual remark, 'Oh, you are an actress? How interesting!' And the talk turned into other channels.

"One gets into an awful rut in Hollywood. You hear nothing but pictures, pictures, pictures. Perhaps it's just as well, while you are engaged in the work, though I believe that a broader outlook among the players would add both versatility and realism to the screen. Yet it is intolerable to live in this picture world and not be of it. I have seen that look of loneliness in the eyes of young wives who gave up acting when they married. They feel completely out of it when they see their chums all working, absorbed in the busy, self-sufficient world of picture-making. It is difficult to keep one's balance here in Hollywood, to realize that there is a world outside where pictures mean little or nothing, that there are many people who don't like us. The atmosphere here is too artificial, too unreal."

"Will you marry again?" I asked Miss Vidor. I was wondering about her oft-rumored engagement to George Fitzmaurice, which was recently reported broken.

She shrugged. "How can I say? If I do, I assure you of one thing—he must be a playmate. I have learned to play, and I love it."

I mentioned certain actresses who had recently married men considerably younger than themselves, men

Continued on page 108

She by no means intends to remain idle after she retires, and has already made many interesting plans for the future.



Poor Little Rich Boy!

Another millionaire, with everything in the world he could want, has been lured from his opulence to struggle side by side with the thousands of starving extras for a place in the movies. His name is Sylvanus Stokes, Jr., but that means just nothing at all in the life of a hard-boiled casting director.

By Helen Klumph

THE goals for which others are willing to struggle and suffer and make sacrifices are all his. Leisure and money—freedom to do as he likes. He is footloose and prosperous, young and strong, mentally alert and personally ingratiating. And he has that quality that is so hard to define and impossible to counterfeit, the poise inherited from a family of power, of fastidious tastes and cultural achievements.

He is a sought-after guest in the homes of the socially elect, not only in America, but in Europe. He can rove wherever fancy calls—on a yacht of his own, if he likes. The doors to adventure are open to him.

But—he wants to go into the movies. And the motion-picture producers don't care particularly whether Sylvanus Stokes, Jr., wants to work for them or not. In fact, he hasn't been able to get any of the important ones to give him even a moment's thought.

He might be matching his skill against others out on a polo field, or idling down the Riviera with pleasant companions. But—he sits with twenty-three other extras on a bench in the broiling sun, his six feet one of sleek muscle clad in an ill-fitting suit of pink cotton tights, and awaits the summons of a harassed director trying to make a quick and cheap one that will get by the exhibitors. And Sylvanus Stokes, Jr., is happy doing this—happy as he has never been before, except when he was peeling potatoes and heaving coal in the navy.

He would like to ask the director why he tells the actors to do this or that; he wants to know the reason why the camera man shoots from one angle rather than from another; and he wants to know what all the mysterious juggling of lights is for. But he dares not interrupt to ask. The casting director might get an order not to hire him again. "Keep that pest Stokes off my set—he's always asking questions!" would undoubtedly be the result.

If he were so foolish—and I assure you he is not—as to go up to the exotic-looking leading lady and announce, "My name's Sylvanus Stokes, Jr.," she would probably say—if, indeed, she took any notice of him at all—"Look here, Baby, why don't you pick a short and snappy one? You'll never get *that* one in electric lights. Oh, well, you haven't much chance, anyway."

What is this lure of the movies that gets the rich and the poor alike? With most people I have thought it was the promise of fantastically big salaries, or the chance to gratify their vanity. With Stokes it is neither, and he himself cannot tell you precisely what it is about the studios and their people that gets him. Perhaps it is merely that the movies are a game to him, with new and unfamiliar rules. Perhaps difficulties are glamorous to one to whom everything has come easily.

I have met a thousand and one screen-struck people and heard at least as many stories of how they broke into the movies, but I have never heard a story like Stokes'. He told it to me one afternoon recently as we sat in the garden behind his charming home in Beverly Hills. The setting was that of a magnate; the talk, that of a struggling young newcomer who gloated over having got six whole days of work in one picture.

The lure of the movies, he told me, had first got him when he took a hungry youngster into a restaurant where he saw people in make-up rushing in for bites to eat, exchanging banter about their work, and hurrying eagerly away again. But we are getting far ahead of our story.

After two years in the navy—part of which was spent as a third-class seaman on his own father's yacht, which had been loaned to the government—and after twenty trips to Europe, young Stokes decided to get a boat of his own and go adventuring. He bought the schooner *Genesee,* which had formerly been owned by William K. Vanderbilt, and set out for the South Sea Islands. But the expedition was rudely halted when a storm off the coast of Florida wrecked his boat.

He then spent months searching for another. You can't, you know, just order an ocean-going yacht over the telephone, or pick one up in a day. While Mr. Stokes was still looking for one, he happened to go into a theater where "Old Ironsides" was show-

Continued on page 112



At the studios he's just one of the extras, but in his off hours Mr. Stokes still allows himself a few of the luxuries of life.

A large expanse of sand by the sea was effectively used for the desert scenes in "Beau Sabreur," thus making it unnecessary for the company to endure the terrific heat of the real desert



And Now—"Beau Sabreur"

Inspired by the success of "Beau Geste," Paramount produces a sequel to that exciting film of the French Foreign Legion.

By Edwin Schallert

POUR France!"

A throng of soldiers clad in blue top coats and white trousers had drawn themselves up, fixing bayonets and setting themselves nervously and tensely for action. In the walled court of a huge, gray-green fortification, they had formed themselves into a hollow square, an intense stillness gripping them. Their muscles were taut.

Suddenly a shot snapped from beyond the wall. There was a rush of feet, and a flying mêlée of oncoming white robes and turbans. With shouts from hundreds of throats, a mob of warriors clad in flaring desert garments dashed into the court and flung themselves toward the human square. Guns banged and chattered. Men dropped right and left.

Holding close together, the blue-and-white soldiers wavered and toppled. By degrees they became a mass of tangled, motionless bodies. Man after man fell, and as the white-clad invaders, gaining courage, made a final lunge, there was naught left but a pile of twisted figures.

"Zaguig is taken!"

The words were shouted in English, not in Arabic, as they should have been, but the effect was none the less momentous. Another movie battle had been won, and another day's work done for the Paramount production of "Beau Sabreur."

A cheer that was proof of the enthusiasm of the crowd went up from the congregated extras. It had been hot, fighting in the summer sun, even on a location so close to Hollywood as the Lasky ranch, and it was good to look forward now to shower baths and dinner.

"Beau Sabreur" is supposedly a sequel to "Beau Geste," and like the latter, deals with the warfare of the French Foreign Legion against the desert tribes. The studio predictions are that it will be even more of a hit than "Beau Geste," but that remains to be seen. It is a production of a different sort, dwelling more upon a love romance, and less upon the thrill of mystery and action. Feminine appeal plays a bigger part in it than in "Beau Geste," in which the love interest was secondary to the theme of the devotion between the three brothers.

Percival Christopher Wren, author of both stories, has retained in "Beau Sabreur" several of the characters who appeared in "Beau Geste." A prominent part in the plot is played by *Hank* and *Buddy*, the two Americans who furnished comedy in the

Love interest plays a much more important part in "Beau Sabreur" than in "Beau Geste." Gary Cooper, as MAJOR DE BEAUJOLAIS, *succumbs to the charms of Evelyn Brent.*



earlier film. *Major de Beaujolais,* the leader of the relief part in "Beau Geste" that witnessed the weird occurrences at the isolated fortress of Zinderneuf, is the hero of "Beau Sabreur."

The name, *"Beau Sabreur,"* meaning "beautiful saber," is given him in token of his amazing swordsmanship.

There will probably be as many different pronunciations for this French name as there were for "apocalypse" in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." So it might be mentioned that the accent is on the last syllable, and that this syllable sounds something like "br-r-r-r."

The matter of pronunciation is purely incidental, anyway. The movie fan will be much more interested in whether the film is a rousing good romantic thriller. And though some may find "Beau Sabreur" unadulterated hokum compared with "Beau Geste," there is no doubt that it contains excitement aplenty.

Also, it suggests something of the fidelity of the French Foreign Legion to France. The scene of the taking of Zaguig exemplifies this. The entire garrison is supposed to be wiped out in this portion of the narrative. The *légionnaires* fight valiantly and to the last man against the onslaught of the nomads of the Sahara. At the close of the battle, they are naught but a pile of inert bodies, with even the wounded scarcely moving. As some of the principals in the combat expire, they murmur the words of their fealty, *"Pour France"*—"For France." These two syllables are the main theme of the production.

Major de Beaujolais, played by Gary Cooper, particularly dedicates himself to the fulfillment of this idealistic sentiment. He takes a vow never to look upon a woman, for fear that she may deflect him from his duty. He holds to the vow until he meets the American girl, *Mary Vanbrugh,* played by Evelyn Brent.

Their first encounter is just before the siege of Zaguig; and during the conflict with the Arabs, he is under the necessity of rescuing her, as she is the niece of the commander. He himself is on a mission for the secret service that he cannot disclose. He has to relinquish his place in the battle in order to carry out this obligation, and in the mind of the girl this casts suspicion upon his courage. Her distrust is the cause of the various differences that arise between them, until he proves his bravery in a subsequent episode showing the defense of the oasis.



Evelyn Brent, on location for the picture near Guadalupe, California, gets a pail of hot water straight from the boiler.



HANK *and* BUDDY, *the comedy pair of "Beau Geste," appear again in the new film, being played this time by Roscoe Karns and Noah Beery.*

This battle at the oasis provides a spectacular finish for "Beau Sabreur." It was photographed on the same location that Cecil B. DeMille used for the biblical prologue to "The Ten Commandments" several years ago—a huge stretch of sand by the seaside at a place called Guadalupe, about two hundred miles north of Hollywood.

Here a thousand or more men were assembled in a camp that was as pleasant, up-to-date, and comfortable as that for "Beau Geste," in torrid Arizona, was hot and disagreeable. The makers of the picture did, however, have to contend with overhanging fogs, waiting sometimes days for the proper amount of sunlight

"'Beau Sabreur' was a much more difficult job in many ways than 'Beau Geste,'" Milton Hoffman, the supervisor of the production told me. "We ran into many more technical obstacles than the 'Beau Geste' company did. It would have been impossible, though, to go to the Arizona desert at the time we filmed the picture, because of the intense heat.

"Under proper light, the sand on the edge of the ocean at Guadalupe doubled

Continued on page 98



My Dear, *Simply*

But who started it, anyway teams that has swept over the of them now, and they have whole films are being written

Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery, left, were the ones who really started the fashion. Their hilarious antics in "Behind the Front" made such a hit with the fans that they were immediately cofeatured again in "We're in the Navy Now." And now they are a pair of comic firemen in "Fireman, Save My Child."



The fans first discovered in "Rookies" how funny Karl Dane and George K. Arthur could be together. The big Dane and the little Englishman make their second joint appearance in "Baby Mine," above.

The combination of Ted McNamara and Sammy Cohen, below, as the Irish and Jewish doughboys in "What Price Glory" was a riot. So they were paired off again as the comedy relief in "Sunrise," and are now being featured as rival taxi drivers in "The Gay Retreat."



They're Screaming!

—this mad rage for comedy movies? There are so many become so important, that for these pairs of comedians.



Ever since George Sidney and Charlie Murray headed the rival factions in "The Cohens and the Kellys," the Jew and the Irishman have been teamed in one comedy after another. Recently, they were seen in "Lost at the Front," and now they appear in "The Life of Riley," right, as a Jewish chief of police and an Irish chief of the fire department.

With all the men cutting up such capers, the ladies decided it was time *they* produced a comedy team, too, so Polly Moran and Marie Dressler got together and had an uproarious time in "The Callahans and the Murphys," below. Now they are combining their talents once more in "Bringing Up Father."





"But just wait till they see *us!*" whispers Chester Conklin to W. C. Fields. "Then they'll see some *real* fun!" These two veterans of comedy are being cofeatured in "The Side Show."



Photo by Harry Merland

Clara to-day is making seven thousand a week, but she hasn't forgotten the time when a "fifty-cent feed" was her idea of a feast.

A Flash-back on Clara Bow

Her first press agent looks back on the time, four years ago, when Clara Bow was just a gum-chewing kid from Brooklyn who nearly died of excitement when a producer decided to send her to Hollywood for a try-out.

By Virginia Morris

ONE of those journalistic detectives who trails Hollywood rumors down to their very source revealed in the newspapers not long ago that Clara Bow, alias *Rough-house Rosie*, the red-haired hula girl with "It," draws a weekly pay check for seven thousand dollars.

When I read that, I uttered a little cry of delight and clapped my hands together. Clara's a great kid. She deserves every nickel of it. And looking at it from a cold business standpoint, if Clara's boss persuades her to work for that, it's the biggest bargain since somebody bought Manhattan Island from an Indian chief for a string of beads—or was it a box of gumdrops? Why, there are several stars not half so popular as Clara who are knocking down twice as much. When I think of that, the seven thousand makes me mad, and I decide that Clara's underpaid.

Still, seven thousand is quite a little change to have to carry around with you on Saturday morning. A studio pay day is something I'd like to be in on some time, if only as a spectator. I've often wondered whether film bosses pay off the hired help in thousand-dollar bills and whether the stars gaze a little wistfully at them and figure out "so much this week for rent, so much for ice, so much toward paying for my new fur coat, and an extra dollar left over to go to the movies on if I want to."

There are times when I'm a very



The "It" girl at the time of her discovery looked like a school kid—she used no make-up at all, and her hair, still long, hadn't even thought of turning red.

pensive person. And seven thousand dollars a week can make me think quite a lot. Somehow, I associate such a sum only with movie folks and the crowned heads of Europe. I imagine the Kaiser's weekly pocket money, in the good old days of prosperity before the war, must have been something like that.

Maybe you recall that, a few years ago, Wilhelm's dentist wrote an interesting book to prove that the emperor could have a toothache just like any of us. It gave me the idea that maybe Clara Bow fans might get a kick out of hearing something about the real off-screen aspects of their favorite.

Now I'm not going to tell you that I'm a dentist's assistant who once saw Clara with a swollen jaw. Nor am I going to give you the usual picture of a star that results from eating iced melon with her during a half-hour interview. I'm going to cut back to four years ago and tell you about a kid named Clara Bow who lived in Brooklyn and wanted like heck to be a movie actress.

I was a member of the obscure profession called press-agentry and was working with a company—Preferred Pictures—that has since passed into the limbo of forgotten things. One morning my boss, J. G. Bachmann, sat in his office and rang a bell twice. That meant me. When I answered the summons, the gist of what he told me was to oil up my typewriter and let the world know that he had signed up a kid who he thought had a lot of ability. He was going to send her out to Hollywood to see if his partner, B. P. Schulberg, approved of his choice and, if so, they'd perhaps let her play a little part in "Maytime."

Note, please, that it was Mr. Bachmann who was responsible for the discovery of the Bow treasure, and not Mr. Schulberg, as is generally believed. Mr. Bachmann, as the New York representative of the partnership, had gone out on a scouting tour for likely talent and had seen Clara working in a tumble-down shack over at Astoria, Long Island. A producing unit, organized in the name of art, was starring Glenn Hunter in a picture called "Grit." Like most artists, the group had lots of zeal but no money. That's why Clara had got her job—because she was unknown and would work for almost nothing.

She had played in one picture before that—"Down to the Sea in Ships"—another privately financed venture that had been strapped for cash. In spite of the fact that she had stolen the picture from the leading lady by her portrayal of a hoydenish stowaway on a whaling vessel, she had found the pursuit of further work a discouraging process.

My first sight of Clara was when Mr. Bachmann brought her into the publicity department and turned her over to me. Though I'm relieved now of the duties of press-agenting her, I can frankly say that I thought she was one of the most vivid little girls I had ever seen. She wasn't pretty, she wasn't dressed well, but there was the spontaneity of youth about her. Her face had a way of lighting up when she smiled. Her teeth were very white, and her dark eyes sparkled as she talked. But when her face was in repose, there crept into those eyes a softness that suggested great emotional feeling.



Her performance in "Black Oxen" settled it—she was on the screen to stay.



Photo by Harold Dean Carsey

Though she arrived in Hollywood a wide-eyed child, it didn't take our Clara long to develop "allure."

Then, and every time thereafter that I saw her, she was chewing gum. She asked me to go to lunch with her, and we ate among hostile elbows at a chain drug store.

During the next week, I got to know Clara rather well. She came into the office every day with her funny little father, who reached only to her shoulder—and Clara never was a giantess herself. He had given up his job in a Coney Island restaurant when her contract was signed and he was prepared to help her in her climb. Clara's mother had died about six months before this.

The "It" girl in those days looked like any school kid. Her hair was not carrot-colored as it is now. It was very dark brown and, what's more, it was long. She used no make-up at all, except a dash of powder on the end of her nose.

One morning she came into my office, with her lips quivering and two big tears running

Continued on page 96



Photo by Hommel

LORELEI LEE *is chosen at last! She's Ruth Taylor, former Mack Sennett girl, and now, laments Fanny, there's nothing more to argue about.*

Over the

Fanny the Fan marvels over the several obscure young players, pictures, and picks up bits of gossip

By The

"WELL," said Fanny, in an imperious manner that suggested that big things had been settled in a big way, "it is all over now."

I didn't have even a chance to ask her *what* was all over—she was determined to speak her piece without any interruptions from me.

"The girl to play *Lorelei Lee* in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' has been selected, and the biggest argument since the disputes over who should play *Peter Pan* and *Ben-Hur* is ended. And the funny part of it is that the selection is absolutely right. Ruth Taylor is the perfect choice for the part.

"At first, when I heard that a girl by that name was to play the most famous heroine in modern literature, I was puzzled. I couldn't place her. Then suddenly I remembered a bland, trustful, and altogether delightful young person by that name whom I had once met with Madeline Hurlock. I rushed to the telephone and Madeline assured me it was the same girl.

"She played in Sennett comedies for a while; then, when her contract with Sennett expired, she set bravely out as a free-lance. Her only engagement in months was in a Reginald Denny picture. When she got the job as *Lorelei* she had been out of work for ages, and was about to give up in despair.

"If she is one half as good in the rôle as every one thinks she will be, a long-term contract is sure to be the reward. And if Providence is kind, Anita Loos should be retained to write stories for her, for I am sure Ruth would be delightful in the type of comedies Constance Talmadge used to make."

Fanny spoke with such vehemence that I knew she was sincere and not merely trying to climb onto the band wagon. But I couldn't resist reminding her that she had never even thought of Ruth Taylor for the part. With her usual blithe, casual manner, she ignored me.

"I don't wonder that hope never dies in the hearts of players, no matter how long they are out of work," she rambled on idly. There are so many flagrant examples of big success coming suddenly after long discouragement. Look at Rosemary Cooper."

I am always perfectly willing—even anxious—to look at Rosemary Cooper, and have found the chances all too rare. But I couldn't quite see what she had to do with this argument, if you can call one of Fanny's monologues an argument.

"Nobody ever had a worse streak of bad luck than Rosemary had," Fanny went on. "She photographs divinely, is a very good trouper, and seems to have every requisite of a successful player. Yet she got stranded in serials and small-time



Rosemary Cooper's streak of bad luck had a happy ending when she was picked from a lot of other girls to play a dominant rôle in D. W. Griffith's next picture.

Teacups

sudden success that has come to changes her mind about college at numerous Hollywood parties.

Bystander

Westerns and, for a while, during the late slump, had no engagements even in those. Then, when her luck did take a turn for the better and two good parts were offered her, she slipped on some stairs and sprained her ankle. Finally, though, she got on her feet gain—literally first, and then professionally. Along with a lot of other girls she was suggested for a dominant dramatic rôle in D. W. Griffith's first picture for United Artists. He tried each girl out with the other applicants as audience. That seems intolerably cruel to me, but I suppose that sort of thing is just part of the necessary trials of an actress. Anyway, all is well now for Rosemary. Without the aid of costume, scenery, props, or even a friendly maid on the side lines, she got the part. And you know how much it means to a young player to get a chance to work with Griffith."

"Yes," I granted. "Legends never die, not even in the picture business. Griffith hasn't made a good picture in the memory of any but veteran fans, and yet people still look on him with awe."

Fanny was frankly annoyed—she always is when I get literal. But I have defied her for many years to take me to see a good Griffith picture, and all she has been able to do is look up a reissue of "The Birth of a Nation."

"Oh, well," she went on, undaunted, "there are a lot of old-time directors whose productions don't inspire any new adjectives but who attract attention to any young players they bring out. Look at Allan Dwan, for instance. After he gave Leila Hyams her chance in 'Summer Bachelors,' she was signed up by Warner Brothers. She has now just finished her third consecutive lead opposite Monte Blue, in 'One Round Hogan,' and later on she is to be featured. And June Collyer, who got her start in Dwan's 'East Side, West Side,' has been signed by Fox.



Photo by [illegible]

"One Round Hogan" is the third consecutive picture in which Leila Hyams has played opposite Monte Blue.



Marion Davies emerged bruised but victorious from a rough-and-tumble basket-ball game in "The Fair Co-ed."

"I haven't seen Miss Collyer yet, but Holmes Herbert, who worked with her, says she is a charming girl. The newspapers call her a society girl, but that doesn't necessarily mean anything. It is just a convenient handle to attach to any one who hasn't worked at anything before. Don't get a grudge against the girl, by assuming that she is one of those Junior League Duses, until you learn the worst.

"Speaking of premature opinions, I've had a grudge against any one who perpetrated another college picture. And now, just by way of being changeable, I am so enthusiastic over Marion Davies' 'The Fair Co-ed' I can hardly wait to see it. I went down to watch Marion work one day when she was in the midst of a basket-ball game, and I got so excited I found myself rooting for old Bingham just as though my sorority pin was bet on the game. Marion and Jane



Photo by Hesser

Shirley Mason is being co-featured with her sister, Viola Dana, in "So This Is Love."

Winton have become expert players, so expert that instead of using the college players who had been hired as their doubles, Sam Wood made them play in the big scene against a crack professional team. Nothing in pictures will ever seem strenuous to Marion after that, unless some one has the idea of putting her into a prize-fight picture.

"Marion has a delightful sense of comedy, and it is working at its best in this picture. She even sacrifices her chance to look smart and trim by wearing a big, bulky sweat shirt. Jane Winton wears a very tight-fitting suit for contrast and—well, I don't need to remind you that Jane's figure is something to send all well-fed women to a diet of lamb chops and pineapple.

"Jane hates to think of this engagement ever coming to an end. It is so much fun to work in Marion's company, and then there are always the big parties at Marion's beach house on Sunday, when the company gather together and make merry, belying any suspicion that they might be a little fed up with each other after working together all week.

"The calendar says that fall and winter are hard upon us, but California will be in a summer daze for some time to come. It really is funny to sit on the beach in a scorching sun and watch Sally O'Neil, Marie Prevost, and a lot of others frolicking around in abbreviated costumes while they talk about their winter wardrobes.

"So far as I am concerned, all honors for the most piquant and becoming beach costume of the season go to Viola Dana. Over a brightly striped suit she wears an oilskin windbreaker and a tiny sou'wester hat.

"Viola and her sister, Shirley Mason, are going to make a picture together soon. It's to be called 'So This Is Love.' It's high time some one gave them a chance to appear together in a film—they are so cunning together.

"As a result of her late matrimonial difficulties, Viola might have some invaluable comments to make on the subject of 'So This Is Love' but unfortunately the story is not hers, but a scenarist's. However, if you must delve into the private lives of your friends, let me assure you that Vi is the most loyal and devoted young person I've ever known, and I'm sure her troubles with 'Lefty' Flynn will all be forgiven and forgotten."

I could hardly resist the temptation to cry "Hear, hear!" when Fanny suddenly shed her speech-making manner and rambled on more naturally.

"You know, Vi has changed less than any other star in pictures. She was such a kid when she started, and she still seems like just a pert little girl. I wonder if there aren't a lot of fans who have the same undying devotion to Vi that I've always had."

I thought that by whistling "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," I might be able to snap Fanny out of her saccharine mood, but it had no effect. Not that I don't like Vi Dana. I do, but I didn't see the need of growing maudlin on the subject. Then, I thought that perhaps mention of parties might switch the trend of Fanny's conversation. It did.

"Louis B. Mayer gave the loveliest party in honor of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer," she exclaimed. "Chinese lanterns were festooned on the beach,



Jane Winton's figure in "The Fair Co-ed" is something to inspire all well-fed women to go on a diet.

with a barbecue supper spread out under their grotesque light. There was dancing on the terrace and bridge in the library. And all the really nice people you like to see were there. It was perfect.

"Of course, every one had known for ages that Norma and Irving were engaged, so the party was really given in honor of her receiving her engagement ring.

"Incidentally, I suppose you have heard that they don't need to buy any more giant reflectors down at the M.-G.-M. studio since Norma and Dorothy Sebastian got their rings. Dorothy is enengaged to Clarence Brown, as you must know if you read the papers. Though I believe that the accepted rules of etiquette demand that an engagement should not be announced before an intervening divorce is final.

"I love the Metro-Goldwyn lot—there is always so much humor there. Only the other day I was down there, and when I exclaimed over a huge vaultlike set that was under construction, some one told me that it was an annex to the shelves where they keep Ramon Novarro's unreleased pictures!

"Every one must admit that the Metro-Goldwyn company is supremely gracious. When they make bad pictures, they do have the sense to shelve them—that is, most of them. But First National has no shame at all. They go right on releasing one Milton Sills picture after another.

"Colleen Moore gave the loveliest party for Kathryn McGuire the other night," Fanny remarked, apropos of nothing at all. "Kathryn is going to marry George Landy, the publicity director of First National, as soon as she finishes her current picture with Marie Prevost. Harrison Fisher says that she is the most beautiful blonde in Hollywood, and if she is always as radiant as she was the other night, it must be true.

"Colleen had little heart-shaped pictures of George and Kathryn for place cards, and a band of itinerant musicians—slightly off key, I'll admit—stopped outside the door and played the wedding march. But the surprise of the evening was a cake that was iced to resemble a Western Union telegram. The message, addressed to Lover's Lane, was to Kathryn from Colleen and her husband, John McCormick, and counseled her that the first fifty years are the hardest!



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Gertrude Olmsted left Metro-Goldwyn to free-lance, but her very first job was back on the old home lot, in "Bringing Up Father."



Patsy Ruth Miller was called upon to milk a cow in "Once and Forever" and came home utterly exhausted. Photo by Nickolas Muray

"The hard-times party that Billy Sunday, Jr., gave convinced me that players are just like the famous busman on a holiday. Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver, not content with contriving one elaborate pair of costumes, went home twice during the evening and changed. First they came as bedraggled and wilted 'Floradora'-sextette girls. Their long trailing skirts were a great blow to several of us, for we had wanted to wear short-skirted costumes and hadn't dared because we didn't want to try to compete with Phyllis' legs, and then, she didn't even show them!"

"Where on earth is Patsy Ruth Miller?" I asked, a little bored, I'll admit, by all this talk of parties.

"Where isn't she!" Fanny answered despairingly. "Never has a free-lance had so little free-

Continued on page 108

Can This Be Conrad Nagel?

The meek and mild Mr. Nagel—or is he so meek and mild, after all?—gave Hollywood a jolt when he suddenly arose, in the recent crisis over the wage cut, and started roaring like a raging lion—and made people listen to him, what's more

By Helen Louise Walker

HOLLYWOOD has had another surprise. Hollywood, you know, is really just a village at heart. It teems with gossip and speculation and vague rumors quite as much as Gopher Prairie ever did. More, perhaps, because its gossip concerns people who are known the world over, whose faces and the details of whose lives are familiar to millions. Hollywood's gossip smacks of international affairs. And Hollywood enjoys it.

Conrad Nagel supplied the colony with one of its latest sensations. Conrad leaped into the limelight with startling abruptness. He had been leading his usual calm, quiet life. One saw him here and there, the same handsome, kindly chap one had known for a long time. But he was not causing any particular excitement.

Then, last summer, the picture industry suddenly began cutting capers. The rumpus started with the announcement on the part of certain large producers that there would be a ten-per-cent wage cut affecting the entire personnel of the big studios. Business, they wailed, was bad. Something had to be done. Immediately, fireworks started among the actors and studio employees. Meetings were held. Meetings and more meetings. Things were discussed and re-discussed. Grievances which had been nursed in silence for months were trotted out and aired Speeches were made—lots of speeches. Everybody began to organize. There was a perfect orgy of organizing and a veritable epidemic of loud talking. Nobody, apparently, knew just what to do about it, but everybody had something to say about it. It was quite a merry little hubbub.

It was just at this point that Conrad plunged out of semiobscurity. He was chairman of the Actors' Equity Association in Southern California, and this organization, which had been more or less quiescent, suddenly awoke and began to function. Mr. Nagel began to make speeches. This, in itself, was not remarkable, since every one in the business was doing the same thing. But Conrad's speeches were remarkable The film folk discovered that the mild, good-looking actor was possessed of a fire and a verve which they had not suspected. He orated to some purpose, and the things he said meant something.

"Did you hear Conrad speak at the Writers' Club?" you were asked hourly, as you wended your way about the studios. "Wasn't he superb?"

"Conrad—the sweet and gentle Conrad—has turned into a raging lion!" cried Blanche Sweet. "I was amazed. I didn't know he had it in him!"

That was just the point. No one had known he had it in him.

"Conrad Nagel is my hero—absolutely!" enthused Billy Haines. "What a regular he-guy he is! I admire him more than any actor I know."

This was a natural reaction, perhaps, on the part of the players. For it was the actors' battle which Conrad was fighting. He was championing the cause of his kind.

But this was only the beginning. Executives, directors, writers, newspaper men, awoke to the realization that Conrad Nagel was a power in the community and in the picture industry. People consulted him on any question that happened to arise, and went away to quote his opinions with tremendous respect. Folks with pet projects for the improvement of the picture business, the community, art, or the world in general, took them to Conrad and received courteous and grave consideration of their problems.

I hastened out to see him on his set at the M.-G.-M. studio. He seemed as mild as ever. I observed no outward difference.

"Please roar for me!" I begged. "I came out to hear you roar!"

He laughed. "One doesn't roar just to be roaring," he reminded me. "But when one is convinced of the righteousness of a cause—well—one speaks out."

"You've been speaking out with some vehemence," I returned. "We are all aghast and agog."

He laughed again. He was patently enjoying, in his quiet way, the sensation he had caused.

"People are so surprised to find that an actor can think!" he said. "We have been considered just puppets who do nothing but go before the camera and do as we are told to do. Nobody ever gives us credit, as a class, for being able to think, for having ideas which might benefit production and the industry as a whole.

"It is our own fault, really. We haven't tried much. We have accepted the popular idea of an actor and have lived up to it.

"And it has been the general belief that an actor in pictures has just so long to go—five or six or ten years of fleeting popularity—and then he is through. No one has ever looked at acting as a business in which a man can go on learning and learning, increasing his capacity, just as he can in any other walk of life. He has had to stop just when he was beginning to learn how to do his job."

Work on the set ceased for the noon hour, and Conrad and I strolled over to the commissary for lunch. He ordered a "fireman's sandwich," which is about the most stupendous thing in the way of a sandwich I have ever seen. Rye bread, great slices of Swiss cheese, divers kinds of cold meats, tomatoes, lettuce, olives, pickles, and numbers of other things, all piled on an enormous platter. Conrad is no ascetic when it comes to food!

He went on in his smooth, rich voice to tell me of the great things that would be accomplished when people in the picture industry awoke to the realization that teamwork is the thing that counts in any business.

"Actors are going to find that they must study production," he pronounced, "Producers are going to study the intricacies of acting. Technicians, directors, writers, are going to familiarize themselves with other phases of the business besides their own.

"I have a plan, which is to be tried out on this lot, for establishing contact between the various departments. We are going to have a committee, composed of representatives from each department of the studio. They will have lunch together once a month and talk things over—try to understand the problems of each other's departments and to work together for their solution. I hope other studios will try the plan, too."

I mentioned to him that it was generally understood that he was to be cast in future in rôles of a different type from those he had had—more energetic, aggressive parts than he had been doing. [Continued on page 100



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

CONRAD NAGEL is a changed man since his blazing defense of the actors against the threatened salary cut. Now Hollywood expects him to show that positive side of himself on the screen, according to the entertaining story on the opposite page.



Photo by Russell Ball

LLOYD HUGHES is an institution rather than an overnight sensation. While he doesn't incite the fans to violent controversy, he goes on acquiring stanch admirers by his steadily pleasing performances, the next of which will be in "No Place to Go," a farce, with Mary Astor opposite him.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

KATHLEEN KEY'S beauty is that of medieval Italy, and her conversation is that of the day after to-morrow. Hollywood sympathizes with her, as she hasn't had a good rôle since "Ben-Hur," and she can't resign herself to wait until it is filmed again.



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

THE luck of the Irish is nothing to that of the Swedish, so far as the movies go. Nils Asther had no sooner made his début in "Topsy and Eva" than he was given the big rôle of *Kit* in "Sorrell and Son."

DOESN'T it seem only yesterday that Mary Brian was *Wendy* in "Peter Pan?" All of a sudden she has grown up, and the critics say she acts as a capable leading woman should. So she is now filling that place in "The Side Show."



Photo by Hommel



Photo by Melbourne Sport

GRANT WITHERS used to menace the happiness of Alberta Vaughn and Larry Kent in "The Adventures of Maizie," but he has since reformed into a handsome leading man, as you'll see at the first glimpse of him in "Bringing Up Father."



Photo by Harold Dean Carney

ANN RORK is strong-minded enough not to care to have the silhouette of a conventional Hollywood ingénue. She believes it is more important to be one's self than one of the crowd. Better look out for her in "A Texas Steer."



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

SHIRLEY O'HARA is found by Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose impressions of her appear on the opposite page, to be as lovely as Florence Vidor and as brilliant as Aileen Pringle, than which nothing more encouraging could be said of any newcomer.

A Lucky Break for Adolphe

It is as much a lucky break for Menjou to play opposite Shirley O'Hara in "A Gentleman of Paris," as it is for her, an unknown, to get a rôle that any recognized beauty would give a week's salary to play.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THE gentleman in evening dress flicked an invisible speck from his immaculate coat sleeve. Wearily he turned again to contemplate the girl on the screen. She was in Spanish costume, somber, tragic looking.

"No," said the tired watcher. "She won't do."

He climbed from the depths of the lounge chair in the projection room. "All right," he called. "Let's not——"

He interrupted himself abruptly. There was a new girl on the screen—fresh, demure, roguish, inviting. No, it was the same one. But how different she looked in smart clothes—how piquant, how beguiling, how fetching!

He resumed his seat, watching the test with renewed interest. He smiled to himself. This was something like it. Here was a girl who could convey the atmosphere of Long Island perfectly. The quest was at an end.

When the reel was unwound, Adolphe Menjou strolled to the front office and requested that the girl be signed forthwith for his next picture. Her name? He frowned, hesitated, smoothed his mustache impatiently. The projection room reported: Shirley O'Hara.

No one had ever heard of her, no one vouched for her, but in her various tests—standing, sitting, smiling, coquetting—one had caught Menjou's eye, and that was enough. Shirley O'Hara had a job—a job that any leading woman in Califilmia would have given her first week's salary to get.

Sometimes that is how things happen in Hollywood, where romance is supposed to flourish, but where you are far more likely to come upon despair.

That is how one unheard-of girl, who had been haunting the studios for a year, finally came upon her chance.

That, as a matter of fact, is how Shirley O'Hara happened to be on the Menjou set when cameras began grinding on "A Gentleman of Paris."

Pert, pretty, Park Avenue in a genuine way, smart looking, she attracts the eye. Intelligent, witty, impudent, original, she holds the ear. The combination is rare in fabulous, gossiping Hollywood.

There aren't many conversationalists there to take you beyond the confines of the lot, the director's temper, the next still, the last retake.

There are inordinately beautiful dummies, lovely hatracks, shapely cloak models, but there are precious few who hold up their end of the incidental chatter.

Shirley O'Hara Nolan is her real name, and why she ever decided to chop off the Nolan is a mystery. She said that she felt it was open season for O'Neils and O'Days and O'Dawns, so O'Hara it was. It doesn't fit her. It doesn't suggest her.

She resembles Florence Vidor; she might be her younger sister. She is a sophisticated version of Betty Bronson, with a trim, perfect little figure, wide eyes that are not too ingenuous, and crisp brown hair. She is a distinctly aristocratic child, possibly eighteen, perhaps all of twenty.

Asked how she broke into pictures, she replied, "By yessing people, lying profusely, and listening to poor jokes with a polite smile."

When asked what pictures she had played in, she said, "Hoss opera. Rancher's daughter, bandit, hero, kidnaping, race, rescue, clinch. We made the same picture over and over, using the same Mexican-village set. In each picture we'd change the locale in the subtitles. One story would use it as a Cuban *rancho,* another as a Philippine village, another as a Mexican town. The hero always managed to rescue me from a fate worse than death, and we usually worked day and night. Sometimes we received seventy-five a week. Sometimes. I think the pictures were shown somewhere, but I've never heard of any one actually seeing them."

And if you think that is an exaggerated exposition of how quickies are made, you are vastly mistaken. Sometimes they do a five-reel feature, so-called, in five days and nights. When they decide to splurge, they take as long as a week, occasionally ten days.

Considering the O'Hara beauty and charm, it seemed strange that it had required over a year for the more regal potentates of picturedom to discover her. Why had she not walked up to the casting office and into a job?

"That," said Shirley, "is one of those quirks of fate. Casting men and directors and scouts would see me, strike their thighs and say, 'Egad, a find!' and that's about all I would ever hear of them.

"They would take the well-known test, of course. Which meant nothing. If we wanted statistics to enter this quiet conversation I would tell you that I have probably had more tests taken than any one in Hollywood. Not that I think that any one ever bothered looking them over. Most of them are on some one's desk with the unopened mail."

The Nolans came to Hollywood from Mexico City where Nolan, père, was a doctor with a large following in diplomatic circles. This background went far, no doubt, in equipping Shirley with poise. She is as completely possessed as any one in Hollywood. Yet not at any time does she give the impression of affectation or polite ennui. Looking like the lovely Vidor, she sounds like the brilliant Pringle. Little more could be said of any child.

She is one of those keen-witted moderns who allows you to start talking along the lines that please you, immediately after which she picks up the cue and becomes mistress of the situation. You are flippant? She matches quip with quip. You are cynical? She is as steely as a Damascus blade. You are critical? She takes up the cudgels without ado.

We lunched at Madame Helene's, hard by the gleaming towers of Paramount. As we left the room, madame herself stopped me with a regal gesture. "Your pardon, m'sieu, but the little lady? Who is she, please? Ah, Shirley O'Hara, I did not know. But many of the patrons here to-day have asked me her identity. She is an extraordinarily fine-looking young lady."

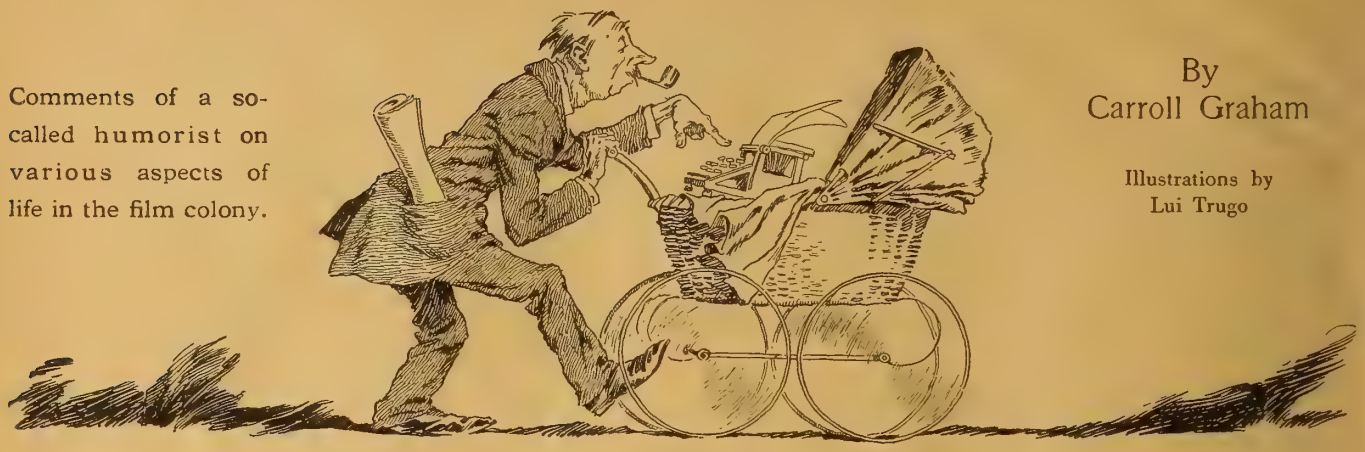
And madame is accustomed to gazing upon Greta Nissen and Evelyn Brent and Pola Negri and Esther Ralston and Louise Brooks and Florence Vidor—rich diet for any eyes.

"Pictures are fine," said Shirley, as we walked toward the lot, "if you don't lose all sense of perspective and take them too seriously. You know as well as I do

Continued on page 111

The Stroller

Comments of a so-called humorist on various aspects of life in the film colony.



By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

THE best way to retain one's optimism about the movies—if that must be done—is to avoid seeing them. If one attends, say, only five pictures a year, choosing them carefully from the advice of intelligent and unbiased friends, one may still retain the faith.

And I have come to the conclusion that one should never drop in on a movie without careful investigation beforehand. I did that recently, so I know. It wasn't that the picture wasn't entertaining. I laughed, but it was only to hide tears of despair.

The picture was "The Heart of Maryland." It is a gaudy costume production, all about the North and the South, and a girl who has relatives on both sides. *General Lee* is in the picture, crape whiskers and all, and whenever *General Lee* or *General Grant* appears on the screen, I know I am in for a bad evening.

The picture lays full responsibility for the failure of *General Lee's* Maryland campaign at the door of Dolores Costello. As soon as the Union and Confederate armies arrive at Dolores' home, they forget all about the war—and small wonder. For Dolores manages to be beautiful even in the costumes of that period.

The manner in which the military maneuvers are conducted seems hard to believe, even for those who witnessed the management of the armies during the World War.

The actor who plays the villainous *Captain Thorpe* is the heaviest heavy I've seen in years. His misdeeds are far too many for enumeration here, but it is sufficient to say that he betrays two armies and at least one woman. His only redeeming act is when he shoots a fellow actor who speaks the title, "We of the South do not make war upon women."

Jason Robards presents a rather plaintive figure as the hero. Helene, sister of Dolores, is also in the picture, but wisely leaps into the river in about the third reel.

An indication of the film's general tenor is the climax wherein Dolores hangs onto a bell clapper to prevent its ringing out the signal to execute Jason.

Lloyd Bacon directed the film, but should not be condemned too severely. For it is based on one of David Belasco's soupiest melodramas of a good many years ago, and the story has not improved with age. Cobwebs on the bottle are not enough in this case.

Hollywood recently celebrated its fortieth anniversary as an incorporated community.

The early residents little suspected what was going to happen to their village later in its life. The city in the early days had a dozen houses, a constable, a volunteer fire department, and an insane asylum that has since turned into the Writers' Club. Nobody in town had a five-year contract, and the first editorial denouncing Hollywood's wickedness had not yet been written. There wasn't a Rolls-Royce nor a Grauman prologue in the vicinity. Virtually no one had a press agent, and fan mail was non-existent. Carl Laemmle had not started to import his relatives, and almost every one in town spoke English.

Tom Mix had only three automobiles, Charlie and Mae Murray were doing a brother-and-sister act in vaudeville, the Cronk family of Kansas didn't know that its favorite daughter was destined to adopt the name of Windsor, nothing but tea was served at afternoon teas, and the first $1,000-a-week salary check had not yet been cashed.

The Hollywood High School was still just a high school and not a preparatory academy for an acting career, the leading figures in the cloak-and-suit business had not begun to turn their eyes toward art, and no one knew what a gag man was—if one had wandered into town, he would probably have been arrested.

Now that formal church weddings have become the thing in Hollywood, it is high time for Will Hays or some one in authority to take charge of them and put them on an efficient and businesslike basis.

The new archery school in the colony would get lots of publicity if only a Hollywood wife would kill her next husband with a bow and arrow.



Since the main purpose of these weddings seems to be to get as much publicity as possible for the aggrieved parties, they should be carefully staged. Sam Goldwyn had a great deal of success in putting over the Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque wedding. He probably received valuable aid from Cecil DeMille, who

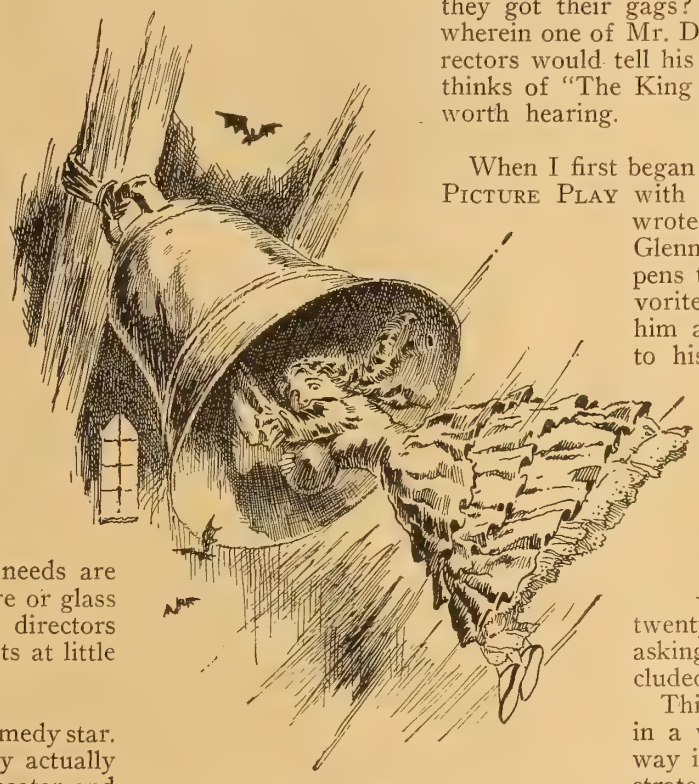
acted as a sort of cinematic parent, inasmuch as the bridegroom was under contract to him.

The importance of having box-office names in the supporting cast is obvious. At the Banky-La Rocque ceremony, Ronald Colman, Mr. DeMille, George Fitzmaurice, and others were present as drawing cards.

The scarcity of churches large enough for the pomp and majesty necessary for these weddings presents something of a problem. The use of Aimee Semple McPherson's Temple might be a solution. This is equipped with radio broadcasting apparatus, which would open up an avenue of publicity heretofore overlooked in film weddings. A running chronicle of the event, like that broadcast at a heavyweight-championship prize fight, might be interesting.

The installation of press boxes, with typewriters, telephones, and telegraph instruments, would be only a natural courtesy to the journalists assigned to cover the event. Another innovation might be a special section reserved for the former wives and husbands of the combatants.

The size of the church might be improved, so far as photographic needs are concerned, by the use of a miniature or glass shot, a favorite artifice of movie directors for building up the size of their sets at little expense.



The hard-hearted STROLLER *was moved only to laughter when the heroine of a current film hung wildly onto a bell clapper to prevent its ringing out the signal to execute her lover.*

Two gag men were discussing a comedy star.

"You know," said one, "that guy actually hires a lot of people to go to the theater and applaud his pictures when they open."

"Oh, well," said the other, "that sort of evens things up. He keeps a lot of people away, too."

Hollywood intellectual note, from the columns of a widely read film publication:

"The other day, Al Jolson and George Jessel was seen walking arm in arm on the Warner Brothers' lot, to think that Al was given 'The Jazz Singer' to do, which George was supposed to do, and still find 'em regular good fellows that they are is something worth commenting upon."

Parse that sentence!

And here is another intellectual note from the film colony. A bookstore on Cahuenga Avenue, half a block from the heart of the city, is advertising a bankruptcy sale. The automobile agencies and clothing stores are still doing a big business.

The William Fox studio now has a "Garden of Truth" within its walls. According to Winfield Sheehan, official of the company, it was built as a place in which newspaper and magazine writers may interview the stars, the implication being that the Thespians in such a surrounding will not weave romantic fiction around their past lives. This is a laudable idea, but hardly the best of business judgment if the actors take it too seriously.

However, now that the thing has been started, I don't see why it should be limited solely to interviews. Why not use it for actors when they talk about their salaries, and for gag men when they tell where they got their gags? Or a conversation wherein one of Mr. DeMille's assistant directors would tell his boss what he really thinks of "The King of Kings" might be worth hearing.

When I first began to annoy readers of PICTURE PLAY with my contributions, I wrote an item concerning Glenn Tryon, who happens to be one of my favorite actors. I quoted him as saying, in regard to his fan mail, that he didn't bother to answer it, but made personal calls on the fans instead. I am now informed by Mr. Tryon that he has received fifteen or twenty letters from fans asking that they be included on the calling list.

This is flattering to me in a way, but in another way it is not. It demonstrates to my satisfaction that a few people do read these articles, after all. But on the other hand, it shows that I am not so funny—though I am intended to be—or the point of my first paragraph would not have been so obscure.

So I suppose I should explain here—possibly I should supply an explanatory index with each article—that Glenn doesn't really drop in on every one who writes him a fan letter. That was just my way of indicating that he didn't get very many!

He receives, however, a great deal more now than he did then, having advanced somewhat in the movie world.

Now that weddings in Hollywood are being staged on such a grand scale, it is suggested that a special section in the church should be reserved for the ex-husbands and ex-wives of the participants.



It doesn't take long for Hollywood to get into one's blood. Of the ten college men brought by First National from various universities to Hollywood for try-outs in the movies, only two have been picked to stay. Four of the other eight, however, have decided to have a try at the picture business on their own.

John Westwood, dapper sheik from Princeton, and John Stambaugh, handsome Harold Teen from the University of Chicago, have both been given five-year contracts by First National. Westwood is ad-

Continued on page 104



Photo by Russell Ball

A Picture of Contentment

Jack Mulhall, in his preferred rôle of a Beverly Hills homesteader, realizes the dream of a lifetime.

FROM Wappingers Falls, New York, to Beverly Hills, California, is a far cry—especially if you know these extremes of the continent. But the cry in Jack Mulhall's soul for a home, a "dream home," has sounded with such insistence since he left the family fireside in the quaintly named town to seek his fortune in the movies, that he couldn't rest until he had built a fireside of his own.

You wouldn't call the home pictured above exactly a fireside. It is a great deal more than that. The desire for a fireside of one's own may inspire a dream, but the dream becomes a mansion or a palace. So it is with the realization of Jack Mulhall's dream—a California Spanish mansion of ivory-white stucco, with brown trimmings and a roof of red tiles.

Inside the house the dream becomes more manifest, beginning with the reception hall. Rising from a delicately hued tile flooring is a circular stairway of ornamental ironwork, touched with gold. The living room is one and a half stories high, with a beamed ceiling colored in soft tones of red and blue. At the windows are hangings of red brocatelle, and an elaborately-carved chest conceals a radio. The dining room is of the Spanish Renaissance period, the chairs upholstered in red satin damask, heavily embroidered in gold. The color scheme of the library is blue, green, and orange, and the bookcases, set in the wall, have iron gate-doors with elaborate grilling.

Jack Mulhall's bedroom, dressing room, and bath likewise carry out the dream. Spanish furniture predominates, the bed being a carved antique procured in Mexico City. Curtains of henna damask and a Spanish rug of green furnish lively color. The bath is of imported tile, the colors green and black, with a border of variegated Moorish tile. Mrs. Mulhall's bedroom is Venetian, with hangings of jonquil-yellow taffeta, and cornices of green, heavily ornamented with gold, while her bath is a delicate combination of rose and green.

Color and comfort do not end when you pass out of the house. A patio, garden, tennis court, lily pond, kennel, and a tower lend atmosphere to this unique establishment, and a fanciful weather vane adds a final touch to the home that grew from the dreams of a star who was once an extra.

Hollywood High Lights

Interesting paragraphs of news and gossip from the movie colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

ALL the votes of fans, critics, press agents, and others, for the various candidates for the rôle of *Lorelei Lee* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" came to naught. The girl chosen, Ruth Taylor, erstwhile Sennett bathing beauty, was a dark horse. At least, we presume it is all right to refer to her as a *dark* horse, even though the description seems not quite appropriate in this particular case.

Paramount went to no end of trouble to obtain advice and opinions as to who should play Anita Loos' famous heroine, and then proceeded to pick this girl that no one had even thought of—and that most people hadn't even heard of. Phyllis Haver, Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, and Josephine Dunn were among the high favorites for the rôle, while Edna Murphy, Dorothy Mackaill, Marion Davies, Constance Talmadge, and others were considered. It was even reported, at one time, that Lillian Gish was in the offing.

But the final decision fell upon the unknown Miss Taylor. And who are we to say that the choice was an anti-climax?

Miss Taylor is a blonde—which is the most essential point. She is also said to have a blond personality—whatever that may mean. She is best known for some comedy leads that she played opposite Harry Langdon and Ben Turpin.



Here is the first picture of Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills with their tiny son Clarence Kenyon Sills. Doris and Milton are to be reunited on the screen in "The Valley of the Giants."

All's Well That Ends Well.

Filmdom may be unconventional in many respects, but there is one engagement that has run true to social form in every way. We refer to the romance between Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, production executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

It had been tacitly and also conversationally agreed by everybody for more than a year that these two were sure to get married eventually. Rumors about them frequently found their way into print, and Miss Shearer's mother finally admitted the probability of an early wedding.

Meanwhile, however, both the principals continued to make denials of the report, until they were at last forced to admit that it was true. And just about the time that you read this, the wedding bells should be ringing.

All we can say is—thank goodness, it's settled! They certainly make a most attractive couple, and we sincerely hope they will give the lie to the oft-reiterated statement that all Hollywood marriages are unhappy.

The Rising Cost of Divorce.

If the Chaplin case is a fair example, the cost of divorce has gone up fully as much as the expense of making super-film productions. Contrast the fact that Charlie paid out $1,000,000 and more to cover the expense of his recent divorce with the circumstance that his legal separation from Mildred Harris cost him only $150,000.

Seven years have elapsed since that first marital difficulty and Charlie, much grayer and more worn, has now set out again on a lonely course. We wonder whether he will be lured into any further matrimonial adventures.

"Rose-Marie," Where Art Thou?

"Rose-Marie," which Metro-Goldwyn started to make with Renee Adoree in the title rôle, foundered early in its career. And we're not surprised. We never saw anything particularly filmable in the comic opera, except the handsome and brave Northwest Mounted Police.

While M.-G.-M. has been very fortunate in its successes during the past few years, that company has also shown a most amazing talent for attempting some utterly fantastic and exceedingly costly enterprises. "The Mysterious Island," stopped only after several hundred thousand dollars' worth of underseas scenes had been shot in the Bahamas, was a fair instance, and certainly the best that could have been hoped for in the case of "Rose-Marie" was a routine film of the cold North where men are seemingly all mounted police. These silent lads, who never stop riding until they get their man, have for so long been galloping about on the screen entertaining the public that almost the only way left of showing them is in burlesque.

Lawsuits Over "The King of Kings."

We always thought that the authorship of the Bible was well established, but it now appears that we have been badly mistaken. Five suits against Cecil B. DeMille have been filed charging plagiarism in connection with "The King of Kings." Though this picture is an accurate transcription of a portion of the life of the Christ as revealed in the gospels, it would appear that prior rights do not, after all, belong to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

As a matter of fact, though, it isn't the story of

Christ that is the subject of litigation, but the *Mary Magdalene* episode in the film. One suit brought against DeMille by Valeska Suratt asks for $1,000,000 because of alleged infringement on a book called "Mary Magdalene" to which she owns the movie rights, while another suit was brought by the author of a book called "The Wooing of Mary Magdalene."

Somewhat similar legal suits developed over DeMille's "The Ten Commandments," but nothing was gained by them.

A False Alarm.

"Pretty movie star attempts suicide because of futuristic settings!" That would make a nice newspaper headline.

For a day or so there was a report that seemed to involve Vera Reynolds in some such sensational disaster, but there was nothing to it. The futuristic sets were used in "The Main Event," and after looking at them we don't blame Vera for getting into a nervous state during which she was thought to have taken poison by mistake.

The police were called and reported an "attempted suicide." But Vera subsequently denied the implication vehemently, and said that she had merely been suffering from ptomaine. This was borne out by the medical examination that was given her.

They Believe in Looking Before They Leap.

Can it be that long engagements are to become the vogue in the film colony?

Consider Pauline Starke and Jack White, who were intermittently engaged for fully five years before their recent marriage. And Anna Q. Nilsson, in making known that she would wed E. G. Krause, declared that the event would not occur for a long while, because neither she nor Krause believes in a hasty plunge into matrimony—which seems discreet, considering that Anna has experienced two unsuccessful matrimonial ventures.

Miss Starke and Jack White broke off their first engagement several years ago, and later, Pauline was reported engaged to Donald Freeman, a magazine editor, but she evidently decided that the old love was best. She and Jack were married very quietly in San Francisco, which was the scene of their first meeting.

Anna Q.'s fiancé is an investment broker in Beverly Hills, and that's not just a polite name for real-estate agent, either. The pair have been going together for nearly a year.

Another Romance.

In case you haven't heard about it, Clarence Brown, the director, and Dorothy Sebastian have announced their engagement. It had already been rumored for some time.



Yes, we are collegiate! These are the only two college boys that First National decided to keep, out of the ten to whom they recently gave a chance in the movies. They are John Westwood of Princeton, and John Stambaugh of the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Ona Brown, former wife of the director, returned temporarily to Hollywood, following a trip to Paris. She means from now on to make her permanent home in the gay French capital. While in Hollywood she stayed on the ranch where, as she told us, "Clarence and I lived before he gained fame and fortune."

Recent Weddings.

Arthur Stone, the comedian, who appears in a prominent part in "The Patent Leather Kid," has married Dorothy Westmore, of the costume department of the First National studio. And Cullen Landis has married Loca Hearne, a childhood sweetheart.

Landis, by the way, has been having all sorts of tribulations over alimony payments to his first wife, Mignon le Brun Landis, from whom he was divorced about a year ago. He was hailed into court not long ago.

The Troubles of Von Stroheim.

From Von Stroheim to Von Sternberg—that is the progress of "The Wedding March." In other words, Josef von Sternberg, who directed "The Salvation Hunters," has been cutting the cinema opus on which the redoubtable Erich worked for so many months.

There was a row, of course, incident to Von Stroheim's severance of his connection with the picture. P. A. Powers, its producer, is said to have quarreled with the director over the excessive cost of the production.

Von Stroheim has not brought to full completion any picture that he has made since "Foolish Wives." The final work on both "Greed" and "The Merry Widow" was done by other people.

It may be said that Von Sternberg was able to approach "The Wedding March" with a more sympathetic viewpoint than nearly any other person who might have been employed to reduce the film to the necessary footage. There is a chance, therefore, that it will not turn out to be the flop that "Greed" was.

A Possible Plum for Blanche Sweet.

How do you like the thought of Blanche Sweet as *Iris March* in "The Green Hat?" It has been forecast that she may get this rôle, and thus become almost as highly envied as she was when she won the part of *Anna Christie*.

Blanche seems to obtain a really big opportunity about every four years, and at that, she may be considered lucky. There are comparatively few screen players who can claim a better average of really good rôles. And Blanche always makes the very most of her infrequent chances.

She was, by the way, operated on for some minor ailment not long ago, but her health outside of that

has been splendid, and she seems ever to grow more attractive. She has taken excellent care of herself since the serious setbacks in health that she suffered some years ago.

All a Mistake.

Just a slight misunderstanding over a story. That's all there was to a recent squabble between Richard Dix and Paramount.

We had never before known Dix to give an exhibition of temperament, but he walked off the set on this occasion. He was working on a picture built round the life and adventures of Joaquin Murietta, the California bandit. It seems that the fuss arose from the circumstance that Dix was presented with the wrong sort of script, and got a false notion that he was being cast as a conventional sheikish Latin type, when actually he was to play a rip-roaring swashbuckler of early California.

A New Beach Colony.

The stars' determination to colonize goes merrily on. Especially on the beach.

There is a brand new cluster of homes arising on the sands near Santa Monica, but owing to the fact that some of the land can be retained for only ten years, some of the stars have been thinking of building their homes on wheels. This new locale is called the Malibu. It is nicely isolated and very pretty. Gloria Swanson has built a twenty-five-thousand-dollar home there, despite the restrictions of ownership, while other colonizers include Ronald Colman, Louise Fazenda, Dick Barthelmess, and Marie Prevost.

Just the Thing for Dolores.

In "Glorious Betsy," Dolores Costello is given just the kind of chance she should have. Since we first saw her in "The Sea Beast," she has always seemed to us to be suited to costume rôles. She is a lovely Old World type. "Glorious Betsy" is laid in the Napoleonic court, and is an adaptation of a romantic play by Rida Johnson Young. It should be ideal for Dolores.

Much Ado About *Dorothy*.

Paramount had almost as much trouble deciding who should play *Dorothy* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" as who should be *Lorelei*. Louise Brooks was cast for this rôle, and then the studio people changed their minds and concluded that she wasn't the type. After some debate they reinstated her. Now they have changed their minds again, and have given the rôle to Alice White. We hope that settles it for good and all.

Trixi Friganza has been cast for the rôle of *Henry Spofford's* mother, and Ford Sterling will be *Gus Eisman*.

The Screen Reunion of a Popular Pair.

The professional reunion of Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon has taken place. They are to be seen together in "The Valley of the Giants," which is the refilming of a production that Wallace Reid made some time before his death. The giants in question are the huge primeval forests of the West which tower proudly into the skies.

The picture is a melodrama, as might be expected, because lately Sills' pictures have all veered that way. One wonders why, because in mind and talent he seems fitted for something more psychological than rough-and-tumble fights and other such muscle-exercising situations.

As Doris Kenyon has been off the screen for more than a year, her return will be a pleasing note in the new production.

Yes, We Have No Armadillos.

The snakes spoiled the party, but they very nearly gave Lon Chaney a chance to do a new sort of impersonation. We don't know how true the story may be, but it's worth repeating.

It seems that two armadillos were to be used in "The Hypnotist," in which Chaney is starred—an armadillo being something distantly related to a hedgehog on the one hand and an armored tank on the other. But by mistake, so it is told, the armadillos were packed in the same compartment with some rattlesnakes, so that, when they arrived in Hollywood, they had long since gone to the armadillo heaven.

Tod Browning, the director of the film, took occasion to inquire of the versatile Chaney whether he didn't think he could appropriately disguise himself and play the rôles of the two defunct little animals. Chaney, however, demurred.

A Social Disaster.

Are Dolores del Rio and Molly O'Day going to be lifelong enemies? And, incidentally, *what* is to be done when a petite but very new charmer of the screen inflicts a social snub on a more widely known actress?



Guess who! It's our old friend Warner Baxter as the Indian in "Ramona," Dolores del Rio's next picture.

These perplexing questions have arisen as a result of a row that recently took place between two picture companies on a Utah location. The companies in question were those making "The Shepherd of the Hills" and "Ramona." Miss O'Day appears in the former film, Miss del Rio in the latter.

It seems that both companies laid claim to a particularly scenic spot amid the West's natural wonders, and the argument led to fisticuffs between the rival directors. Then Miss O'Day tried to calm the turbulent tide of disagreement by inviting everybody to a peace dinner. But—she excluded Miss del Rio, asserting that Dolores had done much to foment the trouble by urging her director not to give up his rights. Miss del Rio, who has an exceptional amount of savoir-faire, is said merely to have laughed very airily when told that she was not among those invited. Which was very graceful, considering that her company was the one that eventually had to give way in the battle.

Hollywood High Lights

What, No Kiddies?

Strange to say, there are no kiddies in Mary Pickford's new picture, "My Best Girl." This is very unusual for Mary, but she has mothered such large flocks of children so often on the screen that it is really quite a relief, for a change, to see her without a ragtag gang of youngsters swarming around her. Not that we have any prejudice against the youngsters. We love 'em.

We really think that Mary's new film is ever so good. For one thing, it is excruciatingly funny at times, and Lucien Littlefield, in the rôle of Mary's entirely futile father, does a wonderful characterization. And of all the new juveniles on the screen, we like young "Buddy" Rogers the best. He plays Mary's lead.

"My Best Girl" is just another Cinderella story, and about as preposterous in plot as all other Cinderella stories—perhaps even a little more so—but it is as enjoyable an entertainment as you could ask for.

The Quarrel Between Jetta and Cecil.

Perhaps, the recent fuss between Jetta Goudal and Cecil B. DeMille will be patched up. That's the last report we've had on the trouble between the so-called "temperamental" star and the famous producer who has been successfully guiding her destiny for more than two years.



Mr. Volstead means nothing in Johnny Hines' young life. He invites one and all to the private bar that is installed in his new home.

We haven't learned all the details, but understand that the row developed over some matter of contract or production. Jetta was replaced in "The Leopard Woman," on which she was working at the time, by Jacqueline Logan. She herself asked for her release from her rôle.

Jetta has become a very popular favorite during her association with the DeMille organization, but some of her more recent opportunities have not been so brilliant as her earlier ones.

Why, It's Our Old Friend, the Giant!

Do you remember the giant who appeared in Harold Lloyd's "Why Worry?"

We had almost forgotten about him until we saw his huge stature—eight feet ten, to be exact—loom up recently on the Paramount lot. He had been engaged to play in "The Side Show," the comedy featuring W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. His name is John Assan, and since "Why Worry?" he has been working in circuses, county fairs, and so forth.

In "The Side Show," there appear various freaks, such as a fat lady, tattooed man, and snake charmer. A boxing kangaroo was also hired for the picture, and, during the filming of one of the scenes, punched Conklin in the nose, with disconcerting, though not serious, results.

A Real Hero.

Larry Kent now enjoys the distinction of being a hero in real life, as well as in the films. He recently saved Elsie Janis' mother from drowning in the swimming pool at Miss Janis' home in Beverly Hills. We didn't hear of any Carnegie medal being awarded to him, but he undoubtedly deserved one.

Larry, by the way, was recently assigned the lead in Colleen Moore's picture, "I'll Tell the World."

In Rudy's Memory.

Anniversary services in commemoration of the death of Valentino were held at two different churches in Hollywood, and were both hugely attended. At a service held in Beverly Hills, a life-size statue of the late star was unveiled as part of the ceremony. Rudy's own string quartet that used to play for him while he was acting before the camera provided the music.

At the mausoleum where Valentino's body rests, one seldom finds flowers wanting. They are brought there daily by his admirers.

Screen fame may not be so short-lived, after all.

D. W.'s New Film.

Just as delicate as Dresden china. That is the only way we can describe Mary Philbin in her rôle in D. W. Griffith's first picture for United Artists. We have often thought of Mary as the Griffith type of heroine.

D. W. is at last at work again, and he has the same calm, quiet, forceful way of guiding the players through their scenes as in the old days. Until he started this new picture, we hadn't seen him on the set since he went to New York seven years ago.

The Griffith film is a costume drama, laid in Spain in the early part of the past century. In the scene that we saw being filmed, Mary Philbin was busily engaged in trying to stop the advance of an army, and was doing very well at it.

A Great Stage Favorite.

Do you know Charlotte Greenwood, of stage fame? If not, you soon will, for she is the featured comedienne in the screen version of Margaret Mayo's well-nigh classic farce, "Baby Mine," recently made by Metro-Goldwyn.

Some years ago, Charlotte helped to make the song "So Long, Letty," a great hit. With her gangling legs, very blond hair, and self-conscious manner, she has long been one of the stage's best eccentric comediennes.

Charlotte hasn't ever had much to do with pictures, but if the camera can catch her personality, she should undoubtedly score a huge success on the screen. However, with Beatrice Lillie's somewhat sad movie experience in mind, we wonder if there is really a niche in filmdom for the clever footlight comediennes.

A Surprise Engagement.

After many rumors that she was engaged to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helene Costello took everybody by surprise by announcing not long ago that she would

Continued on page 111

Girls, Pick Your Chiselers

Have you met the new gallant—the chiseler? He's successor to the sheik, only where the sheik made ardent, passionate love, the chiseler is much lighter, gayer and more casual in his attentions to the ladies—never really serious, but *quite* irresistible.

MEET the chiseler, successor to the sheik.

The chiseler is the new gallant. His forte is light—very light—but complimentary attention to ladies. He makes love lightly, charmingly, and with engaging humor. He has a glib tongue, and is sufficiently well versed in all subjects to converse brilliantly, but makes a hobby of no single one. Never is the chiseler monotonous!

Soon a girl will be speaking of her latest chiseler as, a few years ago, she boasted of the acquisition of a new sheik. Already, Hollywood girls are mad about the chiselers.

The chiseler is an amiable fellow whose aim is to flatter all women. His mission, he claims, is to make women happy. He is a man about town, suave, alert, witty. He pays those graceful, airy tributes which women love.

"The chiseler is not a philanderer," says Bryant Washburn, ringleader of the club of Hollywood chiselers. "He never becomes serious enough to break a woman's heart. His intention is only to please and flatter her. He avoids entanglements.

"The chiseler is less serious than the sheik. He corresponds to the flapper. And he and the flapper almost always war. A chiseler who can conquer the spirit of a flapper is indeed worthy of the admiration of all other chiselers."

Down at the Swimming Club, the chiselers compete with each other in being attentive to the girls. At dinners and parties, they pay court to the ladies with deft compliments, cleverly phrased to suit each individual personality.

Washburn got the idea for the chiseler from a comment that he overheard a girl make about him. "He won't even flirt!" The goody-goody rôles he had played ever

Continued on page 106



Buster Collier.



Photo by Freulich *Here are four of the most engaging of Hollywood's chiselers. Above, Norman Kerry.*

Bryant Washburn is ringleader of the chiselers of the film colony.





A man can be a devoted husband and still qualify as a charming chiseler—as, witness Edmund Lowe.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Molly O'Day suddenly developed temperament, but her sister, Sally O'Neil, told her where to get off, as sisters will.

Will the Stars Behave?

Temper or temperament—whichever it is—has become such a big expense in Hollywood, that stern efforts are being made to curb it. Some of the stars have pledged themselves to be "good"—but will they? Read this story of certain famous outbursts—and learn what caused them.

By A. L. Wooldridge

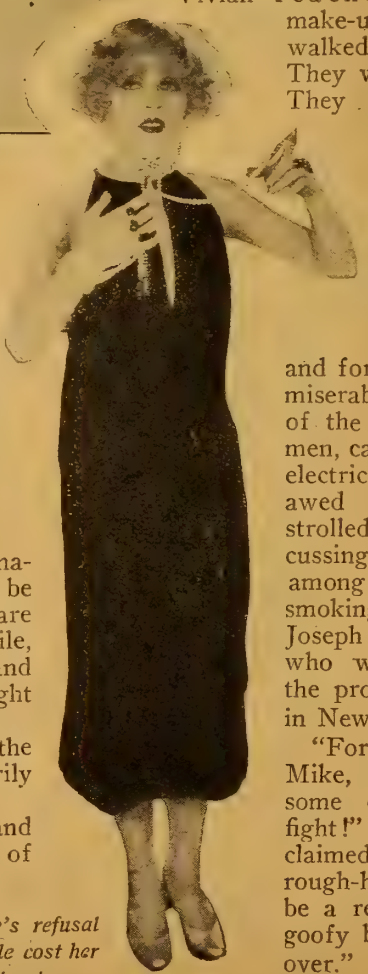
THE sudden manifestation of temper, temperament, insubordination—whatever opposition to the wishes of the employer may be termed at the moment—is being suppressed. That is, *efforts* are being made to suppress it and transform stars and players into docile, obedient boys and girls whose motto shall be, "All is harmony," and whose first thought shall be of the producer, and whose last thought shall be of themselves.

Cecil DeMille is using a form of contract which stipulates that the player who retards production by arbitrary conduct may be summarily discharged and his or her contract canceled.

At the recent settlement of the wage dispute between producers and actors, the latter pledged themselves to the Motion Picture Academy of Art and Sciences as follows:

"To refrain from any display of that unreasonable or unnecessary type of temperament that makes only for delay, expense, and discomfort to all concerned."

For the purpose of more fully acquainting ourselves with the matter of temperament, its manifestations and causes, if not its cure, let us cut back to a case that evoked considerable gossip a few months ago.



Mae Murray's refusal to play a rôle cost her her contract.

The Duncan sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, were making "Topsy and Eva" at the United Artists studio. The entire company was at loggerheads. The Duncans insisted on putting slapstick comedy into their scenes, and the director, Del Lord, ordered them out.

"But we used these gags on the stage and they went over with a bang!" first one then the other comedienne protested.

"I don't care what you did on the stage," Lord retorted. "This is a motion picture and they don't go here. Just stop that stuff, will you?"

The scene was retaken, the stars disgruntled and playing their parts perfunctorily. Production was almost at a standstill. Presently, while the tension was still taut, another clash came, verbal shots were exchanged, and Rosetta and Vivian reached for their make-up kits and walked off the set. They were through. They would not come back.

In their dressing rooms they sat and glowered. On the set the director paced back and forth, worn and miserable. Members of the cast, camera men, carpenters, and electricians stood in awed silence or strolled outside discussing the situation among themselves, smoking cigarettes. Joseph M. Schenck, who was financing the production, was in New York.

"For the love of Mike, why doesn't some one start a fight!" an extra exclaimed. "A bit of rough-house would be a relief. I'll be goofy before this is over."

The fight started,

all right, but it was over the long-distance telephone from New York. Mr. Schenck fairly burned up the wire as he told Vivian and Rosetta to "go back on that set, and get to work, and take orders from the director, or I'll be out there on the first train and things will pop when I arrive! What do you mean, anyway? Think the picture is backed by the mint?"

That was not the exact language, but it was what he meant. And the stars returned to complete their picture.

"Temperament," exclaimed their friends.

"Temperament, nothing!" said others. "Temper!"

It was neither, but difference of opinion, honestly expressed. The Duncans had made a big success of "Topsy and Eva" on the stage and knew what would get over. The director had made many successful pictures and knew what would not get over. And they did not agree.

Not many persons realize the tremendous strain stars are under when absorbed in production. Few outsiders know the driving effort behind their work—effort which taxes their strength, puts their nerves on edge, and sometimes causes hysteria.

When little Betty Bronson, one of the most placid and gentle actresses, was making "A Kiss for Cinderella" two years ago, she worked continuously from nine o'clock one morning till two the next. At midnight she was so tired she swayed on her feet. At one o'clock she was able to stand, but that was about all.

"We must finish this," said Herbert Brenon, the director. "Steady, now!"

At two o'clock Betty stopped dead still, stared through glassy eyes and suddenly emitted a scream which was heard from one end of the studio to the other. This was followed by another and another as she ran from the set screaming, to topple on the couch in her dressing room, in hysteria. It took hours to quiet her and she was incapacitated for work next day.



Though Jetta Goudal denies that she is temperamental, she has had many differences with her employers.



Betty Bronson's most startling outburst was caused by nervous exhaustion.

Virtually the same thing happened with Esther Ralston more recently, during the making of "Ten Modern Commandments." She had done one scene seventeen times and still it was not satisfactory to the director. Weary, on the verge of tears, nerves at the breaking point, she suddenly turned to her director like a raging tigress. Her voice, loud with recrimination, rent the air. She staggered to the door, fell, then crawled on her hands and knees to her dressing room. There she lapsed into unconsciousness, and thus members of the company found her.

"I eventually had a good cry," Miss Ralston said, "and felt better. Tears are the safety valve to a girl's pent-up emotion in a studio just the same as elsewhere."

These were not cases of temperament, but of physical exhaustion and nerves. [Cont'd on page 94]



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Nature gave Edna Murphy everything to make her successful in a series of comedies in colors.

Manhattan

A potpourri of news and ers while they tarry in New

By Aileen St.

DISTINGUISHED fathers beget oafish offspring," wrote the chroniclers of old, pointing to brilliant kings of England and their futile sons as horrible examples.

The old superstition prevailed for Britain's monarchs, but in the second generation of the nobility of Hollywood, the charm and talent of the sires has extended in full measure to the scions.

Your youthful Costellos, Bushmans, Fairbankses, and the like, show no sign of withering on their stalks and no desire to bask in the light of reflected glory. They are girding their loins, sallying forth in search of happy, histrionic hunting-grounds of their own selection, without even so much as a backward glance at the paternal make-up box.

As a matter of fact, the fathers are prone to frown upon the enthusiasm and energy with which their offspring embark upon careers, and it is in spite of their parents, rather than because of them, that the young people are forging ahead in the profession of their parents.

Which brings us to the subject of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his cousin, Flobelle Fairbanks, a winsome girl with all the enthusiasms of an unspoiled subdeb and the bright countenance of a girl eager to do things.

Flobelle, if you remember, made so favorable an impression when she appeared for the first time on the screen—so you could see her, that is—in "The Love of Sunya," that she has determined to make screen acting her career. Young Fairbanks of course is now almost a veteran, having appeared in innumerable films, while harboring an ambition to create the rôle of *L'Aiglon,* Napoleon's son, on the screen.

Together with Flobelle's sister, still enrolled at the convent where Flobelle was educated, the young cousins made a short visit in New York, and the trio were more like a joyous group of college students than potential leading lights of the cinema.

Douglas, Jr., came East to take part in Will Rogers' new opus, "A Texas Steer," which was photographed in Washington, and Flobelle accompanied her mother from Hollywood for an automobile tour of France. On the eve of her sailing, Flobelle received a cable summoning her to England to make a picture. So, after touring France, the family will settle down for six weeks or so in London.



Richard Barthelmess and Katherine Wilson, his bride-elect, who will retire from the stage after her marriage. Photo by Apeda

With big, expressive eyes set in a sensitive face topped with flaming red hair, Dorothy Farnum might well have been an actress had she not been such an excellent scenarist. Her adaptation of more than one serious novel has been evidence of her understanding, good judgment and sense of characterization. Despite the fact that she has been banished to Europe, she is one of the most valuable scribes possessed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Ethel Watts Mumford, the novelist, will tell you that Dorothy Farnum has never committed the unforgivable sin of being a bore—not even in those moments of doldrums when most of us are permitted to be.

"And I know," says Mrs. Mumford, "for I've voyaged at least half way round the world with her, yet never felt an impulse to pitch her overboard. That's a test, I can tell you, an acid test."

Before she hopped off for New York—everybody hops

Medley

gossip gleaned from the play-York for work or pleasure.

John-Brenon

off now, you know—Miss Farnum sent a sheaf of telegrams bidding her friends meet her round the festive board at the Ritz-Carlton.

Over the lapis-blue glasses provided for liquid refreshment of one sort or another, Miss Farnum confided that her mission to France was half business and half pleasure, the business consisting of taking shots of the American Legion during the convention in Paris, later to be incorporated into a picture, and the pleasure being a ten-week holiday, subject to call from the studio.

Being an energetic young woman with as much vitality as brains, she has a notion tucked away in her busy mind that during her holiday she will journey down to Spain in search of a story for Ramon Novarro.

Margaret Livingston is undiscouraged by the slowness of the right rôle in coming her way.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr



But in the meantime her quest for legionaries and their doings worthy of reproduction in celluloid, will be the subject of first importance. As the *Leviathan* slipped down the Hudson and out to sea with the last contingent of Paris-bound legionaries, Miss Farnum waved farewell from the deck, while a broad, gray-suited figure stood at attention on the bridge. It was General Pershing. The waters surrounding the vessel were alive with craft whistling a salute, and high above floated the airship *Los Angeles*. An escort of airplanes circled between the dirigible and the vessel, and the bands played "Hinky Dinky Parley Voo" and other tunes reminiscent of the late unpleasantness.

Noise and good humor marked the departure of the legionaries off to join some sixteen thousand of their comrades already on



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Dorothy Farnum might have been a star had she not chosen to be a star scenarist.

French soil. Their joyous uproar was a vivid contrast to the silent departure of the self-same ship ten years ago, when outside the harbor warships waited, and a glance at the skyline was the last glimpse many a soldier had of his native land.

"Who is Dulcy Jayne?"

Wherever film folk gather within the confines of Manhattan for tea-time chitchat that question is sure to be asked. It is usually followed by "Daniel K. Leland is certainly Griffith, and don't you think Henry Horney is the image of Charles Ray?"

In case all this is cryptic, as it is sure to be, let it be known that the conversation is about a book, the latest novel of the movies, called "Starring Dulcy Jayne." Whenever fiction about the movies is published, those in the know invariably jump to the conclusion that it is more truth than fiction. Usually they are right.

Whether "Dulcy Jayne" was inspired by facts or not, it is a delightful novel and out of the ordinary, because it is not about Hollywood and the glitter of the Boule-



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has the exuberant spirits of his father.

vard, but Fort Lee in the days when the trip across the prehistoric ferry was as much a problem to the impecunious extra in search of a job, as it was a hardship to at least half of the stars who are on the Coast to-day.

The book is a dramatic and humorous picture of that less opulent period, and for this reason is perhaps more intimate and revealing than the movie stories that have preceded it. Best of all, it neither satirizes nor patronizes the screen, but acknowledges its dignity and ideals. Virginia Tracy, who is known to readers of Picture Play, is the author.

Margaret Livingston came to New York for a holiday, and thus we met the little Mormon actress with the hazel eyes and mop of brilliant red hair. She has that abundant enthusiasm, energy, and freshness which we associate with the Western girl, and possesses as well a keen, well-balanced brain and plenty of pluck.

Just after the war she ran away from home and started a career on the screen. There were lots of hard times, she will tell you, but the difficulties were not so much in getting started, as getting what she really wanted after she got started.

"Somehow or other—good luck mostly—I always managed to get a contract. It seems wonderful, but it doesn't mean much if you fail to get the rôles best suited to you.



Photo by Florence Vandamm

Flobelle Fairbanks sailed away to make a picture in England.

"It isn't only the money in pictures, you know. It is a matter of pride, too. You see girls who started with you forging ahead, and you want to do the same thing whether you are collecting a regular salary or not.

"It has been my idea to play the sophisticated vamp, not the obvious variety we are familiar with in pictures, but the peppy, lively girl who lives by her wits and relies on them to get her out of tight places. Girls of this kind do not hurl things in wives' faces or leer at gentlemen. They try to avoid scenes instead of causing them. Their methods of attracting masculine attention are far more subtle than the crude devices which many films illustrate.

"I have been drawing my pay check regularly, but I want more than that. I want to get my chance, my real chance. I suppose, after all the time I have been in pictures, I should be discouraged, but I am not. I can never rid myself of the conviction that the real break is just around the corner. That is the true trouper's spirit. It is the spirit of pictures, too. Every one has faith that his turn will come to play a congenial rôle in a really good picture.

"Something Thomas Ince told me has stuck in my mind. I was fooling on the lot. I always do. 'When you are yourself,' said Mr. Ince, 'you are great. But why on earth don't you put that individuality and personality into your work?'

"I explained that directors wouldn't let me, that they had their own ideas and always insisted on utilizing them.

"'Don't wait for the director,' said Mr. Ince. 'Think up your own business. Put it in, and you'll find that the director will be greatly relieved to discover that he has an individuality and not an automaton to work with.'

"Many directors, of course, will not permit this. This is one reason that I have so much enjoyed playing in quickies. They conform to no rules or regulations. One works about eighteen hours a day, but the funny part of it is you like it. The director is so rushed that he doesn't care what you do. You are not even given time to arrange your hair, or powder your make-up. The picture is made like a flash. The director is delighted if you have ideas, and far from curbing you, he encourages you to do your stuff. That means he can give his mind to something else, and attend to the hundred and one details that he has to cover in a few days, in order to finish on schedule and not exceed his budget. That is the one object—to keep within the budget.

"I enjoyed tremendously playing the little part I have in 'Sunrise,' because Mr. Murnau is such a wonderful director. He gets the maximum from even a tiny rôle such as mine. I don't mind small rôles, if they have character. I have taken everything that came

Continued on page 114



"Life is so short," says Connie. "We must all dance and laugh while we can, because presently we shan't be able to do it any more."

For To-morrow We Die

Constance Talmadge, gay and laughing, lives life to its very fullest, squeezing all the joy she can out of each fleeting moment, for she realizes in her heart of hearts how quickly youth and romance pass, and looks almost with fear into the uncertain future.

By Helen Louise Walker

CONSTANCE TALMADGE'S apartment was a litter of trunks and bags and boxes. Fluffy dresses, sheer lingerie, little satin shoes, were piled and scattered about the room. For Connie was going to Europe.

I stepped over things and around things and arrived at a large chair in the exact center of the confusion. I sat down. There was a startled, plaintive wail from underneath, and I got up hastily to discover that I had plumped myself on one of those weird, twisted dolls, all gold lace and taffeta, with long, sinuous legs and a knowing smile. She—or it—had voiced annoyance in a most human-sounding squeak.

Connie came in as I picked up the gangling, absurd

thing and deposited it in sprawling humiliation on a pile of boxes. She was dressed in a wisp of a pink chiffon negligée, her ankles were bare, her feet in tiny, blue satin mules. A blue ribbon was tied about her head, with a wee bow on top. She swept piles of frivolous underwear off the divan and sat down.

"Oh, dear!" she fluttered. "I'm not *half* ready to go, and I have to go to a luncheon and a tea and a dinner and a preview and a supper party, and between times I have to run out to see my nephews and sister and other relatives and do a lot of errands—and the train goes at noon to-morrow! Isn't it *awful!*"

She clasped her hands about one knee, her brown eyes wide with amusement.

"I love going places—that is, I mean, I love being places, after I get there. But the process of getting ready and making the trip just slays me!

"I suppose you want to know if it is to be a divorce in Paris. Everybody keeps asking me that. I really can't tell, yet. I shall see my attorneys, of course. And it may be that they will meet Captain MacIntosh's attorneys somewhere and that something will be done. It is to be divorce eventually, of course. We have been separated for over a year. But I don't see any need to hurry."

"Will you marry again?" I wanted to know.

"Well—I hope so—frankly. One hates to look forward to old age alone. It seems a bit early, however, to discuss the probability of acquiring another husband when I still have this one. But loneliness—and age—— Time does go so fast. One is old before one knows it!"

She gazed into the distance. Neat maids threaded their way through the litter of the room with garments in their arms.

"What is the matter with marriage, anyhow?" she demanded of me, fiercely. "Why can't people make it go? Especially people in my profession? Every day we hear of a new separation.

"Now and then a couple live together for a long time, apparently very happy. We begin to point to them with pride and to say, 'Now there are two people who love each other and who are going to stick together!' The whole colony takes a sort of possessive pride in the accomplishment, as if it were something very wonderful that reflected credit upon us all. Then, one morning, we wake up and read in the papers that they are getting a divorce. It is sad. It is heartbreaking!"

She got up and moved about restlessly.

"Professional women, I suppose, should not marry. At least, they should not marry men outside their profession. I have demonstrated that—twice! A man can't help resenting the claims of a woman's work. He can't help feeling that she should not allow anything to interfere with her duties as a wife. It is the age-old tradition that makes it irritating and unthinkable to him for his wife to come home to him instead of his coming home to her.

"He wants her to be free when he is free—to be willing and ready to play when he wants to play. And if she comes home from the studio tired, when he has plans for the evening and wants her to be fresh and merry, he cannot bring himself to think that it is right.

"And then," she went on, "men are jealous of your outside interests. They just *are*. Perhaps if you are both interested in the same line of endeavor—if you can work together—it's different. But even then, sometimes, professional jealousy comes in and wrecks things.

"It's the *idea* of marriage that is so deadly, I guess—the idea of being tied down to one person—tied by law. Divorce is a great safety device. It is like the emergency exit in a theater. You don't think much about it when you go in, but you wouldn't think of entering if it were not there!

"People should have families, I think. I do so enjoy Natalie's and Buster's babies! They are the happiest things! Natalie was always the domestic member of our family. Always, when we were youngsters, she was the one who fluttered about, learning how to cook and all that sort of thing. She never had any real aspirations for a career.

Connie does not regret her two unsuccessful marriages, and thinks she will probably marry again.



"*I,*" she ended with a sigh, "was *never* domestic."

There was a little pause as she reflected, presumably, upon her lack of domestic instincts. Then she burst into conversation again, passionately proclaiming herself a hedonist.

"Life is so short," she reiterated. "Before you know it, you are old and your time for fun is past!

"I go, every four days, to put flowers on my father's grave. He died two years ago when he was fifty-six. Fifty-six! A young man still. For some time before he died, he wasn't supposed to eat any meats or any sweets at all. I used to see him sneaking pieces of pie—which he loved. And now, whenever I stand beside his grave, I am so glad he did. I am glad he had those tiny things he wanted.

"That poor boy there"—she pointed to a beautiful framed picture of Valentino—"what a short time he lived! I am glad for all the joy he had while he was here. We must all dance and laugh while we can, because presently we shan't be able to do it any more."

She shook her head, throwing back the soft waves of her hair from her face.

"I want fun—fun!" she said, with vivid earnestness. "I want everybody to have the things they want—life, laughter, color, romance—all the fleeting, beautiful, youthful things!

"I have loved every moment of

Continued on page 100



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Faust"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautiful film. Superbly directed and convincingly acted. Well-chosen cast, with Emil Jannings making a robust but malignant *Mephisto.*

"Fire Brigade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A real thriller about firemen and fires. Don't miss it. Charlie Ray is his old, lovable self as a boy fireman in love with a millionaire's daughter—May McAvoy.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenius comedy of browbeaten younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Rough Riders, The"—Paramount. Interesting picture built round Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American War, and interwoven with the simple, human love story of a girl and two soldiers—Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack, and Charles Farrell.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian waif whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Haines as a wise-cracking Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neil as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountaineers themselves enacting the simple but intensely interesting story.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"Way of All Flesh, The"—Paramount. Emil Jannings' first American film. Simple, human story revealing the star at his best in a tragically pathetic rôle. Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver, and Donald Keith.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Adam and Evil"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle in amusing domestic farce of the complications stirred up between a bored married couple by the unexpected arrival of the husband's twin brother.

"Alias the Deacon"—Universal. Jean Hersholt in rôle of lovable crook who poses as a deacon and is instrumental in bringing together the two young people of the film—June Marlowe and Ralph Graves.

"All Aboard"—First National. Fast Johnny Hines comedy of an acrobatic shoe clerk who somehow lands in the Arabian desert and saves the heroine, Edna Murphy, from a sheik.

"Annie Laurie" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in mildly interesting picture based on the ancient feud between two Scotch clans. Norman Kerry is the blustering hero.

"Barbed Wire" — Paramount. Pola Negri and Clive Brook in unique war drama of French peasant girl who falls in love with a German prisoner and is shunned by her fellow townsmen.

"Cabaret"—Paramount. Gilda Gray in sure-fire film of a dancer who foils the villain, saves her erring brother from jail, and captures the heart of the detective—Tom Moore.

"Callahans and the Murphys, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining sure-fire film of Irish brawls and reconciliations, notable chiefly for the comedy of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

"Camille"—First National. Norma Talmadge lovely in unconvincing modern version of Dumas' tragic love tale. Gilbert Roland shines in romantic rôle of *Armand.*

"Captain Salvation" — Metro-Goldwyn. Somber film of religious bigotry in New England of the '40s, and subsequent sinister happenings on board a convict ship. Lars Hanson, Pauline Starke, and Marceline Day.

"Casey at the Bat"—Paramount. Wallace Beery in amusing film of baseball in the '90s, with Zasu Pitts as the home-town milliner who wins the heart of our hero.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"Children of Divorce"—Paramount. A high-society film dealing with the unhappy lives of three children of divorced couples. Lots of plot and excellent cast, headed by Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, and Gary Cooper.

"Convoy"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill in secret-service melodrama of a society girl who sacrifices herself to save the United States navy, only to be spurned by every one and clapped into jail. Lawrence Gray and William Collier, Jr.

"Cradle Snatchers"—Fox. Louise Fazenda is the ringleader in boisterous farce of three neglected middle-aged wives who hire three college boys to make their husbands jealous.

"Dearie"—Warner. Tale of a mother who secretly sings in a night club in order to put her snobbish son through college. Irene Rich and William Collier, Jr.

"Evening Clothes" — Paramount. Adolphe Menjou in mildly diverting story of a bankrupt Parisian boulevardier who, when his creditors permit him to keep one suit of clothes, chooses evening dress. Virginia Valli and Louise Brooks.

"Fashions for Women"—Paramount. Gay Parisian farce revealing Esther Ralston in a dual rôle and an array of beautiful clothes. Einar Hansen and Raymond Hatton.

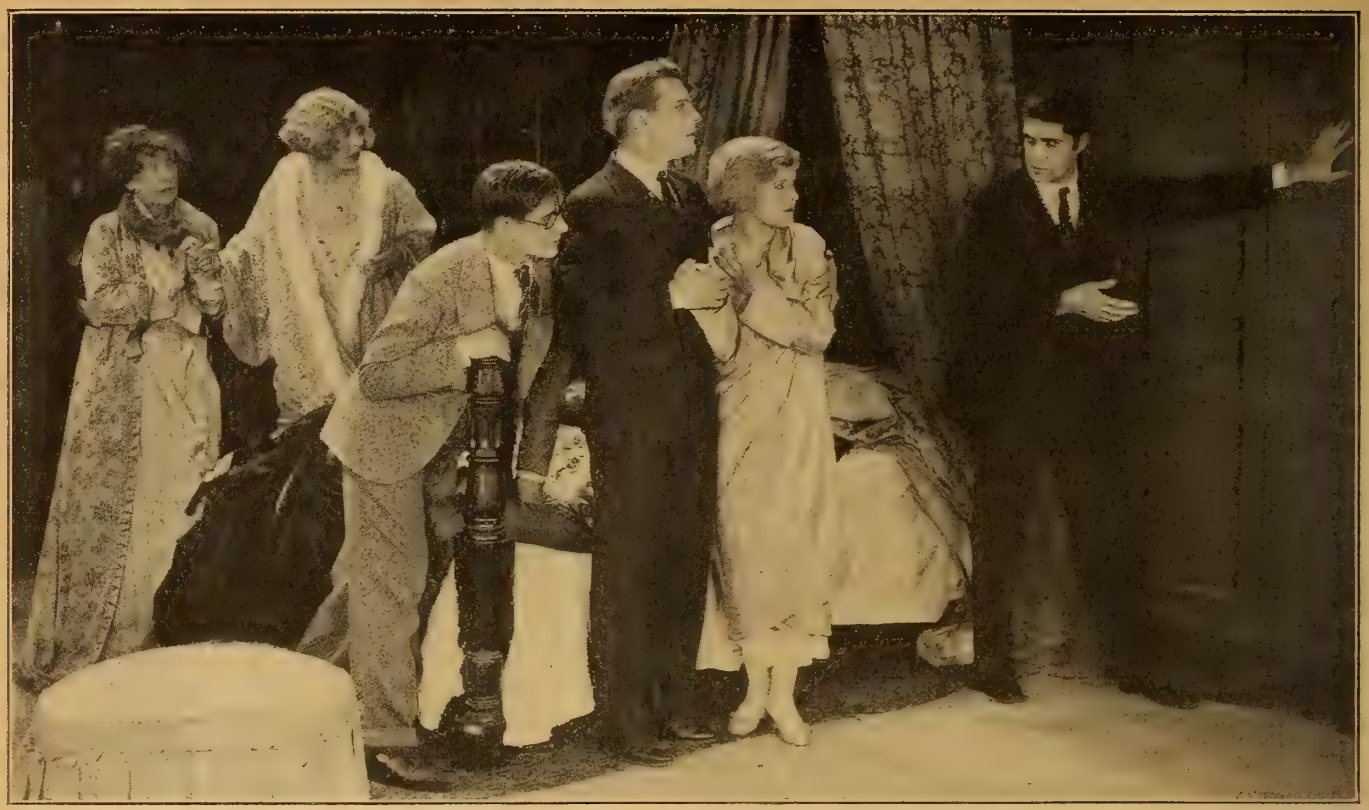
"Fighting Eagle, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Rod La Roque in excellent rôle of patriotic French country youth in the service of Napoleon whose affair with the emperor's spy, Phyllis Haver, gets him into trouble.

"First Auto, The"—Warner. Melodrama, laid in the '90s, of a father's estrangement from his son because of the son's ardor for the newly invented horseless carriage. Charles Emmett Mack and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Frisco Sally Levy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sally O'Neil in amusing comedy featuring the intimate home life of a family headed by an Irish mother and a Jewish father.

"Is Zat So?"—Fox. Featuring the comic results when a down-and-out prize fighter and his manager—George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe—temporarily act as butler and second man in a Fifth Avenue mansion.

Continued on page 117



"The Cat and the Canary," best of all mystery films, is guaranteed to absorb and thrill the most jaded fan.

The Screen in Review

The latest films are scrutinized with a critical, though impartial, eye.

By Norbert Lusk

THE most successful mystery story the screen has yet offered is "The Cat and the Canary." It is also one of the most distinctive pictures in months, because of the treatment given it by the director, Paul Leni, a German.

Master of scenic design, he also knows the full significance of light in creating atmosphere and mood. The result is a veritable orgy of spooky mystery, with sliding panels, clutching hands, slamming doors and other manifestations of the weird, all making for suspense and terror.

This is achieved with vivid originality, thanks to the remarkable work of the camera in seeking out arresting angles and strange distortions, in keeping with the eerie subject. The spectator is made to feel that he is actually in the musty home of the dead millionaire—whose relatives have assembled twenty years after his demise to hear his will read—because the camera moves as the eye of the beholder would move were he suddenly to find himself on the scene.

Yet, curiously enough, the proceedings seem real, probably because interest is kept at such a high pitch that there is scant opportunity to sink back and analyze the rather conventional labyrinth of the story.

It begins when the six expectant heirs come to the house at midnight to learn what the reading of *Cyrus West's* will has in store for them. When it develops that the entire fortune, including the usual jewels, is left to *Annabelle West,* the title of the picture is explained. She becomes a canary ingénue in the midst of catlike kin. Once the eccentric conditions by which she will come into the fortune have been set forth by the attorney, things begin to happen. The unwritten law against divulging the ins and outs of a mystery story will not be broken in this case, especially as there is every good reason for you to see the picture.

Laura La Plante is, of course, *Annabelle,* for who else could better qualify as a canary ingénue? Incidentally, she gives an excellent performance. So does every member of the cast, although the comic relief of Creighton Hale and Flora Finch is carried to extremes. Arthur Edmund Carew, Martha Mattox, and Tully Marshall are particularly successful in conveying the right degree of mystery and impending disaster. To my way of thinking, Gertrude Astor's rôle is not nearly important enough, but Forrest Stanley's is. However, you can't get away from the fact that the director—and his camera—are really the stars.

A Torrent of Money Spent.

"The Magic Flame" is another name for love, in case you are thinking it is a firemen's epic. It is a melodrama of an Italian circus and a mythical kingdom, this time called "Illyria," just as Shakespeare did in "Twelfth Night." However, there is nothing Shakespearean in the manifold plot of "The Magic Flame." It is strictly modern and very moviesque. Moreover, there is so much of it, after all the knots are tied and the complications are planted, that a great deal of time is necessarily needed to straighten them out. Too much time, if you ask me.

Just when *Bianca,* the fearless, peerless queen of the trapeze, has entered the royal palace and discovered the king to be none other than *Tito,* her clown sweetheart

—and you think they are ready to flee back to *Baretti's* circus—*Tito* suspects her purity. So there has to be a tiff and a reconciliation before they finally escape. Even though Gustav von Seyffertitz is hopefully waiting, on the other side of the door, for *Bianca* to assassinate the king.

It all begins back in the circus, where *Bianca's* beauty attracts *Count Casati,* as wicked a villain as ever leered from the screen. Lured to his hotel by a fake note, she plunges from a window to escape him. When *Tito* goes to see what is detaining her, he fares not so well. There is a vicious fight with the *Count,* who falls out of the same window, but lands less happily. Instead of catching onto the branches of a tree, as the agile trapezist did, he goes straight down to the sea—and is never again heard from. *Tito* must suffer the consequences, which in this case are novel indeed. Mistaken for *Casati,* he is told that he has succeeded his father to the throne and must depart at once to Illyria. Stammered protests avail him not. He is bundled off as if he were so much luggage.

From there on the picture becomes strictly mythical kingdom. *Bianca* appears, with a revolver in her bouquet, bent on avenging the disappearance of her *Tito.* Her motive is approved by the *Councillor* who, providing her with black velvet, jewels, and a stiletto, ushers her into the presence of the king as a siren eager to give her all. Ultimately recognition comes, but very slowly. The way of escape having been made clear for *Bianca,* following her expected murder of the king, she and *Tito* take advantage of it.

Now, all this is set forth with every technical excellence expected of a first-class picture—unusual camera angles, picturesque backgrounds, baffling double exposures, intelligent acting. But it remains in the realm of fantasy, because of the utter preposterousness of the plot. You have the spectacle of much skill, but little genuineness. Vilma Banky is lovely to behold, as usual, and Ronald Colman, as *Tito* and *Casati,* plays the latter rôle with such spectacular villainy that you feel his true *métier* lies there rather than in noble heroes.



Photo by Samuel Goldwyn Productions

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky go through the mazes of a checkered love story, in "The Magic Flame."

The Spell of the Sahara.

There is only one Rex Ingram. His individuality permeates every scene of his pictures, every subtitle, and even the musical score. It is individuality that places beauty above everything else. But sometimes pictorial beauty demands too great a sacrifice of drama for an altogether satisfying picture.

So it is with his latest, "The Garden of Allah," a poem of the desert, but not a drama of the screen. It might almost be called a magnificent travelogue, so fully pictured that you feel you are under the spell of the Sahara as you never have been before, rather than under the spell of the emotions and the soul struggles of *Domini Enfilden* and *Boris Androvsky.*

You give them time to tell their unhappy but leisurely love story, only to find yourself more interested in the scenic backgrounds, because you are more conscious of them.

The tale of the young Trappist monk who forsakes the monastery for worldly life, and marries an English girl without telling her of this, his eventual confession and return to the monastery, is removed from the sympathies of average audiences. Yet Ingram has told the story simply, sincerely, and with complete avoidance of meretricious detail.

Ivan Petrovich, the Serbian who was first seen in "The Magician," is *Boris.* His performance is notable for its sincerity, but the nature of the story precludes any outstanding moments. Alice Terry, as *Domini,* is aloof, cold. The remaining players are foreigners, all of whom are well cast.

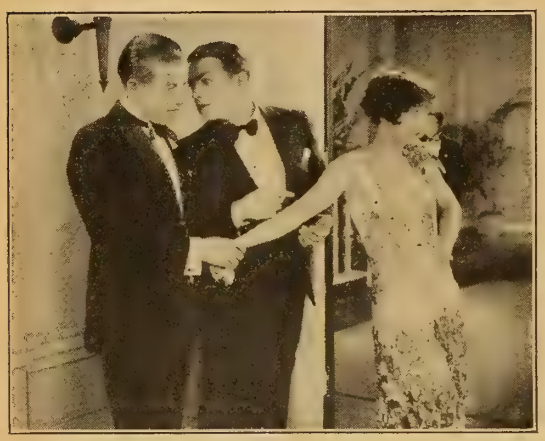
Crooks Have Hearts.

"Underworld" misses being the greatest of its kind, but its faults will not stand in the way of its being acclaimed by the majority. At this writing it is breaking records wherever it is shown, and George Bancroft has been rewarded with stardom on the strength of his performance of *"Bull" Weed.* Its merits, then, far exceed its weaknesses.

It is the powerful acting of Bancroft that gives the punch to "Underworld." When all is said and done, the story is true to type—rival gunmen, the murder of one for making love to the other's girl, the death sentence, the escape, the discovery that his girl loves the man he had sworn to "get," and his sentimental forgiveness of the pair. The moral is that a lawbreaker can't win because a soft heart won't let him.



"Soft Cushions."



"The Drop Kick."



"For the Love of Mike."



"We're All Gamblers."

This is not true to criminal psychology or statistics, but it fits into movie fiction. A great deal of talent and skill have been used to make it seem plausible. More important still, the proceedings have the ring of authenticity, which isn't surprising when you are told that Ben Hecht based his story on a gang shooting that took place when he was a reporter in the city where machine guns are used to combat criminals.

Clive Brook plays a rôle that one doesn't associate with his usual suavity—that of a derelict porter in a saloon, who becomes the protégé of *Bull Weed* and is nicknamed *"Rolls Royce."* Next to Bancroft in toughness and sincerity is Fred Kohler, as his rival, *"Buck" Mulligan.* Evelyn Brent is *Feathers,* the girl who causes most of the gun play. The picture is splendidly lighted, suspense is prolonged to the *n*th degree, and altogether it is far above the average—if you don't look below the surface.

Mocking the Conventional.

Either you will like Lon Chaney's "Mockery" very much, or not at all. To me it is one of the best pictures of the new season. A story of the revolution in Russia, it has neither top-heavy sets nor huge, surging crowds. It shows instead the effect of the revolution upon an isolated group. Credit for the unusual story and its thoughtful development belongs to Benjamin Christianson, who wrote as well as directed it. You feel that he firmly insisted on honesty of treatment, and perhaps savagely fought to keep hokum out of it. The result is that "Mockery" is brilliantly acted, and the atmosphere is more Russian than if a million tons of snow had been used. But there isn't a flake—or a sleigh—in the entire picture.

Lon Chaney is *Sergei,* a dull-witted, plodding peasant, who is persuaded by a lady to escort her to a distant town. Reaching safety, she rewards *Sergei* with the job of servant in her household—and promptly forgets him, for she is *Countess Tatiana. Sergei* cannot comprehend the situation that makes it impossible for her to notice him. His slow, sodden mind even fails to grasp the significance of the love scene he witnesses between *Tatiana* and a cavalry officer. Then a more intelligent servant pours into his ear the doctrine of revolution. The peasant is made to believe that he and the countess are equals. He tries to force himself upon her when the Bolsheviks are ransacking the house, and *Tatiana* lies to save his life. Then he is left as her special guard. While performing his duty with doglike devotion he is shot by the revolutionaries. Dying, he sees *Tatiana* and her officer embrace. Again it is unrequited love for poor Mr. Chaney.

All this is set forth with perfect credibility by Mr. Chaney, Barbara Bedford, and Ricardo Cortez, Miss Bedford in especial succeeding in portraying an aristocratic girl without recourse to ermine or glittering tiaras. Mack Swain and Emily Fitzroy are convincing as Russian profiteers, and Charles Puffy equally so as the plotting servant.

Unpretentious, But Good.

This month's surprise picture is "Shanghaied," with Ralph Ince, Patsy Ruth Miller, Gertrude Astor, and Alan Brooks. It comes as a surprise because it is a program film, yet is honest, straightforward, fairly innocent of hokum, and downright good. Many a feature picture, played up to the skies by false advertising, hasn't the pull of this one. One of the reasons is that "Shanghaied" was written for the screen and therefore does not represent the misguided labors of a scenarist trying to fit a novel into a place where it doesn't belong.

"Hurricane" Haley strolls into a water-front dive intent on amusing himself. *Polly* catches his fancy and *Crawley,* the boss, uses this circumstance to drug *Hurricane's* drink and rob him. The seaman hates *Polly* for the decoy he thinks she is. He abducts her, dancing dress and all, and throws her to his crew.

Out of this situation—not extraordinary enough to blaze a trail on the screen—comes a closely knit yarn in which suspense, the development of character, and the steady progress of a story take their rightful places in achieving an interesting picture.

The acting is excellent. Ralph Ince is *Hurricane* to the life. As for Patsy Ruth Miller, she has never had a rôle more effective

than *Polly,* nor one pulsing more fully with life and reality, every heartbeat of which you feel is sincere Gertrude Astor, as a hard-boiled dancer in the dive, balances comedy with iniquity in her usual competent fashion. "Shanghaied" has got "It"—if you don't demand a society background and prettiness in the pictures you prefer.

Meighan Fans, Take Notice.

Thomas Meighan has a substantial picture in "We're All Gamblers," thanks to a credible story and good acting, both better than in "Tin Gods" and "Blind Alleys." The vitality and swiftness of the proceedings are easily traceable to the direction of James Cruze, as well as numerous deft touches of characterization.

Meighan is *"Lucky" Sam McCarver,* a contender for the heavyweight championship, who is run down by a society girl's car and incapacitated for further work in the ring. However, he is fully able to operate a night club and continues to meet *Carlotta Asche,* of Park Avenue, and regard her as unattainable. A New Year's Eve shooting brings the picture to a climax and opens the way to mutual understanding between *Sam* and *Carlotta.*

This bare outline of the story naturally gives no idea of the excellent detail which enlivens the picture, nor of the spirited acting of Cullen Landis, as *Sam's* brother, and no hint of the well-bred distinction of Marietta Millner, as *Carlotta.* Meighan fans will not be disappointed in this.

A Naughty Little Girl.

Something new in mother love is seen in "The Joy Girl." Mary Alden polishes the toenails of Olive Borden, who is *Jewel Courage*—get the name, please—her daughter. It wouldn't be polite to comment on the strange state of affairs which makes it necessary for one of the finest artists on the screen to render this service to one of the least. It is just one of life's little ironies.

The picture is otherwise out of the ordinary, too. *Jewel,* who lives on the fringe of Palm Beach, is a shining example of how a girl on little or nothing a year can wear the latest styles, mingle with the rich and marry a millionaire—without displaying a single redeeming quality. But for that matter the villain of the film, who is also out to better himself financially through marriage, succeeds in doing so after he has committed bigamy without being punished for it. All in all, "The Joy Girl" is an eye opener.

Incidental to these twisted ethics, *Jewel* is attracted to a chauffeur who is not really a chauffeur, but a millionaire trying to escape mercenary ladies. So our practical little *Jewel* refrains from throwing herself away upon a man who merely loves her. But she lends an eager ear to the next man she meets, whom she believes to be a millionaire, but who is really a chauffeur. When *Jewel* marries him you cannot but think it serves her right, especially as she went to great lengths to make him think her wealthy. However, she is put to no noticeable inconvenience and is finally rewarded by the willingness of the millionaire to lead her to the altar.

"The Joy Girl" is brazenly immoral and *Jewel* the most unsympathetic heroine ever seen, though handsome dresses, spacious rooms, and glittering motor cars do their best to veneer the sordid story.

Neil Hamilton is the young man of fortune who chooses to become a chauffeur for a lark. His ingratiating manner and underlying humor succeed in capturing all the sympathy and most of the interest.

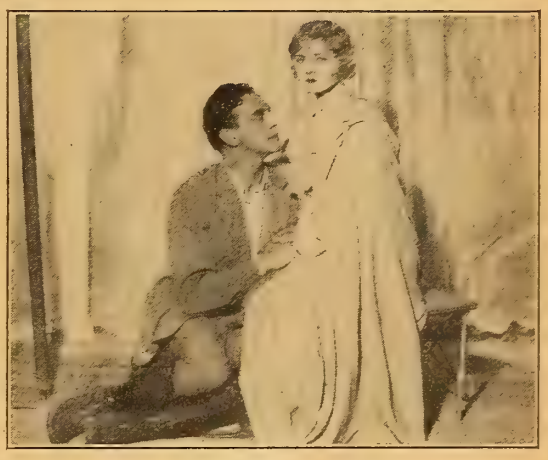
Fun in the Orient.

Quite the most diverting comedy Douglas MacLean has had in a long time is offered in "Soft Cushions," an intelligent satire on the Oriental spectacle. It is gay, original, colorful, with no straining after gags and horseplay, and its titles are brilliant examples of how to be amusing without resorting to the easy impudence of wise-cracks. Furthermore, it has a lovely girl named Sue Carol for the heroine, whose fresh beauty and winsomeness indicate that she will be heard from in large measure from now on. Her career will, in a manner of speaking, surely rest on soft cushions hereafter.

[Continued on page 92]



"College."



"The Garden of Allah."



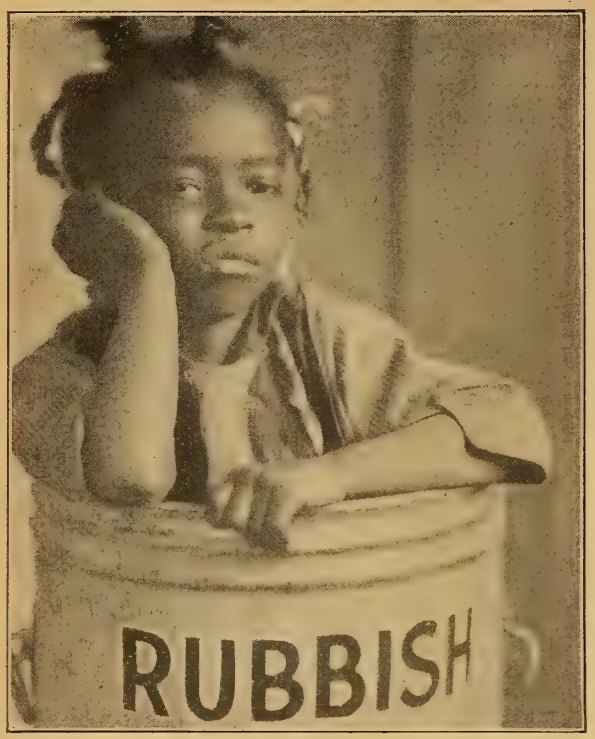
"Mockery."



"Hula."

In and Out of

What the camera sees on its



Oh, who threw Farina in the ash can? Did *you* throw Farina in the ash can? Anyway, it's high time Our Gang got him out—the ash can is no place for a popular idol like Farina!

The damsel in distress, below, is Evelyn Brent, and Roscoe Karns is the gallant gentleman who is rushing to her rescue. But *why* is she wearing snowshoes in the middle of the desert? The better to walk with, my dear. All the players wore them in the sand on location with "Beau Sabreur."



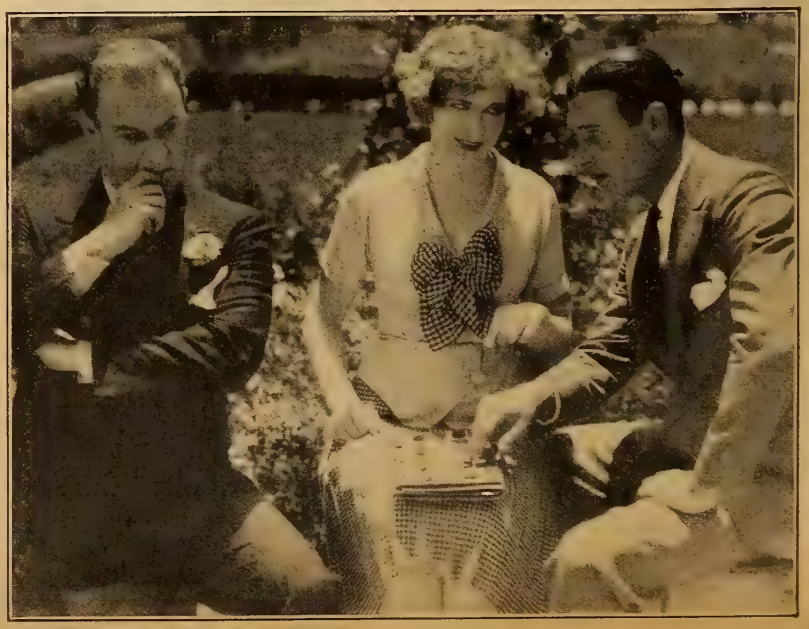


Above, the well-known Siamese twins, Daisy and Violet Hilton, pay a visit to Ruth Roland in Hollywood. The twins, who have made themselves famous in vaudeville, were playing Los Angeles when Ruth invited them to see the studios.

There's nothing stunted about the giant box of matches, below, that Corinne Griffith uses for lighting her fire. She certainly runs no risk of burning her fingers!



Necessity is the mother of invention, so when Ford Sterling and Richard Arlen, below, were just dying for a game of checkers between scenes, they snatched Esther Ralston's purse and used its large, checked pattern for a battleground.

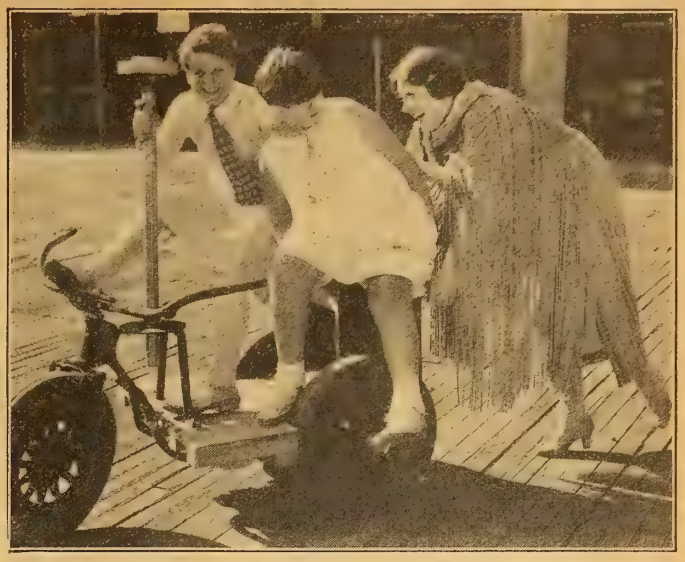


the Studios

rambles round the movie world.



Above, Lupino Lane, Petey, and Wallace Lupino try to break the camera in "Hello, Sailor."



Up in the corner, Irene Rich frolics at the studio with her two daughters, Frances and Jane.



Right, Chester Conklin contributes his version of the rôle of *Lorelei Lee* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Below, Leatrice Joy impersonates *Eve* and the serpent in a glorified tableau in "The Angel of Broadway."



Which is which? No one knows, so the twins below are both playing opposite Lupino Lane in a new comedy. They are Charlene and Minniela Aber.





Left, Margaret Livingston and Jobyna Ralston—no kiddin'—do a *Topsy* and *Eva* act in "Lightning," one of those Zane Grey films.

Down in the left-hand corner, Jackie Coogan proudly shows his little brother, Robert, the sights of the M.-G. M. studio

Below, Lucien Littlefield, who is famous for his character portrayals, does an impersonation of—well, guess who?





Well, if it isn't Wesley Barry! Shown above with James Murray, the kid with the freckles has grown up and has returned to the screen in a jockey rôle in "In Old Kentucky."

Below, Lillian Gish, between scenes of "The Enemy," takes a lesson in rug making from Fritzi Ridgeway, who has taught more than one star how it's done.





It Was About Time!

Yes, it was about time, the critics agreed, that some one discovered Gertrude Astor. For twelve years she had been struggling for recognition, giving consistently good performances in unimportant parts, before it dawned on the producers that here was an actress of exceptional talent. Now, at last, they are vying for her services.

By A. L. Wooldridge

I WAS lunching with the blond Gertrude Astor in a café on the Boulevard. I was intensely interested in the story she was telling me—the story of her experiences in the drab, lean years during which she had fought single-handed for a foothold in the movies.

Thousands of beautiful blondes have arrived in Hollywood hoping to lend their charms to the screen, only to depart without ever having faced the camera. But this one had stuck and strived and emerged, her soul a trifle battle-scarred but happily triumphant.

Twelve long, harrowing years Gertrude Astor struggled with the vicissitudes of cinema life before she drove producers to the point of acknowledging her to be a talented actress. And now, they are literally falling over themselves to obtain her services. I wanted to know how she had brought it about.

"It is the result," she said, "of a dozen years of hard, unrelenting, heart-breaking effort. You know, I don't believe in this thing of making a star overnight. Time and again, producing companies have suddenly announced a 'great find,' a beautiful girl to be starred immediately, even though she has had no training. Run back over the list of such sudden 'finds,' and name me one who did not glimmer only momentarily and then slowly slide from view. It can't be done, I tell you. The really successful motion-picture actresses have all, almost without exception, started at the bottom and fought their way up, step by step. Mary Pickford did it. Norma Talmadge did it. Gloria Swanson did it. I did it, and I'm very glad I had the experience."



Photo by Freulich

Miss Astor, who once had to fight just to get inside the gate of the Universal studio, dictated her own terms to that company when they sought her for the rôle of MRS. ST. CLARE *in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."*



Comedy has always been her forte, and her rôle in "The Small Bachelor" offers her some wonderful opportunities to make the fans laugh.

There was a grim set to her jaw, a trace of fire in her eyes, and a hint of that pugnacity which had helped her over the rough spots in her career. But this attitude was fleeting. In a moment she was a smiling, lovely, soft-eyed girl.

"Discouragements?" I asked, seeking to draw her out.

She chortled. "Discouragements! Say, if there are any I missed, I'd like to know them. Let's see. Have you ever gone to your room at night hungry, with not a cent to buy food? Well, I have, lots of times. Then, other times, I tried to heat a little food over the gas log in my room when I couldn't afford to buy a meal at a restaurant. Oh, those were trying days! It all seems funny to me now, but it was tragedy then. People don't come to your aid, it seems, when you most need them.

"But one time, some years ago, when I was utterly broke—not a nickel, not a little old red penny—nothing—I went to a garage man who had worked on my tiny car and said, 'I'm broke—I'm hungry—I want to borrow five dollars. I'll pay it back when I can.' And he let me have it. Before I stopped borrowing from him. I had one hundred and eighty-five dollars of his money. When I at last got work, I paid it back.



In "Ginsberg the Great," Miss Astor plays the part of a hard-boiled dancing girl in a traveling carnival troupe.

"Then, what do you suppose happened? My benefactor came to me one day and borrowed one hundred and twenty-five dollars *and skipped town!* I've not seen him since. But I don't care, because that one hundred and eighty-five dollars he loaned me was worth the one hundred and twenty-five dollars interest. He's welcome to it."

She looked dreamily into space as she went back in her memory over those early years. The experiences had left her somewhat cynical, but had not dulled her remarkable sense of humor.

"I was born," she told me, "in Cleveland, Ohio, and when I was four years old, we moved to Lima. There, when I grew up I learned to play a slide trombone—became a member of a women's band. We were good, too—so good that we went into vaudeville and played all over the United States.

"Then the movie bee bit me, or stung me. I chucked the old trombone into my trunk and set out for a visit to the New York studios. Got a job, too—at three dollars a day. The next year, I trekked to Hollywood. I knew nothing then about the griefs of the movie world. But I learned!

"My first jolt came when I found that I couldn't even get into the casting offices to ask for work. I used to reason, plead, beg, cajole, and browbeat the gatemen for permission to get inside, but it did no good.

"After arguing with every last one of them, I finally decided that the gateman at Universal seemed the most amenable to reason. So I began a siege on him in particular. Every day I went to that studio. We became quite friendly, that gateman and I. I called him 'Argus,' because, I told him, he seemed to have eyes in the back of his head, and he called me 'that tormenting little devil,' and other endearing terms.

"Every day we used to go through the same procedure. First, I approached him with my sweetest smile, and told him how kind he looked, and sympathized with him over all the trials and annoyances he must have to endure. After flattering and cajoling him, I finally popped the question, 'Do I get in to-day?' His answer, of course, was always, 'No.' Then I used to try to dodge around him, and we romped merrily back and forth like a couple of kids. When we were quite exhausted, I used to start pleading and begging again. But his heart was as hard as a bride's biscuit.

"One day, as we were going over the usual ground, a kindly looking man inside the gate beckoned to me. Whereat old Argus, completely nonplused, touched his cap and I walked in. After questioning me, the man said he thought he might be able to find a part for me, and told me to call at his office at ten the next morning. I backed out through the gate so amazed that I forgot to ask his name.

"'Why, that's Mr. Laemmle, president of the company!' said Argus, horror-stricken at my ignorance.

"Well, that was the beginning of Gertrude's little score. I was given a bit in a picture—oh, ever so tiny a bit. But I guess I made good in it, because soon after that I was given another. I acquired a reputation for being able to wear clothes. And heaven help the girl who gets that wished on her! It means that she will be used to *walk* through pictures instead of being given parts in which she can act.

"And I wanted to act. I wanted to emote all over the place. I still want to. They insist on my being a comedienne, but I'm determined to do something tragic eventually."

The old, old story—comediennes always want to do serious rôles and dramatic actresses always want to do comedy!

The beautiful Gertrude had one big handicap that cheated her out of many engagements. She was too

Continued on page 110

So Long, Slapstick!

Glenn Tryon at last, after many years of having been miscast in rough-and-tumble two-reelers, is being given an opportunity in feature films to prove that he really was out of place in slapstick.

By Carroll Graham



Photo by Freulich

His work in the leading rôle in "Painting the Town" has brought him a long-term contract with Universal.

I'VE been intending to write this story about Glenn Tryon for some time. I talked it over with Glenn some months ago. But my habit of procrastination successfully downed my faltering sense of industry. Now I am glad I waited, for there is more to say about Glenn's screen achievements at this time than there was when I first began to contemplate writing this story.

It is a very difficult thing, however, to write an interview about a friend. Either you become too ruthlessly analytical, with a resultant cooling of the friendship, or you become overadulatory, in which case you are likely to make no great impression on the editor with whom you are dealing.

After four or five years in the movies, marked chiefly by bad breaks and lost opportunities, Glenn seems at last to be safely on the highroad to success. He has made a marked impression in the few feature pictures in which he has appeared and he has recently signed a very remunerative contract with Universal which may make him one of the outstanding screen stars.

I have known Glenn since he was playing juveniles with the stock company at the Majestic Theater in Los Angeles. We saw each other casually for a very brief period. Two years later I met him again, just as he was going into the movies.

Glenn is a difficult person to analyze. Still in his twenties, he has had a varied experience in vaudeville, musical comedies, tent shows, and now the movies. He is an unusual mixture of maturity and youth, of gravity and humor. His youthful, sometimes exuberant, enthusiasm is counterbalanced by mature judgment born of many none-too-tender experiences and setbacks. During his comparatively brief residence upon this illogical planet, he has been liberally battle-scarred, but still retains a boyishness which will stay with him until he is gray.

He can do a great many things. Born on a Montana ranch, he can ride a horse with any of the Tom Mixes. He can sing a cracked tenor or a moderately successful bass, to suit the needs of parlor or kitchen harmony. He plays a ukelele indifferently and a one-stringed violin—which he made himself—badly but enthusiastically. At the age of twenty-two, he was general manager of an Eastern film company, which performed something of a feat by remaining in existence for six weeks after he was engaged. He was leading man with a road company playing "Maytime." He once ran a garage in partnership with his brother. Some years ago, he worked as an extra in the New York movie studios by day, and flipped eggs at a lunch counter by night. He met his wife when both were youngsters trying to get by on the stage, and married her when they again met in Hollywood three years ago. He reads the best of literature without ostentation, and as far as I can observe, is entirely without pose of any kind.



Glenn in a minor comedy part in "The Poor Nut."

Now, about Glenn's acting career. He became an actor at sixteen, and in the next few years played in every possible sort of production except a circus. Four years ago, he unobtrusively entered the movies through the back door by playing the lead in a Hal Roach picture featuring Rex, justly renowned king of wild horses. Glenn didn't steal the picture from Rex, but he did attract the attention of Mr. Roach, who thought he was funny despite the fact that his rôle was serious, and who therefore offered him a contract. Glenn, who was broke, caught a ride

Continued on page 104



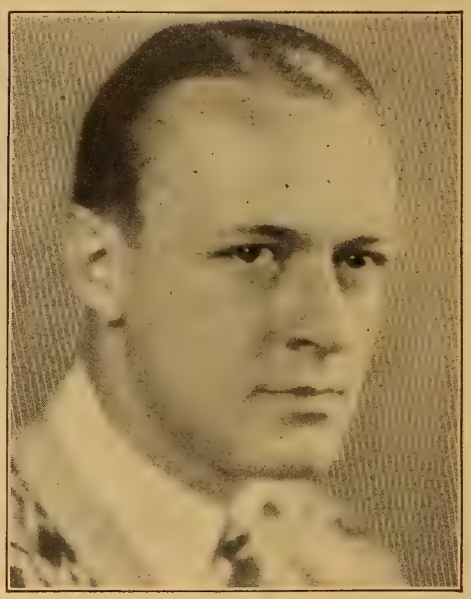
Sally O'Neil will go far during the next year and a half.
Photo by Louise

The Future

An astrologer examines the horoscopes of what the coming years hold for certain lesser

By Sidney

Jack Luden should prepare for a negative year in 1928.
Photo by Richee



THERE are many good actors and actresses whose names have but lately struggled into billboard positions, who have been working hard for years. Can they hold onto their somewhat precarious perches?

Looking backward, we note few who have lasted. Fame is a fickle vixen; the majority of players are here to-day and gone to-morrow, with competition what it is. Who among the recent newcomers will equal the long terms of popularity enjoyed by Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Tom Mix, Gloria Swanson, and Thomas Meighan? Frankly, the chances are not strong that there will be many.

Passing recognition comes to a small number, but those who attain lasting positions in the get-rich quicksands of Hollywood form an even smaller group.

Let us glance over the horoscopes of some who are now making bids for the laurel wreath of fame, but let us not hold them up to the standard of too long a period in the fans' shifting favor. Any present favorite who is still in a top position five years from now may be considered highly fortunate and exceptional. In making a long-range prediction such as this, it is best to have it understood at the beginning that I am not taking into consideration the matter of life and death.

Clara Bow can continue her tremendously hard work until the summer of 1932, with only an occasional lay-up for repairs, due to taking too many risks. The twelve months immediately ahead hold some confidential arrangement which will be very profitable to her. She should stick contentedly to her present employers, for they will do more for her best interests in the long run than anybody else.

It is an emotional year which Phyllis Haver is facing, with no marked luck and a great deal of hard work. She will get through with advancement of her reputation, if she will avoid travel and emotional upsets during June and the last five months of 1928. She should also be on the alert for errors of judgment during the first half of March. Although Miss Haver did some of the best work seen on the screen in "The Way of All Flesh," this will count for very little in her immediate future, strange as it may seem. Her success, however, will not be seriously threatened until the beginning of 1931, at which time she will need all her resources in order to avoid disaster to her film career.

Along about March, 1930, according to the testimonies of the planets, our newly found friend, William Haines, will leave pictures for about two years. This will be a most difficult stretch for him, unless he has saved his pennies and doesn't have to fight the adverse vibrations which will be surrounding him in 1930 and 1931. The remarkable thing about his particular case, however, is that he is one of the very few who will be able to come back after such a detour in his career, for at the end of 1932 he will have the opportunity to step back into the old shoes he used to wear and will go better than ever as a screen hero.

Externally, 1928 will smile on Bill, but in his soul all will not be going well, especially during May, June, August, and November. The last two weeks of each of these months are the bad

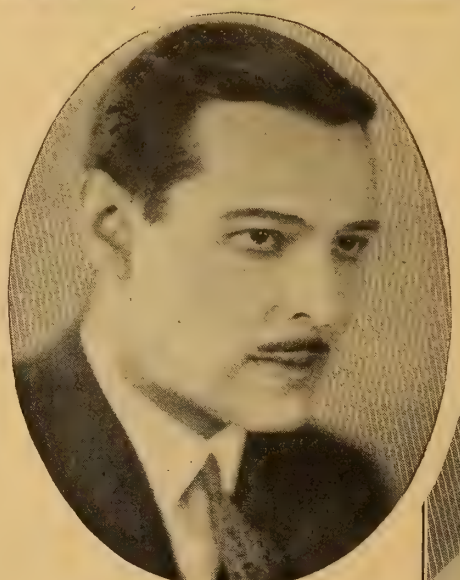


Photo by Archer
Ivan Lebedeff is advised to exercise care and caution.



Dolores Costello must endure a dull year before she shines again.
Photo by Spurr

of the Stars

some of the stars, with especial emphasis on players who are just now attracting attention.

K. Bennett



Dorothy Sebastian's stars predict sensational success in 1940!

Photo by Bull

spots for him. He must be on guard against the unexpected, particularly from those of the fair sex who will try to be unfair to him.

Vilma Banky will remain in her present enviable position as a favorite for at least another three and a half years, during which time she will add to her laurels, in spite of competition and some adverse gossip.

Greta Garbo is going to have a pretty tough time, especially in money matters and in relationships with superiors, from August, 1928, until March, 1929; but after this characteristic upheaval she will get everything adjusted and come back strong. She will then pile up success on top of success until the spring of 1932.

Ronald Colman will continue excellent work for at least five years more, for not until the middle of 1933 will he suffer any serious setback. During the year to come, however, he should look out for November 12th and 13th, and also the first weeks of February and May in 1929, taking no chances of any kind at those times.

James Murray is one of the screen's recent additions, and why wouldn't he be? He has his birthday party on the same day as Ronald. It will be rather difficult for him to get into his proper place, but after a year more of trying to find rôles fitted to him, he will go ahead fast and will maintain his success for over four years thereafter.

Victor Varconi's planets warn against quarrels and accidents.

Photo by Spurr





Photo by Louise

Tim McCoy must be ready to make a big decision next year.



Vilma Banky will rise above competition and gossip.

Photo by Spurr

Priscilla Bonner would do well to attempt but little film work for at least two more years, I am sorry to say, for everything is against her success in pictures right now.

Lois Moran has a negative winter immediately ahead of her, but when she comes out of it she will do better work and raise her already fine reputation to even greater heights. The planets give her until the end of 1932 before they attempt to interfere with her picture career. The months of June and August, and the first week of December, 1928, are very difficult for her. She should not accept an engagement or start a picture at any of these periods, for she will regret it.

Joan Crawford will be tempted to make a serious mistake during the first half of July, 1928, but she can avoid the consequences by resisting. From the beginning of November, 1928, until February, 1929, she will be in an emotionally dangerous state. If this emotion can be transferred to the screen it will produce some great acting, but she should strive for complete control of her inner self. The middle of 1929 and the beginning of 1930 threaten Miss Crawford with at least a temporary cessation of movie work.

If I were George Jessel, I would take advantage of the third week of August, 1928, and sign a five-year contract or an extension of his present one, for at that time he will be in a position to do this and it will carry him over the poor period due to overtake him in the middle of 1931. Otherwise, anything can, and probably will, happen.

The same applies to Gertrude Short, except that her best week in 1928 will be the one just preceding September 1st.

Yola d'Avril is due for considerable improvement in her affairs, but public recognition is not quite ready to break for her; however, she can do a great deal for the future by acting positively in personal and business



Photo by Ball

Joan Crawford will be tempted to make a mistake next July.

matters during the first half of November, 1928.

Tim McCoy has a rather precarious year ahead of him, with reasonable doubt as to ultimate recognition by the public; but he can nevertheless progress if he will work hard and apply himself diligently. The end of 1928 will bring some big advantage to him. If he takes it, it will be the tide that leads to fortune. If he doesn't—I am compelled to say it—he will become one of our pleasant memories.

If Marceline Day was born on the date I believe to be correct for her, she is about to have the best year of her career. We shall watch and see. If she does, then I am right about her birthday; if not, the birthday is probably wrong.

The high spot for Josephine Dunn in 1928 will be during August, September, and October. One thing I want to tell her is, that no matter what happens between now and then, she must be sure to remain in the movies from 1930 to 1935, for she will make a big name for herself at that time if she does remain.

Gary Cooper is in for a hectic year, during which he should depend upon no one but himself if he wants to get the best results, for he is threatened with trouble through the inaccuracies and misstatements of others. Cooper has a long, uphill climb ahead of him, but nerve and tenacity will cause him to win out in the next six years. After that, life will be easier for him.

A good year would seem to be dawning for Ivan Lebedeff, once a Griffith discovery and now with DeMille, if it weren't for the detail of an eclipse falling very close to his natal sun position on June 17, 1928. The stationary position of Mars during January and February, 1929, on this same spot in the heavens causes his affairs to appear very chaotic and not conducive to complete success. Much care and caution will help a good deal and are earnestly advised.

Certain months in 1928 hold difficulties for Lois Moran.

Photo by Wide World Studio



The top is not for Sally Blane until after 1931, but she can do much that is worth while before that time, especially if she realizes that she cannot possibly jump into immediate glory and wealth.

Ken Maynard is rather apt to get hurt around the last half of October or the first half of November, unless he is more careful than I have seen him in some of his dare-devil stunts. If he can get accident insurance, he should do so before that time. Barring the difficulty just mentioned, this actor cow-puncher can continue his success for at least five years more.

Frank Marion is in one of those in-between spells, when a fellow gets a lot of bad breaks, and will so continue for a little over a year. It doesn't look like a total loss, however, for there are some results to be gained through hard work and regular hours, even if they can't be measured in money.

Continued on page 100



William Haines' horoscope says he will leave the screen, but will return.

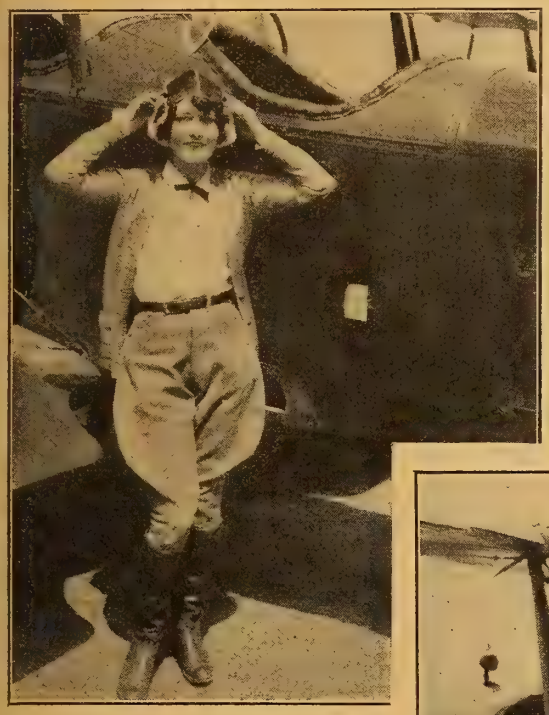


Dolores del Rio must work hard next year to hold the place she now occupies.

See What Lindy Did

Lindbergh started something when he flew across the Atlantic. The folks out in Hollywood have been up in the air ever since.





Right, Natalie Kingston takes a lesson in flying from Art Goebel, noted stunt aviator, who recently won the Dole cup in the race to Hawaii.

And who is that behind the goggles, in the oval? Unless those dimples deceive us, it is none other than Laura La Plante peeking from the cockpit.





The fair aviatrix above is Dorothy Sebastian, who is eagerly learning how to fly, and thinks that aviation is just grand!

Below, Edmund Lowe tunes up his engine preparatory to hopping off for a little spin in the air.



"See you in the clouds," says Richard Walling, as he climbs into his airship, which is one of his pet playthings off the set.



Georgia Hale has bought a little plane all her own, and is shown, right, learning all about how it works.

What America Has Done for Ralph Forbes

Mr. Forbes, who came from the British to the American stage four years ago, and has for the past year been playing leading rôles in the movies, frankly likes America and its ways, and reveals to our interviewer the broadening effect that this country has had upon him.

By Myrtle Gebhart

IF this interview seems disjointed, it's because I'm neither a merry-go-round nor a tornado, both of which Ralph Forbes was impersonating when I snatched a few words with him between bites at the M.-G.-M. studio café.

He had just that morning returned from a hasty vacation at Lake Arrowhead, and had been ordered almost immediately to report for retakes of "The Trail of '98." We had only fifteen minutes in which to talk.

Just as we had got more or less settled—if you could call it that—some one popped in with the announcement that, as soon as the retakes on "The Trail of '98" were completed, Forbes was to start on "a wonderful film—going to be a knock-out, boy!" Mr. Forbes was inclined to be skeptical.

"What animal do I support?" he asked cynically. Then, "Aha, I thought so!" he chuckled, when the name of a dog star was mentioned. *"That's* what I get for acting so interested in the Malemutes in 'The Trail of '98.'"

His informant continued to orate. "You'll look swell in the uniforms—oh, no, no, not much war stuff; nice, clean trenches, no mud—you're a swanky hero, boy! Oh, not much night work, but—well, we *will* have to hurry the film a little—we're allowed eighteen days on it."

Mr. Forbes groaned, and called to another actor across the room, "Hey, you've got nothing on me. I'm to be in a 'quicky,' too!

"I'll see somebody," he said to me, with a wink, "and somebody else, and go to the boss, and then"—meekly—"I'll chase the dog." There was no malice in his tone; rather, a good-humored spirit of fun, as he pretended to be staging a bit of temperament. "I've become too American to make remarks. But I like to get 'em going."

The Americanization of the British Mr. Forbes was the topic of a story that I wrote for PICTURE PLAY when he was at Paramount sweltering through "Beau Geste." As I had seen him only intermittently since, I was interested to note progress. He had developed a genial camaraderie, easy and spontaneous, a more American point of view and, as he pointed out, a less broad "a." Only a lingering trace of an English accent betrays him at times. He plans to become a citizen.

"I've learned to trot around," he said. "You hustle in this country. In England, one takes life in more leisurely fashion. What has America done to me?" Mr. Forbes considered. "Well, first, it has given me a different sense of distances. Abroad, you prepare as much or more for a journey of a hundred miles as you would here for a trip across the continent. And what amounts to a mere week-end jaunt in this country would be a big event over there.

"One's social outlook over here is also wider. In England, one goes more or less in one small circle. One meets people of one's own type, but that's about all. It is so narrowing. Here, one's contacts are much more varied. From the very first, I got a great kick out of meeting so many different kinds of people. Then I began to realize the value of these contacts, the broadening effect of so many friendships. I have learned far more about mankind during my few years in America than I had in all my life before.

"There has been a broadening in my work, too. The American movies have given me more varied rôles."

I recalled to him his having told me in our first interview of how, with the small English film companies, he and the other actors had often had to help the camera men and the prop men, so that he was astonished to find that over here he had only to act.

"Well, really," he said, "I'd much rather be shoving props about than just sitting in a canvas-backed chair. We all had to pitch in and help when we were on location with 'The Trail of '98.' Snow plows cleared the way ahead for the cars bearing our equipment to the location, but when we got there we all had to pile out and help get the things through the drifts."

That that picture will establish Forbes as a favorite, there is no doubt in Hollywood. His rôle is that of a regular boy, with human weaknesses as well as virtues, and I hear that he gives a remarkable performance.

After I had left him, I sought Clarence Brown, the director of the film. He expressed complete satisfaction with the English actor's work. "He has a keen sense of humor," he said, "and excelled in the comedy scenes as well as in the more dramatic episodes. He has physique, strength, and the other hero qualities, but with them a youthfulness and tenderness capable of portraying weakness. And he is a good scout."

Forbes believes that, technically, our movies lead the field, but that in acting the Germans far surpass us.

"They have behind them," he said, "generations of the theater, and there is a deeper feeling for it among the people than over here. Drama, to the German people, is the very breath of life—it is not merely an entertainment. The humblest peasant is attuned to it. Then, too, the Germans have a more tragic background—they have behind them centuries of suffering. America is a Pollyanna country.

"The stage to Americans means merely a surcease from care, a gay good time, frivolity. And the fact that I have grown to like the American theater as much as I do shows what a change has taken place in me. When I first landed, four years ago, I went to see a light extravaganza based on a very modern and risqué theme, and was shocked. Now, I like your American musical comedy, and though I do not thoroughly approve of some of the sex questions being so intimately discussed, I'm afraid I'm not as properly shocked as I should be."

Mr. Forbes hopes that some day groups, such as the Little Theaters in the field of the drama, will be formed for producing artistic films and that a school may be founded, such as the Harvard Workshop, for training movie dramatists and directors.

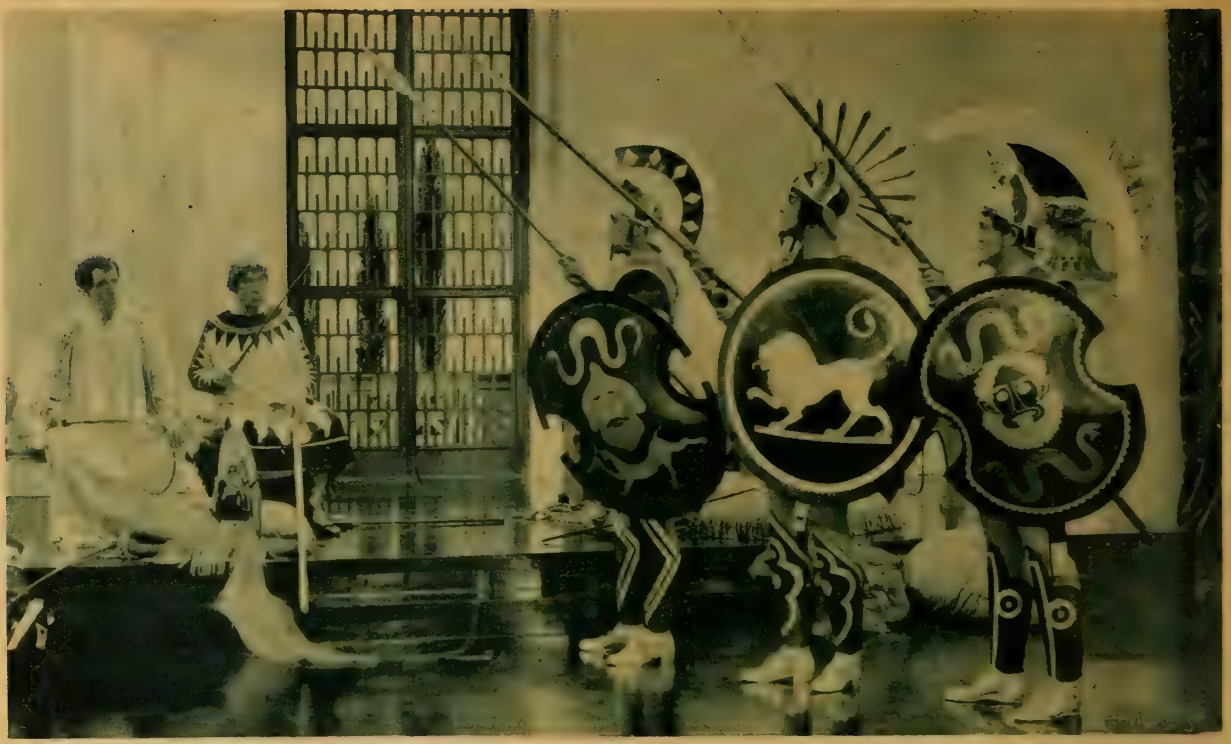
"There is too much talk," he said, "of psychology in pictures. It's much better to forget highbrow ideas and put real folks on the screen. The average man isn't interested in complexes. You don't find around you in everyday life people like some of the half-mad characters you see on the screen. The movies are becoming too Freudian.

[Continued on page 111]



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Ever since Ralph Forbes made his screen début in "Beau Geste" a year ago, he has been absent from the stage, where he had made a name for himself. In the story opposite he frankly tells what the year has meant to him.





"The Private Life



Draw your own conclusions of how private it will be on the screen, where beauty is never kept secret. Left, Maria Corda and Lewis Stone. Above, George Fawcett.



of Helen of Troy"





Maria Corda plays the famous charmer. Lewis Stone, above, plays *Menelaus,* her husband. And George Fawcett is *The Doorkeeper.*





Sadie Thompson Causes Trouble in the South Seas



Gloria Swanson elects to bring the play "Rain" to the screen, with the support of Raoul Walsh as the understanding *Sergeant of Marines,* and Lionel Barrymore as the middle-aged man who damns *Sadie*—and then loves her. The film version has been entitled "Sadie Thompson."



Photo by Preston Duncan

May McAvoy in her glory! That only faintly describes her state of happiness over playing a colorful rôle in "The Jazz Singer," to say nothing of decking herself in plumes and jewels galore, after a long siege of commonplace heroines.





Beware of



Lon Chaney, in "The Hypnotist," is a Scotland Yard detective with a mystery to solve by means of mesmerism and a terrifying disguise. Conrad Nagel, Marceline Day, Henry B. Walthall, and Polly Moran have important rôles in what bids fair to equal in thrills "The Unholy Three," and again Tod Browning is the author and director.



The Bat Girl





The Bat Girl, played by Edna Tichenor, is an eerie creature such as you would find only in a Lon Chaney film. For that matter, who else could so transform himself as Mr. Chaney has in the photograph at the right? Echo answers, "Nobody." As *Burke*, the detective, he does this in order to ferret out the mystery and unmask the villain.



Every one who saw "Flesh and the Devil" remembers Barbara Kent's sweetness and charm as John Gilbert's faithful little sweetheart who forgave his peccadillos—for the sake of a happy ending. She will next bring happiness to "The Small Bachelor."

Make Way for the Ladies!

Slowly, but surely, women are making a place for themselves in the studios, and are now holding important positions that were long considered the exclusive property of men.

By Ann Sylvester

THERE was a time when girls who came to Hollywood with movie ambitions landed in one of several niches. They either became rich stars, poor stenographers, clever scenarists, or dull waitresses.

No other studio jobs were open to them.

Executive positions that called for brains and special ability, the creative work of directing, and the purely artistic jobs, such as set dressing, costume designing, and camera work, were held almost exclusively by men.

The movies were a man's world.

Until quite recently no woman had held a responsible supervisory position, and only a scattered few had ever been trusted with a megaphone. Frances Marion and Lois Weber were the only women who had registered any degree of success behind the camera, and both remained idle for years—at least from a director's chair.

Women directors were looked upon as an experimental novelty, and never as a factor to be reckoned with, until Paramount took a radical step and appointed a film cutter, Dorothy Arzner, to be the power behind Esther Ralston's starring vehicles.

Miss Arzner's first two pictures were more than successful, and her appointment drew attention to other phases of important work done by women in the studios.

No longer are they limited to acting or writing. A survey of the Hollywood plants finds the feminine influence in many of the departments that were formerly No Woman's Land.

Consider for a moment this young woman who holds the only feminine director's contract ever tendered by Paramount — Dorothy Arzner.

She is slim and blue-eyed and black-haired. That hair is cropped as close as a boy's. There is an amazingly level gaze under her unplucked eyebrows. Her voice is soft and gentle—an excellent thing in woman, even a woman director. Sometimes, during the direction of a scene, she speaks so softly that it is necessary for her assistant to echo her orders in his chesty baritone. For the most part, she dresses in sport clothes and flat heels and eye-shading felt hats. There is something about her that commands immediate attention—and respect.

It is an open secret on the Paramount lot that Miss Arzner's company is the best disciplined in the studio—and that it is self-disciplined. There is quiet attention from all her coworkers that one doesn't find in the usual boisterous movie unit. Everybody, from the property boy to the star, seems anxious to relieve her of unnecessary labor. As a matter of truth, she is capable of doing the work of six men without showing the slightest signs of fatigue.

I used to see Dorothy Arzner when she was a cutter. She cut all



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Katherine Albert, who was once an actress, is now a studio press agent.



Ruth Harriet Louise, a cousin of Carmel Myers, photographs all the M.-G.-M. stars. Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise



Julie Lang's position as a studio stenographer led to her promotion to publicity writing.

James Cruze's pictures—her last being "Old Ironsides." As a sample of her endurance, she cut thirty-six pictures in one year. Most of the directors had more respect for her O. K. or N. G. on a scene than the production manager's. She saved more than one bad picture by careful editing, and good pictures came away from her a lot better.

Where did she come from, and how did she get there, with her sure knowledge of separating the gold from the dross? Dorothy came from New York to Hollywood at a very early age. She attended school in Los Angeles and specialized in the study of medicine. But a couple of years in a physician's office, and several months with an ambulance unit during the war rather took off the sharp edges of her enthusiasm to be an M. D.

She returned to Los Angeles with no particular plans. That is, they weren't formed until some one took her on a visit to a studio. Like most visitors, she was fascinated by the sight of the cameras, but she didn't let it end with the fascination—as most visitors do. She applied for a job as a typist with William de Mille, and got it. In due time she was promoted to the story department and, eventually, to cutting.



Dorothy Arzner holds the only director's contract ev. given by Paramount to a woman.

It is a long step from editing pictures to directing them—especially for a woman—but she has not only made the grade, but has blazed the trail for her sex in a field that had heretofore been virtually closed to them.

And that brings us to Ruth Harriet Louise, another woman who has blazed a trail for her sex. The name ought to be familiar, even though you can't place the owner of it. You've seen her name under the beautiful photographs of M.-G.-M. stars in PICTURE PLAY.

Here, indeed, is a new field for women in the studios. Their inherent sense of beauty makes them keenly suited to photographic work, but, strangely enough, it has been limited almost entirely to men.

In the beginning, Miss Louise didn't even consider the profession of photography. It was thrust upon her. She had been an art student and designer in New York. The instructors, looking on her work, pronounced it good. The girl herself looked on the same work and found it not so good. She realized that she could be a fairly good artist, but not a great one. She was not willing to be satisfied with mediocrity, and knew there must be some line of endeavor in which her artistic perceptions could be employed to advantage. So she apprenticed herself to a portrait photographer, to learn the business.

Soon the fascination of light and shadow supplanted her love of color, and she became so adept that she felt confident enough to open a studio of her own. Society flocked to this girl whose work could be so subtly flattering and yet retain a resemblance to the subject. In time, she came to Hollywood, as most clever people do.

Carmel Myers is Ruth Harriet Louise's cousin, and one day she showed a mogul of the M.-G.-M. studio some art studies of herself that had been posed and photographed by Miss Louise. The mogul said, "Get that girl! We need her!"

She came, and she stayed. She has a funny little skylight studio on the M.-G.-M. lot. Here she photographs beautiful ladies like Aileen Pringle and Eleanor Boardman and Norma Shearer and Lillian Gish, and handsome men like Conrad Nagel and Ramon Novarro and Jack Gilbert. They all adore posing for this clever, dark, little girl, who is young and attractive enough to be a fellow player.

Having your picture taken by Ruth Harriet Louise is even less than painless. Lew Cody told me so. Usually,

Continued on page 107

He's Charlie Chaplin's Side-kick

Harry Crocker, Chaplin's young assistant director, is also his close friend and adviser, and is not afraid to say "No!" to the great comedian when he disapproves of any of his ideas

By Margaret Reid

OUTSIDE of being Chaplin himself, just about the nicest thing in Hollywood for an ambitious young man to be is Chaplin's assistant director. That he is the person who takes and interprets orders from Mr. Chaplin on the set is only incidental. He is also Charlie's social companion, his mental stimulant, his protecting dragon, his safety valve in moments of distress. The position demands versatility, to say nothing of diplomacy and a sense of humor. And only the brightest gentlemen need apply.

To be Charlie's assistant is a great stepping-stone to success. It may be that the close association with Chaplin does something remarkable to men. But I think it is that the requirements of Charlie's assistant are so stringent that any one who could get the job in the first place is too talented to fail when he lights out on his own.

Monta Bell was once Chaplin's assistant. So was Edward Sutherland. Bell is now well to the head of the moderns among directors. Sutherland also. Harry d'Arrast is another who once assisted Chaplin. He is now one of Paramount's most valued directors.

The latest young man to fill the enviable office of assistant director to Chaplin is Harry Crocker. Harry, as has often been mentioned before, is a scion of the famous and aristocratic Crocker banking family of San Francisco. What is more relevant is that he is clever, and probably one of the most popular young men in Hollywood. This popularity is a manifestation of genuine affection for him, and has nothing to do with his being a millionaire, since Harry is his own man, driving a not-very-new roadster and having only a little of his salary put by in the bank for a foggy day. He is tall, he is dark, he is handsome. He has a grand sense of humor, and a fine mind, with a gift for unerring logic.



Harry's position is an enviable one—more than one successful director started his career as Chaplin's assistant.

Chaplin first met Harry Crocker at Montmartre, in the usual casual fashion that one does meet people there. A short time later, they met again at a party. The game of charades brought the two together. Harry's wit and keen sense of comedy caused Chaplin to notice him. Almost immediately thereafter, however, Charlie left for New York, and Harry continued to be Hollywood's favorite extra man.

As an extra, Harry was unique. It was as such that I first knew him—we worked in the same pictures at various times. I particularly remember a long stretch of night work in a Metro-Goldwyn film. The nights were cold, our costumes designed for California sunshine only, and the work hard. The concentrated mood of the whole company—except for Harry—would have sunk a battleship to the bottom of the ocean. But Harry's wit and good humor revived the tired, disgruntled extras as they warmed themselves at the stoves that lined the outskirts of the set.



In addition to his numerous other duties, young Crocker played the juvenile in "The Circus." He is shown here in a scene with Chaplin and Merna Kennedy.

He has a gift for utterly foolish comedy that springs, I think, from a very genuine enjoyment of life. His imitations of celebrities—or nonentities, either—are telling, though never too unkind.

Harry and I were both acting as merry masquers in "La Bohème" when Chaplin returned from New York. Harry came onto the set one morning simply brimming with excitement. He had run into Charlie at luncheon the day before, and out of a clear sky, the comedian had asked, "Do you want a job as my assistant?" Harry had tried to reply "Yes!" without appearing too dumfounded and Charlie had told him to come over to his studio the following week.

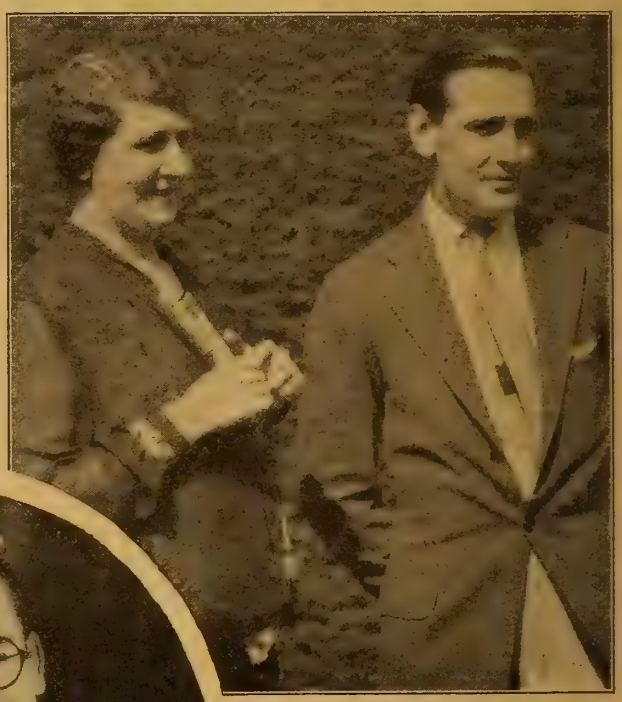
On the next Monday, Harry got an hour off and raced over to the Chaplin studio. Charlie, in his vague fashion, had not told any one he was expecting him. The studio manager was therefore a bit startled by this strange young man who calmly announced that he was Mr. Chaplin's new assistant. Charlie, sought out in the depths of the studio, said, "Oh, yes, yes—surely——"

Continued on page 106

Every Boy's

His mother, of course. Some proud







Ralph Forbes, above, inherited his love of the theater from his talented mother, Mary Forbes, who is a well-known English actress.

Harold Lloyd, right, is still just a "baby boy" to his mother, and always finds a welcome on her lap.

Rod La Rocque's mother, below, thinks her tall son is just about it, and why shouldn't she—he is.

No one was more pleased than Kenneth Thomson's mother when every one started asking, several months ago, who was that handsome new leading man appearing in De Mille films. For it was none other than Kenneth. His mother is shown with him above.

Raymond Keane's mother, below, lives in Denver, but Raymond sees to it that she spends much of her time visiting him in Hollywood.





Best Friend

mothers pose with their movie-actor sons.



Mrs. Schildkraut, above, was already quite accustomed to having an actor in the family and would really have been sadly disappointed if Joseph had not followed in the footsteps of his famous father.



One has only to meet William Haines' mother, above, to realize where Bill gets all his charm and good looks.



George Lewis, left, who has made a home for his mother in Hollywood, is the idol of her eye.

Richard Barthelmess, below, sits at the knee of his mother just as any other boy would do and tells her everything that has happened to him during the day.

Warner Baxter's most ardent fan is his mother, pictured with her handsome son below.







Noah Beery.

Did You Ever See the

John Barrymore's fifty-nine osculations, in "Don comment amusingly on the lack of affection

By A. L.

IN his rôle of *Don Juan,* John Barrymore reaped a harvest of fifty-nine kisses from beautiful women. He played no favorites. Estelle Taylor, Mary Astor, Phyllis Haver, Jane Winton, Hedda Hopper, and heaven only knows how many more came in for their share. And when they locked John in a prison cell, he crawled out into the adjacent river and started after more. Blonde or brunette, married or unmarried, they all were the same to him.

He established a record which never has been equaled. Fifty-nine kisses on the screen, and there were as many retakes when the picture was in production! He still lives.

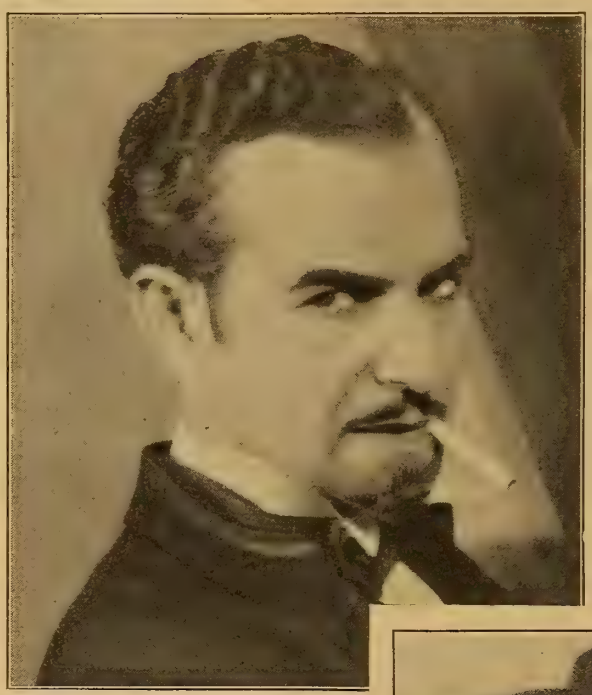


Photo by Lynch *Louis Natheaux.*

Now, there are a score or more of widely known masculine players in Hollywood, who have lost faith in the law of averages since they saw Barrymore at his worst—or best—whichever it was. They feel they've been cheated.

"Some people have all the luck," says Wallace Beery. "I've been playing in pictures for twelve years and in that time I've had the opportunity to kiss only one leading lady. It seems that every time I've worked the situation up to the point where a kiss is coming, the hero steps in at the last moment and knocks me for a loop."

That kiss of Beery's went to Norma Talmadge, in "The Eternal Flame," and they're still kidding him about it. Frank Lloyd, the director, fairly howled the other day when the incident was mentioned.

"As Wally was the heavy in the production," Lloyd said, "I told him that in one scene it would be necessary for him to seize Miss Talmadge, and kiss her passionately and violently. He balked—said he never had kissed a woman in front of a camera, and never would. I remained firm, and he pleaded, and threatened to do everything from quitting to murdering me. Getting me in a corner, he confessed he was very poor at making love and extremely awkward besides. Finally he agreed, provided the set be cleared of all persons save the necessary electricians, camera men, Miss Talmadge, and myself.

"The temptation to kid Beery at his own expense was too great, and I told Joseph Schenck, Miss Talmadge's husband, of the incident. He immediately came storming in and demanded to know the reason why Beery would not kiss his wife! Wasn't she good enough for him?

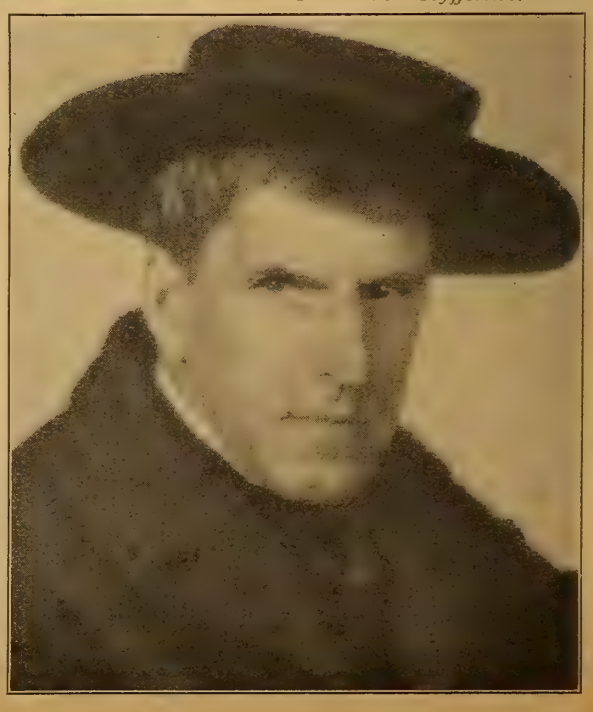
"After some embarrassed stuttering, Wally finally said he had never kissed a woman in public.

"Just to rub it in, I called for about a dozen retakes. Miss Talmadge just couldn't keep from laughing at the big fellow's discomfiture, and spoiled half the shots in trying to suppress her amusement."

Wally's brother, Noah, has not fared much better. In sixteen years of screen work, he has garnered only two kisses. One came from Pola Negri, in "Lily of the Dust." Noah's talking about it yet! The other was offered by Josephine Crowell, in "Padlocked," and she left the imprint of her rouged lips on his cheek.

"A screen villain must take his hugs where he finds them," Noah explains, "knowing that the heroine will usually be snatched from his arms be-

Gustav von Seyffertitz.



Villain Get Kissed?

Juan," have stirred the bad men of the movies to shown them in all the films they have ever made.

Wooldridge



Photo by Thomas

Walter Long.

fore he can snatch a kiss. I guess I've been cheated out of as many kisses as any one on the screen."

Gustav von Seyffertitz, who has the heavy rôle in Pola's "Barbed Wire," is another who has shared none of the good fortune of Barrymore. Not once in eight years of screen work has he felt the palpitation of a feminine heart against his manly bosom, and never has he been privileged to kiss the lips of the beautiful young women who are the lifeblood and backbone of the picture world.

"My work has brought me only a succession of hisses, curses, and dirty looks," he says. "While these handsome heroes go on folding heroines to their breasts, I've got to stand at one side and whistle or twiddle my thumbs. It's the penalty of being a villain."

Ned Sparks grins good naturedly when his kissless career is mentioned. Ned is a bachelor who lives in a bachelor apartment house. Even his servants are masculine. No woman ever has crossed the threshold of his home. He says none ever will. But a host of good fellows come and go, and Ned is quite happy.

"Never a screen kiss," he says. "I never have approached little Eunice in the ivy-covered bower whither she purposely has gone, knowing it to be shady and believing that I will stalk her. Those great, modern institutions—



Photo by Freulich

George Siegmann.

Photo by Richee

George Bancroft.



flirting, kissing, and petting—will have to struggle along without any uplift movement from me."

Then there's George Bancroft. Listen to his sad lament:

"I was on the stage for years, and went through rôle after rôle with nary a kiss. Hardly even a tender look. I have never had a chance to put my arms around a woman, either on the stage or screen. Kissless characterizations were mine through 'The Pony Express,' 'Sea Horses,' 'The Enchanted Hill,' 'Old Ironsides,' and 'The Rough Riders.' But I have not given up. Some day, perhaps, the cinematic gods of love will arrange a rôle for me with a kiss that will last through two reels. And it will be just my luck to be completely out of practice!"

Always it is the villain who has the kissless rôle. He it is who never gets the opportunity to embrace a pair of powdered shoulders, and implant a kiss on the cupid's bow which has been so artistically applied with a lipstick. Some of them say they don't mind. Some of them mean it. George Siegmann is one. "I don't care," he growls. "If I insisted on having kissing parts, I probably should miss my pay check."

Lon Chaney got a little, pecky kiss, in "The Blackbird," and Joan Crawford rested her cheek against his, in "The Unknown," and so far as I can learn that constitutes the gross of affection in all his years of acting. He will not talk about it. A leading lady, signed to play opposite him, would never know beforehand whether she would have to kiss him as a giant tarantula, a hunchback, a phantom, or a gorilla, his characterizations are so startling.

Walter Long has played screen rôles for twelve years, and the most he has ever got from a leading lady was a dirty look. Yet, off the screen, Walter is one of the most companionable

Continued on page 105

Traffic Cops Foiled!

The stars sacrifice all for safety in their choice of odd vehicles.





Alan Hale, above, makes sure of life and limb by mounting a soap-box car and protecting his complexion. But who wouldn't act silly to win a smile from Leatrice Joy, who is pulling him?

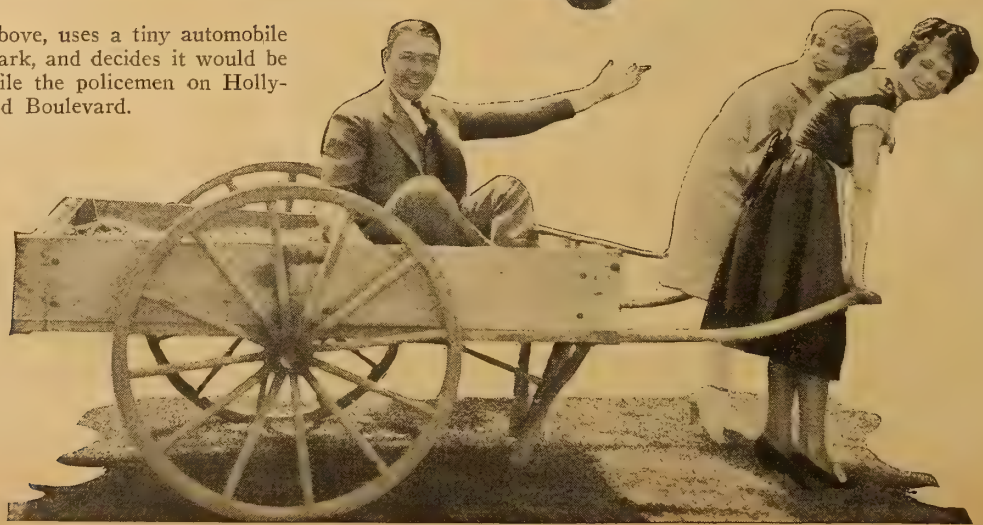
Hoot Gibson, above, is fortunate in being able to indulge an expensive hobby such as having had this baby racing-car built for him.



Leila Hyams, right, places a director's chair on a property platform and tries to sight motive power.



Louise Lorraine, above, uses a tiny automobile at an amusement park, and decides it would be just the thing to rile the policemen on Hollywood Boulevard.



George K. Arthur, left, cheerful even in a gardener's cart, finds Dorothy Sebastian and Louise Lorraine willing to play horse.

Do They Remind You of— Whom?

These young players have been said to look like various well-known stars. See if you can find the resemblance.



Some say that Nancy Phillips resembles Esther Ralston on the screen. What do you think?



Louise Lorraine has been compared with Norma Talmadge. Do you see any likeness?



And Raymond Keane has more than once been taken on the street for Ramon Novarro.



Nora Lane, the girl who is playing with Fred Thomson in "Jesse James," is said to look like Lois Wilson. There seems also to be a mild resemblance to Mary Astor.



There's something about Gilbert Roland's hair and eyes that reminds one of John Gilbert.



They say that Loretta Young, left, faintly suggests Corinne Griffith in her appearance, but the suggestion certainly seems to be very faint.



Shirley Dorman, right, has been called a second—or perhaps it's a third or fourth—Gloria Swanson. Look for her in "The City Gone Wild" or "One Woman to Another," and see if you agree.

Continued from page 63

Mr. MacLean, as a street thief, wily, agile, ingratiating, steals a purse and embarks on an adventure which takes him to the house of a slave dealer, whose most beautiful girl is ambitious to become the favorite of the sultan. But Douglas decides otherwise and resolves that such a fate is not for her. Saving the girl from the sultan, and tweaking the sublime one's beard to convince her of his prowess, is the rest of the story.

Campus Capers.

"College," the title of Buster Keaton's new picture, plainly tells what it is about, so one finds what one expects, especially if one has discerned comic possibilities in the sight of Mr. Keaton as an athlete. First the comedian is a bookish student who attempts to excel in every form of athletics in order to live down the stigma snapped at him by his sweetheart, who calls him a weak-kneed weakling. Thus Mr. Keaton is shown awkwardly attempting to sprint, to play baseball, to hurdle, and so on, retiring from each effort a failure. But when the girl telephones him that she is held prisoner in her dormitory by the campus cad, Mr. Keaton dashes to her and surmounts obstacles in a way to leave no doubt of his success as an athlete. Anne Cornwall is the girl. The picture is tolerably amusing, depending on how much former Keaton comedies have pleased you.

High Blood Pressure.

"The Desired Woman" is wanted by no less than four gentlemen, excluding the police. She is Irene Rich, as *Lady Diana,* whose martyr complex is given full play in her best picture in many months. It is a story of the desert, with shots of sand-blown wastes as striking and atmospheric as those in "Beau Geste." Otherwise it is quite different.

Lady Diana comes to a British utpost in the Sudan with her husband, *Captain Maxwell,* and soon becomes disgusted and disillusioned. *Lieutenant Kellogg* incurs the enmity of *Maxwell,* because of his kindness to *Diana,* and is sent on a perilous mission by way of discipline. The same punishment is dealt to *Lieutenant Trent,* because of *Diana's* courtesy to him in her husband's absence. *Trent* finds *Kellogg,* crazed by the heat, and recognizes his best friend. Later he is forced to kill him in self-defense—and to save the good name of *Diana.* But it all ends pleasantly enough, with *Diana* married to an erstwhile beau in London.

This is not the most original story ever screened, but the film has an arresting quality, due to authoritative direction and fine acting by William Russell, John Miljan, and especially by William Collier, Jr., whose *Lieutenant Trent* combines that engaging boyishness admired by the fans, with poignant emotional outbursts.

A College Education in Melodrama.

College is no safe place for a young man, if the doings in "The Drop Kick" mean anything. Mostly they don't, except to provide just another movie, with Richard Barthelmess as a student mixed up with a vamp whose husband, the football coach, commits suicide. Suspicion fastens upon Mr. Barthelmess. He chivalrously consents to marry the widow when she tells him he is responsible for the tragedy, but his mother saves him from the siren's machinations. It is indeed a full semester for the boys and girls. Life is so crammed with melodramatics in their supposedly carefree, rah-rah days that not much could possibly happen after graduation.

Ten bona-fide college boys, chosen for their good looks, appear somewhere in the picture, but at such distant range that only eager mothers can recognize them.

With Hedda Hopper miscast as the mother of the star, it will be seen that the picture is handicapped by the undue and unconvincing means taken to emphasize the youth of Mr. Barthelmess. However, Barbara Kent, as the heroine, is as fragrantly lovely as lilac time.

A Child of Nature.

People will flock to see "Hula." They should; for Clara Bow is the star and she is better than the picture. Exquisite views of Hawaiian surf and woodland, and a first-rate cast, do not atone for a thin story. However, the director and Clara have seen to it that the formula of her recent pictures has been closely followed. The result is that Clara is coy, roguish, and a go-getter when her object is a cold, reticent man who is older than herself.

Hula is the daughter of a rich planter who is more interested in drinking parties than in the girl's welfare, spiritual or otherwise. Consequently, she is what is commonly called a child of nature. With Clara that, you know how she will behave. Clive Brook appears in the rôle of an irrigation expert from San Francisco. Despite the opposition of Arlette Marchal and Miss Dupont, *Hula* annexes him.

Over all this is the gloss of trivi ality, in keeping with the fiction that is relished by the majority.

From the Slums to Yale.

Once more Yale defeats Harvard in the boat race as pictured in "For the Love of Mike," with slim Ben Lyon as the captain of the winning crew. He comes from that malodorous district in New York called Hell's Kitchen, and is shown to have begun life as a foundling in the hallway of a tenement occupied by three bachelors, who forthwith adopted the baby. So strictly does the picture follow the laws of cinematics, that it is hardly necessary to add that the bachelors are a Jew, a German, and an Irishman, each of whom scrupulously embodies the characteristics of his respective nationality as they have always been depicted on the screen. These rôles are competently played by George Sidney, Ford Sterling, and Hugh Cameron. Claudette Colbert, recruited from the stage, makes her screen début in the rôle of *Mike's* sweetheart, to whom he returns after his escapades at college. The stamp of the commonplace is heavily impressed on this picture.

Unusual, But——

"Hard-Boiled Haggerty" presents Milton Sills in his most unusual rôle to date—that of a roguish, frolicsome and romantic ace of the air, with the accent on *Haggerty's* roguishness. He chases Molly O'Day through a leafy glade and round and round a tree, in the manner made famous by Lillian Gish, and says, "I'm just a great big bear that's going to eat you." After that, little remains to be said of the picture except that enough skill has gone into it to hold the interest of Mr. Sills' admirers. But it is doubtful if even his most loyal fan can sit through some of *Hard-Boiled Haggerty's* heavy boyishness without a grin of amazement.

The Shipping Clerk Makes Good,

For some obscure reason, the traveling salesman is "glorified" in "Smile, Brother, Smile," a typical "success" story of a mild-mannered shipping clerk, who is goaded to become a salesman by his sweetheart, a telephone girl. Through her cleverness, he swings the proverbial big deal which brings the picture to a happy conclusion. It also leaves him with the idea that it was his own keenness that brought him success.

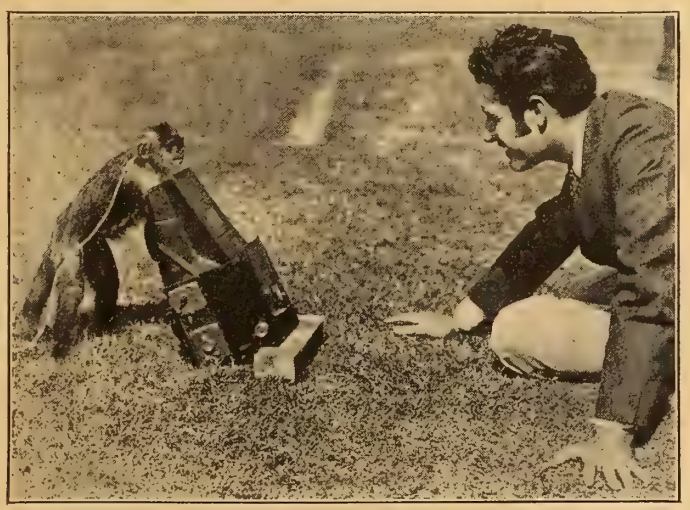
Jack Mulhall is the hero and Dorothy Mackaill the girl. They dispose of their rôles competently, if without distinction.

Monkeyshines

An army of simians has invaded the film colony.



"I—yi! Leggo!" Richard Arlen's pet monkey, above, gets a death grip on him that makes Dick yell for mercy.



The handsome young camera man at the left, who is taking a shot of John Gilbert, gained his experience at the crank as an organ grinder's assistant, but he finds he can make more pennies behind the camera.

Josephine, below, bashfully turns her face from the camera and hides her head on Marceline Day's shoulder. But she can't be really camera shy, for Josephine has had long experience in the movies, and is at present supporting Marceline in "The Road to Romance."

Jocko, below, is a privileged star on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, and proves it by sitting on Jackie Coogan's head.







Director Jack Conway, above, took one look at the simian before him, scratched his head, and remarked, "They ought to name *you* Lon Chaney."

Continued from page 53

Jetta Goudal has been called "a cocktail of temperament." She was summarily discharged by Paramount in 1925 because "she was unable to control her temper, and on many occasions lost her self-control and thereby unfitted herself for the proper acting of her part."

That's what officials of the company said in defending a suit brought by Miss Goudal for $23,250. The officials further alleged that she "did willfully, intentionally and wrongfully act and conduct herself and portray her said parts in disregard and violation of the direction given her." Miss Goudal denied that she lost her temper or self-control. She was awarded judgment against the company, but she retained the reputation of being hard to manage.

Nils Olaf Chrisander, who directed her in "Fighting Love," is said to have left the DeMille studio because he found her unmanageable. On the other hand, William K. Howard, who directed her in "White Gold," is credited with bluntly, almost brutally, advising her at the outset that *he* was making the picture, and that she was hired to act in it, and the sooner she made up her mind to take direction and get down to work, the better off she would be. Miss Jetta promptly disappeared for two days, but soon let it be known that she had merely gone home "with a bad cold" and presently would be back. That ended any temperamental carryings-on with Howard. Since then she has disagreed with DeMille over a scene in "The Leopard Woman" and has relinquished her contract.

At the present moment, Greta Garbo is the most widely discussed feminine player in Hollywood.

"Terribly temperamental!" say some. "Absolutely dumb!" exclaim others.

But *is* she dumb? Not by a long shot! She is smart enough to have been able through a seven-month strike to get her salary raised from the hundred-dollar class to the thousand-dollar class, and to be assured of rôles that are to her liking. Through her indolent, tired-of-everything attitude, she has let her employers understand she wouldn't care a rap if she had to go back to Sweden. In fact, near the end of her long holdout for a bigger salary, there was talk of deporting her in compliance with the immigration laws, because she was not working.

But was this attitude of hers temperamental or dumb? Not exactly! Two days before her permit to remain in this country would have expired, the company offered her a new contract, and her pay check rose from four hundred dollars a week to five thousand. They knew what her pictures were grossing at the box office. Whereupon, Greta took slightly more interest in life.

She saw other stars coming to the studio, each accompanied by a maid. So she arrived one day with two—the trio moving in stately procession. She learned that another star arrived at noon. So she started coming at one o'clock.

"You not like me to be late?" she said languidly. "I think one o'clock is early enough. Maybe I better go back to Sveden where people not hurry all time so."

Thus Miss Garbo goes about her work. Not long ago she issued a request that no one except members of the cast and the necessary craftsmen should come on the set while she was acting. A watchman is stationed at the entrance, who courteously, yet firmly, blocks the way. John Gilbert once made a similar request, but with embarrassing results. Preparing to go into action, he noticed a well-dressed stranger intently watching the proceedings. Gilbert stepped up to him and as pleasantly as possible said, "Pardon me, please, but no one is allowed on this set."

The visitor smiled broadly and started for the door. Just a few moments later the star learned his identity. It was the late Marcus Loew, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mr. Loew took the rebuff good-naturedly.

Mae Murray in high dudgeon stormed into the office of Louis B. Mayer last November, hurled the script of "Women Love Diamonds" to the floor or table—it is not definite which—and after delivering an ultimatum to the effect that she would not appear in any such picture, flounced out, gathered up her new husband, and started for Europe. She walked out of her job as well as out of her rôle. M.-G.-M. declared her contract voided and the actress frankly told the officials what she thought of them. Later, Greta Garbo was assigned to the rôle and she too refused it. Eventually the part went to Pauline Starke. The picture was a flop.

Not temperament on the part of the first two actresses—just business acumen!

Nervous strain no doubt is responsible for many temperamental flare-ups. Actors give the best of their ability, and the nature of their work keeps them at high tension.

Consider the case of Emil Jannings. When he was playing the rôle of the hunted and haunted bank cashier in "The Way of All Flesh," he figuratively lived the part. He ceased to be the Emil Jannings whom his associates knew and loved. His place was taken by one *August Schilling,* a derelict drifting toward the sunset of life. He seldom spoke. He ate scanty meals. He avoided companionship. He spent hours by himself in deep reflection. He received no visitors. Mrs. Jannings, fearing her presence would annoy him, left town to remain till the picture was finished. Koenig, his valet, said: "We went through all this once before. It was the same way when we made 'The Last Laugh!' *Mein Gott!* how I hated that old hotel porter! Mrs. Jannings left him then, too.

"When we played 'Faust,' my life was miserable. Always he made jokes; diabolic things came to his mind; I never knew what he would do next. When we played *Nero,* I feared that Mr. Jannings would die a gourmand. He gained fifteen pounds just because he thought he was the greedy old Roman. When we played *Henry VIII.,* Mr. Jannings was impossible. It was then that his wife decided to leave home whenever he was playing a part she could not endure.

"And so you can see why we prayed for the finish of 'The Way of All Flesh.' We hated that old man."

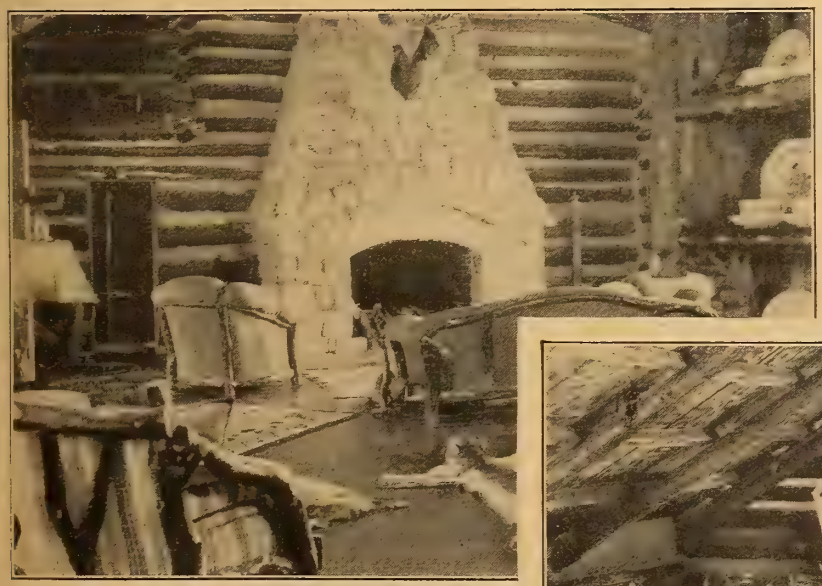
And yet many persons say that Emil Jannings is temperamental! If that is so, it is because he absorbs and *lives* his rôles. Perhaps those close to Bernhardt suffered with her when she played *Camille.* They say that David Warfield carried the sweet, sacrificing nature of *The Music Master* into his home when he was winning fame in that touching rôle, so that he became, in fact, the old musician to all who knew him. So Mrs. Jannings, rather than disturb the creative mood by her presence, elects to efface herself until Emil Jannings, the husband, replaces Emil Jannings, the artist.

A marked contrast between temperament and temper may be seen in numerous incidents which have occured in the studios. Belle Bennett, for instance, seeking release from her contract with Samuel Goldwyn, bore no semblance to a sweet mother when she engaged in a heated discussion with her employer. Miss Bennett lost her self-control, her temper, and presently her contract. Margaret Livingston, seeking re- for dis- got mad and threatened to , if the office unless they let her

Continued on page 96



Far from the Blinding Kleigs



Up in his mountain top cabin, Reginald Denny finds peace and relaxation between his strenuous film comedies.

Denny has named his cabin "The Barbarine"—a combination of his daughter's name, Barbara, and his wife's name, Rene. Located high up in the San Bernardino mountains, a mile above sea level, it commands a gorgeous view. Above, Denny and his wife are about to set off on a morning canter over rocks and rills.



Before the big log fire in the living room, the Dennys toast their toes on chilly nights, with nary a thought of the Montmartre or the Cocoanut Grove, or any of the other giddy haunts of Hollywood far below.

The furnishings of the cabin are properly rustic, with lots of tiger skins and leopard skins [illegible] her ferocious animals lying about on the [illegible]but there's solid comfort in the well-padded chairs and couches.

Will the Stars Behave?

Continued from page 94

rôles offered by other companies. She gained her point.

"You can just bet I gained my point!" she exclaimed. "I'm going to eat raw meat from now on."

When Pola Negri is angry she has it out right on the set. But she never has walked off and refused to make the picture.

Molly O'Day was given an important part with her sister, Sally O'Neil, in "Lovelorn." Molly had just finished "The Patent Leather Kid" with Richard Barthelmess, and she had been so praised by the critics that it went to her head. She began up-staging other members of the company, trying to monopolize close-ups, and reluctantly taking direction. Sally stood it as long as any sister could, then turned on her.

"Look here, kid!" she said. "I tried to pull that stuff myself when I was first breaking into the game. Now snap out of it! Be yourself, or you won't be among those present when this picture is finished."

Right before the entire cast Molly got it! And as Sally is a good little trouper, firmly entrenched with M.-G.-M., the rebuke went home. There was no more display of temperament by Molly O'Day.

But does it mean that she will never again give way to temperament? Will the signing of a pledge inculcate self-control and steadiness in those who promise to behave? The producers say yes, but Hollywood at large is skeptical.

A Flash-back on Clara Bow

Continued from page 29

down her cheeks. I thought she had swallowed her gum. But it developed that she was afraid that she wasn't going to Hollywood after all.

"As I got off the elevator," she explained, "I met Mr. Bachmann. What do you think he said?"

I confessed that I couldn't imagine.

"He took hold of my arm and said, 'Clara, if you don't take that gum out of your mouth, I'm going to cancel your contract! Don't you know you're going to eat lunch with one of the most important motion-picture editors in the business? If I ever see you chewing that stuff again, I won't send you to Hollywood.'"

Clara believed him and she didn't repeat the offense—at least not until we got downstairs.

The lady I had dated up to meet Clara at lunch that day was one whose judgment on pictures and players was, and still is, highly respected. She has analyzed the personalities of hundreds of motion-picture players. I will venture to say that she has eaten at every exclusive hotel in New York and Hollywood during the course of her hundreds of chats with the stars. I knew she liked the environment of the Japanese room at the Ritz and I thought we might lunch there. When we met, however, I asked her where she would prefer to go.

"As long as Miss Bow is the current attraction," she smiled, "why not let her choose?"

Clara became enthusiastic. "I know the most adorable Chinese restaurant down Broadway a couple of blocks," she beamed. "A marvelous feed for fifty cents—and you can dance at noon!"

The lady journalist was a sport and smiled. It must have been in the nature of a slumming party for her to eat a fifty-cent lunch. But off we went, and she had so much fun that she still mentions it whenever I see her.

It was Clara's first interview. "When will it be in the paper?" she inquired eagerly. I gave her the regulation kick that a press agent reserves for her client when she says something wrong.

The editress laughed. "Buy the paper Saturday, Clara," she answered.

I wonder if Clara ever gets out of any write-up now one tenth of the kick that she did out of that first interview. She bought ten copies of the paper in which it appeared and sent them to her relatives and chums.

Any sort of notice at that time thrilled her. With great excitement she showed me one day a little poem written to her by Frank Tuttle, who had directed "Grit." I don't remember much about it except that the first line was, "Baby Peggy masquerading as Salome," which is one of the best impressions of Clara that has ever been set on paper.

For three weeks before she finally set out for the Coast, the kid was in a high fever of ecstasy and exaltation. She couldn't get over the fact that, only a month before, she had been glad to get three dollars a day to act as a commercial model and that now, beginning right away, she was to get something like a hundred dollars every week. (To-day, she can be seventy times as happy as that.) And the prospect of actually seeing her movie favorites face to face terrorized her. She kept asking me anxiously if I thought she would be any good out there where there was real competition.

"You know, some people say that I *do* look something like Colleen Moore, and others say it's Madge Bellamy, so maybe I won't be so bad," she said.

"I'll bet you'll go over big, Clara," I replied. "But if ever you come back to New York wearing a high hat, I'll spank you!"

"You can murder me if I ever pull the ritz, no matter how far I go," she assured me solemnly.

So Clara went to Hollywood. She played a bit in "Maytime," and then was loaned to Frank Lloyd for "Black Oxen." From then on, it was all very simple for her. Hollywood knew she was there.

I've seen her on several occasions since. She kept her promise. She has never pulled the ritz. She has changed—sure. Any one does in four years. There's her red hair, for instance. And her make-up now for the street is almost as thick as it is for camera work. And there are her expensive clothes, that obviously come from exclusive shops rather than from department-store bargain sales. And her manner and her conversation are more sophisticated than they were but, in the last analysis, she's much the same as she was—just a good kid with a large amount of natural talent.

Clara has made about fifty pictures altogether. I've seen them all, so I have a fair idea of what she can do. People who think that she's just a symbol of the dizzy flapper, and will lose her popularity as soon as the vogue for that type fades, are all wrong. She's a marvelous actress who is going to go forward as long as the public appreciates good performances.

I've often watched her at work on the set. She doesn't need direction. She usually tells the director she'd like to show him *her* idea of the scene. And he seldom makes alterations in it. She has a tremendous capacity for emotion that is entirely lost on the superficial sort of story with which she has lately been afflicted. When the fad for flapping does evaporate, that's when Clara's career is really going to start.

Meanwhile, seven thousand a week isn't so bad. Right now, in my opinion, Clara Bow is the biggest bet in the biggest movie-producing outfit in the world. They ought to appreciate that, and they ought, if give her a raise!

Watch Us Tip the Scales

A few of the little boys and girls who lend weight to the screen.



Scotty Mattraw, above, is a shy little thing of only 250 pounds.

Sunshine Hart, below, has lately made her presence felt in "Old Heidelberg" and "My Best Girl."





The buxom form and merry personality of Mathilde Comont, above, are familiar to all fans who know their movies at all. Her latest appearance is in "The Loves of Carmen."



Bert Roach, right, plays a *big* part in M.-G.-M. films. His 215 pounds have recently added ballast to "Tillie the Toiler," "Twelve Miles Out" and "The Crowd."



Lillianne Leighton, below, has played rotund rôles in "Annie Laurie," "California" and "The Frontiersman."

And you all know the slim and slender figure of Charles Puffy, who has tried in vain to make himself scarce in Universal comedies. He is now appearing in "A Man's Past," with Conrad Veidt.





And we ask you, need we introduce that moonlike face on the right? *Could* it belong to any one but Walter Hiers? No, it could not.



The bouncing maiden on the right is Babe London, the perfect 36 of the Christie Comedy girls.

And Now—"Beau Sabreur"

Continued from page 25

perfectly for a real desert, and conditions there were certainly more comfortable than they would have been in Arizona. The going to and fro across the sand was difficult, to be sure, and we had to devise all sorts of odd contraptions, such as sleds and snowshoes, for doing this. We also had many preliminaries to arrange, like the construction of the oasis, bringing our trees along with us from Hollywood. On the whole, though, the location was much more satisfactory than a tour to the real desert would have been for this particular picture."

The climaxing event in the film is the dynamiting of the sand dunes. This incident is a departure from the original novel, and is instigated in the movie plot by *Hank* and *Buddy*. The purpose is to break up the advance of the huge army of nomads who are bent on destroying the oasis, and capturing the two Americans, as well as *De Beaujolais*, who has come there to fulfill his mission. He has brought *Mary Vanbrugh* and her maid with him, because after the fall of Zaguig there was no other means to secure their protection.

Hank and *Buddy* hit upon the scheme of planting dynamite charges in the ground over which the nomads are expected to ride in their attack upon the oasis. These charges are controlled by an electric switch in the old ruined temple in which they have made their quarters.

Under the leadership of a French scoundrel, *Becque*, played by William Powell, the Arabs on horseback, to the number of six or seven hundred, start their furious dash toward the oasis, which is guarded by only a tiny handful of men. The first charge of dynamite explodes as the Arabs come over a ridge of sand hills in the distance. Many of the riders are swept off their horses, while others, mystified and dazed, retreat. Only the more daring persist in their advance.

Then the second dynamite charge goes off, and more of the marauders are eliminated, to the great glee of *Hank* and *Buddy*. Still another charge is set off and then the remainder of the desert tribe, pretty well damaged, come to a hand-to-hand combat with the oasis force.

In the filming of this episode, the movements of the troops and the firing of the dynamite were elaborately regulated by radio. The first charges of dynamite were planted in a straight line across the sand at intervals of about two hundred feet for a distance of nearly a mile. The horses and men of the advancing force were brought into as close proximity as possible to the charges before they were fired, in order that they might ride through the clouds of smoke and dust before they had settled.

Immediately following each explosion, the extras playing the nomads lashed their steeds and rode forward, some falling from their horses as though dead or wounded, others continuing on at a wild pace until the director shouted "Cut!"

The impression of the spectral figures in white against the gray terrain, with here and there a colored turban, or a red, green, or blue sash, and the mounting clouds of sand and smoke from the explosions, proved very picturesque, and undoubtedly will be very effective on the screen.

Hank and *Buddy*, it should be mentioned, are played by Noah Beery and Roscoe Karns, and everybody prophesies that, after this film is released, Noah's will be a new name in comedy. Gary Cooper, as mentioned before, is *Major de Beaujolais*, or *"Beau Sabreur."* This is a younger *Major de Beaujolais* than appeared in "Beau Geste," even though the new picture is supposed to be a sequel to that. However, the relation between the two films is not made too definite.

"Really 'Beau Sabreur' should be considered as having an entirely separate identity from 'Beau Geste,'" said John Waters, the director of the new picture. "In the final treatment of the story, we are going to make no reference to the previous production. *Hank* and *Buddy* are not being played by the same people as in 'Beau Geste,' nor is *De Beaujolais*. Nor are they being characterized the same. 'Beau Sabreur' will really be an entirely separate feature."

Are All Movie Stars High Hat?

Continued from page 20

the reputation of being a rather aloof young executive. He holds down one of the biggest jobs in filmdom, that of general manager of Metro-Goldwyn, and a lot of people think he is a high-hat young man. And he is. He admits it. But he has the best reason for being high hat of anybody you ever knew.

Holding the authority he does, he has to be aloof in order to protect himself, for the "boy wonder," as he has been called, is barely twenty-eight years old and he's the boss of men ranging anywhere from thirty to sixty. If he permitted himself to be back-slapped all over the lot, and allowed his opinions to be kidded, he could not hold his position five minutes. It is because he has handled his job with dignity that his word is authoritative. Who wouldn't be high hat under the circumstances?

Elinor Glyn has had the high hat wished on her. In the first place, she is English and talks with a very broad "a." Yankees have always believed that a good, broad "a" was an affectation, whether you were born with it or not. If madame could just learn to say "Sure!" and "You bet!" things might be different. But she doesn't want to. Hence, her reputation of being a ritzy lady.

Sometimes reserve is mistaken for snobbery, as in the cases of Norma Shearer and Betty Bronson. It is not natural for either Norma or Betty to make friends easily. The fact that they are successful actresses has little or nothing to do with it. They would be just as unapproachable if they were ribbon clerks. They choose their friends carefully and are not tricked by flattery and fawning. Some people think they are ritzy—others think they are very wise.

Norma Talmadge practices a certain form of ritziness. She high-hats people she doesn't like—and that goes for kings and princes, too. She will spend hours talking with a reporter for a third-rate newspaper and forget the name of a big critic. Position means nothing to her, personality everything. If she happens to like you, it doesn't make any difference what or who you are. And if she happens not to like you, it doesn't make any difference, either, who you are. Her closest friends are not the big people of the motion-picture industry, nor of any other industry. They are actors and actresses and directors she has known and liked for years. Sometimes they are bit players. To her friends there is not a warmer heart in Hollywood than Norma's. But for many others, there is not a colder shoulder.

You'll find, as a rule, that whenever the high hat is worn just for the sake of snobbishness, it is usually the little people of the business who are guilty—bathing beauties, small-salary players, and such. When you run across it in a real star, look for a reason. It's pretty sure to be there.

Wuff! Wuff!

Have you a little bow-wow in your home? If not, get one immediately. He's the latest toy in the film colony.





Audrey Ferris' toy bulldog, above, would never win a beauty contest, but when he talks, he says a mouthful.

Below, Billie Dove rescues her precious pet from the claws of an outraged pussy.

"Come, Fido—it will make you grow," coaxes Louise Brooks, above. But Fido thinks he has grown quite enough already.

Right, Clara Bow's poor little doll is forlornly cast aside, now that a new charmer has entered her home.

Below, Marceline and Alice Day promote an amicable fight between their two woolly toys.







The Future of the Stars

Continued from page 72

Arthur Lubin's birthday falls in the same group as that of Frank Marion, and much the same advice applies to him.

Myrna Loy seems to be a comet rather than a star. You know how a comet acts: it flashes across the sky for a while, fades away, and then shines out again. She will be with us off and on for some time to come.

The path of Johnny Mack Brown is like the highway to Dublin—strewn with rocks and other obstacles to a smooth and comfortable journey. But listen to me, Johnny: stick and keep on sticking at any price until the end of 1932—five years more—and you will arrive.

Jack Luden, Dolores Costello, and Ralph Forbes are going through a negative period for most of 1928, but they will be later heard from.

Jeanette Loff has a rather long apprenticeship to serve, I am sorry to say, with many disillusionments; but all this will be material with which to capitalize her ability later.

Jane Winton, Fay Webb, James Hall, and Sally O'Neil can go far during the next year and a half, for their birthdays fall into a group that just naturally is going up and will stay up for a number of happy and prosperous years.

Don Alvarado is in for an exciting year in 1928 and will probably create an entirely new character.

Josephine Norman's career runs along uneventfully until November, 1928, and then gets uncomfortable before it improves; 1929 will be a negative year for her, partly because of personal sorrow and also on account of difficulty with employers.

Gwen Lee is also due for some of the November discomforts, I regret to state, but will emerge—probably about the spring of 1930—better than ever because of what she will have gone through.

Louise Brooks will have some narrow escapes from trouble, and 1928 and 1929 will show her popularity more assured than ever.

After this coming spring, Marietta Millner will have great difficulty in properly expressing her talents and is apt to continue in the same way for the remainder of the year. However, character parts will offer her a better chance than any other department of acting.

Louis Natheaux is in very much the same boat and will have to wait until after 1929 has made its exit, before he can expect all that is rightfully coming to him.

Dolores del Rio will have to work hard for the results she gets in 1928, but I predict she will come dangerously close to walking away with the acting honors of the year if she is given half a chance. And in 1929 she will take everybody who goes to the movies by storm—completely.

November, 1928, suggests care against accident and quarrels for Victor Varconi; but after that he will be fairly well out of danger and able to make steady and profitable progress until the spring of 1930. This period will bring a setback, but he will not be eliminated from his chosen profession. If he weathers the storm around the beginning of 1931, he will have until 1937 to continue his triumphal march.

Dorothy Sebastian is one who will be very favorably heard from during 1928. If I were she, I'd hang on through thick and thin until—believe it or not—the middle of 1940! She will be a big winner in the cinema sweepstakes, then.

For To-morrow We Die

Continued from page 58

living. I have made two mistakes in marriage, but I do not regret one moment of either experience. It's a great experiment—marriage. An experience that should not be missed by any one. I shall do it again—probably—but not for a long time."

She suddenly interrupted herself, gazing at me with speculative eyes.

"How do you wear your hair?" she asked, unexpectedly. *"Would* you mind taking off your hat?"

I did, slightly dazed by the abrupt change of subject.

"H'm! Back off of your ears! Do you think I should like mine that way?" She turned her lovely head this way and that, considering. "I wonder if it wouldn't be nice to have mine that way on the trip."

She babbled on, flitting to the incessantly ringing telephone now and again to have explosive, gay conversations, then flitting back to the divan.

I rose to leave.

"Oh, must you go? Is it late?"

"Quite late—if you are going out to lunch."

"Omigosh! I forgot! I'm so sorry to have had all this confusion. Maybe when I get back we can have a quieter talk some time. Isn't this *awful?* When I think of the things I have to do——"

Snatches of her busy chatter followed me to the elevator, punctuated by the ringing of the eternal phone.

Gay, inconsequential Constance. A butterfly of a girl. In love with the glitter of life, but gazing, a little frightened, into a future where that glitter will be dulled. Questing for something. Questing for what? She has tasted fame, adulation, love—she is surrounded with the frivolity she adores. What is it that Constance wants? She does not know. Nor do I. But I hope she gets it!

Can This Be Conrad Nagel?

Continued from page 34

"It is a funny thing," he said, "but it is always true, that people identify you with the last rôle you have played. I have played innocuous rôles for so long that the world has forgotten that I ever did anything else. People have begun to endow me personally with the attributes of the parts I have played in pictures. They forget that I ever did anything with a punch. Perhaps now I shall have a chance to do something better—more vivid—than I have been doing. I hope so.

"I want aggressive parts, yes, but I want more than that. I want to count for something in the industry as a whole. I want to be valuable to my company for more than just the ability to walk through the leading part in a picture. I want to be a person—not a puppet!"

He is by way of becoming a person—and a personage—is Conrad Nagel. An accident of circumstance has lifted him out of his rut, has given him a chance to show his mettle. He is a man of visions—big visions. And we shall never be deceived again by his outward gentleness and poise. We know now the force that is in him.

I have a private little hunch of my own that when Conrad has learned all he can about the picture business from the actor's angle, he will turn into a director. He did not say so—I just guessed it.

Anyhow, he has hopped out of his little groove and it will be interesting to watch his progress from this point on. With such earnestness, such a capacity to dream and see and do, he should go far.







"Do Come In!"

Five stars extend an invitation to an invisible guest who might as well be you.

May McAvoy, above, strikes an argumentative pose, as if she means to make you enter in spite of yourself.

Billie Dove, left, knows that a smile, and a hand on the latch, will bring you in without a minute's hesitation.

While Louise Fazenda, right, knows that you know her invitation is sincere, and therefore sees no reason to repeat it.

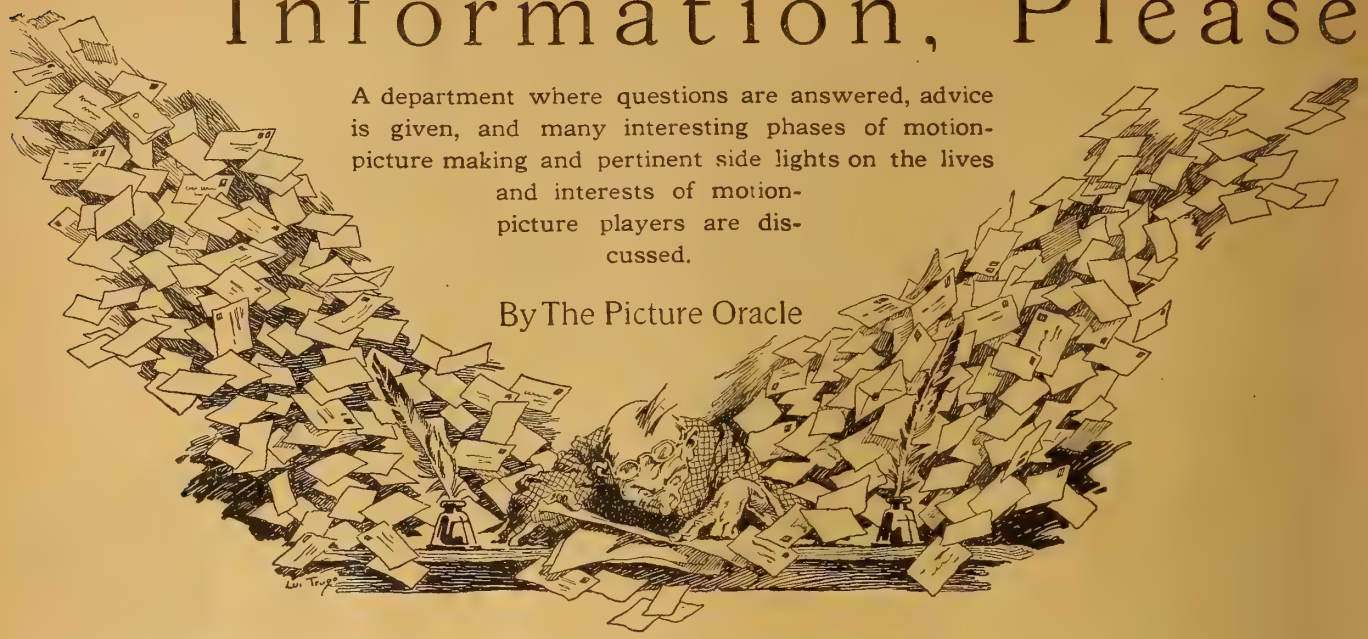


Mary Brian, right, heard you driving up and has come out to greet you.



Helene Chadwick's bantering smile, left, shows that she doubts whether you will come in, after all.

Information, Please



A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

KAY OF CANADA.—So you get cold feet every time you try to write to me? Something will have to be done about that. Have you tried a hot-water bottle? Norma Shearer comes from Montreal, but from what part of Montreal, I can't say. James Hall is twenty-seven, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., about twenty, Raymond Keane twenty-one, Barry Norton twenty-three, Richard Walling about the same. I don't know Larry Kent's age. Since "McFadden's Flats," the latter has appeared in "The Whirlwind of Youth," "The Sea Tiger," a Pathé serial called "The Masked Menace," and "The Lovelorn." Gardner James was under a starring contract to Inspiration but, like many players under contract, was given nothing to do. So, recently, he signed with Chadwick for three films, costarring with Pauline Garon. "Eager Lips" is the first of these.

FLORENCE KODY.—I'm afraid your correspondence with a movie star would be rather one-sided. Stars receive several hundred letters each week, and if they attempted to write their own replies, they would have no time left to make any movies.

A WILLIAM BOYD, VIOLA DANA, SHIRLEY MASON FAN.—Don't you have to work at it rather strenuously, being a fan to so many stars? William Boyd is in his late twenties, is six feet one inch in height, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He has brown hair and blue eyes. No, I don't know William or his wife personally, but I understand they are delightful people. Viola Dana is twenty-nine, Shirley Mason twenty-six. Shirley has been playing in pictures for Columbia, one of the smaller companies—"The Wreck" and "Rich Men's Sons." Viola's recent films were made by F. B. O.—"Naughty Nanette" and "Salvation Jane." Tom Tyler is twenty-four and unmarried. Buck Jones is thirty-eight.

M. C.—I don't think I shall die from your questions—I have nine lives, like a cat, and you didn't ask nine questions. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn. Ronald Colman is in his thirties, but doesn't say when he was born. The reason you don't see him oftener is that he plays only in "specials," which require months to make. "Red" Grange has made only two films—"One Minute to Play" and "The Motor Maniac." Whether he will continue his screen career depends on how well the public likes him. Edmund Burns played opposite Vera Reynolds in "Sunny Side Up." Esther Ralston's latest picture is "Figures Don't Lie."

NORMA'S ADMIRER.—Miss Baldwin writes me that Norma Shearer and James Kirkwood played together in "Broken Barriers." Thank you, Miss Baldwin.

AN INQUIRING READER.—Of course I'll answer your questions, though I have nothing to do with putting pictures in the magazine. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio in 1905, and was educated in Kansas City. She ran away from home to go on the stage and joined a revue in Chicago, then played in New York at the Winter Garden, where Harry Rapf of Metro-Goldwyn saw her and signed her to a contract. Her real name is Lucille Le Seuer. Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, January 9, 1903. Samuel Goldwyn discovered her there while he was in Europe, and brought her to America. She first appeared over here in "The Dark Angel." She was married last June to Rod La Rocque. Lois Moran is eighteen. Esther Ralston is twenty-five. See M. C.

AVALON.—You seem to be interested in just everybody! James Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, October 22, 1900. I believe he did not go to college. He was playing on the stage in "The Matinée Girl" when Jesse Lasky saw him and signed him up for pictures. He isn't married. Dorothy Gish is vacationing just now. Her husband, James Rennie, is appearing on the stage in "The Mulberry Bush." Alice Calhoun is scheduled to play opposite Charles Hutchinson in four films for Pathé. She was married last December to Max Chotiner. Bebe Daniels was born January 14, 1901; she isn't married. Bebe's new picture is "She's a Sheik." Charles Paddock played in her picture, "The Campus Flirt." Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans, who is his third wife. "Buddy" Rogers, having completed work in Mary Pickford's "My Best Girl," is playing opposite Clara Bow in "Red Hair." John Gilbert's new film is "Fires of Youth." Ramon Novarro, I believe, has a very slight accent.

H. R.—You're just not wasting any paper, are you, H. R.? As the Germans said in the late war, "It's just a scrap of paper." Edna Murphy is five feet two inches; she doesn't give her age. Edna isn't married.

NOBODY'S PAL.—I'm very sorry you have to wait so long for your answers, but it can't be helped. For a quick reply, send a self-addressed stamped envelope. The leading rôles in "On Thin Ice" were played by Tom Moore and Edith Roberts; in "Excuse Me," by Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel, and Renee Adoree. Gary Cooper is twenty-six, John Gilbert thirty-two, and John Barrymore forty-five.

FELICITAS.—My favorite nightmare is one in which I run around chasing the addresses of free-lance players, or of players who no longer appear on the screen at all. Mae Murray, for instance. Perhaps just "Hollywood, California," would reach her. Susan Fleming is a New York girl who played in the "Follies" for a while, then flickered across the screen in "The Ace of Cads." Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana, and educated at the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles. She studied dancing under Ruth St. Denis, intending to make that her profession. She was dancing in a film prologue at Grauman's Egyptian Theater in Hollywood when Henry Waxman, a well-known photographer out there, saw her. He was so impressed with her screen possibilities that he introduced her to Mrs. Valentino, who engaged her for "What Price Beauty." A rôle in "Pretty Ladies" followed, and Myrna's screen career has been progressing ever since. Sue Carol recently played opposite Douglas MacLean in "Soft Cushions." Alice Joyce, at this writing, is working at the United Artists studio in "Sorrell and Son."

BERNIE.—Such an interesting letter certainly deserves an answer. And I'd never cheat any one out of his just deserts! Allene and Charles Ray are not related. Neither are Walter and Patsy Ruth Miller. It was Einar Hansen, not Lars, who was killed in a motor accident last June. Dick Talmadge hasn't appeared on the screen lately, because of some legal tangle. Danny O'Shea was born in Boston, October 8, 1901. Write to him at the F. B. O. studio. See answer to AVALON.

MISS BEA SPILLEKE.—So you heard that I answer questions well! Well, I suspect you thought you'd ask me enough to keep me busy for life. Richard Dix was born

Continued on page 119

New York SHIVERED and SHOOK!



For *one year* Manhattan Audiences sat thrillbound while THE GORILLA stalked Broadway.... Sending records scattering.... They'd never seen anything like it.—NEITHER HAVE YOU, we'll bet! *Just wait* till you get a look at this creepiest of all crime plays.—(It will reach your theatre soon.)—The Lights go Out but the Thrills go On, without a let-up. And just when your spine's doing a double shimmy—and you've got enough gooseflesh to grate a nutmeg on—*in come those Two Dumb Detectives!*... And then, oh, *man*!—what LAUGHS!

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First National Pictures

THE "GORILLA"

with CHARLIE MURRAY and Fred Kelsey
An ALFRED SANTELL production — Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

So Long, Slapstick!

Continued from page 69

on a gravel truck to Culver City to sign that contract, but he swept into Mr. Roach's office with the air of a United States senator.

Harold Lloyd, at that time, had just severed his connection with the Roach company, and the producer was desirous of finding another comedian to more or less take Lloyd's place. Glenn was picked for this ambitious job, and might easily have done it if he hadn't been given indifferent material and unsympathetic handling. He was starred in two features which might better have been left on the shelves of the film exchanges, where they now repose.

Following this, he was shifted to two-reel comedies, with the idea of building him up gradually to features. The building-up process, however, never took place, for the very same reason that Glenn's features had not been hits. He never was and never will be a slap-stick comedian, and he looked and felt out of place in such comedies.

Three years of this went on. The comedies weren't very good, and no one knew it better than Glenn. When he was at last released from his contract, both he and Roach were happy, with Glenn's happiness exceeding the latter's by several degrees. All of his friends predicted an instantaneous success for him in features. He had everything—good looks, personality, and a great deal of acting experience. But the hideous brand of the two-reelers remained on his brow for many a day. Producers wouldn't take a chance with him. He was too short or he was too dark, he was too young or he was too old, he wanted too much money or he wasn't anybody's cousin.

He at last got a tiny little toehold —not in the movies, but on the Los Angeles stage, as the juvenile lead in "The Son-Daughter." It was not a conspicuously successful production but at least it was an oasis to Glenn. After that came a comedy rôle in a Western film starring Hoot Gibson. There followed a lead in a "quicky," which was made in seven days, with three fights, a shipwreck, a forest fire, and divers other things to relieve the tedium.

Another long, yawning gap followed. Then, as our friends the title writers would say, "came the dawn." Glenn was picked for a comedy part in "The Poor Nut," a First National picture in which Jack Mulhall and Charlie Murray were featured. He faced tough competition in his fellow players, and his rôle was only a minor one, but he stood out so clearly that Jess Smith, the producer, signed an option on him for a lead in another picture.

On the heels of this came the lead in a light comedy, "Painting the Town," produced by Universal. Here, at last, was the chance Glenn had needed. With sympathetic direction and a characterization that was suited to him, he was enabled to give the sort of performance he could have given a long time before if he hadn't lacked the opportunity. "Painting the Town" turned out to be a riot.

Carl Laemmle, genial head of Universal, saw it and demanded to know why Glenn wasn't under contract. He was signed up for five years, with a nice salary, and the stipulation that he be featured. A banner, "Welcome Glenn Tryon to Universal City," was put up on the Universal lot. It must have given him immense satisfaction, for just a few months earlier, he had been unable even to get a hearing at that studio.

That's all there is to his screen history just now, except that between making "Painting the Town" and signing the Universal contract, he played the lead opposite Janet Gaynor in Fox's "Two Girls Wanted."

Glenn has played only comedy on the screen. He should go much further in dramatic rôles. There is too much depth to his nature for shallow screen farce; there is too much wit to his humor to endure cheap gags forever.

The Stroller

Continued from page 45

vancing with rapidity. For one thing, he has been rumored engaged to a movie actress, which is a big step toward either business or social success in the film colony. The actress is Joan Crawford, but both she and Westwood deny the rumor. Westwood is playing a fairly good part in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," and also has been picked for a rôle in "The Shepherd of the Hills."

The other four college lads, who are staying on their own, are Stuart Knox, of Yale, who has a five-year medical course facing him if he returns to New Haven, Thomas Denton, of Michigan, Edward Kargess, of Northwestern University, and Richard Clendennin, of the University of California.

Speaking of Greek meeting Greek, Aimee Semple McPherson, evangelist extraordinary, who is Lindbergh's only rival at staying in the headlines, was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Wampas, the organization of movie press agents. Miss McPherson, with some frankness, pointed out in her speech that her work and that of her hosts are not so very dissimilar in nature. She did not elaborate, however, on the idea.

In my more youthful and exuberant days, I was once press agent for Elinor Glyn for several months. I have since been struck quite forcibly with the similarity between Elinor and Aimee, despite the seeming disparity between their ideas and professions. Even though Mrs. Glyn writes pink novels, she is an idealistic person who believes in a strict moral code and does not smoke or drink, or even countenance smoking or drinking in other women. And although Mrs. McPherson is an evangelist, she seems to be an excellent business woman with a thorough respect for the value of publicity.

Naming the characters in a movie provides a lot of innocent fun for the title writers.

Malcolm Stuart Boylan, Falstaffian title wag of the Fox studio, loves to drag his personal friends into his pictures, generally naming the villains after them.

One title writer, having been refused a loan at his bank, took great delight in naming the meanest villain in his next film after the president of the institution.

An archery school has been started in Hollywood, with expert instructors, a shooting range, and high hopes of getting some movie stars among its clientele.

A novel manner of exploiting the school would be to arrange with some Hollywood wife to bump her next husband off with a bow and arrow. The attendant publicity, incidentally, would probably get the wife a movie contract.

According to reports, Erich von Stroheim's "The Wedding March" is to be cut up into two different films.

I have always contended that some scheme like this should be the solution of Von's difficulties as a director. When some wise producer hires him to direct a two-reeler and then cuts the completed product down to ordinary feature length, Von Stroheim will take his place as one of the screen's greatest directors.

Did You Ever See the Villain Get Kissed?

Continued from page 89

and attractive men in the colony. He was an army captain during the war, and for a time was commander of the Hollywood post of the American Legion.

"I'm thought to be such a mean and dirty villain," he declared, "I have never even been given the opportunity to kiss the heroine's hand."

One of the oddest experiences to befall any screen villain came to Louis Natheaux who, out of make-up, is one of the handsomest men in pictures. Natheaux plays the heavy in Marie Prevost's "Man Bait," and has an interesting rôle in "Fighting Love," with Jetta Goudal. He was at the DeMille studio when stars galore were making tests for the rôle of *Mary Magdalene,* in "The King of Kings." Being a good actor, not hard on the eyes, and probably a master of the technique of kissing, DeMille called him in.

"I've got a job for you," he said.

"That so? What is it?" Natheaux replied.

"Kissing about every widely known actress in Hollywood."

Natheaux stared. It didn't sound bad. He did not start running away. He did not even begin backing toward the door. He did not look as if he wanted to, either.

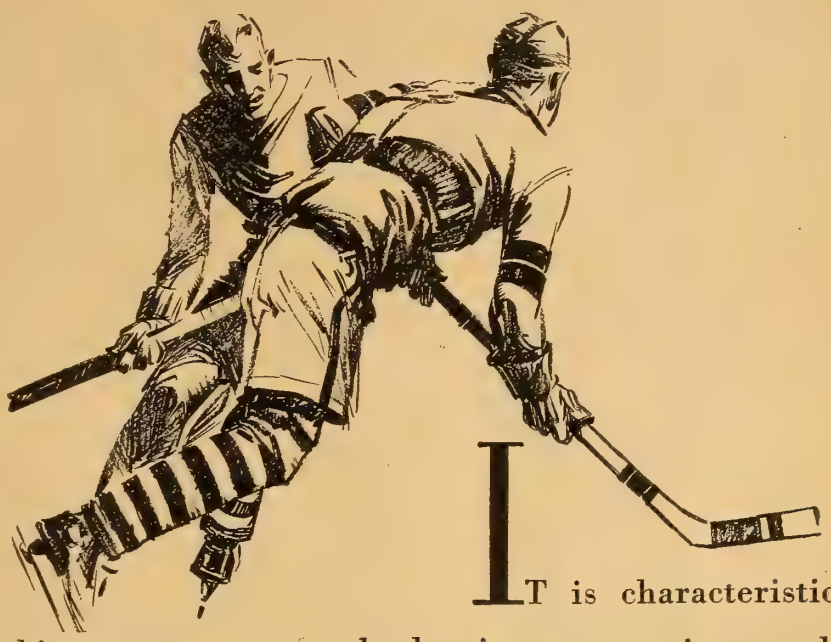
"We are making tests," DeMille continued, "and one of the requirements is that the young woman must know how to kiss nicely, properly, and convincingly. Naturally, she must have some one to kiss. So, will you stay around for the next day or two?"

While it is not so recorded, it is just possible that he had lunch served on the studio steps and slept there at night. He struggled through his part without a murmur, never grumbling over retakes or direction.

And so it goes. Consider all the villains on the screen, and you will recall that few if any of them have ever been kissed by the beauteous heroine. The few kisses they have pressed upon unwilling lips have been forced, mostly at the cost of a struggle. It seems that the struggle has the psychological effect of raising the value of the kiss the heroine so willingly returns to the hero.

The villains never get any of the love that surges through the majority of pictures. But they are the menace that makes love worth watching on the screen. And often the villain gets more salary for his frustrated love than the hero does for his easily won kisses. That is the villain's compensation for being unkissed.

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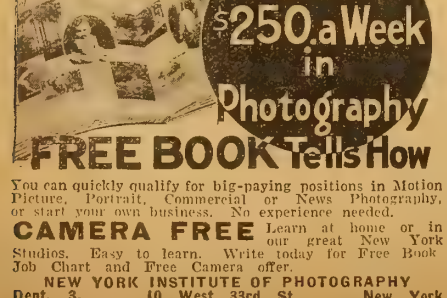
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He's Charlie Chaplin's Side-kick

Continued from page 85

Whereupon Harry automatically became his assistant.

His duties, he was told, would be—well, general. And general they proved, beyond a doubt! He played the juvenile in "The Circus," helping Merna Kennedy to supply the love interest of the picture. It was he who erected the sets, he who hired the extras and bit players. It's he who keeps nuisances out of the studio, and sees to it that visiting celebrities are properly received. He is also one of Chaplin's best friends. He accompanies Charlie on his jaunts, poking through funny little streets in Chinatown, patronizing the concessions at the beach, walking restlessly with him along the Boulevard at night. At the studio he handles the mechanics of a scene when Charlie himself is before the camera. If a clown or a hunchback or any other unusual character is needed unexpectedly, Harry does a Lon Chaney and fills the void. *And,* if the occasion arises, he makes no bones about saying "No" to Mr. Chaplin.

Being a yes man is quite simple, and probably very comfortable for persons of a timid turn of mind, yet being a no man does not necessarily imply an habitual state of argument with one's employer.

"There are times," Harry says, "when the yes man is essential to the working out of an idea—that is, the ideas of a genius like Charlie. An idea comes vaguely and inarticulately at first. No matter how much you might, in your heart, disapprove of it, it would be fatal to say so to its originator during that formative period. It would stem the flow of thought. One must just sit by and be encouraging and say, 'Yes, yes—that's great!' until the idea is completely formed. Then you can voice your criticisms."

The business of being a no man requires great diplomacy. But frank, intelligent criticism of his ideas is just as welcome to Chaplin as the encouragement he needs when he is working an idea out.

Harry, from his position of vantage behind the camera, can now and then make suggestions that are of practical value. They have to be good or Chaplin will not consider them. But when they are good, they are considered, and often used. It takes a genius to admit his own fallibility. And Chaplin is such.

One of his methods of courting inspiration is particularly interesting. With Harry, and Henry Bergman—who has been in his pictures for ten years, and is unofficially a very important person in the studio—Charlie repairs to a quiet corner. There they try to solve a problem that has arisen.

"Now," Charlie says, "let's think aloud for a bit."

Quite at random, they all give voice to whatever may enter their heads.

"The most amazing things come to you," Harry told me. "Half the time, quite irrelevant things, but always startling. Charlie's mind is in a state of intense nervous activity every moment. Remarkable fancies and ideas pop out of it. And eventually, out of the chaos, will evolve a solution of whatever problem we are working on."

There probably isn't another such school for embryo directors as the Chaplin studio. Nor another such tutor as Chaplin. He is generous with his wealth of knowledge. And Harry Crocker is an apt pupil. He hasn't quite made up his mind yet whether to devote himself to acting or directing. But whatever he chooses, he is sure to be a credit to Charlie.

Girls, Pick Your Chiselers

Continued from page 51

since his Essanay stardom had stamped him as a sap. This realization caused him to set out to prove that he had a way with women.

Does chiseling pay? Well, chiseling got Bryant his rôle in Constance Talmadge's "Breakfast at Sunrise," in which he introduces the chiseler to the screen.

One of the rules of the chiselers is, "Thou shalt not use baby talk except where the lady is proven to be over thirty; and any member who can prove a lady to be over thirty shall be awarded the club's medal of bravery." Another: "Thou shalt not tell a girl what a heartbreaker you are—don't tell her, show her." Again: "Remember that it is quality and not quantity that counts."

Their emblem is the chisel. The hammer is used, by gesture, when one wishes to convey that he is wise to a chiseler's game.

Among the chiselers of Hollywood are Bryant Washburn, Norman Kerry, Edmund Lowe, Buster Collier, and Sam Wood.

Make Way for the Ladies!

Continued from page 84

her room is a mass of flowers—gifts from the stars, who appreciate the value of what she does for them. If she "misses" a personality—as she calls it when she does a picture which she considers not so good—she perseveres until she "gets" it. She is her own judge, and will not allow an indifferent photograph to leave her studio.

Yes, photography is a great job for women. But so is publicity work. Julie Lang and Katherine Albert might speak up on that subject. They should know their facts, as they are both press agents.

They're pretty girls whose job it is to sing the charms of other pretty girls. Julie, as fan-magazine representative at the Paramount studio, tells the world all about Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, Neil Hamilton, Florence Vidor, Wallace Beery, and all the other Paramount people you can think of. Katherine does the same for the M.-G.-M. stars.

These girls arrange interviews, coax special pictures, write stories, and do all the hundred and one other tasks that spell publicity for their respective broods. As most of their work brings them in close contact with the stars, a diplomatic personality does much toward smoothing the way. Both are brunettes of the vivacious type, and have the gift of doing a lot of work without seeming to do any.

Julie came into her job through the usual method of promotion from one clerical berth to another. She came to Hollywood "with malice aforethought," as she puts it, with the deliberate intention of getting a studio job. She was willing to do anything but act—which is strange philosophy for a pretty girl. She applied to every studio in Hollywood, and one day got a "temporary relief" job with Paramount during a rush. The temporary relief developed into a permanent desk, and Julie went from the estimating department to the executive department, and then to the publicity sanctum, where she has been ever since.

Katherine didn't follow the accustomed schedule so closely as her sister press agent. Katherine was an actress at first, but finally decided that on the screen she wasn't so potent. So she bade the studios farewell and got herself a job on a newspaper. One day she and the management of the paper had a slight disagreement. Even journalists have streaks of temperament, and Katherine felt pretty much put out about something. A publicity man from M.-G.-M. was in the office at the time. He said, "If you don't like it down here, why don't you come out with us?" That's all there was to it. It's easy when you know how—and Katherine does.

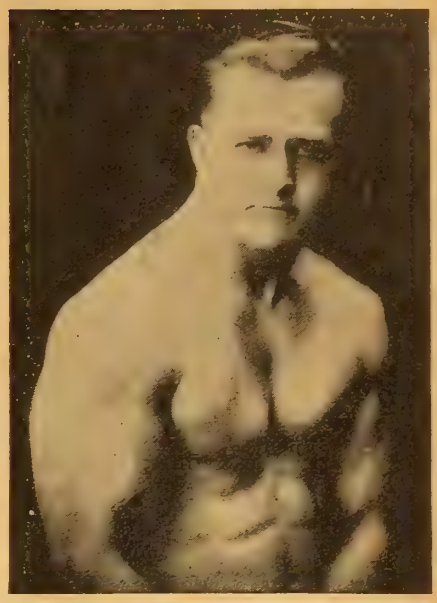
About twelve years ago a girl named Henrietta Cohn was secretary in the office of Adolph Zukor, when Paramount was a comparatively young enterprise. Now she holds one of the biggest jobs in that studio, being assistant production manager, a title that many men would give their eyeteeth to claim. The position carries responsibility and dignity. The production department is the last word on all studio activities. It purchases stories, estimates costs, supervises shooting, and approves the final film. A big job in the production department can be held only by one who knows the picture business from A to Z, with his—or her—eyes closed.

Henrietta Cohn knows your favorite stars as you will never know them—as debits and credits—Pola's temperament causing just so much delay on one picture, and Clara Bow's illness so much on another. She knows what Bebe Daniels is to star in next before Bebe herself does, and she knows who is to write Thomas Meighan's next film before the author himself hears of it. Any way you take it, hers is a whale of a job, and if there is any doubt about the success of women in executive positions, Paramount would advise you to see Miss Cohn before drawing any adverse conclusions.

While these women whom I have mentioned are the most outstanding in important positions, they are not the only ones who are doing things in the studios. There is a girl named Minna Wallis in the man-size job of "selling" actors, which means that she negotiates engagements for free-lance players. Minna does all the work of getting them boosts in salary, and of signing contracts for them. It keeps her pretty busy. And there's Isabelle Johnstone, who casts Fox pictures.

I haven't the slightest doubt of there being some women property boys around somewhere, and nothing would surprise me less than to run into a bobbed-haired camera man.

Who said it was a man's world?



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

If You Were Dying To-Night

and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

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An Actress Who Knows When to Quit

Continued from page 22

with no visible means of livelihood. She considered this.

"I do not condemn those actresses so strongly," she said thoughtfully. "I could not respect a man who was not self-supporting. However, I can understand, while not thoroughly approving, those women's reasons for marrying such men. Suppose a great emotional actress marries an important business man. Two strong wills and personalities clash. One must be the victor, and most likely it's the man. The actress is crushed. She ceases to give freshness and interest to her work But if she marries, instead, a play-boy who amiably adapts his moods to hers, he buoys her up, pampers her, makes her feel the center of attention. This constant catering to her emotions keeps her in tune with her work."

Within the past year or so, Florence has undergone a distinct change. I recall talking with her about four years ago when she thought she had weighty problems to solve. She was taking life far too seriously. Since her divorce, however, she has shaken off that sedate air of responsibility. With a new sparkle and lightness of attitude, she has become very popular in Hollywood.

I commented on the change in her, approving of the new Florence who, without sacrificing her perfect deportment, has acquired a light joyousness.

"Wasn't I impossible before?" she mused. "I had a pet theory for everything. Then, my little world very suddenly turned upside down, and in the shuffle, I lost all my theories."

Far better so. And if this new lady, who says she likes to play, poses a little, as I suspected the lady of theories did, it is artfully done. She speaks slowly and carefully, and you wonder sometimes if this painstaking speech is spontaneous, or if she is conscientiously acting a part.

Her library, where we talked, reflected taste. The green walls, henna drapes and gold satin pillows were light and colorful, but with no touch of gaudiness, and made a perfect setting for the slim, poised figure of Miss Vidor in a chic silk frock. Her voice had just the right pitch, her gestures that ease which bespeaks the lady.

I am sure that when she retires, Florence Vidor will conduct that other life she plans for herself as pleasantly and as tactfully as she has guided her screen career.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

dom as Pat. Ever since she left Warner Brothers, she has simply rushed from picture to picture. She is leaving in a day or two for the wilds to make 'Red Riders of Canada,' one of those get-your-man Royal Mounted films. She has just finished an independent production called 'Once and Forever,' during the course of which she proved that she is a most unreasonable human being. Pat can work all day making water scenes, going up in stunt planes, taking thirty-foot dives and so forth and feel in the evening like putting on a vaudeville show. But in 'Once and Forever' she was called upon to milk a cow and she came home utterly exhausted!

"There is talk of her going to England soon to make a picture. There is also talk of Betty Bronson going over to make 'The Constant Nymph.' I hope it is all talk about Pat—what would Hollywood be without her?

"Speaking of free-lances, when Gertrude Olmsted finished her contract with Metro-Goldwyn and started adventurously out on an independent career, her very first engagement was back at the old homestead. She is playing in M.-G.-M.'s 'Bringing Up Father.'

"But now that Gertrude is a free-lance, I wish some one would make a gorgeous costume picture and put her in early-Empire dresses. Productions really should be planned so as to dress my friends the way I like to see them.

"Costume pictures are not completely *passé*, exhibitors' wails to the contrary. Richard Dix is making an early-California story, 'The Gay Defender,' with Thelma Todd.

"I've seen Thelma only once, and I believe she has never had much of a chance on the screen, but Paramount thinks she has a great future. Wouldn't it be nice if we knew whether she really *is* magnetic and talented or whether they just have her under contract at a small salary and want to put her over?"

Sometimes I think Fanny is catty, but after all, she is not so catty as the girl who suggested that Claire Windsor's next picture, "Blondes by Choice," should be dedicated to the persuasive but often inexpert hairdressers of Hollywood.

Admit Bearer

Continued from page 18

night. A ten-piece orchestra was blaring an English tune, and three wild-eyed assistants scurried hither and thither carrying out Director Mauritz Stiller's orders.

Stiller is a tall, commanding individual, Swedish and distinguished, with a forbidding face, heavy jowls, and compelling eyes fringed with bushy brows. His hands are amazing. If you have ever seen Rodin's masterly "Hand of God," you can get an idea of Stiller's powerful, hypnotic hands. As he directs, he uses them as much as an ordinary man would use his voice—uses them terrifyingly, dramatically, cunningly. He played upon Fay Wray's emotions in working out a scene just as a musician draws melody from his instrument. He is extraordinary.

Jannings came over to our group, walking heavily, majestically. He smiled stolidly. I know little German but managed to convey to him my opinion that he is one of the great actors of the screen. He grinned. "I sank you," he said simply, and bowed with dignity.

He is absorbed in his work. His characterizations are all-important. Apparently he does not find it easy to slip into a rôle at will. Once started, however, he is the character in the film for the entire day. We were fortunate enough to reach his set in time to watch him act, but late enough to meet him out of character.

In a corner, smoking a brown cigarette, sat a vivid brunette with a face tragically brooding. A scar extended from eye to ear. Her lips were a scarlet blotch. There were deep rings under her eyes. "That," said Stiller, "is the great Baklanova." Well I remembered the great Baklanova, star of the Moscow troupe that presented "Carmen" so colorfully in New York some two years ago. Then she had appeared flashing and fiery and unforgetable. Here she was buried beneath a grim make-up. They had taken away her youth and beauty. But whatever her rôle, I venture to predict that hers will be an arresting performance.

The crowning contrast came as we were leaving the gardens of the studio for the asphalts of Hollywood. Bill Powell and Noah Beery, arch villains, apostles of darkness, were arranging a handball match with those saintly guardians of virtue and righteousness, Percy Marmont and Tom Meighan. Then Bill and Noah rode off in a Ford, while Tom wheeled Percy away in his Rolls. Virtue pays, even in Hollywood.





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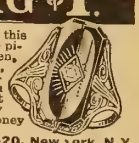
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It Was About Time!

Continued from page 68

tall—five feet nine inches. Most feminine stars are nearer the five-foot mark than the six.

"I did everything possible," she exclaimed, "to take away from my height. First I wore my hair low—slicked back, with a roll at the back of my neck. Then I put on low-heel shoes and cultivated the débutante slouch. My spinal column took on the shape of a question mark. But the strategy worked. I believe it wasn't the reduction in my height so much as the general change in my appearance. I was taken for a vamp. Those were the days when directors thought that a screen siren had to be a spineless, slinking creature with her hair pulled down tight against her head. An erect posture was too suggestive of virtue."

But to a girl who had the courage to fight on and on and on for a period of twelve years, who used to go to bed hungry and walk day after day to the studio because it cost too much to ride, a mere physical handicap such as overheight was not enough to stop her progress. She demanded real, *acting* parts. And after a while, they began to come.

Miss Astor really emerged from obscurity when she played opposite Reginald Denny in "The Cheerful Fraud." A New York dramatic critic, reviewing the picture, said:

> We confess . . . we should like to see a little more of Gertrude Astor. To our mind, this long and limber lady is one of the few really bright comédiennes on the screen. We see her this week in the rôle of a lady blackmailer in which she pantomimes the reasons for her gilded shame—quite the outstanding sequence of the picture. It is about time somebody "discovered" Miss Astor.

Another New York critic said of the same production:

> The best bit of cinema last week was the scene in w ich Gertrude Astor, as a blackmailing gold-digger, told Reginald Denny the sad, sad tale of her "betrayal" by naughty old *Bytheway*. Here was almost perfect pantomime. The story was entirely comprehensible, step by step, as Miss Astor revealed the action. She used simple and elementary gestures and facial expressions. Some of the credit, of course, belongs to Denny. His reflections of surprise, incredulity and indignation helped put the spectators in a receptive mood. I have seen many similar scenes largely in subtitles. Miss Astor and Denny revealed the better way. As a matter of fact, Miss Astor came as close to stealing the picture as is possible with the capable Mr. Denny. With this performance, added to the sparkling support Miss Astor gave to Harry Langdon in "The Strong Man," it looks as though 1927 ought to be bright with promise for this young lady.

When the blond actress finished her rôle opposite Harry Langdon, she was called by Norma Talmadge to play a rôle in "Kiki." There followed a part in "The Taxi Dancer." Recently, she has played important rôles in "The Cat and the Canary" and "The Small Bachelor."

Was it any wonder that producers began taking notice of that "long and limber lady," whose beauty and talent were bringing her such high praise and coveted rôles? Universal drew up a contract and offered it for her signature.

"We have some good pictures in view, with some splendid rôles for you," they explained.

Then Miss Astor took one look at the short row of figures written above the dotted line, and pulled her silver-fox fur a bit more closely about her neck.

"Thanks!" she drawled ironically, "but I can't write my name there just to-day!"

No amount of urging would induce her to change her mind unless the salary was raised to a higher figure. Universal wanted her badly—they wanted her for the rôle of *Mrs. St. Clare* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." So at last, an agreement was reached, and she played the part, though she did not sign a contract with Universal.

One of the greatest attributes an actress can have is versatility. The fans soon tire of any one who continuously plays the same type of rôle in the same type of film. Gertrude Astor was one who had not been allowed much variety in her rôles. But when George Jessel came from New York to make "Ginsberg the Great" for Warner Brothers, she was given a part considerably different from any she had done before—the rôle of a hard-boiled dancing girl in a traveling carnival troupe. And how Gertrude went to it!

"I'm not signing any long-term contracts now," Miss Astor says. "It seems I have earned the right to select the rôles I play. The producers seem quite willing to keep me busy—first it's one studio, then another. So I don't worry any more."

Calm, level-headed, Gertrude Astor makes you feel that she is a real student of pictures. Her brain works with feverish rapidity, yet is always weighing, assaying, appraising. She is a paradox of ice and gentleness, as occasion requires. But above all, she is an actress whose energy knows no bounds. The world will hear a lot more of her in the next few years.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 50

marry Jack Reagan, member of a prominent New York family. It was also made known that they had been friends since childhood.

A Sequel to "The Three Musketeers."

In view of the fact that "The Three Musketeers" was one of Douglas Fairbanks' greatest successes, it is good to learn that he is going to do the sequel thereto, "Twenty Years After." This isn't just a studio sequel, thought up by some imaginative scenario writer, but was written by Alexandre Dumas himself. The story, however, is much less widely known than "The Three Musketeers."

Doug is highly enthusiastic about "West of the Andes," his new film that was made under the title of "The Gaucho." He told us that it is very different in its romantic theme from anything else that he has appeared in. The picture also has a spiritual note, and in one of the scenes, a miracle is performed and a statue of the Madonna comes to life. Doug, seeking for some one to enact this brief bit, had camera tests made of many Hollywood actresses, and then decided that the only person who would satisfy his conception of the part was Mary Pickford. So he prevailed on her to undertake it.

A Lucky Break for Adolphe

Continued from page 43

that there are people in the industry who go round shouting about their forthcoming epics, when as a matter of fact they wouldn't be able to distinguish between epic and ipecac."

Her scornful tone was a delight.

"But there is something about this that does fascinate," she went on. "Much as a snake fascinates a bird, you know. I fancy myself as the bird. Rather a pretty thought. And the great god cinema is the snake. A nice snake, of course, if you're working. But such a mean reptile if you're broke and hungry and looking for a part. Don't I know!"

She was enthusiastic over her rôle opposite Adolphe.

Her contract was for the one picture, but she was fully aware of the great opportunity it presented. Moreover she was farsighted enough to realize that playing with Menjou is excellent training for any actress.

"Getting this part was a marvelous break for me," said Shirley.

And as I took a final fleeting inventory of her face, her figure, her wit, and her manner, it seemed to me that it was a lucky break for Adolphe, too.

What America Has Done for Ralph Forbes

Continued from page 74

"I like to play simple, aboveboard, perfectly human characters, fellows with weaknesses as well as good qualities—and *not* given to too much self-analysis!"

Good looking, with blue eyes, Forbes in person reminds one a bit of Reginald Denny, though not so much on the screen. Intended by his conservative family for business, he of course became an actor. After making a name for himself on the English stage, he came to America. It was while he was appearing in the New York stage production of "Havoc" that he was lured into the movies. He made his début as *John* in "Beau Geste."

He is keenly athletic, devoting his spare hours to golf, swimming, and tennis. He is enthusiastic and wholesome, with no tragedies or gloomy moods.

He used to tell me amusedly of how his wife, Ruth Chatterton, through association with his English friends, was acquiring a foreign viewpoint and an English accent, whereas he was bending every effort to become Americanized. He has undoubtedly succeeded. There wasn't a single "jolly," "by Jove!" or "old top" in our whole conversation.

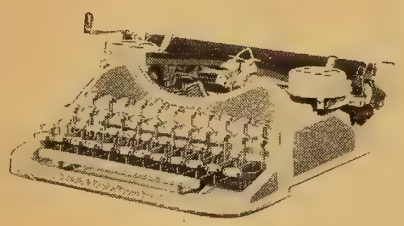
If I haven't given you his pet theories or hobbies, bear in mind that even the most inquisitive human can't find out everything in fifteen minutes, especially when at least ten of those minutes are taken up with interruptions. Anyway, maybe Mr. Forbes hasn't any pet theories. He is too soundly an American!

And why shouldn't he be? He has Scotch, French, and Italian blood. Doesn't that make him about as American as the rest of us?

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Poor Little Rich Boy!

Continued from page 23

ing. Among the ships in that film, he saw the boat he wanted.

He came to California to see if the Paramount company would sell it to him, only to find that it had been sunk off Catalina. And then, while looking around Hollywood, quite as any tourist would, the desire to visit a studio hit him. He tried to get into several as a visitor, but couldn't. So then, he applied at the Fox studio for a job as day laborer and was turned down. The gateman there advised him to go to Universal.

"*They'll* take almost anybody," he said.

So our hero started for Universal City. It was near there that he gave the aforementioned young man a lift and took him to luncheon. And through this young man, he met Gladden James, whose tales of the studios and their people fired him with the determination to break into the movies.

During the next three months he had sixty days of work—really a very high average for an extra. He worked in "Sorrell and Son," "The Wise Wife," "Dearie," and several others. He even worked for a few days in "We're All Gamblers," under the direction of James Cruze, who made "Old Ironsides." But to Cruze he was just one more extra, and Stokes didn't bother him with the story of how "Old Ironsides" had been indirectly responsible for luring one more young hopeful into the movies.

Ultimately, Sylvanus Stokes, Jr., wants to learn a lot about the technical side of motion pictures, so that he can buy a boat and go off to the far corners of the world to make pictures of his own. But first he wants to succeed as a player.

"I've met a lot of people in pictures," he told me, "who don't look like much off the screen but who certainly photograph well. Maybe I am one of those lucky ones that the camera will endow with qualities I don't actually possess. I want to find out. It's worth trying, anyway."

And later, to my inevitable question of how long he meant to stick it out, he answered, "A year. That ought to be long enough. If, at the end of a year of extra work, no director in the whole business has seen fit to give me even a bit, I'll give it up as hopeless."

But I don't believe he really will. The movies have got him. And the longer he stays in Hollywood, the more tales he will hear of people who were turned down on all sides for years, only to be taken up frantically later, and featured.

Unlike the average extra, he has a charming home and is in a position to entertain people of prominence. Dolores del Rio and her husband, Edwin Carewe and his wife, Claire Windsor, Lois Moran, Johnny Hines —innumerable picture celebrities attend his parties. But that does not mean they will give him a chance in their pictures.

As for his movie qualifications, you never can tell without an exhaustive film test. And you sometimes can't tell even then, as proved, for instance, by the well-known story of Charlie Farrell's being turned down by Paramount just one week before they hired him for "Old Ironsides."

Breaking into the movies is all a gamble, regardless of qualifications. Here is a chap who is young and good looking, but it is going to be a lot of trouble for some one to find out whether he can act or not. The economy wave is on, and one of the easiest ways of rolling up overhead is to waste time coaching a beginner in the tricky essentials of acting before the camera.

Besides, most of the casting agents in Hollywood would rather give the available jobs to those who really need the money. However, there are also directors with social aspirations who might favor young Stokes, so he gets about an even break.

If he does get a chance, and should happen to make a tremendous hit, you needn't congratulate me on being one of those who was always sure the boy would make good. I am not. All I know is that he is nice looking, charming in manner, and ambitious—and I've seen people get by with less.

But even if he should step into a place that rightfully belongs to some poor struggler to whom it means bread and butter, I should like to see Stokes succeed. Not so much for his sake as for that of others. For if Stokes' interest in films is nurtured, some day an expedition will go off to make pictures unhampered by studio restrictions, and we might have a fair chance of gaining another "Nanook," or another "Chang." And to promote any circumstance that might bring that about, I'm willing to let a few actors go hungry.

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Continued from page 56

along, but I do hope the part, the real part I have been longing for, comes soon."

There are advantages in being a blonde. Not only do gentlemen prefer them, we hear, but to colored photography they are well-nigh indispensable. At least, whenever a producer decides to make a film reflecting the various hues of nature rather than the black-and-white images we are familiar with, he summons a flaxen-haired, pink-cheeked damozel to be his leading lady.

When Lars Moen heard that Robert Kane had broken his vows to remain in New York, perjured his press agent, and gone West to produce pictures, he forthwith took possession of the Cosmopolitan studio, and Edna Murphy in all her blond comeliness traipsed from the Coast to take part in a series of two-reelers in color.

Miss Murphy, like many a girl of to-day, wears a slender chain around her ankle. Attached to the chain is a monogrammed silver disk, and for a time every one at the studio gazed upon it and wondered. Then one of those little birds who haunts studios and most places where there is something to talk about, divulged the fact that Mervyn LeRoy is her fiancé, which accounted both for the anklet and the telephone calls from Hollywood between scenes.

Romance stalked into the life of Richard Barthelmess just at the time he was being acclaimed for his splendid work in "The Patent Leather Kid." Romance appeared in the form of a charming, well-bred girl who had first won Broadway's attention in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" and who afterward earned critical plaudits in the stage production of "An American Tragedy."

Her name is Katherine Wilson. One of the most talented of the younger girls of the stage, an interesting career was predicted for her, when all of a sudden her mother announced the engagement. Miss Wilson said that her coming marriage had caused her to give up all thought of continuing her career, in spite of the encouragement she had received —which just goes to show you that no matter what the feminists may say, when love beckons to the fireside, careers fly out of the window.

All unexpectedly Lya de Putti packed her steamer trunk and went back to Europe whence she came a little over two years ago. Miss de Putti's Oriental beauty is highly prized in Germany, and for months foreign producers have been holding out inducements for her to return to the scene of her former triumphs. The Phoebus company won, and obtaining a two-month leave of absence from Universal, who made her most recent films, "Midnight Rose" and "Buck Privates," Lya sailed merrily away.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, not forgetting Baby Gloria, spent a busy six weeks in Father Knickerbocker's territory. What with leisure moments spent at Long Beach on the sands, evenings at the theaters, and taking scenes for Harold's new picture, the Lloyds had few inactive moments while in the East. He and his camera were to be found at the Battery, in Lincoln Square, Sutton Place, at the Hotel Plaza, or among the pleasure seekers at Coney Island, whither every visiting director has turned his camera during the last few months.

Once the rain cleared away—New York's floodgates were wide open during the comedian's visit—even the Sabbath was devoted to work, and early each Sunday morning Lloyd, his prop taxi and his technical staff were to be found working away at Pennsylvania Station.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

East dreaming of becoming a great movie star with producers clamoring for my services, and all that sort of thing.

To-day, I'm working in Hollywood, but not in the movies—no, in a restaurant, washing dishes. If I had only listened to advice, but I wouldn't. Hence, my present predicament.

But I still love the movies, and I have met some fine people who are on the screen. Warner Baxter, for instance. He's as real and fine as the films. I have also shaken hands with Richard Dix. He's quite as likable as he seems on the screen. I have met Richard Walling and Marjorie Beebe. Miss Beebe isn't prominent yet, but I predict that she will be. She played a small part in "Ankles Preferred." I have had a glimpse of Olive Borden, and she is as magnificent and alluring as the parts she portrays. I have also had glimpses of Buck Jones, Tom Mix, Sammy Cohen, Pola Negri, Buddy Rogers and Charles Farrell. Not one of the stars I've met has been upstage.

How did I meet them all? Well, I

merely went up and introduced myself as being an admirer of their work, which I am. And I didn't tell them how bad life seems to me, or what bad breaks I am receiving. That's my own lookout. I have sown, so I must reap, and not kick.

EDWIN NOBS.

323 West 54th Street, Los Angeles, California.

A Tribute to Myrtle Gebhart.

This is a heartfelt tribute to one of PICTURE PLAY'S writers—Myrtle Gebhart. The sincerity of her work is unmistakable and has struck a responsive note in the appreciation of all of the magazine's followers. The fans adore her. It is as one of these that I crave the space publicly to thank her for the happiness she has given me in the past few months.

Myrtle herself is as sweet and sincere as her writings. The latter have achieved their great popularity through their personal appeal—readers always feel they know the interviewer as well as the interviewed. Consequently, her mail bag rivals in bulk that of any movie star. Fans write her in appreciation of her work, as well as for personal advice and assistance; not a few send her their autograph albums to be written in. And the marvelous part of all this is that Myrtle actually does her best to answer this avalanche of mail. Perhaps she was a fan herself once, or perhaps at heart she still is one.

I believe that every fan who has the good fortune to reach Hollywood looks up Myrtle Gebhart—and no wonder. The fame of her sweetness has spread far. We have in Myrtle not the sophisticated publicist with years of hard-boiled newspaper experience behind her, but a very young woman who gets a thrill out of helping with the housework when her maid is away, and devotes much of her time to charity work. She weaves and auctions beautiful rugs for the benefit of a convent here.

Congratulations to PICTURE PLAY for the good fortune of having this splendid writer on its staff, and to all fans who have built illusions about her, because they will never be destroyed.

CONSTANCE RIQUER.

1636 N. Mariposa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

A New Game for the Fans.

If Tom and Monte Blue in and caught Mabel Ballin because some one had Ben Lyon about her, would Tom Meighan it if he said she was foolish?

If Walter Hiers a cab and has Alan Hale it, and there is just room enough for two, will Walter and Phyllis Haver ride and leave Alan and Wyndham Standing?

If Clara Bow got temperamental, would Gary Cooper up? If not, perhaps James Kirkwood!

If Gloria gave a party, would she have Harry Carey in the chairs, Tom Mix the drinks and Clyde Cook the food because Edmund Burns everything? If she had Louise Dresser, and Norma Shearer hair, would Sally Long to help?

If some one asked Mary to name a well-known man, would Mary Pickford?

If Mary Astor, would Bessie Love to let Lloyd Hughes her tennis racket? Would Glenn Hunter racket if Lloyd lost it? If she lent it to him again, would she have Kit Guard it because she doesn't Owen Moore than one racket?

If she saw a hat she wanted, would Kate Price it? If Seena wanted it too and they tossed a coin to settle the dispute, would Seena Owen it?

If he took us up in an airplane, would Cullen Landis safely?

If he wanted to get on the other side of the river, would Harrison Ford it?

If they were attacked by a bear, would Joseph Striker and Lewis Stone her?

LEONA WEBER.

6306 San Bonita Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

King and Queen of Them All.

This is the first time that I have written to "What the Fans Think," though I have been a reader of the department for some time. The purpose of this letter is to boost Ben Lyon and Colleen Moore, who I think are by far the best performers on the screen.

Can any one ever forget Colleen's vivid portrayal of *Selina Peake* in "So Big"—a performance that ranks with the greatest—or her *Sally* in "Sally," or her *Irene* in "Irene," or her *Pat* in "Flaming Youth?" It is not her fault that she was cast in such trivial things as "It Must Be Love," "Twinkletoes," "Flirting with Love" and "Naughty But Nice." Rather blame it on the near-sighted producer "who doesn't know his stuff."

And poor Ben Lyon! How I pity him. Very seldom does he get a rôle that is suited to him. First National constantly buries him in such trash as "The New Comandmment," "The Great Deception," "The Tender Hour" and "Winds of Chance." But then, when he does get a half-decent rôle, he plays it for all he's worth. He was charming as the amateur detective in "The Perfect Sap;" he was incomparable in "The Prince of Tempters;" he was wonderful in "Lily of the Dust," and he was superb in "The Wages of Virtue."

Long may he and Colleen reign as king and queen of them all!

ELIZABETH GILMARTIN.

239 Walnut Street, Dunmore, Pennsylvania.

Shakespeare and the Stars.

I have compiled a list of quotations from Shakespeare to fit the various stars.

The one-and-only Valentino—"Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed he was a *man*."

Charles Chaplin—" . . . the world's a stage, where every man must play a part and mine a sad one."

Pola Negri—" . . . one who loved not wisely, but too well."

Constance Talmadge—" . . . and many Jasons came in quest of her."

Lillian Gish—" . . . for the poor rude world hath not her fellow."

Douglas Fairbanks—"You have that in your countenance that I would fain call master."

Greta Garbo—"What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet."

John Gilbert—" . . . upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?"

Adolphe Menjou—" . . . the glass of fashion and the mold of form."

Mary Astor—"Get thee to a nunnery, go!"

Noah Beery—" . . . men . . . become much more the better for being a little bad."

Greta Nissen—"What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, as those two eyes become that heavenly face?"

Roy d'Arcy—" . . . that one may smile and smile, and be a villain."

Hollywood—" . . . more sinned against than sinning." LEA BODINE DRAKE.

Southern Hotel, Brownwood, Texas.

About Sheiks and Such Things.

Why, oh why don't we hear more about Walter Pidgeon? Here is a perfectly fascinating, unusually handsome young man who, to my mind, is the most interesting



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personality since Valentino, and yet never a word do we read about him. Something really ought to be done about it.

Ronald Colman is very popular here in Australia as are also Richard Dix and Ramon Novarro, but as none of John Gilbert's later and most popular pictures have been shown here yet we have not had much chance of seeing and judging the dashing John for ourselves.

Before I close I would like to hand bouquets to Doug Fairbanks, especially for his "Black Pirate," and Richard Talmadge, who though not generally appreciated, is an extremely charming and amusing actor, and finally an extra large bouquet to PICTURE PLAY for being the most interesting movie magazine in the world.

MISS NOBODY.

23 Knutsford Street, North Perth, West Australia.

From One Who Really Knows.

Believe it or not, girls, but Roy d'Arcy, that villain of the screen, is quite a handsome chap, and his much-talked-of cynical smile is a friendly one off screen. He has a dandy voice and sings joyously when he is at leisure. Roy d'Arcy is a classy dresser and a gentleman.

Between you and me, hardly any girl with a severe boyish bob is really attractive, but gay, friendly Leatrice Joy stands the test. While just pretty with her slick haircomb, I am sure that she would be a beauty with more hair on her head.

A beauty among beauties is Vilma Banky, and I don't mean maybe. Of a sweet and shy disposition, Vilma is in every sense an ideal woman. There is nothing actressy about her appearance.

Charles Delaney—you saw him in "Frisco Sally Levy"—is a brick of a fellow. His smile is an "ever-ready" one, his personality is most pleasing—good looking, manly, and he has a splendid physique. I can't say enough about him. I'm sure that he will become famous and that the male as well as the female fans are going to enjoy this chap on the screen. Nothing high hat about Charles, and always in a good humor on the set.

Laura La Plante is one of the reasons why "gentlemen prefer blondes." Her hair is as yellow as corn, and she sure is pretty. I was spellbound as I gazed at this little lady. She certainly has "It."

I thought I was admiring Gloria Swanson, but soon found out that it was none other than Pauline Starke. The resemblance is startling. She is a nifty dresser, and while Miss Starke is very good to look at, she impresses me off screen as more of a business woman than an actress—yet look what a splendid actress she is!

"THE EXTRA BOY."

3725½ Clarington Avenue, Palms Station, Los Angeles, California.

The Infinite Charm of Dolores.

I've been hoping for some time to see Dolores Costello get a better chance. Apparently, I shall continue hoping! Don't you agree, Costello fans, that she is being *wasted?* I think she is about perfect, and the screen's best bet just now, and look at the kind of parts she is getting! They are the sort that make you wonder what good the movies are, anyway—and if you wouldn't be better off in bed!

There is one young actor whom I have not seen mentioned here, though he deserves a great big hand. This is Don Alvarado! Watch for him, fans; he's going to make a big hit "right soon!" Some of the big screen lovers had better watch out, or they'll find they've lost their places overnight! MARRILYN MAE EDGELOW.

Lowther Lodge, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, England.

Another Scotch Joke?

I really cannot decide whether "Annie Laurie" was a joke, or an insult to poor old Scotland. Annie Laurie lived *years* after the Glencoe Massacre and in another part of the country. To quote one of the Glasgow morning papers, "The Massacre of Glencoe was a mild affair compared to the massacre of Scottish history in this Hollywood picture."

You should just have heard the *yells* of laughter of the people around me. Don't you picture people *ever* try to be like the people you are impersonating? PIP.

Glasgow, Scotland.

The Battle is Still On!

This is in answer to Irene Hart. You poor thing! Any one who cannot appreciate John Gilbert's acting needs great sympathy. Of course, he is not a saint! We grant you that. But when viewing perfect acting, do we need to go into the private affairs of a perfect actor to appreciate art?

We, too, love Miss Joy, and should be sincerely happy were there to be reconciliation there. But we are not *positive* it was *entirely* Mr. Gilbert's fault. Do you *know* that it was? About two years ago we read where Mr. Gilbert spoke affectionately of the dear little girl. Since that time he has been quoted as having been to see her often. Do you know that he has not?

We are holding our breath to see how badly hurt Mr. Gilbert is by "all this crazy stuff." We do agree with you that his finest work was not done with Miss Garbo, but have never seen him do anything we could call crazy or stuff!

A SOUTHERN GIRL.

A Defense of American Stars.

I have stood it long enough, hearing our American actresses called "mere clothes racks." When I saw John Leo's letter in this department in a recent issue I could not hold it in any longer. The idea of even comparing Pola Negri with Norma Shearer and Esther Ralston gets me. Norma and Esther are two of our best actresses. I don't care what any one says about them that is not in their favor—*it is not so.*

So Olive Borden is insipid, is she? Well, that's the first I have ever heard about it. She has never appeared in any pictures which were insipid. I like all of the American actresses that he likes and dislikes, except Lois Moran. She is a poor example of an American actress.

Yes, here's to the *American* actresses and a few foreign stars, like Vilma Banky and Renee Adoree; they are true foreign actresses. FRANK M. LETTON.

1217 College Street, Columbia, S. C.

Alas, Poor Ramon!

I should like to thank Miss Joan Perula, of San Francisco, for her recent letter in PICTURE PLAY. I, too, am growing very tired of Ramon Novarro. The sickly piffle now appearing in one magazine has caused me to cancel my subscription to that publication. We all know every star must have a certain amount of publicity—what are press agents for?—and they must earn their salaries, poor dears. But "enough is as good as a feast," and I, for one, like to choose my own favorites and strongly resent being bullied into admiring any one. Also, the articles and interviews are so full of treacle and soft soap and Novarro is made such an impossibly perfect person, that only very simple souls can possibly believe them. My advice to his press agent and his manager is: "Go slow for a bit. Let your infant prodigy

try standing on his own legs for a time. *Then* if he flops, you can boost him up again."

Meanwhile, my thanks, Miss Perula. I am glad to find one fan who has brains to think for herself.

ELFREDA PEEL.
St. John's Wood, London, England.

Another Organist is Heard From.

I was very interested in the letter from a movie organist, published in a recent issue, and I thought that perhaps you would care to hear from an organist in England also.

Having seen so many pictures—it must be thousands—no doubt I am hypercritical, but where the average movie fan sees a certain picture only once, or perhaps twice, I see the same picture three times a day, and if the picture is showing all the week, this means eighteen times!

Just think what purgatory this can mean to a poor unfortunate cinema organist, or on the other hand, if the film is a good one, what joy.

I have often been filled with genuine regret on the last screening of a real good film, but what I've said about the rubbish that is sometimes shown—well! it's a good job I can "tread on everything" sometimes and make a noise to cover up my thoughts.

And now just a word or two regarding Mrs. Olive Thompson's letter in the same issue.

It is quite plain for any one to see that this lady is, above all else, a zealous American patriot, and all honor to her for being so.

Now, we are all victims of circumstance, and circumstance has brought these people to her country, and they have prospered, but, in the name of freedom, and the right of every man or woman, no matter what their nationality, to think and act for themselves, why, I ask, does she deny them the same high feeling for *their* mother country, that she bears for hers?

Film producers do not make film stars: the film public does that, through the box office.

H. MARGATROYD FARRAR.
Regent Theater, Brighton, Sussex, England.

Gilbert is Shorn of His Crown.

What is there to rave over in Jack Gilbert, I should like to know, to launch such bitter fights between the fans? He is just an ordinary man and actor, and as for all that dramatic love stuff, it is just bunk. I much prefer seeing Dick Dix in any picture. And I would advise those fans who are always raving about the foreigners to go see Dick, the most American hero on the screen.

Also, those who don't like the foreign players had better stop hitting at them all the time. What is the good of saying all sorts of mean things about them when you don't have to see them? If a star is playing whom I don't like, I stay away from the theater, but I don't tell all my friends that that particular star is rotten, because they have a right to like them if they want to.

I like Vilma Banky immensely, also Greta Nissen and Renee Adoree. Renee had better take a few reducing exercises, though. The only foreign player I have no use for is Greta Garbo. She is only a vamp and man chaser. But then the fans will rave over anything.

I like Connie and Norma Talmadge best, and I see from some of the letters in recent issues that Connie is quite a favorite among the fans. I belong to the Movie Fans Friendship Club and have many pen pals.

M. L. H.
Elizabeth, N. J.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 59

"Judgment of the Hills"—F. B. O. Strong, simple tale of a hard-fisted mountaineer who is afraid to go to war, but eventually becomes a hero. Orville Caldwell and Virginia Valli.

"King of Kings, The"—Producers Distributing. Sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ. H. B. Warner dignified and restrained in central rôle. Cast includes Jacqueline Logan, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, and Rudolph Schildkraut.

"Knock-out Reilly" — Paramount. Richard Dix in an exciting fight film—his best picture in years. Cast includes Jack Renault, the professional heavyweight, and Mary Brian.

"Long Pants"—First National. Harry Langdon both funny and pathetic in tale of a country boy in his first long pants who comes under the spell of a city vamp.

"Love Thrill, The"—Universal. Laura La Plante in diverting farce of a girl who poses as the widow of a man falsely reported dead, and then is confronted by him. Tom Moore is the man.

"Madame Pompadour"—Paramount. Colorful film based on the story of Madame Pompadour, favorite of Louis XV., with Dorothy Gish in the title rôle, and Antonio Moreno as a radical poet who captures her fancy.

"Madame Wants No Children"—Fox. Foreign film. Sophisticated tale of a wealthy man's wife whose feverish quest for excitement leaves her no time for domesticity.

"Man Power"—Paramount. Richard Dix in implausible but interesting tale of a tramp who arrives in a small town, wins an heiress—Mary Brian—and saves the town from a bursting dam.

"Monkey Talks, The"—Fox. Unusual film of a man who poses as a talking monkey in a circus, and loses his life saving the girl he loves from a real monkey. Jacques Lerner and Olive Borden.

"Mr. Wu" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in gruesome, slow-moving film of a baleful old Chinaman's revenge for the seduction of his daughter by a young Englishman. Renee Adoree and Ralph Forbes.

"Old San Francisco"—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of girl who is kidnaped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Dolores Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

"Paid to Love"—Fox. Fairly entertaining film of beautiful dancer who is paid to snare a crown prince, but falls in love with him. Virginia Valli and George O'Brien.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of conceited little prize

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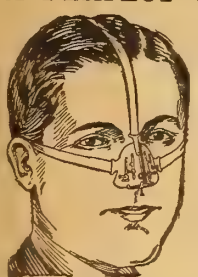


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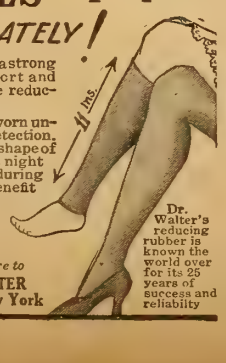
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"Poor Nut, The"—First National. Jack Mulhall in consistently amusing college film of shy botany student who pretends to his girl that he is an athletic hero and has a bad time living up to it when she unexpectedly comes to visit him.

"Prince of Head Waiters, The"—First National. Interesting though unbelievable film of glorified head waiter with a son in high society who does not know his father. Lewis Stone, Robert Agnew, Lilyan Tashman, and Ann Rork.

"Resurrection" — United Artists. Faithful film version of Tolstoy's famous novel. Dolores del Rio and Rod La Rocque both excellent in poignant story of a Russian peasant girl whose love for a thoughtless young prince leads to her downfall.

"Rolled Stockings" — Paramount. Lively college picture of the conventional type, pleasingly played by James Hall, Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Nancy Phillips.

"Rookies" — Metro-Goldwyn. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur immensely funny as two bitter enemies in a military training camp. Marceline Day is the girl.

"Rough House Rosie"—Paramount. Clara Bow romps amusingly through foolish, far-fetched story of a Tenth Avenue hoyden who breaks into high society.

"Running Wild"—Paramount. W. C. Fields in his element in clever farce of downtrodden husband and father who eventually comes into his own. Mary Brian is the heroine.

"Satin Woman, The"—Lumas. Mrs. Wallace Reid in well-acted film of mother who, to save her flapper daughter from a foolish marriage, steps in and vamps the daughter's beau.

"See You in Jail"—First National. Moderately amusing farce of a millionaire's son who goes to jail and, while there, devises an invention which revolutionizes his father's business. Jack Mulhall and Alice Day.

"Singed"—Fox. Blanche Sweet and Warner Baxter both capital in picture of a mining-town girl's desperate struggle to keep her ne'er-do-well wealthy sweetheart from jilting her for a society débutante.

"Slaves of Beauty"—Fox. Full of laughs. Story of a beauty shop that starts in the slums and ends on Fifth Avenue, with the usual triangle developing. Margaret Livingston, Olive Tell, Richard Walling, and Holmes Herbert.

"Special Delivery"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor proves himself one of the foremost comedians of the screen in highly entertaining film of a nervous mailman. Jobyna Ralston and William Powell.

"Stolen Bride, The"—First National. Gorgeous film of a bejeweled princess who remains true to her childhood love for a gardener's son. Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes.

"Ten Modern Commandments"—Paramount. Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in very good picture of theatrical life, based on the romance of a chorus girl and a young composer.

"Tillie the Toiler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy film based on the comic strip. Marion Davies excellent as the giddy, gum-chewing office girl who takes her choice between a millionaire and a more lowly suitor.

"Topsy and Eva"—United Artists. Hilarious but too long. The well-known Duncan sisters in a film version of their musical-comedy burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Twelve Miles Out"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in tale of what happens when a swaggering, ruthless bootlegger and a haughty society girl, Joan Crawford, are thrown together on the former's rum-running sloop.

"Unknown, The" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in melodrama of the supposedly armless man in a circus who, to win the girl he loves, actually does have his arms amputated, only to find her about to marry his rival. Joan Crawford and Norman Kerry.

"Venus of Venice"—First National. Constance Talmadge in gay yarn of picturesque Venetian beggar maid who is also a thief, eventually reformed by the rich Antonio Moreno.

"Wings"—Paramount. Spectacular picture of the heroism of the aviators in the World War. Marred only by a weak story. "Buddy" Rogers, Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Jobyna Ralston.

"Yankee Clipper, The"—Producers Distributing. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in beautifully filmed but trivial sea picture, based on the maritime rivalry between the United States and England in the middle of the nineteenth century.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Afraid to Love"—Paramount. Polite but tepid comedy of titled Englishman who marries a girl just to inherit some money and of course falls in love with her. Clive Brook and Florence Vidor.

"After Midnight"—Metro-Goldwyn. Uninspired picture of a prim and proper cigarette girl, her wild show-girl sister, and a crook who is reformed by the heroine. Norma Shearer, Lawrence Gray, and Gwen Lee.

"Bitter Apples"—Warner. Meaningless picture of a girl who marries a man out of revenge and then falls in love with him. Monte Blue and Myrna Loy.

"Blood Ship, The"—Columbia. Sinister sea story full of bloodshed and revenge. Not very skillfully done. Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan, and Richard Arlen.

"Broadway Nights"—First National. Lois Wilson miscast as gawky, ignorant girl who marries a vaudeville actor, becomes a big success, and is tempted by a rich producer, with husband rushing to the rescue.

"Brute, The"—Warner. Monte Blue in implausible picture of genial, simple-souled cowboy who kisses a girl, then makes the horrible discovery that she works in a dance hall!

"Climbers, The"—Warner. Irene Rich in dull, meandering tale of innocent Spanish duchess who is maliciously compromised, then banished to Porto Rico, where she falls in love with a sneering bandit.

"Dance Magic"—First National. Obscure, archaic film of country girl who comes to the big city to be an actress, with the usual dire results. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon.

"Demi-Bride, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer miscast in rôle of a mincing young French girl who steals her stepmother's beau. Lew Cody and Carmel Myers.

"Fast and Furious"—Universal. Typical Reginald Denny film, but not up to his usual mark. Story of a young man afraid of automobiles who is forced into a race in order to win his girl.

"Fighting Love"—Producers Distributing. Slow-moving film involving the amorous mix-up in the middle of the desert of an Italian princess and three men. Jetta Goudal, Victor Varconi, and Henry B. Walthall.

"Gingham Girl, The"—F. B. O. Lois Wilson in innocuous film of sweet country lass who sells homemade cookies in the city and attracts the eye of a villain in spats.

"Heart of Salome, The"—Fox. Gaudy, heavily dramatic film of an alluring European adventuress who helps a wicked baron in his nefarious operations, until reformed at last by an athletic young American. Alma Rubens and Walter Pidgeon.

"Heart Thief, The"—Producers Distributing. Dull film of a Hungarian peasant girl who marries a rich old landowner, is almost compromised by his scheming relatives, but is saved in time by the handsome hero. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

"High Hat"—First National. Foolish satire on the motion-picture world, with Ben Lyon and Mary Brian cast to disadvantage in a silly plot.

"Lonesome Ladies"—First National. Slow, silly picture of a wife who, to spite her husband, flounces off with a villain, but is rescued at the critical moment. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

"Lovers"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in disappointing picture showing the damage done by malicious gossip.

"Matinee Ladies"—Warner. May McAvoy and Malcolm McGregor in slow, dull film about a cigarette girl and a law student who hires himself out as a professional dancing partner.

"Moon of Israel"—F. B. O. Heavy, spectacular German film, laid in biblical times and based on the love story of an Egyptian Pharaoh's son. Cast includes Maria Corda and Arlette Marchal.

"Night Bride, The"—Producers Distributing. Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford in mediocre farce of a society tomboy and a young author, who start off by hating each other.

"Notorious Lady, The"—First National. Conventional society melodrama beginning in London and ending in South Africa. Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford are the husband and wife eventually reconciled.

"Orchids and Ermine"—First National. Colleen Moore wasted in thin, unamusing tale of a switchboard operator who marries a rich young man posing as a valet. Jack Mulhall is the young man.

"Painting the Town"—Universal. Glenn Tryon and Patsy Ruth Miller in an energetic but tiresome comedy of a smart-aleck young inventor and a "Follies" girl.

"Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Old-fashioned farce of speed demon who deceives his aunt into believing he's a doctor, and has to hastily improvise a sanitarium when she suddenly pays him a visit. May Robson, Harrison Ford, and Phyllis Haver.

"Sea Tiger, The"—First National. Silly film, laid in the Canary Islands, of two brothers, a girl they both love, and a trouble-making vamp from Broadway. Milton Sills, Mary Astor, and Larry Kent.

"Secret Studio, The"—Fox. Crude, old-fashioned attempt at the risqué. An innocent country girl comes to the city and is duped by a wicked artist. Olive Borden, Ben Bard, and Clifford Holland.

"Tender Hour, The"—First National. Silly film of American girl who is tricked into marriage to a dissolute Russian prince, though in love with a young American. Billie Dove, Ben Lyon, and Montagu Love.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-hat society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnaped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in a stagy, artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Manon*.

"Whirlwind of Youth, The"—Paramount. Uninteresting picture of a young English girl's shattered romance, later patched up during the war. Lois Moran and Donald Keith.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

in St. Paul thirty-two years ago, and is a bachelor. He is a brunette, six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. His new pictures include "Paradise for Two," "Knock-out Reilly," "Man Power," and "Shanghai Bound." His real name is Pete Brimmer. Marie Prevost was born in Sarnia, Canada, twenty-nine years ago. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds, and has dark hair and blue eyes. Her recent films include "For Wives Only," "Man Bait," and "The Night Bride." Write to the stars themselves for their photographs—addresses are given in the list at the end of this department. I haven't space for the descriptions and histories of the sixteen players you ask about. But you will find most of these given in this department from time to time.

SMILES.—You do like to collect pictures of the less prominent ones of the screen, don't you? Fancy even wanting one of me, when I haven't had one taken since those snapshots Cousin Rupert and I took leaning against the barn at the age of eleven. Virginia Gray is the child who plays *Little Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Pete Morrison, Lotus Thompson, Fred Humes, and Edna Marian are all working at Universal. Baby Peggy is touring in vaudeville. Rin-Tin-Tin works at the Warner studio, "Our Gang" at the Hal Roach studio, Culver City, California. I believe there are no Finnish movie stars in this country.



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W. G. K.—You must be a statistics compiler by profession! Alice Lake is five feet two inches, and weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds; Marguerite Clayon, five feet six inches, weight one hundred and eighteen pounds; Juanita Hansen, five feet, weight, one hundred and fifteen pounds; Elaine Hammerstein, five feet four inches, weight one hundred and fifteen pounds; Sigrid Holmquist, five feet five and a half inches, weight one hundred and four pounds. I haven't any descriptions of Dot Farley, Louise Dresser, or Justine Johnstone.

SHEN.—Jackie Coogan lives at 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, but you would have a better chance of securing his photo by writing to him at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. There is no Jackie Coogan fan club that I know of. Aren't you lucky to have a picture of Ivor Novello autographed for you at the stage door?

MARY MACDONALD.—Ah, you give me three cheers! My collection of cheers is growing. I'm going to use them on Christmas cards next December—"Be of good cheer," or something like that. I don't know why your letters to Lloyd Whitlock were returned from the First National and Fox studios, as he has made films recently for both those companies. At this writing, he is working at Universal. I can give you only a home address of his which is several years old—2114 Highland Avenue, Los Angeles. Bebe Daniels was born January 14, 1901. William Boyd doesn't give his birthday. He played in pictures for several years before he was featured by De Mille. He appeared in "Michael O'Halloran," "Exit the Vamp," "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," "The Young Rajah," "The Money Master," and others. He will soon be seen in "The West Pointer" and "Power." Elinor Fair's name has not been mentioned in his future casts, but she will undoubtedly appear with him again some time.

TIGER EYES.—I think you're a very bright thirteen-year-old, judging from the letter you write. Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" was Huntly Gordon. The heroine in "The Bad Man" was Enid Bennett. Larry Kent is in his early twenties. He has played in quite a few pictures besides several comedy series—"Obey the Law," "McFadden's Flats," "The Whirlwind of Youth," and "The Sea Tiger." He has been working in a Pathé serial, "The Masked Menace." William Collier, Jr., was born February 12, 1902; he has black hair and dark-brown eyes. John Bowers has brown hair and eyes and is in his late twenties. No, he has not been working regularly lately; he has been playing in a few pictures for smaller companies. The same is true of Johnny Walker, who plays for Columbia, and also worked recently in a film for Pathé, "A Princess on Broadway."

MARGARET E. M.—You're way off, Margaret. Clara Bow is not in the least related to Elinor Glyn. Clara is five feet two and a half inches, weighs one hundred and nine pounds, and has auburn hair. Colleen Moore is twenty-five years old; she is five feet three inches, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Her next picture, according to present plans, will be "Lilac Time." Mae Murray is no longer on the screen; she is five feet three inches, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Marie Prevost is twenty-nine; she is five feet four inches, and weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds. Her new film is "The Girl in the Pullman."

CANUCK.—Indeed I was envious when I saw that picture you sent me showing them unloading a carload of It—not the kind Clara Bow has. Living in Windsor, Canada, has advantages, hasn't it? Leatrice Joy was christened Leatrice Joy Zeidler. Baby Leatrice was born in September, 1924. Yes, it was sweet of Miss Joy to send you her photograph in answer to your letter of praise. I believe the ground for divorce in the Joy-Gilbert family was desertion.

BILLIE DANIEL.—See above.

THE MOTION PICTURE PLAYERS' CLUB, of which Sarabelle Reizner, 2900 West Thirty-eighth Street, Chicago, is president, asks all its members please to write. The books of the club were destroyed by fire, and the membership list and addresses were therefore lost.

A FAN.—Thanks for the information that Sally O'Neil was christened Virginia Noonan. It didn't seem reasonable that she was *christened* Chotsy, but I think she is called that by some of her friends. Richard Dix is thirty-three; he is six feet tall, and has brown hair and eyes. Buddy Rogers is twenty-three, Gary Cooper twenty-six.

TORIA M. PALMER.—I can't give you all the addresses you wish, as my list does not include stage players, nor can I keep track of actors who have retired from the screen. As to Pearl White, I know only that she is living in Paris. Irene Castle can be reached in care of the Corticelli Silk Company, 136 Madison Avenue, New York City. The last home address I have for Elmo Lincoln—several years old—is 2719 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles. Shirley Mason—Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood; Red Grange—F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. I haven't the casts for short subjects.

RONALD BARRY.—I'm afraid your club will keep right on arguing if a complete list of Doug Fairbanks' films is needed to settle the question. He has been making films for about fifteen years! He is five feet ten inches, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. I don't know his present weight.

YVONNE.—If only all my questions were as easily cleared up as the one you ask about Constance Talmadge! Her hair is very blond, but she has dark-brown eyes. Buddy Rogers is twenty-three; he worked for about a year on "Wings," and is now in "My Best Girl" with Mary Pickford. Richard Dix's real name is Pete Brimmer. Philippe de Lacy is blond, but blond hair frequently looks dark in a photograph—depending somewhat on the lighting. Loretta Young did not have a sufficiently important part in "Naughty, but Nice" to be listed in the cast.

VIRGIL CRAMBLIT.—Ohio seems to be a favorite birthplace for film stars. Dorothy and Lillian Gish were both born there, also William Boyd, Warner Baxter, Hobart Bosworth, Earle Foxe, Ralph Graves, Gertrude Astor, and Edward Martindel. Is it easy for a young man with unusual physique to get into the movies? Easy! Hah! It's terrible! Why don't you try going onto the stage first? That's the easiest way of getting "discovered" for the screen.

ANXIOUS.—*Must* you do that—dig out questions about old, old pictures, just to make me work? If Wallace Reid and Lillian Gish played together in any film besides "The Birth of a Nation," I have no record of it. In "Little Women," *Meg*, *Jo*, *Beth* and *Amy* were played respectively by Isabel Lamon, Dorothy Bernard, Lillian Hall and Florence Flinn. Claire McDowell doesn't give her age. I don't know who produced the old film, "The Broken Butterfly."

Addresses of Players.

Richard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Betty Bronson, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Hill, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathlyn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret Quimby, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, William Powell, Bebe Daniels, Louise Brooks, Noah Beery, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and Margaret Morris, at the Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Roy d'Arcy, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Lars Hanson, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Natalie Kingston, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Jetta Goudal, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Elinor Fair, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, Warner Oland, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Gertrude Short, Grant Withers, Edna Murphy, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1927.

State of New York, County of New York (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Treasurer of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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MONTHLY

Picture Play

Volume XXVII CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1928 Number 5

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What the Fans Think 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

In "The Spotlight" 15
A still of Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in a love scene from that film.

Up the Family Trees of the Stars . . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 16
The deep, dark truth about their ancestors.

Let the Lion Roar! . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 20
A visit to the M.-G.-M. studio finds him rampant.

Hollywood High Lights . . . . . Edwin and Elza Schallert 23
The choicest bits of news from the movie colony.

Are Actors Unlucky in Love? . . . . Esther Carples . . 27
Adolphe Menjou and Aileen Pringle discuss Hollywood's unhappy marriages.

They Aren't All Rich . . . . . Ann Sylvester . . 28
Surprising revelations of how some of the players have to pinch and save.

Manhattan Medley . . . . . Alma Talley . . 30
Random glimpses of movie folk in New York.

No Complexes Here! . . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 34
Evelyn Brent is one star who has no kick to make.

Favorite Picture Players 35
Full-page rotogravure photos of several screen favorites.

Who Says He's Temperamental? . . . . Madeline Glass . . 43
Joseph Schildkraut indignantly denies any such thing.

The Call of the Cabaret 44
Scenes from recent pictures featuring the dancing girl.

Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander . . 46
Fanny the Fan's fascinating gossip about filmdom and its people.

Hollywood's Millionaire Cow-puncher . . . Mayme Ober Peak . 50
A glimpse into the wonders of Tom Mix's glittering home.

A Director Who Defies the Censors . . . William H. McKegg . 53
Raoul Walsh fearlessly tackles the most daring of films.

Speedy Visits New York 55
Amusing scenes from Harold Lloyd's new picture.

The Stroller . . . . . Carroll Graham . . 56
A humorist's comments on life in the movie town.

The Screen in Review . . . . . Norbert Lusk . . 58
A critical résumé of the latest films.

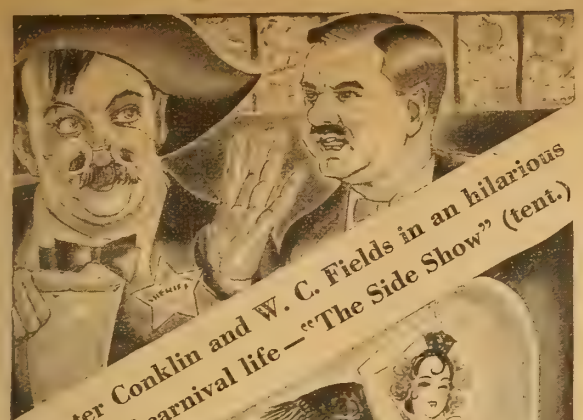
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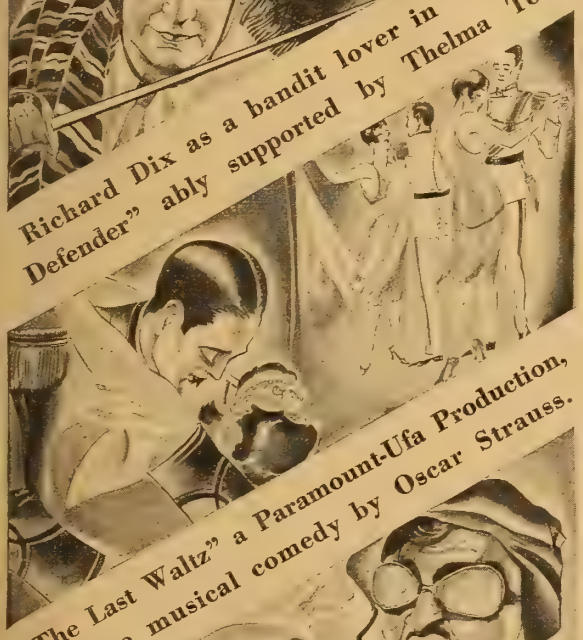
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Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields in an hilarious comedy of carnival life—"The Side Show" (tent.)



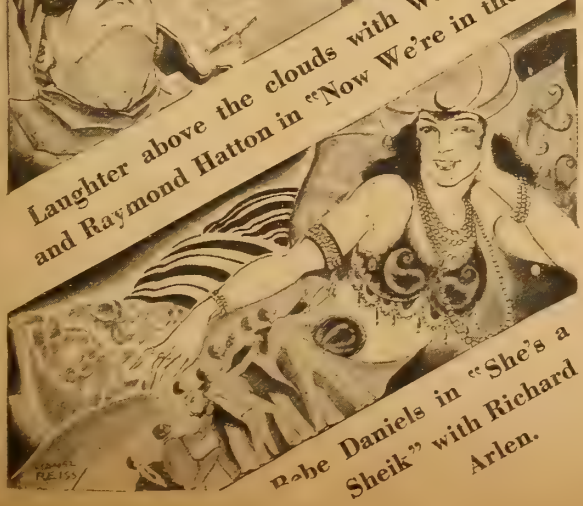
Richard Dix as a bandit lover in "The Gay Defender" ably supported by Thelma Todd.



"The Last Waltz" a Paramount-Ufa Production, from the musical comedy by Oscar Strauss.



Laughter above the clouds with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in "Now We're in the Air."



Bebe Daniels in "She's a Sheik" with Richard Arlen.

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Clara Bow in "Get Your Man."



Adolphe Menjou in "Serenade."



Thomas Meighan in "The City Gone Wild."



Esther Ralston in "The Spotlight."



George Bancroft in "Honky Tonk."

Who Is the Greatest Man Behind the Megaphone? . Virginia Morris . . 62
A comparison of the twenty most outstanding directors.

In and Out of the Studios 64
Informal photos of players both on and off the set.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases 67
Brief summaries of all important films now showing.

One Good Thing the Charleston Did . . . Alma Talley . . 68
The tale of how it brought Bessie Love back into the limelight.

Among Those Present 70
Interesting pieces of information about less-prominent film folk.

The Queen Receives . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 74
Pola Negri grants an audience to Picture Play's interviewer.

A Short Cut to Beauty . . . . . Vera Standing . . 83
It's all in the way one wears one's hair.

The Perils of Being a Star . . . . . A. L. Wooldridge . . 84
A review of the many threats that have been made against the lives and property of movie players.

Hold Everything! 86
Dare-devil scenes from recent pictures.

Boys Will Be Boys . . . . . William H. McKegg . 88
The life histories of some of the promising juveniles of the screen.

At Your Service 90
The kitchen maid becomes a movie heroine.

The Carefree Mr. Kerry . . . . . Margaret Ettinger . 91
But Norman's gayety springs from grim experiences in his past.

Information, Please . . . . . The Picture Oracle . 102
Answers to questions of our readers.

"Picture Play" Starts the New Year Right



THE February number, which will reach your hands just as the New Year is opening, will start the ball rolling toward bigger and better things in a manner that will leave no doubt in the minds of readers that Picture Play is the best magazine of the screen and will continue to hold that high place. All the regular contributors are primed to do their best work, and certain new ones are eager to vie with the old for the favor of the fans, exactly as new faces on the screen are keen to compete with the more familiar ones. All Hollywood will be combed for unusual stories and pictures, no screen personality worthy of the fans' attention will be overlooked, and Picture Play pledges itself to retain that friendly interest in all the stars and their activities that has won for the magazine its enviable reputation with its readers.



To Begin With, Why Aren't the Stars Happy?



With everything to make them joyful, contented, and thankful—as the fans see them—they are far from that. The really happy star is a rarity, despite all that has been written to the contrary. The stars are worried and discontented most of the time, even though they ride in expensive cars and live in luxury. Just what causes this state of mind will be described in the next number by Helen Louise Walker, whose canvas of Hollywood reveals not a single genuinely happy star. Read her story—it will open your eyes to the truth about the movie players' lives. And so will Ann Sylvester's story about Charles Rogers, Margaret Reid's talk with Buster Keaton, and Malcolm Oettinger's impressions of Maria Corda, to mention but a few of the illuminating shafts of light that are ready to break next month.



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When the words "A Paramount-Christie Comedy" flash on the screen — get set for a laugh. For a lot of laughs—and big hearty ones.

Every Paramount-Christie Comedy is a pack of fun because Paramount-Christie comedians and players are the best in the field.



JACK DUFFY



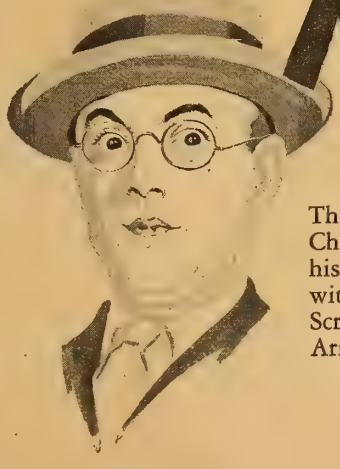
The grandpop with young ideas. They get him into a lot of trouble, but it's a lot of fun for you. See Jack Duffy in "Hot Papa" supported by Babe London, Jimmie Harrison and Gail Lloyd and in "Nifty Nags," coming soon.



ANNE CORNWALL



"Give this little girl a hand." Just half-pint size but she delivers a lot of big laughs. See Anne in "Scared Pink" with Jack Duffy, Jimmie Harrison and Cissy Fitzgerald and in "Fighting Fanny."



NEAL BURNS



The fast stepping farce comedian of the Christie family with more surprises up his sleeve than a master magician. Laugh with Neal in "French Fried" and "Mad Scrambles" with Gail Lloyd and Will H. Armstrong.

And last, but very far from least, the Paramount-Christie girls — Vera Steadman, Frances Lee, Lorraine Eddy, Doris Dawson, Gail Lloyd — a bevy of beauties that Ziegfeld would be proud of. Paramount-Christie Comedies are produced by Al Christie, for ten years the leading producer of two reel comedies. See them at the best theatres everywhere.

Paramount-Christie Comedies

What the Fans Think



A Fierce Attack on Several Recent Letters.

HAVING just arrived at the convalescent stage following a violent attack of teeth-gnashing, I find myself suffering a distressing relapse—the direct result of a worse-than-usual assortment of fan foolishness in a recent issue.

I don't take kindly to saccharine eulogies, commonly known as gush. Neither do I see any excuse for some of the letters written with the sole object of creating dissension. Some of the statements made in these fan letters are worthy of third-grade school children!

A pointed example of such infantile and deplorable waste of ink and paper was contained in a letter captioned "A Defender of Gilbert." To quote: "To be sure, I don't admire his latest choice, for from the articles I have read about Greta Garbo, both in connection with her affair with John Gilbert and her actions in the studio, I have long since drawn the conclusion that she is not all there." A girl's name was signed to this letter, yet I can't believe that a girl could have written it. My guess is that the writer is about fifteen years old—and what is commonly known as spoiled.

Besides, what any one thinks of Greta Garbo personally cannot alter the fact that she is a remarkable actress. And if the writer of the letter were capable of earning fifty dollars a week and was receiving but ten, should she be described as "not all there," if she demanded what she knew she could earn?

The "affair" mentioned I know nothing about—neither does the writer of what I can't help terming the offensive letter—therefore I shan't bother to discuss it. Hearsay is not evidence.

Regarding the other letters in the same issue, the least useful was the one entitled "Blondes, More or Less." It reminded me of a small boy of my acquaintance who divides the human race into two classes—"squareheads" and "roundheads." I don't know what he means. Maybe the fan who described Esther Ralston, and others, as "gritty" may have an idea. That particular letter was a good one gone wrong.

The opinion that John Barrymore's days of romancing are over is ridiculous. As for Eleanor Boardman's reaction to being pointed out on the street, it's just possible that the occurrence is so frequent that her smile is overworked and hence has ceased to function.

Useless—and what is worse, senseless—fan letters seem to be a necessary evil. If the majority of fans would think twice before expressing their opinions, the letters would carry more weight.

JEAN LA ROE.

1316 N. High Street,
Columbus, Ohio.

Forget the Ages of the Stars.

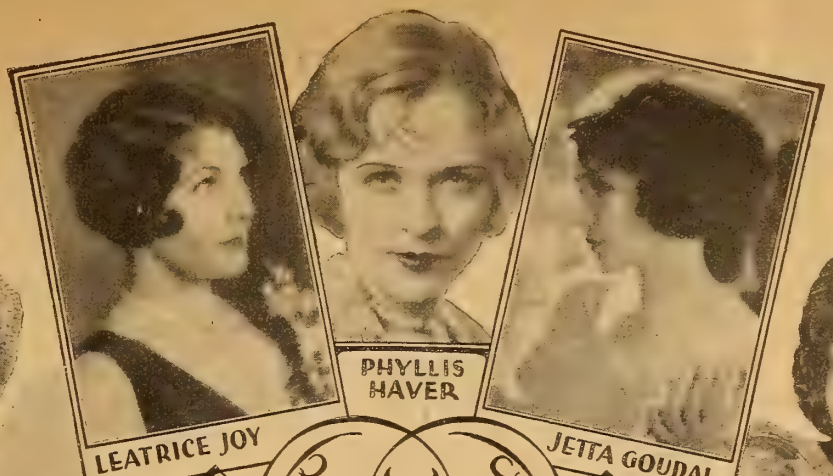
This is the first time I have broadcast, but I have long suffered in silence, so 'tis about time I had my say.

I have never read a more intelligent article than the one entitled "Is Youth Everything?" which appeared in the October issue of PICTURE PLAY. If only people *would* forget the ages of their favorites, forget their *own* ages and the ages of those about them, they would gain from life more happiness and joyous freedom than they ever dreamed could be theirs. If we would cease to ask the information department just how old our various idols are, and instead, would accept these actors and actresses for the ages that they seem, everybody would be far happier. For, if the players *seem* young, if they *look* young and *act* young, why in the name of all that's fair aren't they young? Some people have youth at fifty; others are old at thirty.

A few months ago, a friend of mine was buying every movie magazine she could lay her hands on, to find news about her favorite—one of the screen's leading actors. But, recently, when I saw her and asked her if she had seen his latest picture, she replied, "No, I haven't, and I don't intend to—I found out his age, and would you believe it, he's almost fifty!" As long as she hadn't known this, she had been childishly happy in her admiration of this player. He had seemed to her to be young and handsome and fascinating, until she discovered the number of years he was able to check up for himself. He hadn't changed any; if she hadn't found out his age, he would have continued to possess the fascination and charm she had attributed to him. And now, simply because he has been on earth a few years longer than she had supposed, she doesn't like him any more! Silly, isn't it?

A famous authority once said that women are neither interesting nor beautiful until they have reached thirty, and that the most interesting period of a man's life is after he has passed forty. Many of the screen actors

Continued on page 10

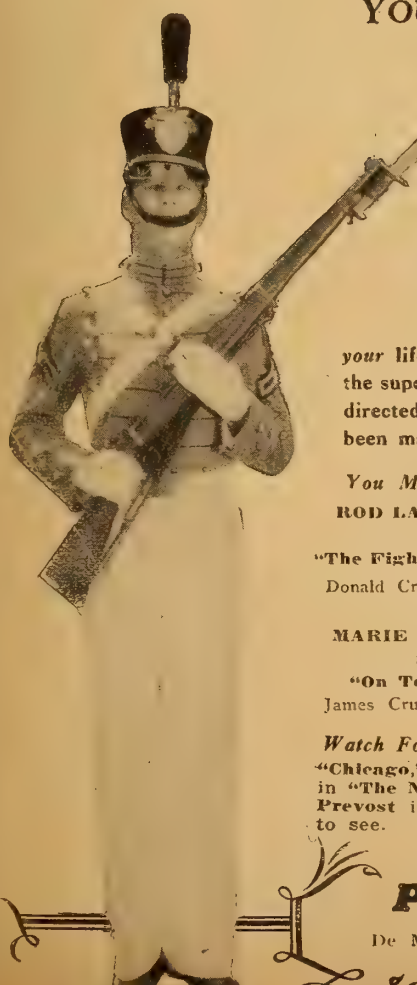


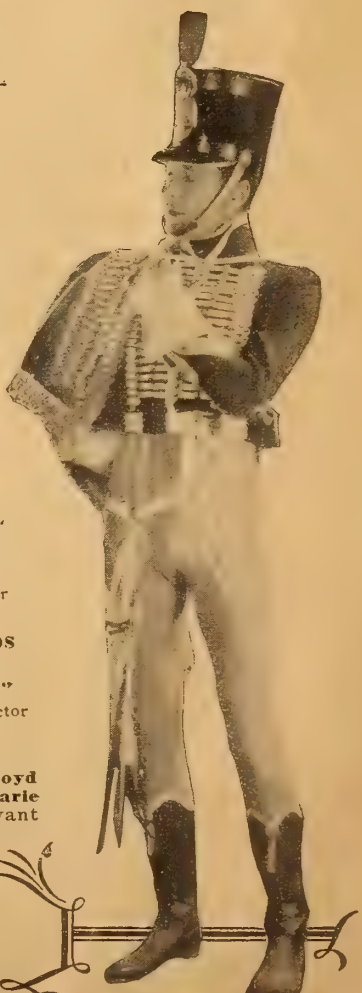




THE ROMANCE OF THE ROLES THEY PLAY

YOU CAN MAKE IT YOURS, ALSO





To you who know the singularly vivid Rod LaRocque—
The winsomeness of the lovely Leatrice Joy—
The orchid-like Jetta Goudal—
The brave masculinity of William Boyd—
The lithe and alluring Vera Reynolds—
The blonde beauty of Phyllis Haver—
The perfect poise of the ultra-modern Marie Prevost—
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ROD LAROCQUE in **"The Fighting Eagle"** Donald Crisp, Director	**LEATRICE JOY** in **"The Angel of Broadway"** Lois Weber, Director	**JETTA GOUDAL** in **"The Forbidden Woman"** Paul Stein, Director
MARIE PREVOST in **"On To Reno."** James Cruze, Director	**WILLIAM BOYD** in **"Dress Parade"** Donald Crisp, Director	**VERA REYNOLDS** in **"The Main Event"** Wm. K Howard, Director

Watch For

"Chicago," with **Phyllis Haver** and **Victor Varconi; William Boyd** in **"The Night Flyer"; Leatrice Joy** in **"The Blue Danube"; Marie Prevost** in **"A Blonde For a Night"**; and many others you'll want to see.

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WILLIAM M. VOGEL, General Manager

Continued from page 8

are handsomer to-day than they were ten years ago; in their maturity they possess something finer, something more compelling, than they did in their early youth.

We may take John Barrymore as an example, since he, along with Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan, Adolphe Menjou and others, is one of the most maligned because of his years. I have two photographs of him—one as he appeared twelve or fifteen years ago, and one as he is to-day. The years have enriched him rather than detracted, for he is far handsomer to-day.

Barrymore is the same age as Douglas Fairbanks, in whom small boys and grown-ups, too, still delight as a hero of swashbuckling adventure. But Doug is not considered old. And neither is Barrymore, except by those who feel antagonistic toward him. Then they take a whack at his age in an effort to even things up. But his fans, and they are legion, know that he is still young, gloriously so, and will remain for many years the personification of romance. A few shadows may come into his face, but its beauty cannot fade so long as the spirit within stays forever young. C. C. B.

265 E. Bellevue Drive, Pasadena, California.

Barrymore Old? Nonsense!

"Barrymore's Days of Romancing Over?" I should say not! I think that Aline Miller was rather contradictory in her letter in the October issue. Does she realize that "Beau Brummel" was released only two years before "Don Juan?" If Barrymore pleased her in the former, surely a lapse of two years should not make much difference in him. Although Barrymore is not to enact *Cellini*, I think it would be entirely fitting for him to do so. Recently, I have seen reissues of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and of "Beau Brummel," and it seems to me he appears younger in his latest films than in those.

Barrymore is not the only actor that I like to see. I like any good picture, no matter who is starred, if the acting is good and sincere. But I place Barrymore in a place by himself. Margaret F. Burton.

8926 N. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

The Question of Fan Clubs—Are They Honest?

In a recent issue of Picture Play, Miss Loudance brought up a subject that is causing a lot of discussion. I quite agree with her—why should fan clubs conducted in the right spirit and in all sincerity be cheapened by a few operated under false pretenses, merely as a means of extorting money from unsuspecting fans?

As president of The Claire Windsor Club, I received numerous complaints from prospective members who had been disappointed in certain fan clubs, and were so disillusioned that they almost hated to try another—they wondered if all were the same. Naturally I am very much interested in fan clubs, so decided to do a little investigating of my own. I wrote to various clubs for information about joining. I found that clubs charging the highest for dues, and offering everything, are the least reliable; for after they receive your money, they don't even bother to write. Dues charged are from one dollar to two dollars. On the other hand, clubs that charge a nominal sum of twenty-five or fifty cents, and don't make rash offers of this and that, are really the most sincere in their efforts.

Many fans wonder why they are charged membership dues. They don't seem to take into consideration that no authentic club or organization can be operated without some financial backing.

Helen Bennett.

8008 Rawlings Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

I fully agree with Genevieve Loudance in regard to fan clubs, and I should like to say a few words for and about an excellent club that I joined a few months ago.

The Movie Fans Friendship Club, of 226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Illinois, is a club that is honest in every sense of the word, and the *Movie Fans' News* is an interesting little paper that is published for and by the fans every two months. Each issue is dedicated to two or three stars, with brief sketches of their careers and current films. If a member becomes ill, his or her name is listed in the "Shut Ins" department, and the other members try to make the unfortunate ones happy by sending them little remembrances and writing them cheerful letters.

We have a long list of honorary presidents, which includes Patsy Ruth Miller, Colleen Moore, Olive Borden, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, Richard Dix, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, George O'Brien and Carl Laemmle, and just recently, Ruth Roland was added to the list.

Sometimes it is not the fault of the club if the fans who join do not get as much from the club as they expected. They have a promise to fulfill as well as the club. They must boost their club, answer all letters received, and do other little things that would make it a success. Otherwise, they have no right to complain.

Mary Louise Zebroe.

Y. W. C. A., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

In answer to the letter from Genevieve Loudance, I wish to say that as a rule, fan clubs are honestly run. As president of the Helen Ferguson Friendship Club, which has over seven hundred members, I feel I am privileged to have my say.

Most clubs charge only twenty-five cents a year, and twenty-five cents is a mere trifle in running a club, when you consider the expenses of stamps, stationery and printing. The trouble is that most fans pay their dues, then sit back, fold their hands, and demand action. What we must have is coöperation from each member. Claire J. David.

62 W. Dedham Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Commemorate Rudy, Yes—But Stop Gushing!

Can one be said to know a man personally when one has seen him for only one short afternoon? The answer is obviously, "No!" In Miss Stanhope's letter in a recent issue, she said, "I knew Mr. Valentino personally, and I unhesitatingly say that he had the most beautiful nature I have ever known in a man."

One of the few reasonable letters about Valentino that has appeared in Picture Play in months—that from Miss Elinor Garrison—of course had to be answered by letters overflowing with sentimental *gush!* Miss Stanhope is the president of the Valentino Memorial Guild and she once said that one of the things that the guild is supposed to oppose is "gushing sentimentality!" One of the things that Valentino most disliked was hysterical sentimentality and female gush, and yet this guild, which has set itself to uphold him, seems to have few other qualities! Is it fair to Rudy?

Miss Stanhope said in her letter, "Why should he not be commemorated? Why should we not form guilds and clubs to uphold him?" There is no reason, but if you do it, for heaven's sake, cut out the gush!

I would like to quote a paragraph from another letter in the same issue—from Genevieve A. Loudance. She said, "When we organize a club in the name of a screen celebrity, we should remember that we are using that person's name and popularity as a fundamental of our success as a club. We should at least respect the name of the celebrity, in whose honor we have organized, as we would like to have our own name honored under similar circumstances." Joy Douglas.

1 Trafalgar Square, London, S. W. 3, England.

Why Not Forget Him?

In a recent Picture Play, Mercia Stanhope stood her ground for Valentino. I admire her spunk in doing so, but why should she waste her time arguing? True, he was a great lover, but that was all. There can never be any one to take his place, but more than one star can act as well as he did. Besides, why rave over a foreigner? Girls go crazy over the dark-skinned foreigners, when there are millions of sunburned Americans who are a whole lot better. I make a move to forget Valentino and fight over the American boys for a change.

I think Ben Lyon's fans have completely forgotten him. He is my favorite. The rest of them are just actors and actresses.

Hope Barahm.

3214 Plymouth Court, Tampa, Florida.

Miss Garrison Sticks to Her Guns.

Just a short reply to Miss Mercia Stanhope's protest about my Valentino letter, which appeared in these columns some time ago.

My letter brought many answers, and perhaps Miss Stanhope will be surprised to know that more than half of them agreed with me, and these letters came from all parts of the world.

But most of all, I want to emphasize the fact that it was *not* Valentino himself I was protesting against, but the fans—those who are carrying to extremes the methods in which they are advertising their mourning for him.

I'm glad Picture Play printed my letter, for through it I have found out that there are many others who feel as I do, and I want to thank all those who answered me. Elinor Garrison.

Seattle, Washington.

Another Voice from the Other Faction.

Miss Elinor Garrison can know nothing of that finest of human instincts—to crown with immortal praise all those who, in a world that is perishable, serve imperishable beauty. There is no nobler service than to relieve the sadness of the world, and the comfort and hope Valentino brought to millions were every bit as substantial a form of philanthropy as the giving of large sums of money.

Valentino's brave life and death, his rising to fame and success after poverty and failure, the immense hold he had on the affections of the world because of the pleasure he gave it, are to be forgotten as soon as possible because Elinor Garrison is insensible to a noble memory! She grudges the natural desire of the fans to manifest gratitude, and does not hesitate to sneer at letters which have been especially remarkable for their beauty and sincerity, as real grief is not easily expressed.

What a pitifully sour outlook and so

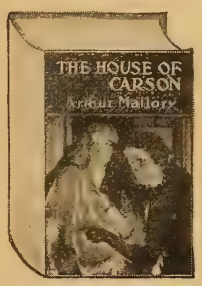
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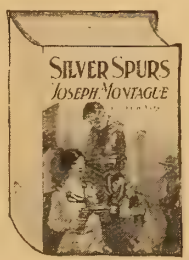
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The struggle of a young engineer against the forces of nature and the stubbornness of man. A breath-taking novel of the new "super-power" that comes from falling water out in the great timber country. A story that you won't put down until you have read it through to the end.

THE TELLTALE PRINT

By **Christopher B. Booth**

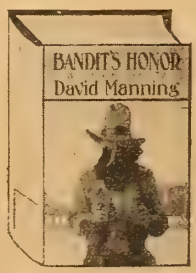
A Detective Story

One of the most enthralling stories to come from the pen of this master of mystery, wherein is introduced the novelty of an ordinary police detective who is not dumb. His solution of a murder makes a quick-paced narrative that takes the reader off his feet.

BANDIT'S HONOR

By **David Manning**

A Western Story



Here is a man fighting his way back to an honorable position in society. Most men's hands are against him; he has a few loyal friends. His heroic struggle against odds will win you over to him, heart and soul—all set against a real Western background.

CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers :: 79 Seventh Avenue, New York

Continued from page 10

totally different from that we are accustomed to, from generous, warm-hearted Americans. A. E. PATTEN.

2 Audley Square, London, W. 1, England.

And Another Protest Against Gush.

I wish to make a loud protest against the letters from Valentino admirers. These fervent epistles do not convince anybody of his virtues and charms—rather they tend to make one dislike Valentino more than ever. I could see some reason for these letters right after he died, but now I find them most annoying. If his admirers are still so grief-stricken, more than a year after his death, they ought to form a club, and correspond among themselves, and not bother others with their gushy letters.

Next, I wish to know why Claire Windsor is on the screen. She is supposed to be very beautiful, but I find her listless and dull. Dolores del Rio, Norma Shearer, and Greta Nissen are all just as beautiful and certainly much more animated. Claire cannot act at all.

I also wish to protest against a remark made in these columns in a recent issue to the effect that Renee Adoree had done little of note since her performance in "The Big Parade." True, she has done nothing sensational or startling, but she has done consistently good things, which is more than many actresses can say.

An article in a recent PICTURE PLAY asks if youth is everything. I don't think it is. My favorites include such people as Lillian Gish, Emil Jannings, Florence Vidor and Ronald Colman, none of whom is very youthful. I like mature actors and actresses, *if* they play parts in keeping with their maturity. It is when they play youthful rôles that I get mad.

Now for some compliments. I'm sure Alice Joyce must have a beautiful character, if her face is any index to her nature. It is more than mere physical beauty that animates her face. It is more an inner poise and calm. I would hesitate to call her an inspired actress, but her loveliness makes any rôle she plays worth while.

My biggest compliment to "Beau Geste," and everybody in it. I think Ronald Colman and Noah Beery gave the best performances, with Neil Hamilton and William Powell not far behind. I think that is the type of thing Ronald is best suited to, and not gypsy lovers, as in "The Night of Love." And Neil Hamilton is so boyish and altogether nice; I hope he gets some more good breaks. I like Ralph Forbes awfully well, too, except for one thing, and he can't help that—his eyes. They are such a light color that they don't seem to register on the screen at all, and it gives him a most odd appearance. Otherwise I like him very much.

Lillian Gish I consider to be *the* actress of the screen, without a single rival. Dolores del Rio might be a possible rival if her work was not marred by many movie mannerisms.

Last but not least, I want to say a kind word for Lars Hanson. He isn't very good looking, but I think he is fine looking, for he has character in his face. And he can act. ALICE L. KING.

536 Lowell Avenue, Palo Alto, California.

Why Be So Belligerent?

I wish to compliment Mercia Stanhope on the splendid letter she wrote in answer to Miss Garrison's rather one-sided opinion regarding the late Rudolph Valentino. Miss Stanhope left practically nothing unsaid, and the faults which Miss Garrison dragged up at this rather late moment, as analyzed by Miss Stanhope, are the things which made Rudy likable, and a person worth erecting a memorial for. A person faultless and perfect is a person unnoticed by the multitudes. Rudolph certainly put up a wonderful fight against embarrassing odds, and deserves every good and lasting comment showered upon him.

And still the war rages over John Gilbert! Miss Dorothy Kendall seems to be rather hurt about the things said about her favorite, but it seems to me that Leatrice Joy and Greta Garbo must have had burning ears after the paragraphs she wrote about them. It doesn't hurt much to say you don't care for a person, but to go and say "she is not all there," is not exactly the most polite or the most pleasant thing to say. Hard feelings are so easy to get, and hard words are so easy to say, but one little word of encouragement seems to stretch a very long way. Think it over, Miss Kendall.

I personally haven't any real favorites. I like every actress and actor on the screen. Some seem a little nearer and dearer at times, but all in all, I cannot name one that I could say anything against that I couldn't blot out with something nice. Perhaps some of them are growing old—and so will all of us—but are there not newcomers to be encouraged? And we can like the old players just the same, provided they play suitable rôles. I wouldn't like to see the beautiful Alice Terry, stately and wonderful as she is, adopt the childish features and the frisky ways of our young flappers. And I wouldn't want to see dear little Clara Bow, the life of the party, turn old-maidish and prudish. Don't you see how they all fit in? Some day Alice will leave us nothing but beautiful memories; some day Clara will play stately, adorable rôles, but just now, we have the players as they are—why be discontented?

I don't see why you all fight over favorites—I can't understand it at all—so won't you please explain it to me? These letters monthly don't do it, for they merely present an everlasting flow of abuse or flowery speeches, with only occasional common-sense letters.

I agree with Eloise Holland, "If you can't boost, don't knock."

PEARL MCLAUGHLIN.

137 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

Some Fans Are Too Rude.

I have always been very much interested in "What the Fans Think" and, in fact, turn to it first of all when I open PICTURE PLAY, but I do think that some of the writers are much too rude in their letters, and I sincerely trust that some of the actors who are so badly insulted do not read these letters. My policy, if I do not like an actor or actress, is to stay away from their pictures and not let them worry me, which I am sure is by far the best idea.

By the way, why don't the powers that be take up Leslie Fenton and give him the rôle of Clyde Griffiths in "An American Tragedy?" I have read the book and think he would be splendid in the rôle. I think his is one of the most criminally neglected talents there is. Here is an excellent young actor who at the best gets but small character rôles which usually kill him off in the first reel. Why?

I went recently to see the première of "College," Buster Keaton's new picture, and thought it was one of the best he has ever turned out.

I see about four to six pictures a week, most of which are American, but whenever I can I see a British film, and while they have been pretty weak up to the present, I do think we are getting a grasp on what is the correct manner of producing a film. However, I do not think even the worst of British films are quite as bad as some of the poorer American films. Some American films are just too bad for words.

I am eagerly awaiting William Haines' new films, as none have been shown here since "Brown of Harvard."

I have seen "Ben-Hur" twice, but am rather disappointed in it, as I am a very keen Novarro fan and I do think the story and the spectacular way it has been produced rather dwarfs the personal element. However, I am looking forward to his new films and think that "Old Heidelberg" is a very good story for him.

W. G. T.

30 Maida Hill West, Paddington, London, England.

What Do They See in Novarro?

We ask the Ramon Novarro fans what they see in their idol? We have read with great amusement the many letters which have appeared in "What the Fans Think" in defense of Novarro. We used to think that the general opinion of Novarro was that he was a perfectly ordinary, nondescript young man. That's what he seems to *us*. Then, Malcolm H. Oettinger dared to criticize him, and ever since PICTURE PLAY has been swamped with indignant letters.

We should like to ask *what* Novarro has done to deserve such extravagant praise? He is fairly good looking, but he lacks magnetism. He has played in two important films, "Scaramouche" and "Ben-Hur." "Scaramouche" was good, but surely Alice Terry and Lewis Stone contributed just as much, or more, to it than Novarro. As for "Ben-Hur," we did *not* consider that such a great film. Novarro's acting in that consisted of throwing his arms about and looking fierce. In our opinion, Carmel Myers was the only one in the film who was convincing.

May we not suggest that a certain young actor whom the fans persistently ignore is ten times better than Novarro? We refer to Joseph Schildkraut. He impressed us so much in "The Road to Yesterday" that we immediately acclaimed him our favorite, and yet we seem to be the only fans who have noticed him. Why *does* everybody seem to think that he is of no importance? He must be worthy of higher attention from the fans or Cecil DeMille would have chosen somebody else for the rôle of *Judas Iscariot* in "The King of Kings."

Aren't there any Joseph Schildkraut fans in the world? If some of you *do* like him, please speak up.

TWO JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT FANS.

96 Endlesham Road, Balham, London, England.

A Case of Comparisons Being Odious.

May I take exception to the letter of L. B. D. in a recent PICTURE PLAY? Has the writer never heard the trite but particularly appropriate saying, "Comparisons are odious?" Why can't fans laud their own favorites without flatly decrying all the others? Each one of us is entitled to an opinion, and it's fortunate they don't all coincide.

L. B. D. wrote of blondes, enumerating several very charming and lovely ones, but concluding by naming several "exceptions"—one of whom was Anna Q. Nilsson—adding, "I can't see any beauty in them; they remind me of a stretch of sandy road, dry and hard and very gritty."

It's a very stupid simile, and one that hardly holds, certainly not in Anna Q.'s case. I have long been an admirer of her

Continued on page 112

An S. & S. Magazine Subscription

is the Ideal Christmas Gift

Very soon the holiday season with all the gayety and delight of it will be upon us. "What to give" for Christmas is already becoming the question of the hour. But for many the joy of Christmas will be dimmed because of the vexatious problem of gift hunting.

What an array of useless articles is given at Christmas, simply because the giver either does not know what the friend would like, or dreads the endless searching in crowded shops for things that will please and still be within the limits of the Christmas purse.

And what can be a more practicable, acceptable, inexpensive, sure-to-please gift that can be offered to both men and women friends—something for every age and taste—than a gift of an S. & S. magazine subscription?

It will eliminate the searching, selecting, wrapping, and sending of different gifts because you simply give us a list of names and addresses with the name of the magazine that is to go to each, inclose the proper remittance, and leave the rest to us.

A beautiful announcement card will be sent in your name to arrive in the Christmas mail, and your friend will have a gift that will last throughout the year reviving the sentiment behind it with the arrival of each copy.

HERE THEY ARE—

Something for Every Age and Taste

Magazines	Issued	In U. S. A. and Possessions	To Canada	To Foreign Countries
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STREET & SMITH CORPORATION

79 Seventh Avenue **New York, N. Y.**

GRETA GARBO
in
THE DIVINE WOMAN



The M-G-M
"Look, See and Remember" Contest
Win Norma Shearer's $50.00 This Month!

IF you don't think the millions of eyes out there in the darkened house see things, you ought to read our mail here in the M-G-M Studios. If our stage director uses a new kind of telephone cover, appearing for only a few feet of film, some woman will write in to find out where she can get one. If our costume director creates a new negligee, a dozen women will write in and ask where it may be obtained. Indeed there are seeing and remembering eyes out there in the seats.

Come now, you folks who see below the surface, and have a try at answering these questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman I will send a check for $50.00 and the tiara head-dress worn by Greta Garbo in "The Divine Woman." To the writer of the best set of answers from a man I will send a check for $50.00 and the beret cap worn by Lars Hanson in the same picture. To the writers of the fifty next best answers, whether from men or women, I will send an autographed copy of my latest photograph.

Yours sincerely,
NORMA SHEARER

THE flaming star of the North!
SOON she will appear
IN a brilliant, new screen play.
MORE exciting than "Ibanez' Torrent."
MORE seductive than "The Temptress."
MORE romantic than even
"FLESH and the Devil"
GRETA Garbo is indeed
"THE Divine Woman."

GRETA GARBO *in* "THE DIVINE WOMAN"
with
LARS HANSON and LOWELL SHERMAN
Adapted by Dorothy Farnum from Gladys Unger's play, "Starlight"
A VICTOR SEASTROM PRODUCTION
Directed by VICTOR SEASTROM

METRO
Goldwyn
MAYER

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Norma's Five Questions

1 Which do you consider Greta Garbo's greatest M-G-M picture to date, and why?
(Please answer in not over 150 words.)

2 Give book title and author's name which furnish the theme for the forthcoming M-G-M picture, "Love," with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

3 What member of a famous stage family appears in M-G-M's "The Thirteenth Hour"?

4 Name the M-G-M stars whose names are commonly associated with these slogans: "The Smart Aleck," "The Prince of Romance," "The Man of 1000 Faces."

5 Name four pictures in the production of which M-G-M has received cooperation of the U. S. Government.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Question Contest, 3rd floor, 1540 Broadway, N.Y.** All answers must be received by January 15th. Winners' names will be published in later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of "The Big Parade" Contest of October
WILLIAM H. DILLARD
U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Tallapoosa*
Mobile, Alabama
ELIZABETH COLLIER
Wills Point, Texas
Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in a tender moment from "The Spotlight," in which the beautiful star plays a plain girl from the country, who makes a sensational success on the New York stage as a temperamental Russian importation. All goes smoothly until she finds herself in love with *Brett Page,* but dares not tell him of the deception, because she fears he will turn away from the girl she really is.

Up the Family

What do we find there? Were their fathers and mothers, grand them that they have inherited their acting talents? Strange families, and if we delve into their genealogies, we discover that

By Myrtle



Fred Thomson is descended from an illustrious line of scientists and ministers.

WHO were the ancestors of the stars? Who are or were their fathers, mothers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers? What were the professions and nationalities of their ancestors? In short, what forbears produced the beauty, talent, and personality that flash across the screen?



Many of Lilyan Tashman's ancestors were Polish army officers.

Strange to say, few of the film players have sprung from theatrical families. Most of them are sons and daughters of business men, lawyers, engineers, ministers, or army officers.

The business man progresses deliberately, as a rule. He lacks the fire and the impetuosity of the artist. Yet his sons and daughters seem to make the most successful movie stars. The army, too, may well be proud of the number of players it has given to the screen. And the ministry is a profession that was followed by many of the players' forefathers. I was surprised, too, at the number of engineers and lawyers among the parents of the film stars.



Buster Keaton was born a son of vaudeville players.

From where, then, one may well ask, have the players inherited their dramatic instincts? Yes, there is drama in business, striking drama occasionally in the army, and in the ministry one meets tragedy on every hand. But none of these occupations suggests the dramatic background which one expects in an actor's or actress' genealogy.

Frankly, one is disappointed. One does not like to picture the blond, pig-tailed Vilma running along by her father's plow, Lillian stopping in at the office to visit her father on his high stool, or Mary running down to "the yards" to see if dad's train is late. Where, in the stars' genealogies, is there anything to account for their dramatic gifts? Let's climb up the family trees of some of them, and see what we find.

Florence Vidor is the descendant of an aristocratic English family.



Bebe Daniels' ancestry is colorful and interesting. Her maternal grandmother, daughter of an Argentine family, married, after a whirlwind courtship, an American in the diplomatic service. On the paternal side of Bebe's family tree are engineers and diplomats. Both her parents, however, were on the stage when she arrived in this world.

In Pola Negri's veins there flows the fused blood of Hungarian and Polish patriots. Her father, she has told me, was a gypsy violinist who became involved in a political uprising and was exiled.

Mary Pickford's ancestry is not without interest.

Trees of the Stars

fathers and grandmothers also actors and actresses? Is it from to say, very few of the players have sprung from theatrical their ancestors have done almost everything else *except* act.

Gebhart

Her mother's people migrated from Ireland to Canada, engaging there in trading and business. Her father, John Smith, was purser on a lake steamer plying between Toronto and Ontario.



Jacqueline Logan's father was a noted architect.

Gloria Swanson inherits her pride and fighting spirit from her father, an army officer.

Florence Vidor's maternal grandfather was a gentleman rancher. His father, of the English nobility, married an Irish peasant girl, was disowned, came over to America and settled in Louisiana, built up a fortune which the Civil War swept away, and died penniless and broken. Miss Vidor's exquisite deportment suggests her aristocratic English ancestry, but who can see any trace of the Irish peasant maid in the poised and flawless Florence?

Though Jetta Goudal has been rumored to be partly Chinese, partly Hawaiian, and partly a dozen other nationalities, only this much is definitely known of her ancestry—her father was a lawyer in Paris.

Edmund Lowe, who is a mixture of English, Irish, Spanish and Scotch, has a picturesque family history.



That such a lovely flower as Vilma Banky sprang from a farm in Hungary is surprising, but none the less true.

One of Esther Ralston's grandfathers was a clergyman, the other a doctor. Colleen Moore's father chose engineering as a profession. The father of the Talmadge girls was an advertising man, and Mary Philbin's dad is a Chicago railroad man. Lillian Gish was born in the little town of Massillon, Ohio, where for three generations the family had lived, and where her father was an office clerk. The men of Norma Shearer's family have for some generations been engaged in business pursuits



Janet Gaynor's father was a business man.

in England and Canada. Janet Gaynor's father was a business man, Corinne Griffith's a Texas railroad official. Olive Borden's ancestry combines Irish and English blood, and both Virginia and Massachusetts are represented in her parentage. Her father was a civil engineer.



Ramon Novarro's father was a Mexican business man.

Douglas Fairbanks inherits his restless virility and pioneer spirit from the early days of colonization. His ancestors were among the many who voyaged over to this country on the *Mayflower*. And from the moment his forefathers stepped down the gangplank, they started doing things. They settled down in Massa-



Lillian Gish's father was an office clerk in a small Ohio town.

of color and his dramatic instinct, and from one of Cortez's conquistadors he no doubt gets his restlessness. Ramon's father was a business man in Durango, Mexico.

Edmund Lowe's family history is picturesque. He is English, Spanish, and Irish, with a dash of Scotch. On his father's side is a long line of stanch, adventurous English forefathers. His father's great-grandmother, Mary Tuckwell, came over on the *Mayflower*. His grandfather, James R. Lowe, the first landscape gardener in California, came around the Horn in 1852 from

Mary Pickford's Irish ancestors migrated to Canada and settled down in business.



chusetts and helped to build up New England. Each succeeding generation has been prominent in business and civic activities. The old family home is located near Boston, and there the present generation holds a reunion each year.

From his Aztec ancestors, Ramon Novarro inherits his love



A civil engineer was Olive Borden's father.

Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Edmund's mother was born in County Antrim, Ireland. Her father's people were all Irish. Her mother was Scotch and Spanish. Ed's great-great-great-grandfather, Don Luis Ortega Tristan Alhelm Pacheco e' Pasada, commanded one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, sunk off the coast of Scotland.

One of the most illustrious family trees in Hollywood is that of Fred Thomson, whose forbears were scientists and ministers. James Thomson and his brother, Lord Kelvin, were noted scientists. And one of Fred's ancestors was an archbishop.

Joseph Schildkraut combines four racial strains. From his father he gets Rumanian and Turkish blood, from his mother Hungarian and Spanish blood.

Rod La Rocque is English and French. His father, who was a hotel man in Chi-



Virginia Lee Corbin is descended from a princess.

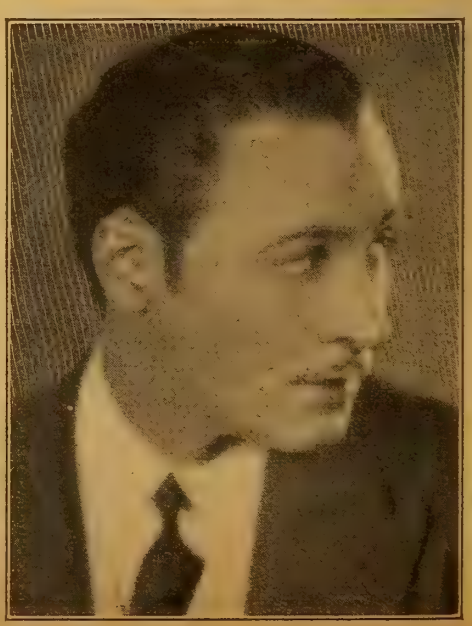
Ronald Colman is of conservative English stock. His ancestors include soldiers, barristers, and ministers.

The Barrymore brothers spring from a brilliant line of theatrical folk, who have written many triumphs into the history of the theater. The father of John and Lionel Barrymore was Maurice Barrymore, their mother Georgia Drew. The late John Drew was their uncle.

Jack Gilbert's grandparents were stage people, and his mother was Ida Adair, actress.

H. B. Warner's father was Charles Warner, the English actor.

Rod La Rocque springs from an old French family boasting many soldiers.





Lois Wilson counts among her ancestors numerous English squires and clergymen.

heroes, for his ancestors, for many generations, have been army officers, including his father.

For two hundred years the forefathers of Wallace and Noah Beery were sons of the soil, farming in Kansas, whither they had migrated from New York.

One of Adolphe Menjou's grandfathers was a lawyer. His grandfather on his maternal side was a landowner. One of Emil Jannings' grandfathers was an artist, the other a musician. His father manufactured harvesting machines.

William Boyd is the son of a Cambridge, Ohio, civil engineer. Charlie Farrell's father, of old New England stock, is a movie



Renee Adoree, from France, is one of the few players who comes of a theatrical family.

cago, was descended from an old Bordeaux family, whose men had been soldiers since the sixteenth century.

I could not learn the profession of Richard Barthelmess' father, but his mother was formerly an actress.

It's quite appropriate that Tim McCoy should play army



Norman Kerry's father was a wealthy manufacturer.

exhibitor in Massachusetts. Tom Mix's father was a Texas rancher. And with his Irish ancestry, of course George O'Brien's father is a chief of police—in San Francisco.

Charlie Chaplin's father was a performer.

Harold Lloyd's forefathers were farmers in the hills of Scotland and Wales. Since the family's emigration to this country, the men have been small-town bankers, business men, and local politicians of the Middle West. One distinguished member of the family was James G. Blaine, who was a candidate for the presidency.



John Gilbert's grandparents were stage people, likewise his mother.

Harry Langdon is descended from the John Langdon who was a delegate to the Continental Congress and to the convention which framed the Constitution. History records this distinguished statesman's career. Harry's great-grandfather and grandfather were scenic artists His father specialized in painting theatrical curtains and back-drops and was also an orator in a small way. You find in Harry his father's artistic gifts but none of his loquaciousness.

Behind Reginald Denny are generations of theatrical ancestors. His grandmother was Mrs. Henry Leigh, famous English actress, and his father, H. W.

One of Esther Ralston's grandfathers was a minister, the other a doctor.



Denny, a Gilbert and Sullivan actor.

Buster Keaton's parents were vaudevilleans. Monty Banks' father was an orchestra leader, and his mother a dancer.

Virginia Lee Corbin is descended from a princess. The story is this: In 1015, John

Cont'd on page 94



Let the Lion Roar!

Metro-Goldwyn's king of beasts is fairly bellowing over his triumphs these days, and a visit to his domain out in Hollywood leaves our contributor with the impression that it is just about the most fascinating studio in the film colony.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

AS we go wheeling to press, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is dominating the celluloid industry. The educated lion is kinging it out in the jungle of overnight stars, efficiency experts, imported playwrights, and high-powered cars. The monarch of the forest seems to be a successful mascot for picture-makers. For during the past year, M.-G.-M. has produced the most important array of films, and the most satisfactory from every viewpoint.

One of the Hollywood Cassandras breaks a brittle spear in behalf of Fox. "Seventh Heaven" and "What Price Glory," coupled with "Sunrise" and "Loves of Carmen," have made this a Fox year, she avers stoutly. But though Fox has Del Rio, McLaglen, Gaynor, Farrell, and Mix, Metro-Goldwyn has Garbo, Chaney, Shearer, Gilbert, Gish, and Novarro. It is an uneven battle.

And in addition to these proven box-office stars, the Metro lot boasts a collection of rapidly rising youngsters, including the sure-fire Mister Haines, the vivid Joan Crawford, the steadily growing Eleanor Boardman, and the potentially brilliant Dorothy Sebastian, who was handicapped originally by one of those ill-advised flying starts. These Metro-Goldwyn has, as well as two of the most indisputably dynamic personalities in captivity—Aileen Pringle and Renee Adoree.

Paramount puts up a better argument than any of the other contenders, but on the basis of the past year's releases, Metro-Goldwyn retains supremacy. At the risk of losing my welcome at many a glittering gate, I must reiterate—in front of all these people—that the lion is roaring.

Once past the demon doorman of the M.-G.-M. studio, who is a combination customs inspector and Cerebus, you stumble upon interesting people in every corner of the spacious lot, with its proud, white façades and vast stages. You come to regard the confines of Metro as an active museum of famous artists. Here is Greta Garbo climbing the stairs to her dressing room to eat her lunch in solitude: there is Marion Davies lending herself to the arms of Conrad Na-



Dorothy Sebastian and Aileen Pringle, says Mr. Oettinger, are two good reasons for visiting the M.-G.-M. lot.



A sunny porch off the studio café is reserved for the leading players. In the picture above, may be picked out Dorothy Sebastian, Polly Moran, Gertrude Olmsted, Jackie Coogan, Karl Dane, Lew Cody, James Murray and Aileen Pringle.

gel as the cameras click; Ramon Novarro contributes to film history by carrying Marceline Day into a darksome cave; just round the corner, Norma Shearer submits to close-ups.

You permit yourself a rousing glimpse of Jeanne Eagels in the fervid embrace of John Gilbert. You gaze in awe at Lillian Gish rocking a cradle that has no baby in it. You tell yourself that you must be dreaming as you see a flock of Alaskan dogs trotting across a snowy mountain that ends as abruptly as it begins—half a mountain, in fact.

Easily the most colorful studio on the Coast, is Metro-Goldwyn. And efficiency is also present without persistently rearing its dragonlike head. Things run smoothly, yet you never hear the creaking of the machinery. During my stay in Hollywood, I was at the M.-G.-M. studio on several different, highly informal occasions, and at all times the atmosphere was as calm as a cooling zephyr. If you think this might be written of any movie lot, you are greatly mistaken.

As many as ten film dramas were being made ready to be put into tins when I peered about under the stimulating guidance of Howard Strickling, the studio's minister extraordinary to visiting potentates. Mr. Strickling is a model combination of humor and tact, blending a pretty cynicism with a mellow philosophy—in all, an ideal companion to take one through the studio labyrinths.

We saw Karl Dane and the little Arthur fellow indulging in some of the slapstick destined to rock audiences with mirth from coast—geographically speaking—to coast. Gwen Lee, looking calmly beautiful, was standing in front of an arc light permitting Ruth Harriet Louise to photograph her. Miss Louise, by the way, proved to be an attractive brunette. Metro-Goldwyn specializes in beauty. Wasn't there that blonde—those blondes—in Hunt Stromberg's office? Wasn't there Miss Pilkington, with her warming smile, in the Strickling sanctum? Weren't there Pringle, in person, and Adoree, herself, and Garbo and Crawford and Shearer and Boardman? But don't let me go berserk, all for a melting smile. This story must be coherent or nothing.



Betty Sanford is the studio manicurist, but she also plays small parts in occasional films.

"You should see Dorothy Sebastian," said Howard. "You knew her when. You will find her a leading lady now, and quite a big girl. Step this way."

Just then, a limousine swept up, and we appropriated it—after Roy d'Arcy had alighted with a smile and a cane and a flourish. Discovering Renee Adoree on a near-by set, we tucked her in with us and set out for the Tourjansky location. This was not a new game, I was assured. Tourjansky was simply a new director. Some one had seen a Russian picture and had cabled an offer to the director. He had come to America and waited for a year before being assigned a film. It was his hard luck, I thought, to draw a Tim McCoy epic, but if there *have* to be McCoy pictures, of course *some one* must direct them. It's the law of the desert, or something like that.



A bird's-eye view of a street set built for "The Student Prince." In the foreground—behind the set—may be seen soldiers and other extras waiting their turn to take part in the scene.

Arriving at our destination, we found a Mexican village blooming. Peons and señoritas and palmettos and stilettos were scattered lavishly about, and swarthy faces fringed in beard were the general rule. In the middle of the village square, Tim McCoy was nobly tossing bouquets of cactus and chili con carne to Dorothy Sebastian, vivacious and Spanish in a shawl and a comb that was even higher than the heels of her slippers.

McCoy is a tall, well-planned actor who looks exactly like that—a well-planned actor. He was immaculate as to boots, silken shirt, twelve-inch belt, breeches, and sombrero. He entirely filled the rôle of a great outdoor hero of the silver sheet. I didn't speak to him for fear of having my illusions shattered.

"We have fun, just acting all day," said Miss Sebastian, joining us. "Don't we, Renee?"

La Belle Adoree beamed affirmatively. "Every day is a laugh!" she said.

It was high noon, and at the stroke of twelve, M.-G.-M. indulges in a quaint custom locally known as putting on the feed bag. We all climbed aboard the limousine and trundled back to the commissary.

This is a sublimated cafeteria, with a sunny porch reserved for stars, executives, and Kiwanis Club presidents. Howard Strickling craftily commandeered a table abutting that occupied by Laurence Stallings, Irving Thalberg, Jack Gilbert, Joe Farnham, and Joan Crawford. At another table, Bill Haines and Ed Sedgwick planned gags for "West Point." Beyond them, sat King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman. At our table were Sebastian, Adoree, and Pringle, three good reasons for any one to visit Louis B. Mayer's camera gardens.

Hunt Stromberg, one of the youngest and most successful of film supervisors, came over to welcome me. "What you don't see, ask for," he advised. "The West greets you. Cut yourself a piece of cake."

After our luncheon, Renee was called to the fitting room, and soon afterward Sebastian departed for the great open spaces—a slave to her art. Then Pringle was carried off by Lew Cody. So there we were, quite desolate, until whom did we spy but Kathleen Key, looking dark and lovely. Hollywood is like that. You never know what bit of luck is lurking round the corner.

"I've been tested to a crisp," said Kate, "and I crave recreation. What do you suggest?"

"Give up testing for jesting," said Howard. The motion was carried, and we were off.

As we left the commissary, we passed the most ferocious set of whiskers that ever frightened a barber. "Don't shoot," said Kate, "it might be Lon Chaney." And it *was* Lon Chaney!

Meandering on our way, we came upon the Coogan family busy on a sunlit platform. Jackie and his little brother were patiently posing for pictures that were eventually to appear in the magazines. Coogan père was directing the ordeal, with Coogan mère at his side to coach.

"Make brother smile, Jackie," called Mrs. Coogan peremptorily.

Jackie obediently tickled the child's ribs. A grin resulted.

"Fine!" shouted Mr. Coogan. "Shoot it, Joe."

They were an odd group—the father tall, gangling,

Continued on page 100

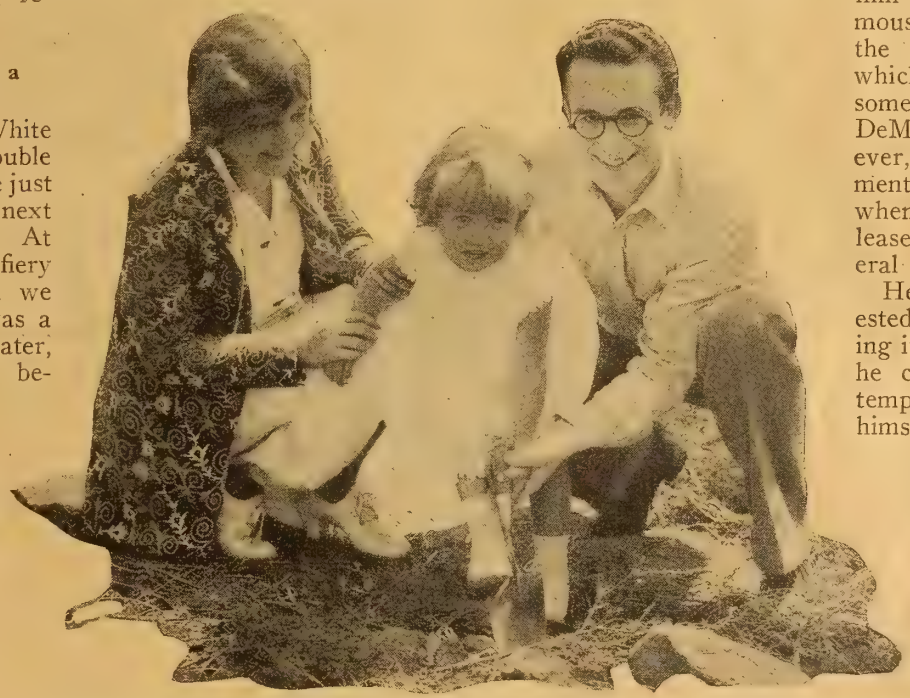
Hollywood High Lights

Interesting items of news from the world of the picture players.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

FRANZISKA PFEFFER—that is the highly seasoned name that some one recently tried to wish on Gloria Swanson. A gentleman living in Jugoslavia wrote to her claiming her as his niece, and pleading with her to return to the homeland. Gloria has suffered many things, but this was about the strangest thing that had ever happened to her.

The return of Gloria's husband from his trip to France doubtless served to resuscitate her spirits after the experience of being mistaken for Miss Pfeffer. The joyful reunion of the marquis and Gloria set aside the rumors of a separation that arose when he went abroad. The marquis will be able to remain in Hollywood for six months before returning again to his native land to have his passport renewed.



Baby Gloria, with mother and daddy to help her, digs the first spadeful of earth for the foundation of the grand new home that the Harold Lloyds are going to have.

How to Become a Flapper.

Little Alice White gives us a lot of trouble trying to determine just what will be the next color of her hair. At present, it is a fiery auburn, but when we first saw her, it was a deep brown; then later, as we remember, became blond.

If she is trying to emulate Clara Bow, it would seem that Alice has gone through the necessary three stages to become the ideal flapper. Clara also was successively brunet, blond, and titian. She has remained the last-named shade for some time, so perhaps it is the correct one. At least, it has been a lucky shade for her.

Alice's future seems well assured, as she is playing the rôle of *Dorothy* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." We hear, too, that she is to be specially billed in "Helen of Troy."

Bebe Bites the Dust.

That near-classic ditty, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride," has a new adaptation, and Bebe Daniels is its heroine. This version should be entitled, "Thanks for the Horseback Ride," and the deep-dyed villain in the case is a rambunctious horse.

Bebe, on location at Guadalupe for "She's a Sheik," set out one day to return to camp. She went alone, and on horseback. On the way, the horse encountered a troupe of camels used in the picture, and as there is a certain natural antipathy between horses and camels, Bebe's mount shied violently and threw her. She landed in the sand, so wasn't hurt, but she was considerably shaken up.

As the horse did not stop to wait for her, Bebe was offered the use of a camel on which to continue her journey, but she decided that that means of transportation might prove even more precarious than the first, so she trekked some two miles over the sand to her destination.

"And that's the first time," she says, "that I've ever walked home from a ride."

A Satire on Murder Trials.

It has been done with much secrecy, but the facts will out. Cecil B. DeMille is directing "Chicago," the film based on the famous stage satire on the farcical way in which murder trials are sometimes conducted. DeMille's name, however, probably won't be mentioned on the screen when the picture is released, except as general supervisor.

He became so interested in the story during its preparation that he couldn't resist the temptation to make it himself. So, when "Chicago" comes to the screen, you will know the reason if it seems to be replete with the famous DeMille touches.

The Reunion of Two Geniuses.

While we are on the subject of directors, we must also tell the news about Ernst Lubitsch. It looked for a while as though he would never make a picture for Paramount, to which company he has been under contract for over a year, but at last he is about to make a Paramount film called "The Patriarch."

At one time, the company wanted him to direct a film version of "Abie's Irish Rose," but nothing more ridiculous could be imagined. Fortunately, Lubitsch's contract allows him complete freedom in the selection of his stories.

"The Patriarch," based on a well-known novel, is an historical romance about Paul I. of Russia. Emil Jannings has the leading rôle. He and Lubitsch should make a great combination. They formerly worked together in Germany.

They Gave Their Lives for Art.

The extremes to which publicity agents will go in their efforts to urge along the fame of a star are ex-

emplified in the instance of Lane Chandler, whom Paramount is boosting as a Western star. Consider, for instance, this item of high tragedy and sacrificial drama, taken from one of the press sheets issued by the publicity department of the studio:

One rattlesnake, two elks, one cow and ninety Belgian hares gave their lives that Lane Chandler might be clothed in true cowboy style for the screen version of Zane Grey's novel, "Open Range."

The same sheet, further along, refers to Fred Kohler, the new heavy, as the "wolf of the screen." That probably means that he gobbles up scenes with a vengeance.

How to Invite Your Friends to a Party.

Carmelita Geraghty recently gave an afternoon reception that was very enjoyable, but the cleverest thing about it was the way in which she worded her invitations. Describing the location of her home, and the way to get there, Carmelita wrote:

The street is so quiet and exclusive that the Chinese Theater uses it for free parking space, and the comedy companies use it for a studio. Often our front yard is filled with dummies, reflectors and props, and once I was late for work because a camel was lying down in the driveway.

Across the street from our home lives Jimmy Young, the director, and also Rod La Rocque and his bride, Vilma Banky. Mary O'Connor, the scenario writer, lives behind us and raises pigeons. It will be difficult to miss the place.

The occasion of this gathering is a celebration of the first quarter of my contract with the Sennett Studio; also to promote good fellowship and dignified publicity.

We can only add, Carmelita deserves it—the publicity, we mean.

Introducing Mrs. Sojin.

If you know Mr. Sojin, the Japanese actor, who has played numerous parts in the movies, including the insidious Chinese prince in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad," and a big part with Lon Chaney in "The Road to Mandalay," you will doubtless be interested in knowing that Mrs. Sojin is also to make an appearance in pictures. She has an important character part in Gilda Gray's "The Devil Dancer," in which Mr. Sojin is also cast.

Mrs. Sojin was at one time leading woman of the Modern Players Society at the Imperial Theater in Tokio, but since coming to America, has been content merely to be an onlooker while her husband went ahead with his career. She probably would not have returned to dramatic work, had not Al Raboch, the director of "The Devil Dancer," prevailed on her to do so.

The Sojins were quite famous on the stage in their native land.

Eddie Lowe's Deep Dark Past.

It takes one's old-time teachers to tell the terrible truth about one's youth. Edmund Lowe can vouch for this.

While he was working on "Balaoo," which sounds like something about the Fiji Islands, but is really a mystery story, he was visited at the studio by a professor who had taught him dramatics at college. His ex-mentor looked him over while he was playing before the camera.

"Eddie," he said, "you're doing splendidly, and I always knew you would. When I used to hear you speak the speech of *Spartacus* to the gladiators, I was sure that you would be a great hit in the *silent* drama!"

A Happy Change for Madge Bellamy.

Madge Bellamy has good reason to be cheerful these days, and she is. A star is always cheerful when he or she is nicely catalogued, but between cataloguings life is more or less miserable. We mean by this that, to be really happy in the movies, one has to change one's type occasionally, remaining any one type only so long as it is popular.

Madge's misfortune was that she remained an ingénue for too long, but she achieved a happy transition about a year ago when she played in "Sandy." In that film, she at last broke away from demureness.

Her next Fox picture, we are told, is an hilarious affair called "Very Confidential," and she is finishing up another amusing production now called "Free and Easy."

Though the recognition may seem somewhat belated, Madge is now looked upon at the studio as a very clever comedienne. And as there are, after all, few real comediennes in pictures, her future looks nice and rosy.



Wallace Reid's widow and son Billy contribute to the fund for his memorial. In Mrs. Reid's hand is a picture of the proposed window in Wally's memory in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Not So Happy for Lois Wilson.

The status of Lois Wilson's hair is attracting much interest these days. She bobbed it, you remember, at the time of her revolt against sappy parts about a year ago. But now, Lois is letting it grow again, and we wonder whether this means that she is reverting to her original type.

Whenever she is asked about it, she smiles and says the reason she is letting her hair grow is merely to fill the requirements of her changing

career, and to please her fan following. We're more than glad if it means that Lois will be her natural self again. Her gesture of sophistication did not become her.

Her sister, Constance Wilson Lewis, who was married three or four years ago, has been playing with Lois in "Coney Island." And as you know, Diana Kane, her other sister, is soon to be married to George Fitzmaurice, the director.

A Thrifty Divorce.

"I see," said Jack Mulhall to Charlie Murray, "that Connie Talmadge obtained her divorce from Captain MacIntosh in Scotland."

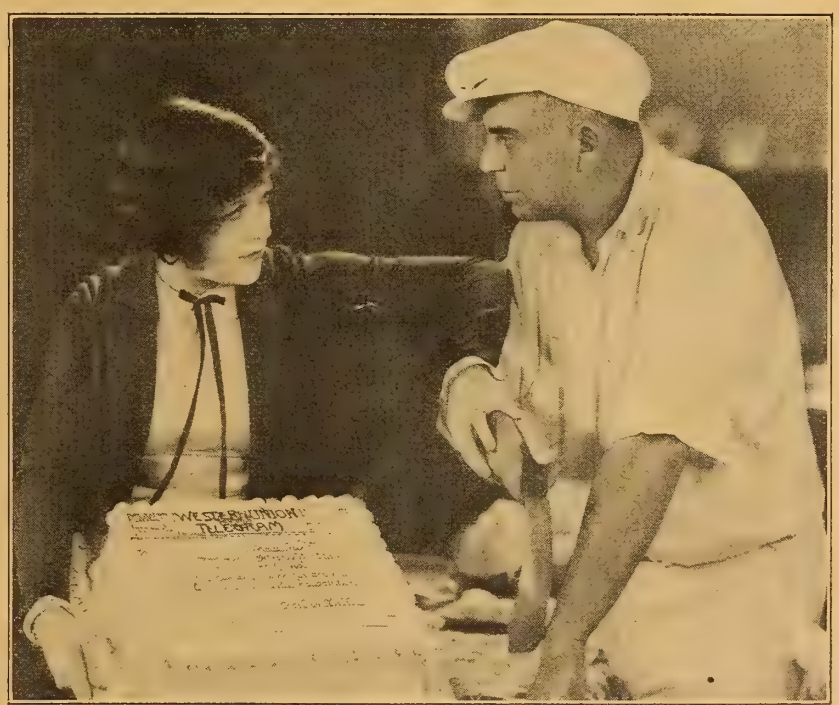
"Yes," responded Charlie. "It must be the result of the economy wave."

Jack Gilbert and Baby Leatrice.

Are Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy going to be reconciled?

The only indication of any such thing that we have been able to discover was Jack's presence at the third birthday party of Leatrice II. His arrival was a complete surprise, occurring toward the end of the celebration. Leatrice was quite overwhelmed by his sudden appearance, and Jack himself was obviously agitated.

Out in the garden, he affectionately embraced his little daughter, and tenderly placed a strand of real pearls round her throat. Tears came into his eyes at his first greeting, but these soon turned into the characteristic Gilbertian smile. He then posed for a picture with mother and daughter.



James Cruze tries to cut the "telegram cake" sent to him by Cecil DeMille on his first day at the DeMille studio, but Marie Prevost thinks it's too good to ruin.

Little Leatrice was dressed in a miniature replica of her mother's gown, which was a full-length, pale-pink bouffant organdie, trimmed in blue. Many famous cinema children were guests, and went into ecstasies over a donkey and cart, in which they drove themselves, and over an organ-grinder and monkey, not to mention the ice cream and huge birthday cake.

Corinne Sells Her Home.

It is said that Corinne Griffith doubled her money when she recently sold her home in Beverly Hills, and we don't doubt it, in view of the business acumen that this serene and lovely star has already evinced on numerous previous occasions. Her English manse, with its picturesque, roaming gardens, was purchased by Mrs. Thomas H. Ince for $186,000. Corinne isn't leaving Beverly, but is planning to build on another piece of property that she owns there—probably an Italian renaissance villa.

Another Broken Engagement.

"We're both young and so we've decided to wait."

Thus Janet Gaynor made known the breaking off of her engagement to Herbert Moulton, former newspaper man, now a movie actor.

"We think just as much of each other as we ever did," she went on, "but it's too soon for us to talk about marriage. So we have decided not to be bound by an engagement for the time being, anyway."

Her rising film fortunes undoubtedly had *something* to do with this change in Janet's romantic plans, and she is probably quite right to choose to fulfill her career before entering into matrimony. She *is* just a youngster, enjoying her first flush of fame, and when has the débutante not had the right to remain fancy free, either in the social whirl or the film whirligig?

Herbert Moulton has played in several pictures, including "The Trail of '98."

That Long Count.

Speaking of marriages, there is one bit of patter going the rounds in Hollywood that was inspired by the Dempsey-Tunney fight:

"When you think of Mae Murray, you think of her prince; when you think of Gloria Swanson, you think of the marquis; but when you think of Estelle Taylor, you think of the count."

Happily Ever After.

Devotion pays. This is proven in the instance of Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis, who were recently married. Hal, who is chief of the publicity department of the Warner Brothers studio, paid court faithfully to Louise over a period of several years. Louise secured a divorce from her former husband, and as soon as the interlocutory decree expired, she and Harold obtained their license to wed.

There was no flub-dub of sentiment about their attitude toward each other in public during the time that their romance was developing, but there was every evidence of congenial companionship. And this makes us think that their marriage should turn out very happily.

Two Say Yes, Two Say No.

If you know Neal Burns—and you must if you are in the habit of seeing Christie comedies—you will be glad to learn of his recently announced engagement to a very pretty girl, Joan Marquise, who has done work on both the screen and the stage.

Marian Nixon, who was formerly married to Joe Benjamin, the prize fighter, recently denied a rumor that she was engaged to Wesley Ruggles, the director.

"We are just good friends," she said.

Then, in tactful style, Miss Nixon praised Mr. Ruggles' directorial ability, while he in turn lavished adjectives on the star's beauty and charm, and said that he would consider himself most fortunate if he were her fiancé. A duly dignified and complete carrying out of the social graces!

The Troubles of Francis X. Bushman.

How the fortunes of an idol decline after he has passed the peak of success, may make interesting reading, but it also has its depressing side.

Francis X. Bushman's recent vicissitudes are a case in point. Bushman was sued by his first wife, Josephine Fladuene Bushman, for some $50,000 in back alimony payments, but contested the suit. He made known, among other things, that though, in his heyday as a star, he had received as much as $10,000 a week, he was now satisfied to get $500 a week when he was working. He indicated by this that his former wife would have to alter her demands as a result of the changed conditions. At the time of his divorce, he had agreed to make a cash settlement, he said, of $40,000 on his wife, and pay her $500 a week, in addition to buying and furnishing a home for her.

Since that time, Bushman has also been divorced from Beverly Bayne.

At the Opera.

Among the ardent opera fans in Los Angeles this season, have been Julia Faye and Myrna Loy. Myrna's devotion to the opera is new so far as we know, but Julia has been a devotee for several years. During the past few seasons, she has missed only two or three performances.

Some of the stars who have been good attendants in the past have not been so much in evidence this season, but the reason is easy to discover in the fact that everybody has been so exceptionally busy at the studios. The movie companies have been allowing very little time off, and pictures this fall have been made very quickly, with extra demands on the players' time.

Jimmy Cruze, by the way, can again boast of a record for fast shooting. He recently made a picture in eleven days. This was "On to Reno," starring Marie Prevost.

Obituary.

Death continues to take its toll in the film colony. George Nichols, the well-known character actor, recently passed away at the age of sixty-two. He was a veteran of the old Biograph days, and had made his last appearance on the screen in "White Gold," as the embittered old father. He had been in pictures almost since their beginning.

Hughie Mack, the stout comedian, recently died of heart disease. He also was an old-timer, though a much younger man than Nichols. Mack won his first part in the movies because he looked so funny that he made the late John Bunny laugh. An undertaker by profession, he was one day drawn by curiosity into the old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn. That's when Bunny saw him, and laughed. The Vitagraph people decided that, if he was funny enough to amuse their star, he could also entertain the public. So he was hired.

The death of Sam Warner, one of the family group heading the Warner Brothers organization, moved the colony very deeply. Warner had been a kind friend to many players during his lifetime.

His principal duty lately at the Warner studio had been to supervise the Vitaphone productions, and because of his intricate experience in this pioneering work, his passing has been a distinct loss to the organization.

Weighed by the Court.

Southern California judges are going to have a lot to do in the near future, if they don't watch out. For, under a newly passed law, they have to sponsor the contracts of minors in the movies.

The newest wrinkle is that some of the youngsters, in their contracts, have signed pledges to keep thin, as, for instance, Sally Phipps of Fox, and Lucille Miller of Sennett's. So wouldn't it be funny if trouble came up over one of these contracts, and a set of scales had to be moved into court while a solemn arbiter went through the process of weighing his charges to see whether they were in the right or in the wrong?

Up to Expectations.

Little Sue Carol quite came up to our expectations when we saw her in Douglas MacLean's "Soft Cushions." She is one of the prettiest ingénues we have glimpsed in ages, and is already in great demand.

Do they think they're being æsthetic? George K. Arthur, Charlotte Greenwood and Karl Dane act foolish between scenes of "Baby Mine."



Old Thrills Renewed.

Fans can rest assured that they will soon see "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This long-awaited picture has almost become another "Ben-Hur," in the delays that attended its filming, but at last it is all shot, cut, titled, and down to footage, and we have even seen it at a preview.

Universal has high anticipations for the success of "Uncle Tom," and their hopes seem justified. They have made a somewhat epochal picture of the old South and of the slave trade, with a great deal of human interest.

Continued on page 96

Are Actors Unlucky in Love?

Adolphe Menjou and Aileen Pringle brilliantly discuss the failure of marriage in Hollywood and point out some of the causes.

By Esther Carples

WE wanted to know why love dies among movie folk. Why does it die? Adolphe Menjou gave us a cigarette. Aileen Pringle served us a luncheon of calf's head *vinaigrette*. Why does love die? Wouldn't Monsieur Menjou and Aileen Pringle know?

You can imagine these two at a Ritz tea, and belonging there, or at the Savoy or the Carlton in London, or at the Crillon in Paris, commenting on human frailty and doing it to perfection.

You could probably match them against Margot, Countess of Oxford and Asquith, and the patricians who sign their names to cold-cream ads. You would choose Menjou and Pringle, wouldn't you?

Monsieur Menjou did have a diagnosis, but he wanted to leave out names. If the reader wants to supply them, he may. We carried a load of memories ourself.

Not long ago, in a blur of lights after the theater on Broadway, we saw one of the principals in a recent divorce waiting in the wet fog for a taxi. She was so beautiful and frosted—like the princess a little boy would dream of. She looked as if there were nothing left for her. Malcolm St. Clair spoke to her, but she did not seem to hear. Does love *hurt* in the movies?



"Privileged people have always taken love lightly and always will."—Aileen Pringle.

Menjou smiled. "Well," said he luxuriantly, "actors are paid to make love. We make love every day. No, we are not in love, but a fragrance of hair, a smile—we play with all the chemicals of attraction. We deal with human beings, lovely women—we wouldn't be human if we pretended not to notice them. A million women in the world for a man to make love to, but how can one be sure?"

"Why doesn't love last in the movies?" sighed Pringle, echoing us. "Why doesn't it last among millionaires and society people? Privileged people have always taken love lightly and always will.



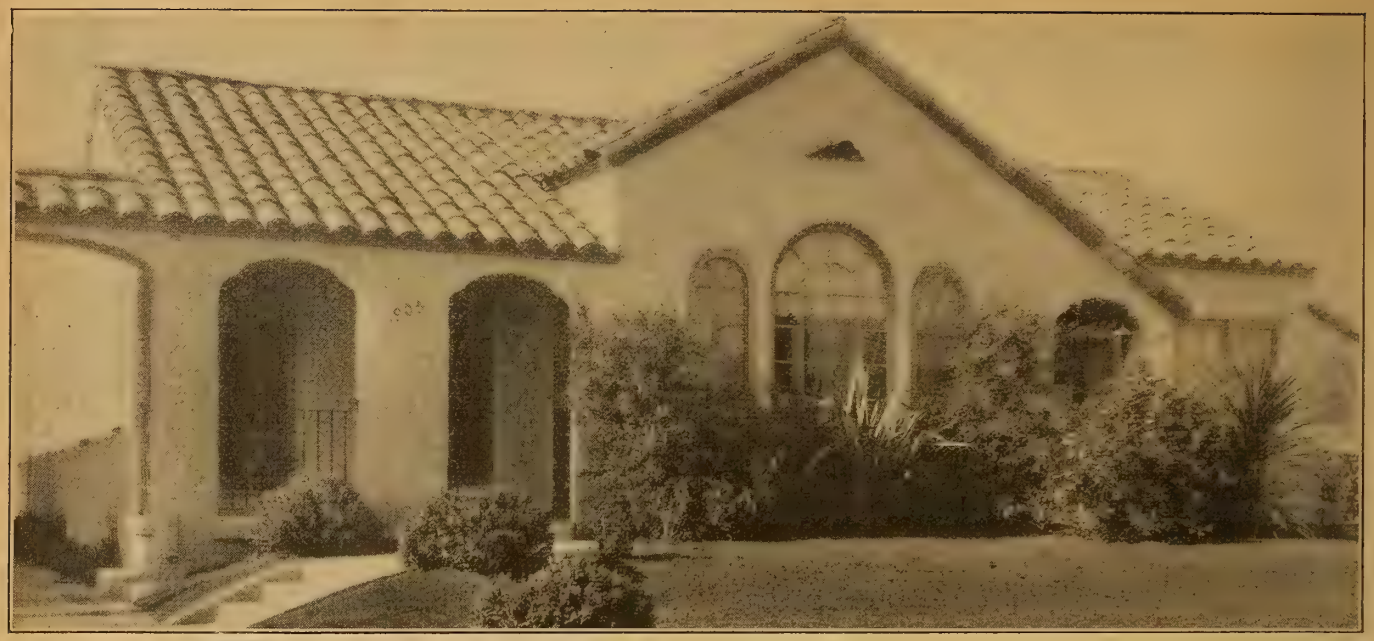
"I play love as if it were amusing, but love is tragic."—Adolphe Menjou.

"When I was a little girl it all seemed different. You never questioned whether papa and mamma loved each other. Mamma and papa were *supposed* to love each other. It would have been treason to think such things, much less to talk about them. But times have progressed, have they not? Hollywood is Hollywood and the times are with it. There are fashions in morals as there are fashions in religion and doctoring. We don't dramatize the moralities any more—that's really at the bottom of it.

"When Richard Wagner left Minna it was a world case and volumes were written about it. Now, I suppose there are more cases of abandonment in Hollywood than anywhere, but we just don't like to think about the losers any more. Instead, we announce the future marriage of the defaulting party before the divorce papers are signed—and we call it beautiful romance."

"Seriously," said Menjou, "I think love is wonderful. When I hear the whistles blow, the trains speeding, I say to myself, 'That is for love.' What is every one working for, from the clerk to the financier? To love some one or make love to some one. Take love away and what is life all about?

[Continued on page 107]



Kathleen Key's little duplex bungalow. She saves money by living in one side and renting the other.



Kathleen Key.

They Aren't All Rich

Not all the movie players live in magnificent mansions with troops of servants and dozens of high-powered cars. There are lots of them who have to pinch and save just as much as any of us. This story tells you how some of your favorites figure and scheme to make ends meet.

By Ann Sylvester

NOT all movie players are millionaires, and it can be proved even in the face of Tom Mix's $17,000 a week and Colleen Moore's $12,500—not to mention the numerous other enormous salaries scattered through the film colony. Neither do all the players live in Beverly Hills in magnificent mansions surrounded by swimming pools. And maybe you have been led to believe that they all shop in Paris, or New York at least, but there are plenty of them who admit that they buy nothing outside the Hollywood department stores.

Of these we speak!

In spite of the sensational disclosures about to follow, this is not an exposé. It is a perfectly frank admission, on the part of some players you all know, that they live even as you and I. And they practice economy not just for the love of it, but because they can't very well afford to do otherwise.

"Say," says Charlie Farrell, who begins everything with that word, "do you think I would be traveling around in a flivver roadster if I could afford another kind? Not that I want to knock Henry's little machine, y'understand. It's a great little piece of mechanism and can take more punishment than an unlucky prize fighter. But they tell me other cars have prettier upholstery, and I have an artistic soul."

Charlie has been running round Hollywood in a Ford roadster for two or three years now. It isn't always the same roadster, for he trades it in each year for a fresher model, but the brand never changes. Due to the uncontrollable tendency of his car to backfire, Charlie makes rather flashy en-



Alyce Mills makes most of her clothes and does all of her housework.

trances and exits at the studio. Of an evening, he calls for Hollywood débutantes, who have chauffeured motors of their own, and escorts them to local festivities in his uncovered wagon.

Now, you may be asking yourself why the young hero of "Seventh Heaven" does not buy himself a more elaborate motor? And the answer to that one is the same reason that you didn't buy a new car this season. Despite his success, Charlie doesn't make an enormous salary, because, if you remember, he was put under contract before he knew how good he was going to be—if at all. It costs a successful young movie actor quite a good deal to live in Hollywood. Clothes, to an actor, are just a little bit higher than to any one else, apartment rents are also higher, and corsages for the girl friends are dearer. Even food is no cinch for the pocketbook, and after you subtract these items from Charlie's salary, it doesn't leave a startling surplus for the maintenance of a motor car. Hence the Henry.

It's much the same story with Buddy Rogers. The world at large has a pretty well-planted idea that all actors who aren't married and living in Beverly Hills keep up expensive bachelor quarters in the Wilshire district. Maybe some of them do—but with Buddy it's different! Much after the fashion of a conservative young bank clerk, Buddy rents a room with a private family and takes his meals with them.

"It's nice in a lot of ways," he explains. "I'm out here all alone and I'd hate to come home to an empty place—even if it were an expensive one. I don't like to eat alone, and I don't like to *be* alone. This way, I have a home with a family that has sort of adopted me. I go home in the evening and tell them my good or bad news just as I would to my own family. It's mighty nice, and besides," he added, with his own particular brand of shy smile, "it's less expensive."

It must work out pretty nicely all round. It must be pretty nice to have Buddy as a boarder.

It also must be interesting to have a girl as pretty as Kathleen Key for a landlady. When Kathleen bought her home, she evolved a money-saving scheme that should be an example to the wise young bride and groom just starting out in the world. Kathleen owns a duplex house, which means that she lives in one side and rents the other. The rented side makes the monthly payment on the house, and all Katie has to worry about are the taxes and street-paving assessments. And then they say beautiful ladies don't know how to economize! They've never met Kathleen.



Gwen Lee lives in a little cottage in Culver City, and helps mother with the dishes.

Gwen Lee, Metro-Goldwyn's blond young siren, is another beautiful lady who knows how to economize. To look at her in pictures, you might think that Gwen was a silken lady who lounged around an expensive apartment with a couple of slaves at her beck and call. But you'd be wrong. Gwen does nothing of the sort. She lives in Culver City in a little cottage with her family, and she's raising chickens as a little side-line investment. If Gwen gets home from the studio in time, she feeds the chicks herself.

Cont'd on page 111



Charlie Farrell runs round Hollywood in a Ford roadster simply because he can't afford any other kind.

Manhattan

Uncensored and in the stars as they flit

By Alma



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Lew Cody, as a vaudeville headliner, makes the welkin ring with a dramatic recitation.

PERCY MARMONT returned to this country after three months in England, his native land. He stopped only three days in New York on his way to Hollywood and a new contract for a series of pictures with Gotham. The first of these films is to be called, unless some bright mind thinks of a better title, "Fruits of Divorce." (What are the movies going to do when every combination that includes the words "marriage," "divorce," "wives," and "youth," has been used up?)

But after that picture, Mr. Marmont hopes to return to his real love, light comedy. You didn't suspect that, perhaps—that Percy Marmont is essentially a light comedian? Yet all his years of stage training with Sir Herbert Tree, Ethel Barrymore, Cyril Maude, and others, made him primarily an actor of gay, sophisticated rôles, until he played in the screen version of "If Winter Comes," and his type suddenly changed.

Of course you remember the hero of "If Winter Comes." The sensitive, rather neurotic *Mark Sabre,* whose life was restless and poignant and flowed into channels of tragedy. Well, Percy Marmont was selected to play the rôle because he was English like the hero, and sensitive and fine and thoroughly appropriate for the part.

He did an excellent job of it. But it changed his whole career. He has been a screen figure of woe ever since. He and Lon Chaney and George Hackathorne make up the tragic trio, who are crippled, consumptive, or in some way forlorn.

"I've died a hundred deaths on the screen," Mr. Marmont said. His voice is deep, beautifully controlled, and his words are spoken with a perfect accent. The stage lost something when he turned silent. "I've had every conceivable disease, in films; cancer, consumption, paralysis, every dire thing you can think of."

Yet one look at the man and all this seems ludicrously inappropriate. He is very jolly, and there are little crinkles of laughter at the corners of his blue eyes. His gayety, his sense of humor, are altogether delightful.

But we'll soon have a chance to see him on the screen again as he really is, in a comedy that is being written especially for him. Then, in February, he returns to London to make a picture there; in fact, from now on Mr. Marmont expects to be almost a commuter between Hollywood and his other home in Sussex, England. Of course, most of his relatives are in England; he has a brother who is a brilliant pianist, well known in Europe.

Among other things, Mr. Marmont mentioned a very amusing minor ambition of his. For years, he says, he has wanted to get out of the train on his way East and explore Albuquerque, where the train stops for half an hour. But expediency forbids. It seems the citizens of this New Mexico city are enthusiastic movie fans. They read the papers carefully to learn what film stars are passing through, and when. And they line up at the station to pounce upon any actor who gives way to his natural desire for a breath of fresh air and a stroll. They mob him, they maul him, in their enthusiasm.

Once, Mr. Marmont confessed, he timidly ventured forth to the



Hope Hampton reveals a beautiful voice in the operetta, "My Princess."

Photo by White Studio

Medley

formal impressions of
through New York.

Talley

station platform. Oh, they were charming, these fans, he declared—he had at least forty cigars pressed upon him. Even so, the boldest and vainest of men would find himself embarrassed and self-conscious with hordes of excited people crowding about and overwhelming him. So Percy has never dared to venture beyond that platform.

"Albuquerque looks like such an interesting place," Mr. Marmont laughed, "but somehow I feel that I shall never get a chance to see it."

It is hard to convey in cold print how very charming and amusing Percy Marmont is. Suffice it to say he has the most delightful personality of any actor this reporter has met in some half dozen years of interviewing. And, since Mr. Marmont is not American, I'll just have to bear up while the Ku Klux Klan comes and burns a cross on my doorstep.

Lillian Gish has tried hard to hide in New York and would have succeeded but for her love of the theater and her frequent attendance, with George Jean Nathan, at the openings of the new plays.

Lillian being a most mysterious person, no one knows whether her rumored engagement to the critic is true or not; it may be surmised, however, that her devotion to her invalid mother prevents any thought of marriage in the near future.

The theater is almost her only recreation, as nearly all her time is passed at her mother's bedside. Her New York apartment, with a trained nurse in constant attendance on Mrs. Gish, has been rather like a hospital, and of course Lillian receives no one there.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Lillian Gish plans a long rest after several years of constant work.

As for that report that she is to join United Artists, "Really?" asked Lillian. "Tell me all about it." She declared that she had been working hard—exhaustingly hard—for several years, and now all she wanted was a good rest; she was making no plans at all for the future.

Miss Gish made a rather interesting criticism of current film productions. They are becoming "arty," she declared, and directors are obsessed with the subject of camera angles. Having found something new to play with, American producers are almost forgetting, in their enthusiasm for striking photographic effects, that they have a story to tell in a photoplay. The result is a picture that is consciously artistic.

The eventual result will, of course, be a higher quality of films than we used to have, with artistic effects woven more closely into the story, but without being so obstrusive.



Photo by Wide World Studio

Natacha Rambova was a figure of grace and charm in the play, "Creoles."

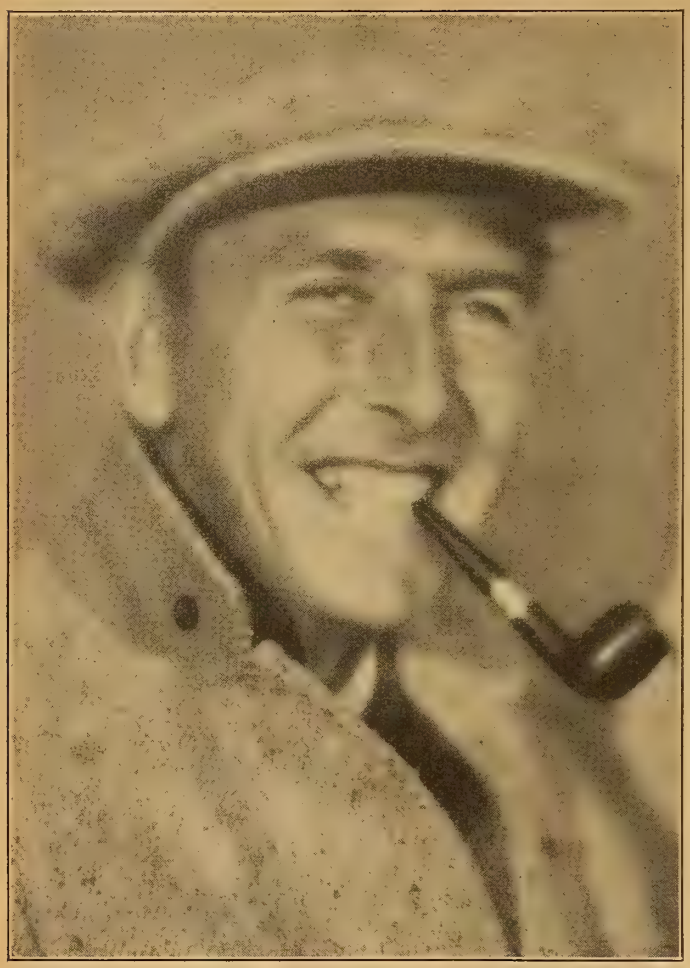


Photo by Witzel

Percy Marmont has the most delightful personality of any star Alma Talley has met.

In the meanwhile, one wonders if the foreign directors, seeing what they started, are saying to one another à la Moran and Mack, "Perhaps we shouldn't have mentioned it."

Dorothy Gish has also been what is known on Broadway as "at leisure." Her London film contract concluded, Dorothy characteristically does *not* spring that line about all the offers she is considering. She is not considering any offers, she admits, because she hasn't had any—except to play in a quickie, one of those overnight film concoctions.

But she does want to go on the stage. For years she has wanted to, and several times she almost did. This time she feels that she really means it, but she is a little frightened. Her last stage appearance took place when she was ten—except one night several years ago, when she walked on in an emergency and played a rôle in a play in which her husband, James Rennie, was featured.

Dorothy is really stage-struck. If she could only appear, she says, as *Mamie Google,* without being recognized, it would be easy. But she knows that dramatic critics, always somewhat "snooty" about the talents of a film star, are only too eager to pounce upon the efforts of a little movie actress trying to make good on the stage.

Dorothy is also attending a stage training school this winter—and you'd never guess why. It's to satisfy a yearning that she has kept buried for years—to be able to do a clog dance!

George O'Brien's vacation in Europe was cruelly cut short by a cable message demanding his presence in Hollywood immediately—or as immediately as any one's presence could be transferred from Germany to California.

George "rubbernecked" all through Berlin, Paris, Budapest, Vienna, doing all the tourist things, with F. W. Murnau as his unofficial guide. They went from Paris to Berlin by air—no wonder Fox sent that cablegram! They visited Potsdam, the former Kaiser's palace, took a trip down the Rhine and through the lakes. And George gleefully got even with Murnau.

"When Fred came out to California," George said, "he was always asking me, 'What's that building?' And I'd look—never having noticed it before—and of course I wouldn't know. 'You're a fine one,' Fred would say, 'you don't even know your own country.'

"But when we got to Germany I had the laugh on him. 'What's that?' I'd ask. And he wouldn't know. He kept getting more and more annoyed until finally he said, 'Do you have to keep asking questions *all* the time?'"

George was quite pleased with the way his performance in "Sunrise" was received. For once he had played in a film which wasn't a boxing bout, and in which he didn't have to be the big strong chap who carries the heroine upstairs. He hoped to play in more films like "Sunrise," though he didn't know what Fox's plans for him were. There was some talk of his playing in a speaking film, using the Movietone throughout for dialogue.

Above all, he wanted to work again with Murnau, whose players are devoted to him. In "Sunrise" the director won all their hearts by his thoughtfulness and consideration.

"That lake scene," said George, "was frightfully cold. Janet and I were just frozen and exhausted. So Murnau sent Janet home, then ordered his valet to bring me some hot milk. Imagine"—George pounded his massive chest—"hot milk, for *me!*"



Photo by Autrey

George O'Brien was recalled by Fox from his holiday abroad.

Hope Hampton has come into her own at last. For years Broadway has been hearing of her beautiful voice, but through a series of mishaps, in no way her fault, her musical-comedy career seemed destined to end before it had begun.

Two years ago she opened in Philadelphia in "Madame Pompadour" and received wonderful notices.

Then, mysteriously, before the operetta came to New York and a quick death, Miss Hampton left the cast. The real reason was never made public; however, it was not to her discredit.

Undiscouraged, Miss Hampton kept right on, seeking a new vehicle for her talents. And now, in "My Princess," she proves to a skeptical Broadway that she really can sing. Without exception, the critics acclaimed her voice as really beautiful, and Lee Shubert, the producer—who ought to know—pronounced her the best light-opera prima donna on Broadway.

"My Princess" is also a triumph for its scenic and costume designers. Never was a show more exquisitely mounted and dressed. Hope's gowns are incredibly beautiful; her wedding gown is said to have cost ten thousand dollars.

As for the operetta itself—it was written by Dorothy Donnelly and composed by Sigmund Romberg, but perhaps one had better not mention them.



Photo by Witzel

Buck Jones proved extremely diffident and hard to talk to.

Buck Jones, his Fox contract over, came to New York for the second time in his life. Released from a constant grind of picture making, he was having what he called his first vacation in eight years. He didn't count his trip to Europe last year, because it was cut short by business in Hollywood.

First he went to the fight in Chicago. He *went* to the fight, but he didn't *see* it. He sat in the eighteenth row, as Tunney's guest, but he had to read the papers to find out what happened.

And movie star or not, he had no royal suite in the crowded hotels of the city. He was glad not to have to use a park bench for a bed; he did manage to get a hotel room, so small, according to Buck, that you had to go outside to change your mind. And it was a choice between himself and his trunk, so his trunk stood out in the hall.

After the fight, he came to New York and took a star's vacation seeing all the shows. At "Padlocks of 1927," starring Texas Guinan, Broadway's most famous night-club hostess, Texas both pleased and embarrassed him by insisting that he come up on the stage and say hello.

"I wouldn't get up on that stage for a million dollars," said Buck, who is so shy that he blushes. "Besides," he added—still blushing—"she chased all the girls off."

The New York visit over, Buck was going on a fishing trip in Canada with his wife. A real rest. Buck belongs in the country. He is a typical cowboy, even in his city clothes; big and brown, good looking in a stolid fashion, extremely diffident, hard to talk to.

As to his future film plans, Buck said little—he always says little. In fact, almost nothing. But his friend who was with him, as a sort of double in the conversational rôle, said that Buck has lots and lots of offers.



Al Jolson illustrated his remarks with bursts of song.

On the screen her career was brief, but on the stage Natacha Rambova is beautiful, glamorous, altogether lovely. She had a scorned-woman rôle in one of this season's stage productions, "Creoles." There was, of course, a New Orleans setting, and Natacha was a figure of grace throughout. In a black, very décolleté gown—the old-fashioned off-the-shoulders costume—and long red beads, she looked very Spanish and quite enchanting.

She had a lot to do and did it well. In fact, she and Helen Chandler—the same Helen Chandler who appeared on the screen in "The Music Master" and "The Joy Girl" and is one of Broadway's leading actresses—these two were the only bright spots in a play so dull that it wasn't play at all. Some things are just hard work.

Excited and enthusiastic over his first movie venture, Al Jolson returned to New York for the première of "The Jazz Singer." It was not only his first film appearance—except for a short Vitaphone act—but his first rôle in white face. That in itself, he claimed, put him in a panic. He described his impressions of himself as a film actor.

"Full face before the camera, what a pan I've got! The old kisser looks terrible! But three quarters or side view—well, Old Joley is Profile Charlie."

You almost need an interpreter to know what Jolson is talking about, unless you are accustomed to Broad-

Continued on page 104

No Complexes Here!

Evelyn Brent is a refreshing relief to the interviewer—she is one player who is perfectly satisfied with whatever rôles fall to her lot. Not a single wail of discontent could be coaxed out of her.

By Helen Louise Walker

NINETY-NINE out of a hundred picture players cherish secret ambitions. The comedian is always yearning to play *Hamlet,* the tragedian to caper in comedy, the vampire to blush and dimple and skip in the rôle of an ingénue. And so on.

In my work as a screen scribe, I had been confronted on all sides with downtrodden players crying their desires to play any rôles in the world except the particular type they happened to be playing. I was getting awfully depressed over the whole situation. Actors and actresses all seemed to be so *unhappy!*

Climbing the stairs to the Montmartre to meet Evelyn Brent, I reflected sadly upon these things. Having enjoyed her dynamic performance in "Underworld," I hoped that she might be just a bit different from other players, that I might have one interview in which there would be no wails. Reaching the top of the stairs, I surveyed the mob which seethed, as it always seethes on a Saturday, before the doorway of the dining room. I took a deep breath and plunged in.

A fat lady with French heels trod upon my instep. An elbow hit me in the eye. I heard a disheartening rip and wondered if it had anything to do with me. At last, I was inside, and found Evelyn sitting at the table that had been reserved for us.

The sight of her was encouraging. Cool, poised, lovely, in a black, long-sleeved frock and a rose-colored hat, she did not look as though she were going to wail. But you never can tell.

Our luncheon was constantly interrupted by friends of Evelyn's who paused at our table long enough to laugh. They always laughed. She seemed to have little mutual jokes with everybody in the room.

We might as well get it over with, I thought. I leaned forward. "What particular rôle are you just pining to play?" I asked.

Miss Brent gave me a sidelong, whimsical look.

"*Juliet!*" she replied, with a mocking grimace. "Wouldn't I be dandy!" I could have hugged her. She had joked about it!

"And there really isn't anything that you're simply dying to do?" I was still skeptical.

"No, not a thing. I only hope they'll let me go on doing what I am doing!"

"Lady crooks?"

"I don't mind." And she *didn't!*

"You see," she explained, "I have already played almost every kind of rôle you can imagine. I started by doing ingénues, and I went on to do almost everything else, before I finally settled down to the habitual portrayal of lady crooks.

"Crook parts are interesting," she continued. "I am always interested in just what sort of person a girl crook is—how she happened to become one. There can be so many reasons for a person's turning to crime."

"Making a girl crook a sympathetic character and still pointing out the error of her ways—as one must do in the movies—must be difficult," I remarked.

"Not so difficult as it seems," she told me. "Because, first and foremost, she is a human being. She has had her reasons for 'going bad.

"Some of the girl crooks I have played had become criminals because of environment. They had been born into an atmosphere of crime.

"Others had become criminals because of some bitter experience. This is a rarer type.

"Most women crooks live dishonestly because it seems easier than to work for a living. These are the petty thieves. A woman steals something once and gets away with it. She tries it again and succeeds. Gradually her fears lessen and she becomes bolder, until she makes a misstep, and is caught. Such women steal because of avarice.

"But your beautiful girl crook who is a power in a circle of powerful underworld characters—who participates in intricate plots and counterplots, helps to plan and put over big jobs—*she* leads a life of crime for the thrill of it.

"She is the most interesting type to me. The fascination of crime gets hold of her. She goes on and on, staking her freedom against the 'hauls' she makes, enjoying the danger, ignoring the consequences, making a tremendous game of outwitting the authorities. It isn't the money or the jewels she wants so much as the thrill of 'putting over a job.' The admiration of her companions in crime when she displays unusual ingenuity, her reputation for cleverness—these are the things which are meat and drink to her.

"It must be horrible, really, to live like that. Always in danger. Never a moment of security. Haunted forever by that fear of an authoritative tap on the shoulder and a brusque 'Come along, now!'"

Presently, we rose to leave.

"I must stop and buy a lamp I saw on my way here," she said. "I'm just furnishing an apartment, and every time I go home I go loaded with bundles. It's such fun!"

I went with her while she bought the lamp and a pair of sofa cushions, and then we got into her cream-colored roadster and drove to her apartment. She explained that it was "very bare—just in the throes of being furnished." But it looked very charming to me.

"I played a straight lead in 'Beau Sabreur,'" Evelyn remarked, as we settled ourselves in big, squashy chairs and closed the windows against the sound of a steam shovel across the street. "The rôle is that of an English girl, very sweet and innocent. She has never even met a lady crook!"

"What a change—after 'Underworld!'" I remarked.

"Mmm-hm," she said absently. "Do you think that lamp would look nicer over here?"

No, she was not to be trapped into even a vestige of a wail. But, as she had said, she has already done almost everything. She cannot have any suppressed wishes in regard to picture rôles because she has played nearly every kind of rôle there is to play.

Her father died when she was in high school and she entered pictures because, she told me, "It seemed to be the only thing a young girl could do without any particular preparation!"

She played extra parts and bits at the studios in New York until finally, one day, Matt Moore saw her standing at the entrance to the casting office of the old Universal studio.

"He told me to come on in and go to work," she said. "He didn't even give me a test. The picture was a two-reeler, and he directed it and acted in it. There

Continued on page 106



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

EVELYN BRENT stands apart from most players, because she does not yearn to play rôles other than those which naturally come her way. She surveys the world shrewdly, amusedly, and without surprise, as you will learn from the story opposite.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

THOUGH Carmelita Geraghty is under contract to Mack Sennett, that doesn't mean that her beauty and talent are confined to comedy. She plays a dramatic rôle in Mary Pickford's "My Best Girl," and no one else could do it better.



Photo by Walter Frederick Seely

EDMUND BURNS went all the way to Samoa to play in a picture, but he denies that he will play South Sea Island rôles hereafter, even though he brought back to Hollywood enough native costumes to outfit an entire company.



Photo by Russell Hall

ALLENE RAY is a fragile blonde, just the girl of the hero's dreams—when she is not performing dare-devil stunts in chapter plays. Her unique combination of delicacy and daring has won her a large following of serial fans.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

EVERY one who has seen "What Price Glory"—and who hasn't? —remembers Barry Norton as the homesick boy who seemed too young to be in uniform. You will find that Barry has grown a bit in "Balaoo," a mystery melodrama.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

HOLDING his own against the army of new faces on the screen, Johnny Hines is truly a hardy perennial in the garden of stars. His next bid for your favor will be in "Home Made," in which picture Johnny will be—himself.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

WHATEVER rôles the gods of the cinema decree that Betty Bronson shall play, she remains the exquisite artist of "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Her next picture will be "Brass Knuckles," but she will turn them to gold.



Photo by Melbourne Sparr

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, often charged with haughtiness and conceit, proves to be a docile lamb in the hands of the interviewer whose story appears on the opposite page, and complains of the wrong impression people have of him.

Who Says He's Temperamental?

Joseph Schildkraut surprises PICTURE PLAY'S interviewer by being not at all the haughty, temperamental person that she had been led to expect.

By Madeline Glass

IT was about six years ago that Joseph Schildkraut landed on American soil—or, to be more exact, landed on New York pavements. And shortly afterward, things began to happen.

Fresh from stage triumphs on the Continent, where he had appeared in "Liliom," which made him famous, "The Prodigal Son," produced by Max Reinhardt, and a wide variety of other dramatic productions, including Shakespeare, Goethe, and modern French plays, it is not surprising if the twenty-four-year-old actor arrived in this country with a fairly good opinion of his abilities. But unfortunately for him, the American press likes nothing better than an opportunity to chastise egotism, and the newspapers did full justice—or injustice—to the occasion of Joseph's entry into the American theater. One account, I remember, quoted him as saying that he considered himself the finest actor in America. Other items, here and there, mentioned his temper, his temperament, and his haughty manner.

Turning later from the stage to the screen, he did not, in his first picture, "The Orphans of the Storm," win much commendation from the critics. One writer, who had visited the set while the picture was in the making, announced that the irrepressible star acted over a great deal of territory instead of confining his histrionic demonstrations to the space within the camera lines. But if Mr. Schildkraut read the rather uncomplimentary things that were written about him, he gave no sign of repentance or even interest.

About three years ago, he signed with Cecil B. DeMille. There followed a series of mediocre pictures with Joseph repeatedly miscast in conventional rôles. How galling it must have been to this ambitious and capable star to see other film actors scale the dramatic heights while he remained behind! Then, at last, came *Judas* in "The King of Kings." It is a great part, and Joseph gives a great performance.

When word came that I was to call on Mr. Schildkraut and get a story for PICTURE PLAY readers, I was at first extremely pleased. Then, remembering the stories of his alleged haughtiness, I grew apprehensive.

Sitting in the publicity office at the DeMille studio, I tapped a toe nervously on the bare floor while doors opened and shut, and people passed in and out. Five or ten minutes elapsed. Then the hall door swung open, and there was the man I had come to see. A bow, a hand clasp, and we were escorted to a vacant office by a member of the publicity staff who instantly and unceremoniously abandoned us to each other.

Seated about three feet apart, Joseph and I sized each other up. Moderately tall, very brunet, and looking quite like his screen self, Mr. Schildkraut presented a decidedly striking appearance. He seems very active, both mentally and physically. He gestures freely, though not excessively.

After a preliminary exchange of unimportant remarks, I asked about a matter that had perplexed me.

"How was it," I asked, "that as *Judas,* an orthodox Jew, you were clean-shaven and dressed like a Roman?"

"*Judas,*" he explained, in his rich, foreign voice, "was from southern Galilee. The Jews of that region, for political reasons, aped the Romans in everything. They shaved their beards and adopted the Roman dress."

Character rôles, interesting and dramatic, but not grotesque, are what Mr. Schildkraut prefers to do. After finishing *Judas,* he donned a blond wig and assumed the character of a Swedish farm hand in "His Dog," playing the part with great sympathy and conviction.

"In my next picture, 'The Blue Danube,'" he told me, "I play the part of a hunchback. He is human and interesting. I'd much rather play interesting parts than so-called good parts."

All I can say is that when a handsome young man deliberately chooses to portray a character part in preference to prancing about in the accouterments of a hero, he proves very completely his lack of personal vanity.

I suggested a certain novel by Tarkington as a possible stellar vehicle for him, and he seemed much interested. Getting up, he went to the phone, called the scenario department, and inquired about the story.

"After I have read it, may I call you on the phone and tell you how I like it?" he asked. And you don't think I said "No," do you?

By that time, I had decided that Mr. Schildkraut had been sadly misrepresented.

"What is this I hear about your being temperamental?" I frankly inquired. [Cont'd on page 104]



Joseph does not like parties. He much prefers to spend a quiet evening at home with his wife, Elise Bartlett.

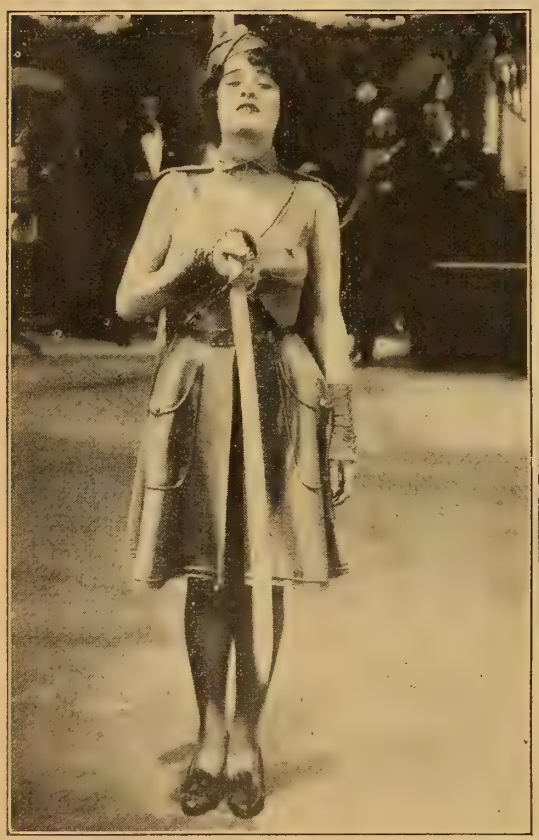


The Call of

Night clubs have become so usual on the excel each other in portraying cabaret

Below, dignified Irene Rich, in "Dearie," took a fling at cabaret dancing in order to send her son to college.





Molly O'Day, above, as *Curley O'Callahan*, the rôle in "The Patent Leather Kid" that made her an overnight success, appears in a Bowery cabaret in a military turn.

At the top of the page, Clara Bow had no trouble in putting on a snappy cabaret number in "Rough House Rosie."



Gilda Gray, above, was once a star in Broadway night clubs, so knew just what to do in her film "Cabaret."



the Cabaret

screen that the stars are hard put to entertainers—the snappier the better.

Jetta Goudal, below, strummed a guitar in a *cantina*—the Spanish name for cabaret—in "White Gold."





Olive Borden, above, captivated her audience at the artists' ball in "The Secret Studio."

Sally O'Neil, above, thus disported herself in an all-night resort in "Frisco Sally Levy."

At the top of the page, Anna May Wong lends her exotic personality to a sordid Oriental dive in "The Chinese Parrot."



Photo by Arkatov

Mary Nolan, who makes her American début in "Sorrell and Son," used to be known in English films as Imogene Robertson.

Over the

Fanny the Fan reviews the colony, ballyhoos two films,

By The

IT has been a bad week for every one who has had to work," Fanny announced blandly, as she maneuvered her way between the almost-overlapping tables at Montmartre, and sat down beside me. "Really, the studios should have shut down. Such distractions!"

I knew, of course, that in time she would get round to telling me what she was talking about, so meanwhile I enjoyed myself looking at the stunning array of autumn ensembles parading in to Shirley Dorman's birthday luncheon. After a late summer, that had threatened to prolong itself until Christmas, Hollywood had suddenly cast aside its bright-colored sweaters and plain felt hats, and had blossomed out in a fashion parade of velvets and furs and feathered toques. The guests at Shirley's luncheon looked like the winners of a de-luxe beauty contest.



Joan Crawford was there in a graceful gown of flowered chiffon and a huge black hat. Shirley was wearing golden-brown velvet and red-fox furs. Dorothy Dwan's outfit almost matched Shirley's. Billie Dove was in black and white, Sally O'Neil in demure black.

At a near-by table, Norma Shearer was entertaining a few friends. Her coloring is so exquisite that her simple black dress made her look dazzling. And Dorothy Mackaill was looking stunning in a dress and hat of soft, rose-colored velvet. Altogether, it was a great day at Montmartre for tourist visitors.

"As I was saying"—Fanny abruptly commanded my attention—"I've never known such activity in Hollywood, as has been going on all week. In the mornings there have been Milton Work's lectures on bridge, in the afternoons the Pacific-Southwest championship tennis matches, at night the opera, and on Saturday the football game.

"The sensation of Milton Work's visit here was that Ann Rork played against him and won two dollars. And she claims that she did *not* hold all the high cards in the deck. We won't even mention who her partner was, because why divide the glory? Louis Wolheim and his wife, who are supposed to be the bridge experts of the colony, also played with Mr. Work and distinguished themselves nobly.

"But the tennis matches attracted even more picture people than the bridge sessions. Florence Vidor and Norma Talmadge each had a box for the whole week and were present for all the important games. Marjorie Daw was the honored guest of the players and sat right down beside the courts. She once made a picture with William Tilden, you know. Eileen Percy was there every day, always rooting for the under dog. And Enid Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Aileen Pringle, Ronald Colman, and lots of the directors were regular attendants.

William de Mille was a linesman—he ranks with the best players in

Louise Fazenda will be the next 5-and-10-cent-store heroine.

Teacups

passing show of the picture and gossips of this and that.

Bystander

the country, incidentally. Rod La Rocque had charge of presenting the cups to the winners, and made a speech that was a model of brevity. Oh, yes, and Jetta Goudal was there one afternoon, and when the matches grew dull, one could always stir up a little excitement by laying bets on how many more times she would get up and change her seat.

"Every time that Kea Boumann, the girl champion of the Netherlands, played, there were directors hanging about trying to get her interested in taking a film test. She has an utterly charming personality—and you *know* that any one who can appear charming and magnetic in the midst of a swift tennis match that is going against her must have the disposition of an angel. Most people playing in tennis matches give the impression of being mean and spiteful and ill-tempered. I shouldn't be at all surprised if some one induced Miss Boumann to work in *one* picture, at least, and I hope they do. I'd like to see if the camera would catch her fascinating smile.

"After the matches were over, a group of us went over and played some tennis ourselves at Florence Vidor's. Florence plays a very good game when she keeps her mind on it, but every once in a while her thoughts wander to clothes, parties, new things for the house, or somebody she forgot to call up, and then she hits the ball so gently over the net that it is all too easy for her opponents.

"Norma Talmadge isn't going to start her next picture for several weeks, so she is getting very ambitious, taking tennis lessons every day. But she won't play with any of us yet. She has one of those teachers who is particular about having her develop perfect form. Of course, if Norma weren't utterly satiated with luxury, she would do nothing but ride up and down the Boulevard all day in her new car. She has a French-gray Rolls-Royce with an aluminum hood that is quite the most stunning equipage you ever saw.



Photo by Hommel

Louise Brooks rushed to finish "Now We're in the Air" so that she could dash off to New York.



Vera Voronina, after months of idleness, has been given the lead opposite John Barrymore in "Tempest."

"Her last picture, 'Camille,' has been playing to crowded houses. I think Norma has held her place in the hearts of the public better than any of the other stars of the early days."

There doesn't seem to be any particularly good reason why she should ever lose it, either. No one else has ever had that same quality of earnestness and breath-taking loveliness that Norma has on the screen. Fanny can't outdo me in abject admiration when it comes to Norma.

"As though the tennis matches and bridge sessions weren't *enough* excitement for one week," Fanny rambled on, "there were two gorgeous movie openings. I didn't care for 'Loves of Carmen,' but then I've never seen anything in Dolores del Rio but cold beauty, anyway. When she acts, she always seems to be leading the chorus in a specialty number in a revue.

"But what the picture lacked in appeal, the audience had. Simply *every* one was at the opening, and I am glad to announce that the epidemic of white ermine coats with fox collars has abated. It looks much more



Photo by Richee *Esther Ralston has won a new contract with Paramount.*

colorful and interesting to see the girls arriving in velvet wraps that harmonize with their dresses.

"The other opening was more thrilling, because the picture was a knockout. It was 'Two Arabian Knights,' and any one who misses that one deserves both pity and scorn. The première was one of those friendly, home-town-boy-makes-good occasions, as every one had known and plugged for Lewis Milestone, the director, ever since he was a cutter years ago. Of course, he isn't really a local product—he's Russian—but he has been around the studios for so long that every one looks upon him as one of the film colony's own sons.

"You should have seen the clothes that night! Claire Windsor wore a cream-colored lace frock under a brilliant-green velvet wrap that had a perfect shower of ostrich feathers for a collar. Gloria Swanson wore a dull-gold sequin gown and wrap, and the wrap was trimmed in sable. Janet Gaynor, as usual, looked adorable—like a little girl at her first party. Her dress was pale green and silver, and her wrap was silver, with a peach-colored fox collar. Billie Dove was a vision in red—a dress of tulle and velvet, and a brocade wrap trimmed with ostrich."



Camilla Horn, the heroine of "Faust," is coming over from Germany to join United Artists.

It was all too apparent that Fanny had gone clothes mad with the rest of Hollywood.

"Just once," she continued vehemently, "I'd like to meet a girl in pictures who is frank enough to admit that she doesn't care what her films are so long as she can wear stunning clothes in them. I'm sure that, down in their hearts, lots of the stars feel that way. And, by the way, it seems to me that the very least Norma Shearer can do for her public is to make a fashion picture and display her own trousseau. I've never seen so many exquisite things.

"Lilyan Tashman, by the way, who has just finished working in 'A Texas Steer' out at the First National studio, has been engaged for 'French Dressing.' And Madeline Hurlock has at last finished her contract with Sennett and is going to be in 'The Noose' with Dick Barthelmess. They were in a great hurry to start the picture and were all upset over where to get stunning clothes for Madeline. But one look at her own wardrobe solved the problem. So, for once, she doesn't have to wear the creations of a studio designer.

"There are just two girls I know of who aren't thinking about clothes and running round shopping—Patsy Ruth Miller and Marie Prevost, who are both in the hospital recovering from a late separation from their appendices.

"You can't down them for long, though. A few days after Pat's operation, when she was looking quite wan and pale, she was already planning to join a dancing class as soon as she was up and around. I was trying to amuse her by an imitation of our newest dancing group. Hedda Hopper, Ann Rork, and I are studying with Marshall Hall, who used to be with the Bolm ballet. While we don't quite go in for interpreting spring and all that sort of thing, we do run around leaping over imaginary brooks, and it is a good thing we are all too busy to watch each other, or we might have hysterics. Hedda is marvelously limber—she is one of those strong-minded people who always keeps up their morning exercises.

"Speaking of Ann Rork, she feels that she has reached the pinnacle of success, for the sight-seeing buses that run through Beverly Hills now pause in front of her house and announce that Ann Rork lives there. She is no longer just the daughter of Sam Rork, the eminent producer, which was the label formerly attached to her. She has now risen to the dignity of being a personage in her own right.

"There was weeping and lamentation when

the 'A Texas Steer' troupe finished the picture and went their various ways. Ann, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sam Hardy and Will Rogers had grown so attached to each other that they were all for having the picture prolonged into a serial. It isn't often that you find as congenial a troupe as that. There is usually at least one disagreeable person to make trouble in a company.

"The 'Texas Steer' cast were united in admiration of Louise Fazenda. There is something about that girl that makes every one just crazy about her. She is quite indescribable. No one ever merely *likes* Louise—they are always quite maudlin about her. She is a great combination of raucous humor and ready sympathy.

"Louise is getting married to Hal Wallis, the publicity director for Warner Brothers. And right away, she is to start work on another picture, in which she is to play a 5-and-10-cent-store heroine."

"By way of rivaling Mary Pickford?" I asked. "It always seems a tough break for one actress to follow the big special production of another with a program picture that has the same setting."

"Oh, well," said Fanny, "I suppose I shouldn't have mentioned it, but if it will make you feel any happier for Louise, I've heard that Mary Pickford's 5-and-10 picture isn't so good.

"Except for 'Two Arabian Knights,'" she continued, "I've seen only one picture lately over which I could be wildly enthusiastic. That's King Vidor's latest, 'The Crowd.' But I doubt whether it will make much money, because in motion-picture audiences there are too many poor saps just like the one in the picture. Watching his troubles unfold may not exactly appeal to them as entertainment.

"But it is a great picture—there's no doubt about that. And Eleanor Boardman gives a performance such as you have never seen. The deftness, the sympathy, with which she invests her part is amazing. You know, I've always admired Eleanor personally, but I had never considered her a great trouper until I saw this picture. Her performance is one that makes you want to rush out and shout to passers-by, 'Here is something fine and human! Don't let it go unappreciated!'"

Fanny may not have done it on coming out of the theater, but she was certainly ballyhooing now for all to hear.

"Of course, the movie business *must* go on, and a few poor benighted souls did have to work last week and miss all the gayety. Doris Lloyd was working in a Fox picture during the day and rehearsing with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., at night for the stage production of 'Young Woodley.' Zasu Pitts was hard at work on '13 Washington Square.' And Louise Brooks was rushing to finish 'Now We're in the Air,' so that she could go to New York.



Photo by W. F. Seely

Zasu Pitts was too busy making "13 Washington Square" to have time to see the championship tennis matches.



Besides working in pictures, Doris Lloyd has been rehearsing for a stage production of "Young Woodley."

And Hedda Hopper—well, Hedda hasn't had any gap between pictures for so long that she has forgotten what a rest is like. Last spring, she bought a ranch up near Pomona, thinking that she would spend week-ends and vacations there. The only difficulty with that plan has been that she hasn't *had* any vacations!

"Julanne Johnston is one of the few visitors who has been to Hedda's ranch. I appealed to her to tell me what Hedda raised there. I just couldn't bear to think of her as the girl behind the plow or anything to that effect. But it appears that Hedda grows nothing but oak trees on her ranch, so we can rest assured that she hasn't been killing herself doing strenuous gardening.

"Another hard-working girl is Mary Philbin. She has been working day and night on the D. W. Griffith picture, so as to be through in time to start 'Show Boat' at the Universal studio."

[Continued on page 108]



Tom's wealthy mansion in Beverly Hills is the climax of a career that has fairly teemed with dramatic adventure.

Hollywood's Millionaire Cow-puncher

Even in his home, with its elaborate trimmings and large collection of strange trophies, Tom Mix proves himself a born showman. But all this grand display is not a pose with Tom—it's just his natural love for a gay, colorful background.

By Mayme Ober Peak

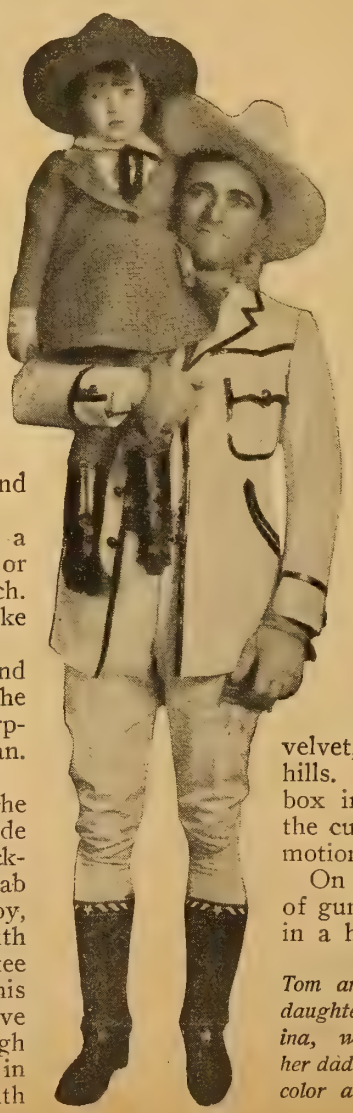
TOM MIX lives up to all my preconceived notions about movie stars. The streets of cinemaland would be drab indeed without Tom. All tricked out on Tony, or driving one of his tan-and-green cars, with the T. M. bar cattle brand on the windshield, Tom is a sight for tired tourists' eyes.

No matter where he goes, nor what his attire, he wears one of the Mix sombreros, of light-tan felt, with wide brim and high, pointed crown. Of his one hundred and fifty suits of clothes, none is made like those of other men. His cuffs are trimmed with silk braid, his pockets slashed sidewise, his vests double-breasted and cut low, with broad lapels

In the evening, one is apt to see Tom in a dress suit of burgandy-colored, brown, or white broadcloth, with a long cape to match. "Why should men go to parties looking like pallbearers?" he asks.

On the street, pedestrians wave to him, and newsboys yell, "Hello, Tom!" Typifyng the hero of their dreams, the hard-riding, sharp-shooting movie star is a master showman. And he achieves this by just being himself.

His rise from cow-puncher to one of the highest-salaried men in the world has made little difference in his make-up. His background has been colorful, with never a drab day in it, ever since the time when, as a boy, he inherited his father's chaps and lariat. With a combination of Irish, Scotch, and Cherokee blood in his veins, adventure has been his middle name. He sought it on his native plains of Texas; as a member of the Rough Riders; in the Aguinaldo insurrection; in China during the Boxer uprising; in South Africa during the Boer War; as sheriff in Oklahoma chasing outlaws; as a stunt man in a Wild West show; and finally in the movies. Dramatics have been his daily job.



Tom and his little daughter, Thomasina, who inherits her daddy's love for color and activity.

Which accounts for Tom's being what he is, and for the tremendous salary he is paid. He brings the great open spaces to the screen, preserves the traditions of the cowboy and the cattle ranges.

His home in Beverly Hills is redolent of the atmosphere of the plains. And this in spite of the "Cleopatra Bath" swimming pool at one end of his spacious grounds, the Roman-colonnade tennis court at the other, the Moorish architecture of the house, and its Venetian furnishings.

When I went for an interview with Tom Mix, I was ushered by a Swiss butler into a room filled with trophies of the hunt, and with marvelously wrought saddles. It is a long, narrow room, with high ceiling and walls of white stucco, overhung by a balcony occupied by a motion-picture machine. Gothic windows, hung with ruby-red velvet, overlook the canyons and surrounding hills. Underneath one of these windows is a box inclosing a screen, which rolls up over the curtains, and presto! the room becomes a motion-picture theater.

On either side of this same window, racks of guns line the wall, while near by, mounted in a half circle over a lengthy pair of steer horns, are fifteen revolvers, which I later learned had been taken from the holsters of famous outlaws, both dead and alive. Tomahawks, cartridge belts,



Thomasina's nursery is an adorable pink-and-white room, with an ivory bed hung with a gray-and-rose canopy.

knives, whips, and spurs are much in evidence. The dress of an Indian squaw does duty as a table cover.

Thrown over the red rug are skins, including a magnificent gray bear. The heads of bison, Martin lions, wolves, and elks are mounted on the walls. On the mantel of the huge stone fireplace is a petrified log, across which stride seven onyx elephants. Iron racks holding saddles and bridles stand in every corner. I learned that one of these saddles, with a bridle made entirely of tiny silver sombreros, was given to Brigham Young by President Diaz of Mexico. Another is the saddle on which President Madero was shot.

While examining all these interesting objects, I heard a motor roaring up the hill, and in a few moments Mr. Mix strode into the room, threw his sombrero on one of the black velvet couches, and gave me a regular Western welcome. The muscular strength and dynamic vitality of the man seemed to be literally bursting from his blue serge suit, which closely fitted the curves of his figure. His face was as ruddy as the red-striped tie he wore, and his brown eyes sparkled like the big square diamond on his little finger.

Tom Mix is a good-looking man. And when he smiles, he gives himself away as having a



The Mix living room is filled with trophies of the hunt, saddles, bridles, guns, and numerous other treasures of an outdoor man.



When one peeps into Mrs. Mix's richly decorated French room, one realizes that much has happened to Tom Mix since he punched cows in Texas.

large amount of tenderness in addition to his great physical strength. One has only to see him with his wife and child to realize this. Little Thomasina came bounding downstairs as soon as she heard her daddy's voice, and ran straight into his arms.

A lovely, brown-haired, blue-eyed child, with the grace and ease derived from riding a horse before she could walk, "Tommy," as her father calls her, is a chip off the old block. She showed me all five of her saddles, beginning with the wee one on which she rode at the age of one, and told me about her pony, Tony, Jr. She counted up to ten for me, and recited the alphabet in Italian, while her Italian nurse, who has been with her since birth, stood by and beamed. I heard about her doll's wardrobe, about daddy's being her sweetheart, and about how she liked his Palm Springs pictures best because they were "the nicest and wildest!"

Promising to play circus with her later, Mr. Mix then sent Tommy off with the nurse, and turned his attention to showing me over the house. After this personally conducted tour, I decided that a good deal had happened to Tommy's dad since he had punched cows in Texas! The Mix mansion is the home of a multimillionaire who has let his imagination run riot.

The former cowboy sleeps in a bed in which kings have died. This historic piece of furniture was brought from Europe and sold to Mrs. Mix at one of those fabulous prices you read about. Tom said he didn't usually care about antiques, but that this bed had intrigued him, so he had set his cabinetmaker to work, and had had it enlarged and repainted. The bed is now one of the curios of California. Of Venetian design, it is nine feet wide, and is painted green, with a pattern of flowers. Instead of a canopy, it has a wonderfully embroidered curtain which was formerly the backdrop in a Chinese theater. A bedspread of deep-cream satin, embroidered in chenille flowers and edged with puffs of rose velvet, completes the ensemble.

Mr. Mix has a suite of dressing rooms with several enormous closets. One hundred and fifty street and lounging suits hang in one, twelve evening suits in another, and his colorful riding togs and hats fill two more. The main dressing room is painted pea green, and contains green furniture, upholstered in black patent leather. The walls of one of the other dressing rooms are plastered with pictures of Mix in all his stunt poses, which he says he studies as he dresses, trying to improve on them. Also on the wall, by the side of a picture of a group of the Rough Riders, hangs a copy of the Declaration of Independence. "I read that every holiday, before I go to breakfast," Tom said. "I always learn something from it."

With the exception of Thomasina's nursery—an adorable pink-and-white room, with an ivory bed hung with an exquisite canopy of gray-and-rose taffeta with lace flounces—all the upstairs rooms are done in the Venetian style. Mrs. Mix's boudoir, with drapes of raspberry taffeta striped in gold, is an exotic mixture of Venetian and French. The twin beds in this room are a work of art. Mounted on platforms covered with olive velvet, the beds are an odd shape, long and narrow, and are painted green, with garlands of roses. The canopies are of Chinese red, and the spreads of green silk, veiled in black chiffon, with insets and deep borders of gold lace. A gilt Louis Quinze dressing table, hung with gold taffeta, is tucked snugly into one corner of the room. By a chaise longue in rose velvet is a small glass stand, on which, on the day I was there, there was an open glass jewel box From this spilled strings of semiprecious stones.

I was curious to see the creator of this exotic setting, and when Mrs. Mix finally arrived home from a shopping tour, I was surprised to find her extremely girlish in appearance. She is Tom's second wife and was, before her marriage, Victoria Ford, motion-picture actress

Continued on page 100



Mr. Walsh shows Don Alvarado just how to make love to Dolores del Rio in a romantic scene in "Loves of Carmen."

A Director Who Defies the Censors

Since Raoul Walsh took the daring tale of "What Price Glory" and made of it such a powerful film that the censors could not ban its honest realism, he has won the reputation of being a director unafraid to tackle dangerously frank stories that most directors couldn't be induced to touch.

By William H. McKegg

"YOU are causing a lot of trouble here."

The man followed *Sadie Thompson* across the room and stood facing her like a prophet of doom. A rocking chair was between them. *Miss Thompson* calmly removed the chewing gum from her mouth and stuck it under a near-by table. Derisively, she leaned on the back of the chair and rocked slowly to and fro, flinging brazen defiance at her accuser, who shook with suppressed rage.

"You are a bad woman!" he blurted. *Sadie Thompson* flared up like a torch. She now rocked the chair violently—sneering, brazen, defiant. Her would-be reformer suddenly snatched the chair from her hold. He looked ready to tear her to pieces. *Sadie* smiled knowingly. She sauntered away toward the door.

"Well," she asked tauntingly, "and what are you going to do about it?"

The religious reformer stumbled after her to the door and watched her go down the rain-beaten pathway outside the hotel.

The scene—part of Gloria Swanson's "Sadie Thompson"—was brief. Raoul Walsh, the director, had it retaken two or three times, until the mental conflict between the two players vibrated powerfully, bitterly.

Walsh is at present one of the few directors able to depict mental conflict on the screen in an intelligent manner.

"This is the type of picture I like best to do," he told me, speaking of "Sadie Thompson." Direct and honest, he knows his path and is not afraid to walk it. "Keep your audience pepped up all the time, feeling the conflict between your characters," he stressed.

"I don't care for too much plot in a story. If there are two or three strong characterizations in it, they alone should supply all the action that is necessary. The public can follow their minds more easily than if dozens of complicating situations are inserted. I doubt whether any audience cares for a picture with too much plot. It's too confusing. A simple story, forceful and vivid, is more attractive.

"Take 'White Gold' and 'Seventh Heaven,' for instance. Both pictures were successes, and they had, from beginning to end, only one or two characters around which the story revolved."

The phenomenal success of "What Price Glory" brought Raoul Walsh into the front ranks as a director. For the first time, he had a story suited to his particular talents. It dealt with the mental, as well as physical, conflict between two soldiers in a manner rarely seen before on the screen. A simple plot, but most powerful.

Walsh personally strikes one as a rough-and-ready worker, with a good sense of humor. He is not the suave, sophisticated type of director. Nor does he pretend to be. With him, a spade is a spade, and not a beautiful shovel. In brief, he is honest and sincere, and reveals this in his directing.

On the set, you see him sometimes wearing a rough

A Director Who Defies the Censors



Few other directors would have undertaken the filming of the realistic story of "Sadie Thompson." In addition to directing it, Walsh played the rôle of SADIE'S *marine sweetheart.*

blue wool jersey with a pair of white trousers. He seems less a director than a stage hand. No display whatever. Yet if a stranger were brought on the set, he would undoubtedly pick Walsh out as the director. He is unpretentious, but dominating.

"Yes," he told me, "I started on the legitimate stage, but did nothing to speak of. Oh, I played all kinds of parts—mostly small ones."

For a time, he was a sailor. He has sailed around the world three times, and has many interesting tales to tell. He has seen much and, with the eye of an artist, has picked up vivid impressions in foreign lands.

"I started in pictures some fifteen or sixteen years ago," he said. "At the old Biograph I did all sorts of jobs. In those days, you had to do everything from acting to dressing the sets."

He began at the old Biograph studio under D. W. Griffith. He played anything from comedy rôles to heroes or heavies. He played the part of *John Wilkes Booth* in "The Birth of a Nation." Later he branched out into the technical end of the business, becoming for a time Griffith's assistant. That was with the old Triangle company. At that time, Gloria Swanson—who is now playing *Sadie Thompson* under his direction—was an extra at the same studio.

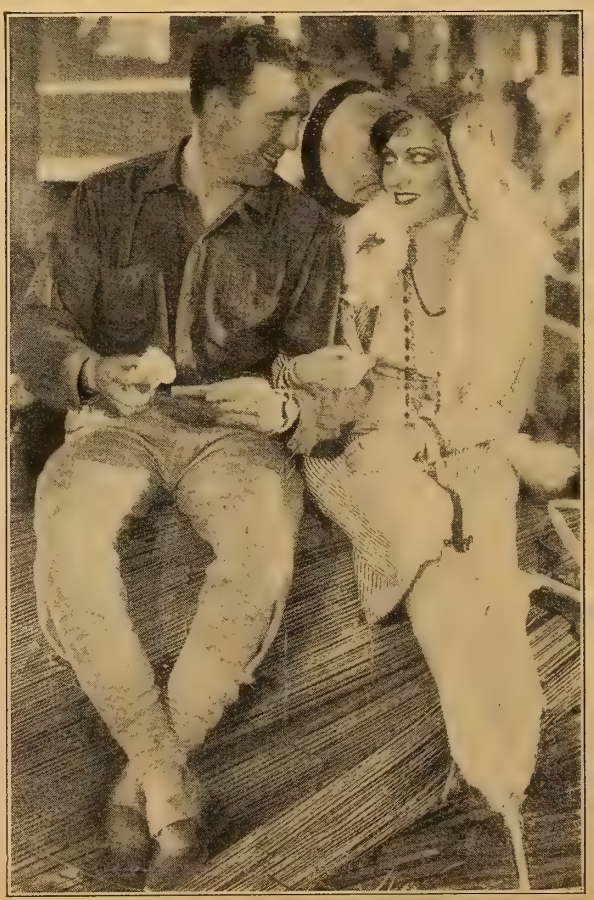
Walsh directed "The Honor System" for Fox ten years ago, starring George Walsh, his brother, and Miriam Cooper. This picture was deemed the best of its kind at that time, and was one of the big box-office attractions. It afforded Walsh his first directorial success.

For several years, however, his name was one of the many that meant little or nothing to the public. Not until the showing of his "The Thief of Bagdad," did the people see his name in the foreground again.

On the strength of that picture, Paramount decided that massive spectacles were what Raoul Walsh could do best. So he was given "The Wanderer" to direct. But the tremendous sets swallowed up the simple story. Then, later, his "The Lady of the Harem" turned out to be a sickly ghost of Flecker's gorgeous poetic romance, "The Golden Journey to Samarkand."

With the expiration of his contract with Paramount, Walsh went to the William Fox abode. When "What Price Glory" was to be made many were the grave doubts as to the wisdom of filming such a frank story. But under Raoul Walsh's direction, it became one of the greatest successes of the year. It was just the type of story that he needed, the type in which he could inject honest reality.

Walsh and Gloria Swanson in one of their many scenes together in "Sadie Thompson."



Then, "Loves of Carmen" came along. Though it seemed rather ridiculous to essay another "Carmen" after Pola Negri's dynamic portrayal, Fox saw fit to present Dolores del Rio and Victor McLaglen as the wild gypsy girl and the dashing toreador. And the film was given to Walsh to direct.

But Walsh does not handle love, in any of its grades, so well as he handles tense conflict. "What Price Glory" had the rancorous conflict and hate between the two soldiers as its central theme. "Sadie Thompson" has the bitter mental conflict between *Sadie* and the fanatical reformer, and ought to be as great in appeal and popularity as "What Price Glory."

Walsh is not one to

Continued on page 98



Speedy Visits New York

Harold Lloyd had the town in roars of laughter during the filming of these scenes for "Speedy," his new comedy.



Harold and his new leading lady, Ann Christy, below, staged many amusing pranks at Coney Island, and proved to be the greatest attraction of the season there.



All the catchpenny devices were visited, including the funny mirror, above, which creates laughable results in the film.

"Speedy" is the story of a breezy youth and his troubles in saving for the father of his girl the franchise of the last horse-drawn car line in New York.

The Stroller

A leisurely humorist's keen-witted observations on life in the movie colony.



By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

I WAS lunching with a young movie actor not long ago—I have spells of being democratic like that. A venerable and dignified picture producer walked by us and the actor said, "That man doesn't like me very much, and I can't figure out just why he doesn't."

I said nothing and he went on to explain.

"I had an engagement with his daughter the other evening, but for the life of me, I can't make out why I didn't make a better impression on him."

"Well," I responded, "he has been in the theatrical business a very long time. So he naturally regards all young actors with a certain amount of justifiable suspicion."

"That may be true," the actor agreed. "And come to think of it, there were also a few little incidents which occurred that evening which may have had a tendency to put me in his disfavor."

I asked him to elucidate.

"Well," he said, "we shall regard his natural suspicion of actors as reason number one for his dislike. Then it happened that he was taking an after-dinner nap on the davenport when I arrived, and my entry aroused him."

"That may well be counted as reason number two," I put in. "I've noticed that men of his age are apt to take their napping seriously."

"And now that I think of it," my young friend went on, "we—or rather his daughter—decided to take his new car and go for a ride, and being somewhat nervous, I scraped the fender on the door of the garage as I backed out. That didn't bend the fender to any great extent, but it scraped off considerable paint."

"And did the old gentleman witness this?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," the boy hurried on. "He had come out to tell his daughter to be sure to be home early. And I forgot to mention that this mishap to the fender, together with his obvious hostility, had so unnerved me that I had asked the girl to take the wheel and finish backing out. She did, with the result that we ran across a flower bed and slightly nudged an evergreen tree. We caused no damage, however, except to the producer's approaching apoplexy."

"Was that *all* that happened?" I asked, laconically.

"Well, yes," he said, "with one exception. On our way home, I telephoned a cab company to have a car meet me at the girl's house. In my confusion, I forgot to tell them not to look for me in the house, with the result that, when we arrived, the old gentleman had just been aroused from a deep sleep to inform the driver with some violence that he had *not* ordered a cab."

There was an extended silence. At length I tried to reassure my young friend.

"I'm sure," I said, "that you have an excellent chance of playing the juvenile lead in his next picture."

A well-known movie actress had a luncheon appointment with a writer who was to do an interview with her for a fan magazine. In return for the incalculable value of the interview, the actress was, of course, to observe the customary courtesy of being the hostess.

Shortly before the appointed time for their meeting, the actress telephoned the publicity agent of her studio and dumfounded him thus:

"I have an appointment for lunch with Miss McGizzle, you know. Now I don't eat very much lunch, and in case she eats a lot, can't I have it charged to the publicity office?"

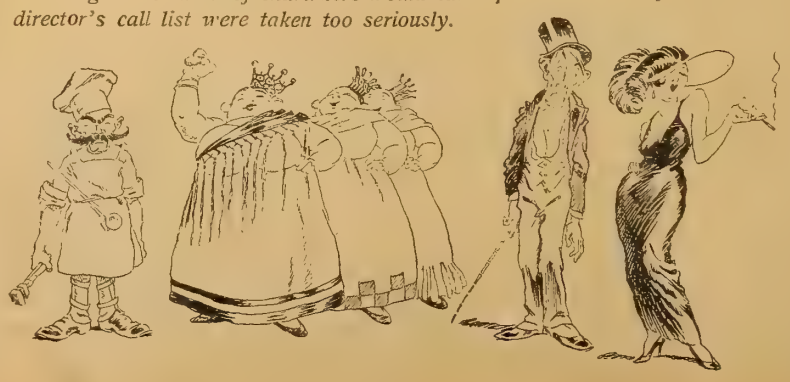
Urchins of Beverly Hills have found a new way to make easy money. Lining up on prominent boulevards leading into this residential district of the movie city, they hail passing cars and offer personally conducted tours for varying sums.

An acquaintance of mine, being mistaken for a tourist by one of these would-be guides, accepted his offer just to see what would happen. The boy pointed out the Beverly Hills Hotel as the residence of Mary and Doug, and bestowed the Thomas H. Ince estate, now owned by Carl Laemmle, upon Tom Mix. Norman Kerry was credited with a home far from his real habitat.

But the young guide capped the climax when he singled out an imposing new mansion as the home of Gloria Swanson. A prominent sign in front of the house read, "For Sale. Open for Inspection."

The movie celebrities continue to dabble in commercial pursuits.

A strange assortment of characters would turn up at the studio if a certain director's call list were taken too seriously.



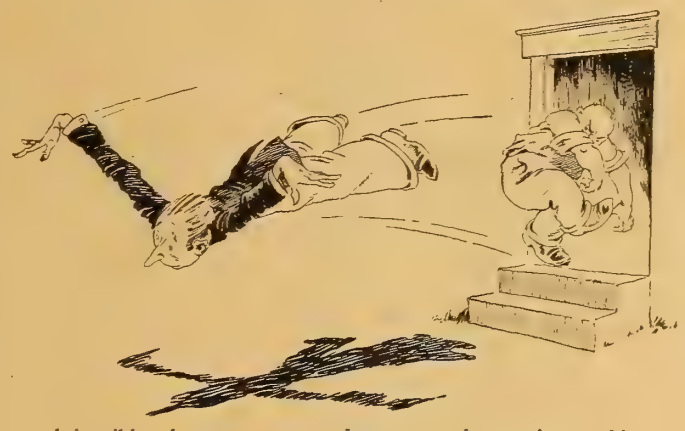
William Beaudine, lately director for Mary Pickford, and William Russell, the he-man actor, have opened an "auto laundry" on Vine Street, near the center of Hollywood. Its formal opening was patterned after the introduction of a new picture into a Grauman theater.

Michael Dark, former movie actor and one-time editor, has purchased an interest in Unity Pegeus' bookstore and helps serve the customers therein His new occupation is not only more in his line, Mr. Dark says, but it is somewhat more dependable, as a means of living, than acting.

Mr. Dark, a distinguished-looking gent, came to Hollywood with the idea that acting was what the sporting folk call a "soft touch." He meant to use it as a means of living while he wrote a novel. His work was mainly in the pictures of directors who knew and appreciated his literary background, such as Monta Bell and Paul Bern.

Notes on the experiences of Minnie Ginch, beauty-contest winner, when she visited Hollywood as her reward for being Pancake City's fairest.

No. 1—Documentary evidence, being a letter written by Miss Ginch to her chum in Pancake City:



A bewildered young actor makes a poor impression on his ladylove's father.

DEAR DOROTHEA:

I have been in Hollywood a week now, and I am so thrilled I haven't been able to write you a letter to tell you about all the wonderful things that have happened. But after this continuous round of pleasure, I insisted on having an evening to myself and am sitting down to write you this.

My trip on the train was perfectly lovely. I met an awfully nice man who said he was a big official of some shoe company in San Francisco. But I don't think it is wise to keep up with train acquaintances, so I haven't seen him since.

I was met at the train by all the officials of the Finkelstein Pictures Corporation, which held the contest I won. And Cecil DeMille, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, James Cruze, Douglas Fairbanks and a lot of other stars met me, too. I'll bet a beauty-contest winner doesn't arrive in Hollywood every day!

At the studio they gave me a beautiful bungalow dressing room, and I had a luncheon with the general manager, and all the stars have invited me to their homes, and I had a lot of tests made for big parts which I'm going to play in the near future. It hasn't been decided yet whether I'll play a lead with Reginald Denny or Jack Mulhall, but I'll know very soon. Must close now, as I am invited to go to the Biltmore to dance to-morrow night.

Love, MINNIE GINCH.

No. 2—Disinterested testimony of Pete Larkin, a press agent for the Finkelstein Pictures Corporation, corroborating in part the evidence introduced in Miss Ginch's letter:

(a) So far as I know, Miss Ginch had a very nice trip. On the train she met a Moe Shadur, salesman for the Cant-Hurt Shoe Company.

(b) She was met at the train by myself and a photographer.

(c) At the studio, she was assigned to dressing room No. 187, introduced to the third assistant general manager, who didn't know who she was, and taken to lunch by myself because there was no way out of it.

(d) After a great deal of unwarranted trouble, I succeeded in having a film test made of her which no official of importance has yet seen. She has done extra work in five pictures.

There are a number of things extremely annoying to film producers and others in the movie business, not the least of which are those persons in whose breasts is a burning desire to visit a studio.

Every so often, the studio chiefs agree that no more visitors will be admitted, but this state of affairs doesn't last long, for the rule is virtually impossible to enforce. Those strangers who have just the *desire* to visit, and nothing else, are not so bad, because they never get past the gateman, but those bearing letters from theater owners, newspaper men, or friends of the boss' cousin, constitute a problem, because it is unwise to risk offending any of these persons.

A scene on any set where visitors are present might serve to illustrate. A harassed office boy who can't get out of it leads Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zilch and family, friends of the owner of the Bijou Theater, of Cedar Hills, Iowa, to a position behind the cameras. The director, let us imagine, is too kind-hearted to throw them off the set. The children create a great deal of disturbance and annoy the workers. The entire party gets in the way of the electricians and the property men. The visitors see the leading man rehearse a scene. Perhaps he doesn't at first get it just the way the director wants it, and so is corrected.

"Ain't he dumb!" the visitors snicker.

The star arrives. Perhaps she is in character make-up, and perhaps her part calls for shoddy clothes.

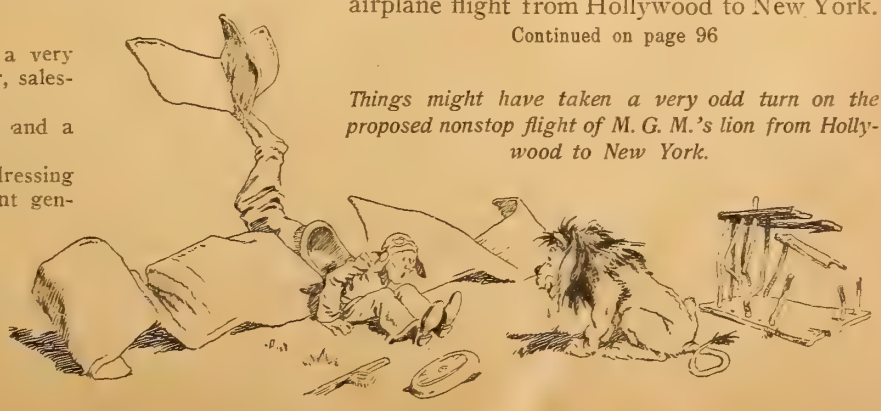
"A million years old," they agree, "and awfully tacky looking."

By this time, no doubt, more visitors have arrived, rather effectually filling the set. Their presence makes the actors self-conscious and they bungle a few scenes. The director thinks of mounting production costs and the row he'll have with the producer. He calls the assistant director—official goat of the outfit—who at last tosses the unbidden guests off the set as tactfully as possible.

The tourists leave in high dudgeon, not the least bit grateful for what they have seen—instead, very disgruntled because they haven't seen more. They return to their home town and describe the director as a fathead, the leading man as a complete washout, the star as an old hag, and the entire city of Hollywood as a very wicked place.

It was a great idea when somebody at Metro-Goldwyn thought of sending a lion on a nonstop airplane flight from Hollywood to New York.

Continued on page 96



Things might have taken a very odd turn on the proposed nonstop flight of M. G. M.'s lion from Hollywood to New York.



Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien have the good fortune to add greatly to the beauty of "Sunrise," which will probably be rated the most distinguished picture of the year.

The Screen

The new films are examined by a critic

By Norbert

"SUNRISE" is a striking picture, a real achievement which will not soon be equaled. There hasn't been any picture quite like it, not even "The Last Laugh" or "Faust," both of which were directed by F. W. Murnau, the German who was brought to this country by William Fox for "Sunrise."

Every one who takes the screen seriously should see this new manifestation of its great scope, and study the sharply individual technique of the director. Those who don't care to do either, but prefer the standardized product of Hollywood, will not find much cause for enthusiasm. "Sunrise" is a *tour de force* of directorial skill, not a riot of the emotions. It is a photograph of the *minds* of the characters rather than their hearts. Would you prefer to think than to weep? Then see "Sunrise," for it bears every sign of being the most important picture of the year.

The story is no world beater of originality, but Murnau's method of telling it—oh, my! The characters are *The Man, The Wife, The Woman from the City,* and the countryside and a metropolis. *The Man,* a farmer, falls under the spell of *The Woman,* who tempts him to drown his wife and go with her to the city. At the moment when he is about to capsize the rowboat, his wife's trust and devotion disarm him and he stumbles away, agonized by conscience. In fear *The Wife* flees to the city, where he follows her and wins back her confidence. They enter into the gayeties of the night in celebration of their new understanding and the end of the vampire's spell. On their way home they are overtaken by a storm and *The Wife* is swept from the boat by the waves. Once more *The Husband* staggers into the house, this time racked by grief. He hears the siren call of the vampire. It stirs him to fury and he nearly chokes her to death. Then the tide brings in *The Wife,* clinging to a sheaf of bulrushes, alive.

A bare synopsis of the story can give no idea of its symbolic narration on the screen.

Murnau's technique is clearly shown in the first scene, when the vampire, lying in *The Man's* arms under a misty moon, enthralls him with her stories of the city. The city is visualized as it might exist in the imagination of the simple farmer: a fantastic hodge-podge of glitter and activity. This extraordinary capacity for photographing the workings of a mind is repeatedly employed in the picture.

George O'Brien plays *The Man* simply and sincerely, though he hunches and shambles a great deal in the early sequences—but not too much to mar the most important rôle of his career and his best acting yet seen. Janet Gaynor, *The Wife,* is exquisitely perfect, though her appearance is handicapped by a weird wig, supposed to make her a blonde, I suppose, but only succeeding in giving her artificial grayness. Margaret Livingston is, as you might suppose, *The Woman.* She is evil incarnate, and gives the best performance of her career. Bodil Rosing, J. Farrell MacDonald, Ralph Sipperly, Jane Winton, Arthur Housman, and Eddie Boland play minor rôles flawlessly.

Sweet and Sad.

Admirers of Ramon Novarro have a treat in store when they see him in "The Student Prince," the picture that was first called "Old Heidelberg."

They will say their idol has come into his own and, I hope, forgive the fates for delaying his good fortune and their state of bliss.

"The Student Prince" is an important, if not a perfect, picture, and the rôle of *Prince Karl Heinrich* is ideally suited to Novarro's temperament and histrionic equipment, barring my criticism that you can't make a German out of a Latin. Lest that mild observation reduce me to ashes under the fire of Novarro's upholders, I will admit that the portrayal of youth is not a matter of race or climate. Novarro drives that fact home with a tender, true portrait of youth untouched by the world, in the flush of first love and in the throes of youth's ardors and diffidences. For the purposes of the story he is a prince, but he would be equally believable if he were a peasant.

He is the central figure in a sweetly mournful romance which Ernst Lubitsch has embellished with a wealth of ironic and always relevant detail, a great deal of beauty, and atmosphere which you feel is authentic. It is a gentle story, this tale of a prince who finds escape from a formal court in the gay student life of the German university, there to encounter love in the person of *Kathi,* a maid at an inn. All unmindful of the responsibilities ahead of him, *Karl Heinrich* is on the

in Review

whose notes are offered for your guidance.

Lusk

point of marrying *Kathi,* when he is notified of his succession to the throne. Even though he is king, he longs for *Kathi* and Heidelberg and eventually returns in a forlorn attempt to recapture the joys of his student days. But everything is changed—everybody is conscious that he is a sovereign—all but *Kathi.* They meet for the last time, and *Karl Heinrich* returns to the capital to fulfill his destiny. Last scene of all finds him riding to his wedding with a princess.

Norma Shearer is *Kathi,* pleasing but not at her best in a rôle unsuited to her calm temperament. Jean Hersholt's *Doctor Jüttner,* the prince's tutor, is further evidence of his right to a place among the elect, and Philippe de Lacy, as the boy *Karl Heinrich,* is a picture of what little princes should look like but rarely do.



Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro give their sympathetic talents to the portrayal of love's young dreams with such emotional effect that there won't be a dry eye in any theater where "The Student Prince" is shown.

Beauty Is Its Own Reward.

For sheer beauty "Rose of the Golden West" has not been equaled in some months.

It is a romantic story of California in 1846, when that State belonged to Mexico and was coveted by Russia, with heavy political intrigue the order of the day. *Juan,* an impetuous young caballero, is chosen by the patriots to kill the dictator before the latter can sell California to the representative of the czar. At the moment *Juan* is about to fire, he discovers the dictator to be the father of the girl he loves. In saving her father, *Rosita* causes *Juan* to be condemned to death. Whereupon she consents to marry the Russian diplomat and insists that the cathedral bells ring out the news. This prearranged signal brings United States marines from a waiting warship, prevents the marriage, and saves *Juan* from the fatal bullet.

Yes, this sounds like a machine-made plot, but you will believe it is real while you are under the spell of Mary Astor, as *Rosita,* Gilbert Roland, as *Juan,* and Montagu Love, as the dictator. Never has Miss Astor looked more beautiful. She is ravishing in her bridal finery and acts with poignant prettiness. Gilbert Roland is becoming so romantic that other screen lovers will lapse into prosy Babbitts if they don't look out. George Fitzmaurice, the director, has captured all the mellow loveliness of the old missions and once again has demonstrated his belief in the paramount importance of pictorial beauty.

Mammy's Boy Makes Good.

"The Jazz Singer" is important because of Al Jolson and the Vitaphone. As a picture it is second-rate, but with the comedian actually heard singing some of his famous numbers in conjunction with the story, "The Jazz Singer" offers genuine entertainment. As almost every one knows, the comedy depicts the conflict between Jewish traditions and the glamour of theatrical life. *Jakie Rabinowitz,* son of a cantor in a synagogue, as a boy is driven from home by his father because he prefers songs of the day instead of hymns of the faith. *Jakie* is drawn to the stage, where he becomes famous as *Jack Robin,* a singer of popular melodies. His redemption is brought about when he takes his father's place and chants "Kol Nidre" to the Hebrew congregation. The incidental love interest is supplied by a musical-comedy actress whose faith in *Jack Robin* is responsible for his appearance on Broadway where, of course, he is an instantaneous hit.

All this is perfectly fitted to Al Jolson's songs, of which there are six in the course of the picture, and he sings them as only Jolson can. It is too bad that he does nothing else to make his rôle real. Instead of being a wise-cracking youth, as the character was played on the stage, *Jack Robin* in Jolson's hands becomes a veteran performer, who knows that he is the star of the picture and takes that fact with gravity. Thus it becomes no characterization at all, but simply an opportunity to see Jolson on the screen and hear his inimitable art.

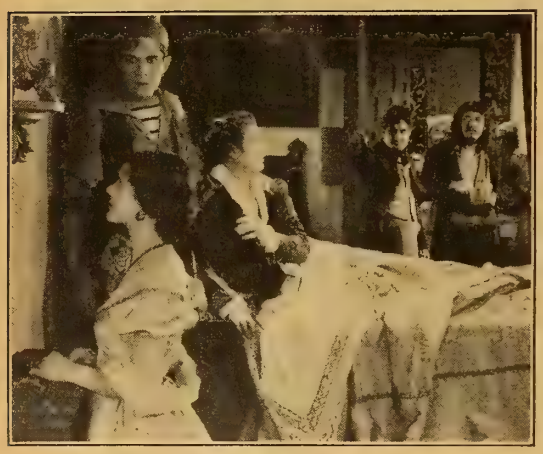
May McAvoy's appearance as the actress is charming. She is properly sprightly, too. Bobbie Gordon plays *Jakie* at thirteen. The boy makes you wish that *Jakie* hadn't stopped being such a good actor when he became Mr. Jolson.

The Wild Cat of Seville.

If *Carmen* is an old friend of yours you won't recognize her in "Loves of Carmen." But if you want to see a Spanish story, with a ragamuffin heroine named *Carmen,* you will find the new picture robust and quite



"A Gentleman of Paris."



"The Road to Romance."



"Rose of the Golden West."



"Surrender!"

entertaining. You will also find in *Escamillo* not the flaming toreador of yesteryear, but a comedian given to stuffing food into his mouth and playing rough practical jokes on *Carmen,* when he is not wearing a fur-trimmed dressing gown. *Don José* you will recognize at once, because he is *Carmen's* soldier-lover of old, and also because he is played by Don Alvarado with striking sincerity, sympathy, and torrential passion. If you have seen many *Don Josés,* you will find him the most picturesque of all. And if Don Alvarado continues to make himself felt on the screen, you will one day be glad to recall having seen him as *José.*

For that matter, you won't forget Dolores del Rio as *Carmen.* True, she is not the Spanish gypsy of tradition—elemental, by turns brooding and fiery—but an outrageous, vulgar gamin given to the practice of brazen wiles. Yet she is magnetic, at times lovely to look upon, and always interesting. No one can deny that Victor McLaglen is an excellent actor. It is all a question of whether a comic *Escamillo* is more to your liking than the true conception of a toreador who is, first of all, never a trifler, and whose imitation of good manners to match his exalted position in Spain, would never permit him to make low comedy out of cramming bread into his mouth.

The Face at the Windowpane.

"The Woman on Trial" presents Pola Negri accused of murder. Seated on the witness stand, she tells her story of the events that preceded her shooting of *Gaston Napier.* As *Julie,* she loved *Pierre,* a poor artist of the Latin Quarter. When he is sent to Switzerland in the hope of curing his tuberculosis, she sells his paintings and in this way attracts the attention of *John Morland,* rich and sinister. *Julie* marries him for *Pierre's* sake, only to discover that he is intensely jealous. He follows her to Switzerland, and though successful in divorcing her, he cannot obtain possession of their child. When by a trick he succeeds, *Julie* kills the man responsible for the treachery. *Julie* is acquitted, her child is restored to her, and *Pierre* is cured in time for a happy ending on the beach.

This will be thought one of Miss Negri's best pictures. It has been carefully directed, and its manner of telling bears a semblance of novelty, even though Mauritz Stiller, the eminent Swedish director, is not easily forgiven for permitting *Julie* and her child to act a long, tearful scene with a windowpane between them. Even so, Miss Negri has fine moments, the late Einar Hansen is extremely effective as *Pierre,* and André Sarti and Arnold Kent play, respectively, the husband and the false friend capably.

Can You Resist Him?

Norman Kerry plays the title rôle in "The Irresistible Lover." It is a farce, of course—all about a rich philanderer with a comic lawyer to settle his numerous breach-of-promise suits and other embarrassments of a like nature. *J. Harrison Gray,* the heart-breaker, finally meets a policeman's daughter. Apparently in her he finds his true love. She is Lois Moran, who in a succession of conventional rôles of this sort which require no particular ability, will become a conventional actress and be rated as such, if she doesn't watch out.

This picture is filled with scenes which scenario writers call "cute"—such as the intentionally clumsy efforts of Mr. Kerry to peel potatoes, and his success in carving them into the shape of hearts. Also Mr. Kerry in a bungalow apron. Somehow he seems too big a boy to go in for these cute tricks. Arthur Lake is fine as a genuine juvenile.

The Real Thing.

In some respects "Spring Fever" is William Haines' best picture. It shows him to be more than a brash youth, an irrepressible wisecracker, though he does enough of this to show that he hasn't lost his inimitable form. But he is a comedian of finesse and charm and, incidentally, makes a better appearance than in a baseball suit or a marine's uniform.

"Spring Fever" is a frail farce about people who take golf seriously, beginning when *Jack Kelly,* a clerk, thinks he is about to be fired for skylarking, but is taken by his employer out to the

country club, where he defeats the champion golfer. Carried away by the wealth and leisure of his new companions, *Jack* refuses to go back to work. He decides to marry money and continue as an elegant idler. Of course he does nothing of the kind. Joan Crawford is delightful as the rich heroine who loses her money, and Eileen Percy is highly effective as the heiress who buys twelve cars just to encourage the automobile salesmen. The titles are deft, amusing, and in perfect taste. The same is true of the entire picture. Mr. Haines is *there*—and will be for a long time.

Mr. Novarro as a Comedian.

"The Road to Romance" is only important because it permits Ramon Novarro to give a capital performance—better, really, than in the more pretentious "Student Prince." He is spirited and gay, agile, and deft. His rôle is that of a Spanish courtier, *José Armando,* disguised as a pirate for the purpose of rescuing a fair heroine, *Serafina,* from the clutches of a smirking villain, *Don Balthasar,* on a lonely isle in the vicinity of the West Indies. The time, early in the nineteenth century, permits latitude in costuming, the result being that every character is so picturesque that it is impossible to believe their motives or actions. However, the picture has been beautifully produced, with the maximum care given to lighting and grouping, and it is infinitely soothing to the optic nerves. Ramon Novarro is something more than that—he achieves a real characterization, even though it is strictly of the story-book genus. Played entirely in the vein of light comedy, this new hero should vastly interest Novarro's fans. Marceline Day is the heroine and Roy d'Arcy is, as usual, a dental villain.

Calories Minus.

Obviously a weakling among films, "Publicity Madness" contrives to be intermittently diverting with the aid of amusing titles. Otherwise there's little to it, excepting the presence of Edmund Lowe and Lois Moran in the cast. But scarcely any story is discernible. *Pete,* an aggressive young man, forces himself into the job of reorganizing the company which manufactures "Uncle Elmer's Saturday Night Soap." Needless to say he enlivens the fossilized firm by means of various stunts, not the least of these being the transformation of *Violet* from a frump into a wise-cracking beauty. Lois Moran is *Violet,* a rôle which should have been beneath her contempt. She plays it well, of course, but it is utterly trivial. Edmund Lowe, as *Pete,* further evidences his striking ability to make one forget his long service in conventional heroics and admire his skill as a delineator of character.

Slow Motion.

"Surrender!" is a synonym for boredom. The only point of exclamation is in the title. The picture is a tedious exposition of an incident on the Russian-Galician border early in the war. *Constantin,* a Russian prince, comes to take possession of the town but, as usual, decides to take possession of *Lea,* the rabbi's daughter, instead. She remains cold to his persuasions, but finally, after many close-ups of the cast, she goes to *Constantin* in order to save her people. Whereupon the prince becomes sentimentally noble, declares his love, and gives her a ring as a pledge of his intention to return and marry her. Instead of being grateful, the townspeople stone *Lea* and kill her father, but eventually *Lea* and *Constantin* are united in an appropriately pretty setting.

All this is unreeled slowly, to the accompaniment of rabbinical ritual, a great many beards and an atmosphere of gloom. Mary Philbin is finely emotional and intense as *Lea,* but Ivan Mosjukine doesn't fit at all as the semihero. Nature has given him the attributes of a villain, as we recognize them on the screen, and his ability in such a rôle as *Constantin* isn't strong enough to make one forget his appearance.

Don't Wear Borrowed Finery.

"American Beauty" is the name of a gown, not a girl, as you think. It is one of those silver-lacy affairs, bought by *Mrs. Gillespie* and sent, oddly enough, to the cleaner by the modiste before delivery to the customer. But don't mind this inconsistency—you

Continued on page 92



"A Man's Past."



"The Crystal Cup."



"American Beauty."



"Loves of Carmen."



The writer casts her vote for James Cruze.

Who Is the Greatest Man

Come, fans, cast your votes! And whomever you choose, movies, for it's generally agreed that it's the directors

By Virginia

WHO is the maestro of the megaphone—the cleverest director in the movies? Name him, and you name the cleverest person in pictures. For that's one thing upon which nearly every one is agreed—that the director is the boy who does it. If a picture's good, thank the director. If it's rotten, blame him. Now put your finger to your forehead and concentrate. Who's the greatest guy in moviedom? Name your man.

While you're thinking it over, I'll make my own nomination. Not that it will mean anything to the powers-that-be in the film industry. It's not likely that anything of great moment will result from my choice—the gentleman I select probably won't even get a raise. So even if you don't agree with me, don't bother to send me poisoned candy.

Now, let's see. Approximately six hundred men have been directors in their time, but I doubt whether Will Hays himself knows who they all are. At a moment like this, the first thing to do is to throw five hundred and eighty of them away. The twenty that we can't do without are D. W. Griffith, Cecil DeMille, Rex Ingram, Erich von Stroheim, Charles Spencer Chaplin, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, King Vidor, Frank Borzage, E. A. Dupont, Ernst Lubitsch, F. W. Murnau, Fred Niblo, Clarence Brown, Malcolm St. Clair, Raoul Walsh, Victor Fleming, Sidney Franklin, Monta Bell, and Victor Seastrom.

If you're still speaking to me, I'll go ahead. On the other hand, if your own favorite director is Seymore Zeliff or F. Herrick-Herrick, read no further.

In the first place, for just how much of a picture is the director responsible? Well, he is responsible for pretty nearly the whole thing. He's fairly certain to have something to say about the choice of the story, or at least, about its assignment to his care; next, he okays the script, often contributing many of the ideas for the adaptation; and in most cases, he has a free hand in casting. He's lord of the lot while the cameras are grinding, he's czar of the cutting room, and finally, he's supreme judge at the preview.

And now—just what goes to make a great director? The main thing is that he must know how to fashion a picture that will entertain the multitudes without being below the casual approval of the intelligent. Art is art, and all that, but after a hard day's work, how many people are going to find fun in paying money to see a deep, psychological study of a man who murders his wife and six children because his mother let him swat mosquitoes when he was a little boy? Most fans are willing to leave high art to the critics, who get into the show for nothing and receive a salary, besides, for sitting through it.

On the other hand, certain forms of hokum eventually cease to be funny or even entertaining. For instance, nobody clamors any more for pictures like those Emory Johnson used to direct in such profusion. People have ceased clamoring for them because they realize that not every mother tucks her twenty-five-year-old boy into bed every night, and that not every wandering prodigal gets home in time to save the old homestead from the hammer of the auctioneer.

The greatest pictures are those in which popular appeal is carefully mixed with honesty of treatment. Molding an impressive screen play is like molding an enduring novel—its creator must have a complete understanding of his subject, and if he has this, sincerity will follow.

Progress of one kind or another in the making of films, as well as improvement in the public taste, has gradually tended to make the work of certain directors out-of-date and to throw into prominence the films of a younger school.

For a while, D. W. Griffith was almost as much a national tradition as George Washington.

Monta Bell is one of the best of the new school of directors.





Rex Ingram's recent pictures have been disappointing.



Von Stroheim is a forceful creative artist, but his films lose money.



Herbert Brenon's films can nearly always be depended upon for entertainment.

Behind the Megaphone?

put him down as also being the greatest person in the to whom we owe the masterpieces of the screen.

Morris



D. W. Griffith was once the most outstanding figure in the industry, but he has lost his position.

For many years, he was the axis of advancement for the whole movie world. He invented the close-up, he devised the cutback, he developed scores of unknown players into great stars. His pictures presented a magnificent record of achievement—"Intolerance," "Broken Blossoms," and most immortal of them all, "The Birth of a Nation." But unhappily, Griffith failed to keep up with the advance that he himself had started. And many people are unkind enough to forget his early masterpieces and to remember, instead, "Sally of the Sawdust," "That Royle Girl," and "The Sorrows of Satan."

Griffith's decline was also brought about by his inability to cope with the sad but inescapable reality that pictures are a business, in which ledgers must be balanced and investors rewarded. When "Broken Blossoms" struck the fancy only of the few instead of the four million, and the books consequently showed a loss, Griffith, in disgust, went to the other extreme but, in bitterly attempting to please the mob, he only succeeded in displeasing them, and the intelligentzia as well.

Perhaps Griffith will come back. Perhaps he will grasp again the vanishing light of inspiration. But it seems doubtful. His name has taken its place in history, and a new generation of directors has supplanted him.

Cecil DeMille belongs to the old school, too, but when he sets out to film a picture designed to make the public gasp, he does it. "The Ten Commandments" was magnificent. "The King of Kings" is superb. Those two films entitle DeMille to immortality beyond any argument. But his chances for election as the maestro of films dwindle when you think of "The Volga Boatman," "The Golden Bed," "Adam's Rib," and a few more like those.



Cecil DeMille's poorer films detract from the glory of his greatest achievements.

King Vidor has made only one really great picture, "The Big Parade."





Ernst Lubitsch is a genius, but does not know his box-office.



Victor Seastrom's dreary pictures are impressive but not entertaining.

Fred Niblo, too, is identified with big pictures. His films are, however, big rather than enduring. People cheerfully pay two-twenty to see one of them, enjoy the evening immensely, and then proceed to forget it. "Ben-Hur" is, of course, Niblo's greatest monument. And in his proud past, are "The Three Musketeers" and "Blood and Sand." But his latest, "Camille," will hardly live beyond the current season.

Rex Ingram is very much in the same category as Niblo. Six long years have passed since he made the world stand still with "The Four Horsemen." In the past three seasons, he has offered only "The Arab," "Mare Nostrum," and "The Magician," none of which did much beyond disappointing the public.

The name of Clarence Brown on a film fills most of us with confidence that we won't waste our time if we see it. Brown goes in for making good small pictures instead of spineless specials. He has never made any of these superproductions that are unreeled only twice a day. Yet his last five pictures, made during the past two years, have every one of them clicked—"Flesh and the Devil," "Kiki," "The Goose Woman," "The Eagle," and "Smoldering Fires."

Another man who strikes a dependable average is Herbert Brenon. The high light of his achievements is the finely original "Beau Geste," as thrilling a combination of adventure and human interest as any screen ever held. He has also made such worthy films as "Dancing Mothers," "The Street of Forgotten Men," and "Peter Pan," with only an occasional lapse like "The Telephone Girl" and "God Gave Me Twenty Cents." Brenon is not the maestro, but he's an excellent director, who makes money for his boss and provides entertainment for the fans.

A pair of war pictures that came along recently arrived with a bang that gave their directors an emphatic shove into the limelight. The first was "The Big Parade," directed by King Vidor, he who

Continued on page 110

In and Out

Random glimpses of the



There's nothing those movie stars don't try to do! Marian Nixon, above, was recently discovered at work on a piece of tapestry—and now, all the rest of the girls in the colony are following her example.



If you think an actor's life is an easy one, just ask Charles Delaney. Above, he goes into training for his rôle in "The Main Event," while Director William K. Howard sees that there's no slackening to it.

Right, Joe Cobb, heavyweight champion of "Our Gang," prepares for a high dive into something or other—perhaps the Pacific. Or maybe this is just a pose on Joe's part.



Below, Lupino Lane does his famous act with the dog—the dog being a midget in disguise.



Right, Ann Rork, between scenes of "A Texas Steer," tests her lasso on Louise Fazenda, but Louise would just as soon she tried it on some one else.



of the Studios

players in their informal moments.

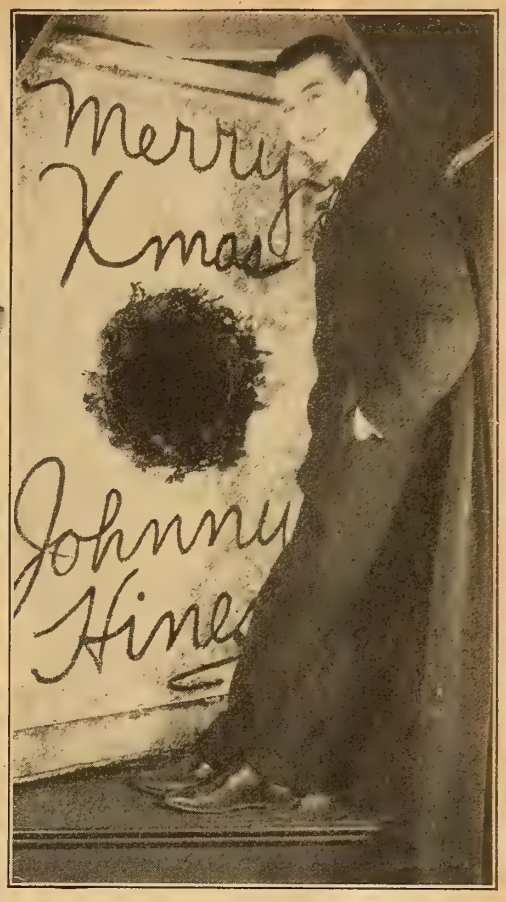


Above, Lewis Stone reluctantly dons curls for the rôle of *Menelaus* in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

Below, Leatrice Joy gets along swimmingly in her plans for her next film. She discusses them with John Farrow while taking a plunge in the pool at the DeMille studio.







Yuletide greetings from Johnny Hines! He does his Christmas shopping early and broadcasts good wishes to all his fan friends.

Left, Mary Philbin shows how the scared heroine should act at the witching hour of twelve.



"Action!" yells the boy director through his megaphone. Frankie Darro and Beans play movies together — just as though they didn't get enough of them all day long!



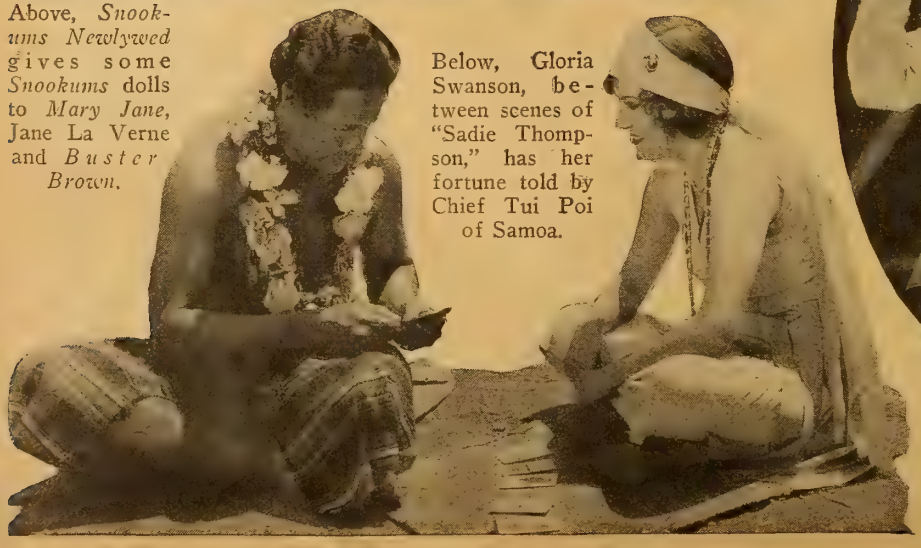
If you can find the girl under the hat, it's Jewel Cournier, who is lending her charm to Hal Roach comedies.



Above, Mrs. Anna Magruder compares her 395 pounds with Mary Brian's 105, and wonders whether she should start reducing. Mrs. Magruder and Mary both appear in "Two Flaming Youths."



Above, *Snookums Newlywed* gives some *Snookums* dolls to *Mary Jane*, Jane La Verne and *Buster Brown*.



Below, Gloria Swanson, between scenes of "Sadie Thompson," has her fortune told by Chief Tui Poi of Samoa.



Above, Al Joy impersonates an orchestra in "Show Night."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Cat and the Canary, The"—Universal. One of the best mystery stories yet filmed. Very spooky and exciting. Excellent cast, including Laura La Plante and Creighton Hale.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"Garden of Allah, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich in poetic film version of this famous story of Trappist monk who forsakes his monastery, meets a young Englishwoman in the desert, and marries her without revealing his identity.

"Kid Brother, The"—Paramount. Another big hit for Harold Lloyd. Ingenius comedy of browbeaten younger brother who turns out to be the hero of the village, and wins the girl, Jobyna Ralston.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Rough Riders, The"—Paramount. Interesting picture built round Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American War, and interwoven with the simple, human love story of a girl and two soldiers—Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack, and Charles Farrell.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian waif whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Haines as a wise-cracking Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neil as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountaineers themselves enacting the simple but intensely interesting story.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"Way of All Flesh, The"—Paramount. Emil Jannings' first American film. Simple, human story revealing the star at his best in a tragically pathetic rôle. Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver, and Donald Keith.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Adam and Evil"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle in amusing domestic farce of the complications stirred up between a bored married couple by the unexpected arrival of the husband's twin brother.

"Alias the Deacon"—Universal. Jean Hersholt in rôle of lovable crook who poses as a deacon and is instrumental in bringing together the two young people of the film—June Marlowe and Ralph Graves.

"Annie Laurie" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in mildly interesting picture based on the ancient feud between two Scotch clans. Norman Kerry is the blustering hero.

"Barbed Wire" — Paramount. Pola Negri and Clive Brook in unique war drama of French peasant girl who falls in love with a German prisoner and is shunned by her fellow townsmen.

"Callahans and the Murphys, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining sure-fire film of Irish brawls and reconciliations, notable chiefly for the comedy of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

"Camille"—First National. Norma Talmadge lovely in unconvincing modern version of Dumas' tragic love tale. Gilbert Roland shines in romantic rôle of *Armand.*

"Captain Salvation" — Metro-Goldwyn. Somber film of religious bigotry in New England of the '40s, and subsequent sinister happenings on board a convict ship. Lars Hanson, Pauline Starke, and Marceline Day.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"Children of Divorce"—Paramount. A high-society film dealing with the unhappy lives of three children of divorced couples. Lots of plot and excellent cast, headed by Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, and Gary Cooper.

"College"—United Artists. Buster Keaton in amusing college comedy of awkward bookworm who, to impress his girl, strives vainly to become an athlete.

"Convoy"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill in secret-service melodrama of a society girl who sacrifices herself to save the United States navy, only to be spurned by every one and clapped into jail. Lawrence Gray and William Collier, Jr.

"Cradle Snatchers"—Fox. Louise Fazenda is the ringleader in boisterous farce of three neglected middle-aged wives who hire three college boys to make their husbands jealous.

"Dearie"—Warner. Tale of a mother who secretly sings in a night club in order to put her snobbish son through college. Irene Rich and William Collier, Jr.

"Desired Woman, The"—Warner. Another of those desert films. Irene Rich in rôle of titled Englishwoman at British army post whose cruel, jealous husband sends on a perilous mission any man who dares look at her.

"Drop Kick, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in melodramatic college film of young student who becomes dangerously mixed up with a scheming vamp.

"Fighting Eagle, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Rod La Roque in excellent rôle of patriotic French country youth in the service of Napoleon whose affair with the emperor's spy, Phyllis Haver, gets him into trouble.

"First Auto, The"—Warner. Melodrama, laid in the '90s, of a father's estrangement from his son because of the son's ardor for the newly invented horseless carriage. Charles Emmett Mack and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Hula"—Paramount. Clara Bow, in thin story of Hawaii, is the wild daughter of a rich planter who sets her cap for a cold, reticent irrigation expert—Clive Brook—and gets him.

"Is Zat So?"—Fox. Featuring the comic results when a down-and-out prize fighter and his manager—George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe—temporarily act as butler and second man in a Fifth Avenue mansion.

"Judgment of the Hills"—F. B. O. Strong, simple tale of a hard-fisted mountaineer who is afraid to go to war, but eventually becomes a hero. Orville Caldwell and Virginia Valli.

"King of Kings, The"—Producers Distributing. Sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ. H. B. Warner dignified and restrained in central rôle. Cast includes Jacqueline Logan, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, and Rudolph Schildkraut.

Continued on page 116



Bessie is not much bigger than a minute, and looks exactly like a schoolgirl.

One Good Thing the Charleston Did

Bessie Love might never have come back into the limelight if it hadn't been for the Charleston. So here are three long cheers for the dance that brought our Bessie back to us!

By Alma Talley

IT might almost be said that the ridiculous dance known as the Charleston gave Bessie Love her chance to "come back" on the screen. As every one knows, screen "come-backs" are hard to achieve. Ask any of the stars who have tried it—Theda Bara, Lillian Walker, Beverly Bayne—ask *them* about it. Dozens of stars have attempted, after an interval of retirement, to regain their film popularity, and almost always they have failed.

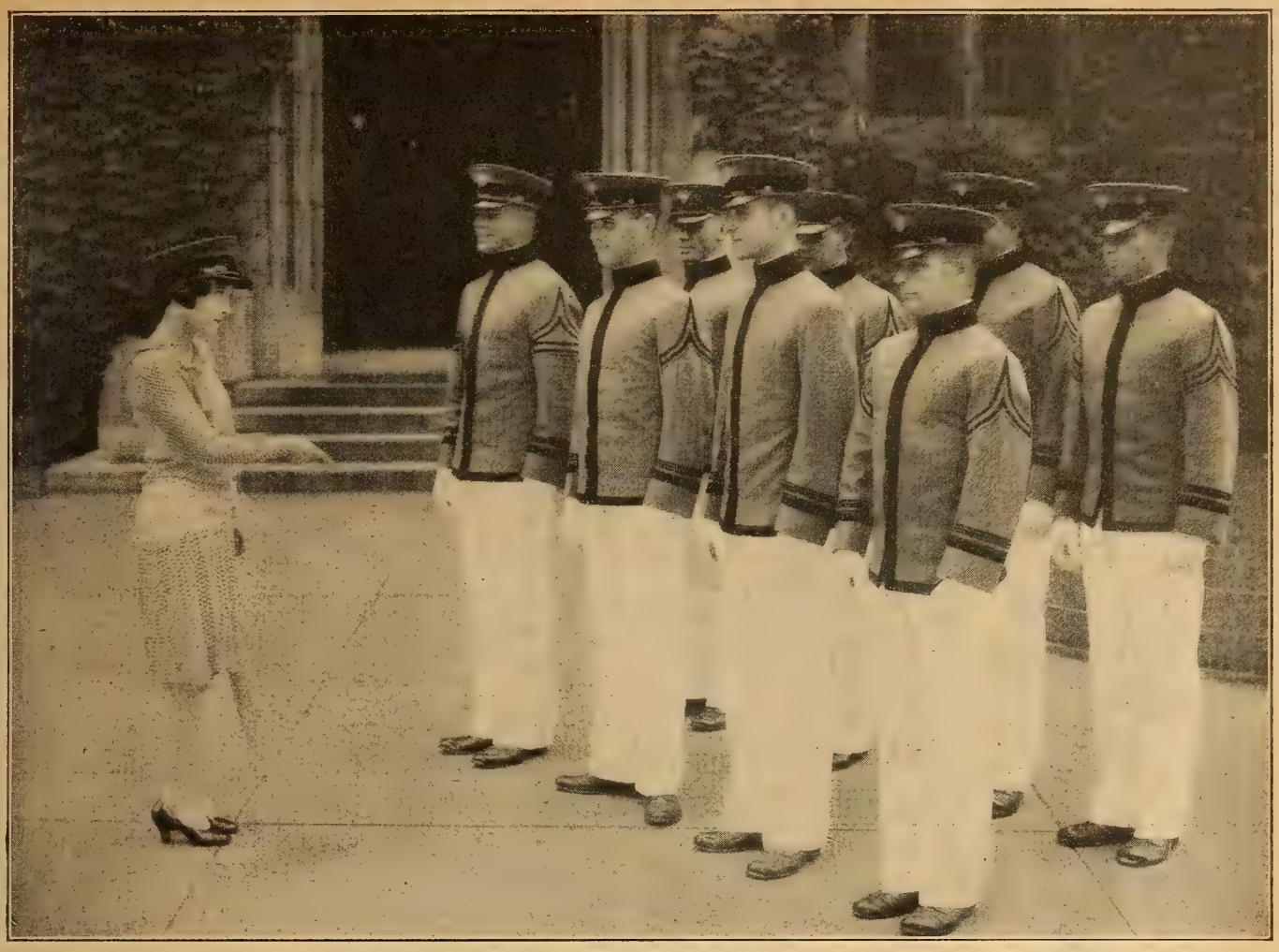
But not Bessie Love!

Remember Bessie about twelve years ago? She was just a kid then, a tiny slip of a girl, who was featured in the old Fine Arts and Triangle pictures, in the days of Frank Keenan and Enid Markey, in the heyday of Charles Ray. You couldn't possibly remember the names of Bessie's films of those days—and neither can I. They have long since been forgotten, and so have most of her fellow players of those days.

And Bessie might easily have let herself be forgotten, too. It was only about four years ago that people were asking, "Whatever became of little Bessie Love?" And reports came out of Hollywood that she had left the screen in order to continue her studies. Yes, indeed, she was going to finish high school! But of course you couldn't expect any one to believe *that*—stars don't just give up like that in order to go back to school!

But the funny thing about it was that that was exactly what Bessie had done. And sure enough, after her graduation, she drifted back onto the screen for occasional pictures—"Forget-Me-Not," "Human Wreckage," "The Eternal Three." Bessie was again among those present, but in a very desultory way. Oh, yes, she was playing in pictures again, but somehow she was seldom mentioned in fan-magazine stories. And no news is never good news to a film star.

And then came the Charleston, that amazing, ridiculous dance that caused such a national sensation. Then, "You ought to see Bessie Love do the Charleston!" every one was saying. And the first thing you knew, there was Bessie's name again, in all the movie magazines, as Hollywood's champion Charlestoner. She had become famous all over again. At every party where screen people gathered, Bessie was called upon to "do her stuff." Her dancing was the hit of Hollywood.



Miss Love made a great hit with the cadets at West Point when she went there to make "Dress Parade."

Yes, Bessie was back again, making pictures on the Paramount lot; but she was mentioned in the studio gossip columns not so much for the films she was making as for her dancing. And when Paramount decided to make "The Song and Dance Man," no conference was needed to decide on who the song-and-dance *girl* should be! Why, Bessie Love, of course. Her Charleston was famous.

And Bessie has remained before the public ever since.

"I do hope you've kept up with your dancing in a big way," I suggested to her, "now that the Charleston is out of date. Do you dance the Black Bottom?"

Bessie giggled a little. She giggles quite often, like the little schoolgirl she looks.

"I don't, but I could!" she answered. "I had my maid give me some lessons, and you should see the steps she taught me! They would certainly help Hollywood to live up to its reputation for being jazzy."

Of course, the thought of Bessie being jazzy is altogether absurd. She is most demure-looking, undoubtedly one of the three tiniest girls in the world—five feet tall and practically nothing in width. She has a tiny face, light-brown hair and eyes, and a nose that is scarcely big enough to see. I kept looking again and again at that nose to make sure that she really had one.

When I saw Bessie, she had just been playing the rôle of a cadet's sweetheart. She and William Boyd and Hugh Allan and Donald Crisp, the director, had just been at West Point, where they had been making "Dress Parade." They were stopping for a while in New York on their way back to Hollywood.

Bessie told me she had a new house, of which she was very proud.

"It's on the side of a hill," she said. "That is, if it hasn't been washed down to the bottom while I've been away!

"Mother and I had always lived at a hotel before. All my friends told me I was crazy. It costs so much to live in a hotel, they said—just as though you kept a house going on kind words or something. Anyhow, I said no, I wasn't going to get a house; because—look at Bebe Daniels. She had a house, which she decided to rent whenever she was away for any length of time. And it's Hollywood history that every time Bebe was away in New York paying rent for an apartment, the house was vacant, and every time she succeeded in leasing it for a year, immediately her plans were changed and she was called back to Hollywood. Bebe and her house took years to get together.

"So I said, 'No, sir; no house for me!' But finally, when practically all film production was moved to the Coast, it seemed fairly certain that my work would keep me there most of the time, so I got a house!

"I always used to laugh at my friends for moving into their new homes first and then collecting furniture later. That was nonsense, I thought, moving into a bare house! I wasn't going to do any such thing as *that,* thought I. My place was to be all furnished—every rug down, every curtain and picture up—before I left the hotel. No eating off the mantel or sitting on a soap box for me! That was what I *thought.*

"Well, our house was completed. 'Let's move in,' said mother. 'Not on your life!' said I. 'Not until it's furnished.' Mother insisted—she couldn't wait to get into the place. So I told her *she* could go right ahead

Continued on page 109

Among

Interesting bits of information about



Ethlyne Clair.

A Southern Beauty.

THE beauty and charm of Southern girls are traditional, and Ethlyne Clair is no exception. A society belle from Atlanta, it wasn't long, after she broke into the movies, before she was attracting attention.

Ethlyne first planned to be an artist. On her graduation from school in Atlanta, she entered the National Academy of Fine Arts in Washington, where she studied painting and drawing for a year. But the "lure of the screen" brought her to New. York. There she was soon working regularly in pictures. Then, Universal placed her under contract and sent her to the Coast to play the part of *Mrs. Newlywed.* After that, she graduated into Westerns. Her latest rôle is opposite William Desmond in "The Vanishing Rider."



Virginia Sale.

She's Chic's Sister.

"She is the sister of 'Chic' Sale."

That is the way she is usually introduced, and Virginia Sale is very proud to be thus designated. But, proud as she is of her brother, the well-known stage comedian, Miss Sale is not content merely to stand in his reflected glory. She wants her own name to mean something to the public. It is her ambition to become as famous a screen comedienne as her brother is a stage comedian.

In pursuance of this ambition, she came to Hollywood about a year ago, bringing with her quite a little acting experience. For she had played on the legitimate stage in a number of productions, including "Lightnin'," and had appeared very successfully in vaudeville—in some sketches written by herself.

The types Miss Sale had played in her vaudeville sketches had been grotesque character rôles—rôles in which her youth and beauty had been completely concealed. She had done this by preference, and it is as a character woman that Miss Sale hopes to win her screen spurs.

She played a bit in Syd Chaplin's last picture for Warner Brothers; she appears in Metro-Goldwyn's "The Crowd," and she has worked in Hal Roach comedies. She recently enacted the rôle of an eccentric middle-aged widow in a two-reel Christie comedy with Jack Duffy. All the producers for whom she has worked speak very highly of her screen possibilities.



Ted Wells.

A Dream Hero.

Every girl between the ages of six and sixty has a dream hero—tall and handsome, strong and athletic, the idol of his college mates, yet very modest withal. "Try and find him!" go up several million sighs at once. But Universal did find him, and so it is that Ted Wells may now be seen tearing across the studio lot on a spirited horse, or sitting absorbed in a book of science while waiting for his call.

Wells made a remarkable record at the University of the South. He excelled in baseball, basket ball, track, and boxing. In his senior year, he was chosen all-Southern half back and was awarded a special medal as the best all-round athlete in the history of the University. Not only that, but his scholastic standing was high.

He was graduated second high man in his class and was given an appointment to West Point. But love of the outdoors caused him to refuse it and to spend the three succeeding years on his father's ranch in Montana. His dad, Hugh R. Wells, an executive in a California oil company, soon put him in complete charge of the ranch.

A visit to his father in California led Wells to take a try at the movies. His expert riding ability got him plenty of work, but his unassuming nature in a town where nerve is essential retarded his progress to bigger parts. However, that time is now past, and Universal has rewarded him with a five-year contract for a series of Westerns.

Those Present

some of the less-prominent movie people.

He Writes Your Movies for You.

Jack Cunningham is one of the best listeners in Hollywood. You could have got a good clue to his personality if you had slipped into the Pickford-Fairbanks studio at the time "The Black Pirate" was in the making. You could have beheld two men walking quickly to and fro across the lot, one talking energetically and excitedly while the other gave rapt attention, breaking in only occasionally with a few words. That's the way Doug Fairbanks and Jack Cunningham worked together—the listener, of course, being Jack.

He was Doug's scenarist for "The Black Pirate," and previous to that, for "Don Q." He has even greater claim to prominence in the fact that he wrote the script for "The Covered Wagon."

Cunningham is a real American, tracing his ancestry, on both sides of the family, back to the Colonial days. He started his career as a newspaper man, serving in various capacities in the newspaper game for eighteen years. He even knows the printing trade, having worked his way through Cornell as a practical printer.

Some years ago, he turned from the press to the movies, and has been writing for them ever since. He has been under contract to various companies, and has also worked a great deal as a free lance. His association with Fairbanks was perhaps one of the most satisfactory he has enjoyed.

Jack Cunningham.



Born With Distinction.

Maude George distinguished herself at the very outset of life by being born with two teeth. She has been doing distinctive things ever since.

Miss George, who was formerly on the stage, is best known for the numerous sophisticated rôles she has played in Von Stroheim pictures. She was especially notable in "Foolish Wives." She also appeared in "The Devil's Pass-key," and recently, has played in "The Wedding March."

Her theatrical career began in Los Angeles. She used to play child parts with the stock company at the old Burbank Theater. Later, she went into vaudeville, and subsequently onto the legitimate stage.

Her first picture work was done in 1915. She used to play leads opposite William S. Hart.

In Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" she really had her best opportunity, playing one of the jealous favorites of the decadent Russian nobleman portrayed by Von Stroheim. In "The Wedding March," she plays a distinguished Austrian princess, and Von Stroheim appears as her son.

Maude George





Myrna Loy.

A Treat to Jaded Fans.

If you are weary of the usual stereotyped movie beauties, turn to Myrna Loy. She is regarded in film circles as a treat for those picture-goers who are becoming jaded from beholding too much similarity among the dazzling screen stars. Myrna is truly different and exotic, for the suggestion of the Orient that lies in her name also seems to hover over her film personality.

Miss Loy took part in prologues at movie theaters in Los Angeles before entering upon her screen career. She was discovered by Warner Brothers and put under contract by them. After playing small parts in "The Love Toy," "The Gilded Highway" and "The Cave Man," she was given her first important chance in "Don Juan," appearing as *Lucrezia Borgia's* maid. Playing a maid, in this instance, had its compensations, for the rôle was one of subtle intrigue, and Myrna made it stand out.

Shortly after that, she played the part of the vamp in "Across the Pacific," and then the lead opposite Monte Blue in "Bitter Apples." Her latest film is "The Girl from Chicago," with Conrad Nagel.



Lorraine Eason

From Disappointment to Success.

Lorraine Eason is the pretty little co-ed who didn't graduate. In other words, she quit the Paramount School. But the day came when she made good just the same.

Whoever saw "We're in the Navy Now" doubtless remembers Lorraine as the pretty feminine lead in that picture. Following that, she did very well in "The Wisecrackers," a series of F. B. O. films based on the H. C. Witwer stories. But Miss Eason is best known for her appearance in "We're in the Navy Now," because that happened to be such a widely popular picture.

She secured that rôle partly as the result of a disappointment suffered earlier in her career. She had been slated for an important part in "The King on Main Street," but some difficulty had arisen and another actress had been chosen in her place. But the director was kind enough to remember how broken-hearted she had been, and when Paramount needed a girl to play in the Beery-Hatton comedy, he recommended her.

Miss Eason is a Virginia girl, but most of her early years were spent in South America, as her father was a mining engineer down there. She came to New York to study dancing and singing, then went West and appeared for a while in Sennett comedies.

Subsequently, she returned to New York to go to the Paramount School.

Laurence Stallings



Just Count the Things He Has Done!

Two men were watching a movie together. The credit line flashed across the screen, "Directed by E. Mason Hopper."

"I used to know a fellow named E. Mason Hopper," said one man to the other. "But he was a ball player. Wonder if this is the same one?"

Yes, it is the same one. And not only did E. Mason Hopper, who now directs many of the films that you see on the screen, used to be a ball player, but he has also, at various times in his career, been all sorts of other surprising things. After playing ball at college and then with a minor-league team, Hopper decided to turn his attention to art. He had always had a knack for drawing cartoons, so now began selling his stuff to the newspapers. Later, he carried his talent into vaudeville, where his lightning crayon drawings, done with the audience looking on, became famous.

Meantime, he was studying chemistry and physics, and incidentally got into the habit of inventing things. He invented a trick paint brush, a windproof match box, and all kinds of useful kitchen articles.

Next, he became, for a while, an interior decorator and a student of architecture. Then he turned to writing vaudeville sketches, presently began to do some acting, and eventually landed in the movies. There, fortunately for the screen, he decided to remain.

E. Mason Hopper



Hopper has been a successful director for many years now, and has contributed to the public such productions as "Janice Meredith," "Brothers Under the Skin," "Dangerous Curve Ahead," and Paris at Midnight." Comedy has been his specialty. He now directs for Cecil DeMille and has recently made "The Rush Hour," "The Wise Wife," and "My Friend from India."

He Looks Life in the Face.

He writes about the things he knows—that's Laurence Stallings. He's the man, you know, who wrote the original script for "The Big Parade," and was co-author of "What Price Glory," which made such a tremendous impression both on the stage and the screen. His latest contribution to the movies was "Old Ironsides."

Stallings went through the war. That's how he happens to know so much about it. He was with the marines, and lost a leg in the combat.

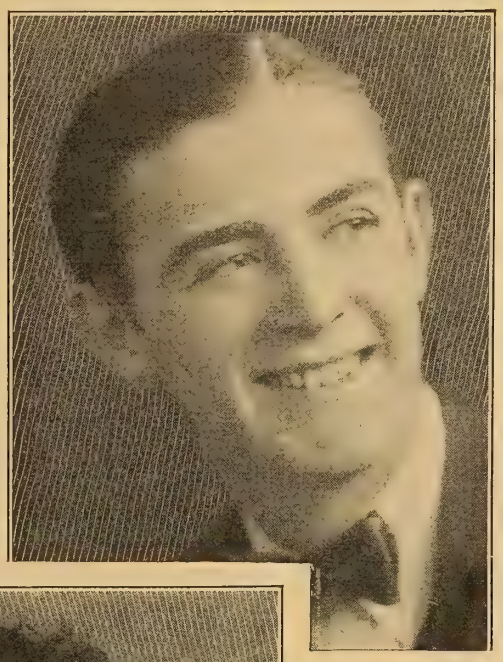
He goes in for no fine literary flourishes in the stories he writes. He presents life with intense realism and humanness. He was one of the first war writers to get beneath the superficial gloss of patriotism and reveal the European conflict in all its bitter sordidness.

Laurence Stallings may be counted among those who have added considerably to the progress of the movies in recent years.

Watch for Him in the Serials.

J. Anthony Hughes, though only twenty-three, has found the opportunity to do what every actor would like to do—he combines acting on the stage with frequent appearances on the screen. Playing in a Brooklyn stock company, he was thrilled one night when an executive of Pathé came backstage to inquire if "Tony" would like to play the juvenile heavy in "The Crimson Flash," a serial featuring Cullen Landis and Eugenia Gilbert. He would and he did! And he played his rôle with such satisfaction to the producers that he was engaged for their next serial, "The Fellowship of the Frog," before he had finished the first.

J. Anthony Hughes.



He played his first screen rôle some years ago, when Frank Tuttle, now one of Paramount's leading directors, was producing "Peter Stuyvesant" for a group of earnest young idealists known as the Film Guild, of which Glenn Hunter was the star player. Tony, an extra, was asked to climb a pole and tear down the enemy's flag. He performed this bit with such vim and gusto that he was promoted to a real rôle then and there—that of *Peter Stuyvesant's* son.

Tony Hughes was born in Brooklyn and educated there. He wants to play what he calls "sensitive" rôles. and he probably will.

Spec's Freckles.

"Spec" O'Donnell is the Irish kid who plays Jewish parts.

Spec's freckles dawned notably upon the screen in Mary Pickford's "Little Annie Rooney." Who can forget his portrayal of little *Abie Levy,* with its combination of humor and pathos?



"Spec" O'Donnell.

Following "Annie Rooney," he played a boy heavy in "Sparrows"—the mean boy of the baby farm. He has played Jewish boys in "Hard-Boiled," starring Tom Mix, and "Don't Tell Everything." And he appeared briefly in the sea-battle scenes in "Old Ironsides."

Spec is just fourteen years old. He was brought to Hollywood several years ago for the express purpose of being put into pictures. His first work was in "Main Street." After that, he was kept pretty busy.

When he was suggested for the part of *Abie* in "Little Annie Rooney," grave doubts were expressed as to his suitability. His freckles were too prominent. There was considerable arguing among the various persons engaged on the picture. But finally, Spec's face was liberally smeared with grease paint, partially to hide the freckles, and his portrayal of the rôle turned out to be one of the outstanding features of the picture.



Doris Hill.

Luck Was With Her,

The West has given another beauty to pictures. Or is it the South? For New Mexico, where Doris Hill was born, belongs to both. Roswell was the town where she first saw the light of day.

It was just the circumstance that her parents decided to move to California that led Miss Hill into pictures. She was truly "led," because she had had absolutely no intention of making them her goal. The stage lured her more, and after she came to the Coast, she did a lot of dancing in prologues in Los Angeles movie theaters before Warner Brothers discovered her and signed her to a film contract. It just happened that they were looking for new talent, and were attracted by Miss Hill's appearance.

Fate played in her favor from the very beginning. She was soon given the lead opposite Sydney Chaplin in "The Better 'Ole." Following that, she played in a number of other Warner pictures. Then she was signed by Paramount. Her most recent appearance was in "Figures Don't Lie."

Matty Kemp.



The Arrow-Collar Kid.

Matty Kemp is another who did not seek a movie career. It sought him. The nineteen-year old juvenile has no tale of hardships to tell—of weary trudging from studio to studio, nor of starving in a barely furnished room.

"It would sound more interesting," he says, "to say that I was about to be evicted by my landlady, and had only half a can of beans in the closet, when my big chance came. But the truth is that I was living at home, and was earning a good living as a model for commercial photog-

Continued on page 98

The Queen Receives

Our interviewer finds in Pola Negri's regal presence a reminder of the olden days when movie stars were aloof, mysterious beings, super people set apart in a world all their own.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ACCORDING to some ancient but canny Chinese philosopher, into each life some rain must fall, even if one is in Hollywood, where sunshine reigns, and showers are practically unknown. It is not my plan to shatter California's bright boasts about its one-hundred-per-cent weather. The weather is fine. But I am on the verge of reporting a formal session with the pioneer importation, the Paramount empress of stormy emotions—Pola Negri.

Allowing each reader time to derive his own meaning from the above cryptic paragraph, let us to work. In the old days, sometimes known, for no particularly valid reason, as the *good* old days, stars in the movies believed in being aloof and mysterious, as cagy as a bird in a gilded. The more unapproachable they were, the better. Francis X. Bushman and his amethyst ring, Theda Bara and her Egyptian aura, and the married players who refused to be photographed with their children, were all typical of styles of the period. To-day, of course, naturalness has supplanted that school of bunk. To-day, the big stars are pretty much themselves, in public as well as in the privacy of their boudoirs.

Pola Negri, however, belongs to those old days, those days that held the stars up as immortals, that protected them from prying eyes, that veiled them in elaborate secrecy, that enshrined them as super people in a superior world all their own. Pola lets you feel, though graciously to be sure, that you are lucky to be standing, hat in hand, in the Presence.

The ballyhoo of publicity that attended Pola's entry into American pictures some years ago was so prolonged, so deafening, and so thorough in every way that Pola still hears it echoing in her ears. She forgets that this is 1928—or almost—that Garbo is here, Del Rio approaching, and Joan Crawford knocking at the gate. She is living in a haze of old press clippings, clippings that announced her as the Bernhardt of the silver sheet, the Modjeska of the movies, the star of stars. Pola, unaccustomed to such supreme publicity, took it seriously instead of laughing it off. Her grand manner of to-day is the result.



As part of the supreme publicity that attended Pola's grand arrival in this country some years ago, numerous pictures were published of the star in aristocratic poses.

Before meeting her, I saw her plying her trade beneath the mercilessly glaring lights of the studio. She is dark and cold, and pictorially effective in an artificial way. Her hair is black, her face a mask of white enamel, her lips a glowing gash of scarlet. Purple about her eyes lends an interesting touch. While the cameras, lights, and so forth, were being made ready for the scene in hand, she sat on the set contemplating the table in front of her. She seemed indifferent to every one about her—a trifle contemptuous, infinitely bored.

Later, we found her enthroned in a wicker chair in the projection room, waiting to see some rushes of the previous day's work. She was very picturesque, very weary, the artiste at rest, the star in repose. She sat majestically in a flowing negligee, her arms on the arms of her chair, her head poised to let her eyes catch the light from the best angle.

Some say that she is beautiful. There is a magnificent vitality about her, a certain magnetism, but it can hardly be called beauty. She is short and slender and dynamic. She is artificial and affected and theatrical. Pola is another name for pose.

When she talks, she is like Nance O'Neil, with gestures. She has a throaty, impressive contralto, which she uses to effect.

"We work so hard," she said somberly. "Always we work, work, work. And how do we know if, after all our work, it will be worth while?"

A gesture. A smile, sad but brave. . . .

Her chin rested on her hand. Her eyes brooded. She was thoughtful, I gathered. These foreign stellas may be affected, but they do put on an act. "Be yourself" has yet to be translated into Polish.

In the course of my hour's conversation with her, Pola was not herself for an instant. Her speeches were stilted, measured, sonorous. They sounded memorized. Her opinions were cameos of tact, her reasoning stereotyped.

Once I attempted to blast her into a spontaneous outburst. "Of course," I remarked, "you consider your German pictures far superior to those you have made in America?"

"No, I would not say that," she said slowly. "In Germany, I made dozens and dozens of pictures with Lubitsch and Jannings. Some of them were good, some fair, some very bad. Many were poor, but they were all released. In America, only the four or five best pictures from all of the dozens I at first made were shown. It was these masterpieces that made my reputation as an artiste. And I am judged by them entirely. Every picture

Continued on page 98



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

"Be yourself" is yet to be translated into Polish, says Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose interview with Pola Negri on the opposite page reveals none of the fire and frankness expected of her, but represents her as a regal star who grants an audience merely as a duty to her public.



A French Tomboy





"Once and Forever" is the story of a French girl who tries to take her brother's place in the heart of his friend and succeeds in making a place of her own.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at the top of the page, prays for the return of her sweetheart, John Harron, above. William V. Mong and Paulette Duval, in the left oval, furnish comic relief, while Miss Miller and Mr. Harron, left, liven things up.

Our Boy Reporter



Jeanne Eagels and Marc MacDermott, above, support John Gilbert in "Man, Woman, and Sin," a film of newspaper life.



Miss Eagels and Mr. Gilbert, above, play many of their scenes in the parks and squares of Washington, where most of the picture was filmed.





John Gilbert begins as a pressman and becomes a reporter. He is shown above with Hayden Stevenson at the beginning of his newspaper career. Left, Jeanne Eagels.

For Love of a

Glamorous scenes from



Above, Victor Varconi, as *Colonel Gautier* of the French army, falls in love with Jetta Goudal, as *Zita,* a spy of his country's enemy, the *Sultan of Morocco.* She marries him to learn military secrets.



Above, *Zita's* husband introduces Joseph Schildkraut as *Jean,* his brother, but the woman gives no sign of having already met and fallen in love with the violinist, whose professional name had given no clew to his identity.



Jean is punished and humiliated by his brother when the latter discovers his infatuation for *Zita.* Left, the spy throws herself in his way to tempt him further.

Woman Spy

"The Forbidden Woman"



Above, *Zita's* mysterious beauty, enhanced by veils and the glamour of the night, weaves a spell around *Jean* when they first encounter each other aboard a ship bound for Marseilles, and there is no escape for him.



Incensed when *Jean* avoids her, *Zita,* above, enters his room as part of a plot to trick him into betraying his country. She succeeds, but at the moment that *Jean* is about to be executed, the tables are turned.



Ivan Lebedeff, right, as the *Sultan,* receives his spy and plans to overthrow the French, but *Zita* cautions him not to strike until she gives the word.





In Old New Orleans

"Louisiana" will bring to the screen a romantic story of the most picturesque city in the country, as it existed in 1808, when young gallants and fair maids wrote a glowing page in the history of love.





At the top of the page, Armand Kaliz, Billie Dove, and Gilbert Roland. Above, Gilbert Roland, as *Victor Jallot,* a penniless gentleman, invades a slave ship. Right, he turns barber to eke out a precarious living.

Speaking of Chic—



Mary Astor, above, wears an afternoon frock of heavy, black, figured satin, embellished with a cream-colored jabot.



Tangerine - colored taffeta, bordered with gold lace, is Miss Astor's formal evening gown above.



Her dinner dress, left, is of white georgette and rhinestones and, right, she wears a street costume of metal brocade in henna and gold.



The wedding gown worn by Miss Astor, above, is fashion's latest decree, and is as patrician as the beauty of its wearer.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Marietta Millner refutes the belief that all Viennese actresses are either sultry vamps or incorrigible cut-ups, by being neither. Instead, she offers refreshment to the eye in her beauty, poise and distinction, in "A City Gone Wild."



Greta Garbo knows the immense effectiveness of hair.

A Short Cut to Beauty

A keen observer of the stars points out the hidden loveliness many of them have revealed by lifting their hair—and urges others to do likewise.

By Vera Standing



Billie Dove's present style of hairdressing has enhanced her beauty.

FOR years and years and years no girl had ears. Ears were the sign of the backwoods, the mark of the old maid, the insignia of the dub. Locks were curled and looped and draped over these mistakes of nature. Even bobbed hair kept right on hiding the ears for a long, long time, and when a few reckless creatures copied the latest oddity evolved by Paris barbers, they looked positively indecent. Bare ears, can you *imagine?*

Gradually the idea caught on, and the hair level grew higher. One day a rash broke out all over the country of girls who had acquired the boyish bob, and with it a pair of ears. Some of them ought certainly to have been kept in solitary confinement. The ears, I mean. Since then both girls and barbers have grown freer in their interpretation—more artistic, if you like—and now you can have your ears or leave them off, as you please.

Perhaps the best way of picturing just what a difference this makes in the individual appearance, is to recall certain movie stars in different types of hairdressing. The effect has often been startling. The only reason why bobbed hair has made this more evident is because short hair usually means bare ears.

Years ago, when the bob was still new, and ears were still indecent, an adorable little figure gleamed on the screen, her long hair parted and pulled back tight on either side with two combs, and left flowing behind. Just like *Alice in Wonderland.* This was May McAvoy, in "Sentimental Tommy."

The gay, free lift of that determined little chin, the exquisite line from the tip of the chin along the jawbone and up behind the ear, was worth living to see, after ages of heavy, padded hairdressing. Of course, *Grisel* was only a poor little Scotch girl, so when May McAvoy again shone on the screen, and ever since, she has kept that same line practically hidden, with the whole contour of the face, and the outline of the jaw, much heavier in appearance than they really are.



Photo by Muray Studios

Lois Moran never obscures her fine forehead.

Look at the difference, for instance, between even the heavenly beautiful Norma Shearer with her hair pulled down, as she usually wears it, and lifted up, as in part of "The Demi-Bride." If you are as beautiful as that, you can of course do anything. But just the same, the lovely, long line gives lightness, dignity, and grace unobtainable in any other way.

Consider Billie Dove, in "The Black Pirate," where she was conventionally beautiful, and in "The Stolen Bride," where she was quite breath-taking. Contrast Esther Ralston, in "Fashions for Women," as the cigarette girl, with the same Esther Ralston, in the same picture, as *Madame.*

That does certainly not mean, however, as many misguided girls seem to think, that the more hair you cut off, the better you look. Oh, my, no! The more you cut off, the lovelier the outlines of your head and face must be to stand it. It is far better to create good lines by an artful arrangement of the hair, than to expose heavy or awkward forms to view. And if a screen characterization demands less dignity and more fluffiness, that is a different matter, too.

Then there is the bang, straight or curled. It is pretty much out of style right now. But you surely remember the day when Mae Busch and Clara Bow wore their hair in wild, wild curls that hung in poodle-dog style over their noses. Compare their beauty, as far as it was visible then, with the appearance they have since achieved by letting their

Continued on page 106

Norma Shearer reveals a beautiful line from the tip of her ear to the tip of her chin.



May McAvoy has never since equalled her beauty in "Sentimental Tommy."



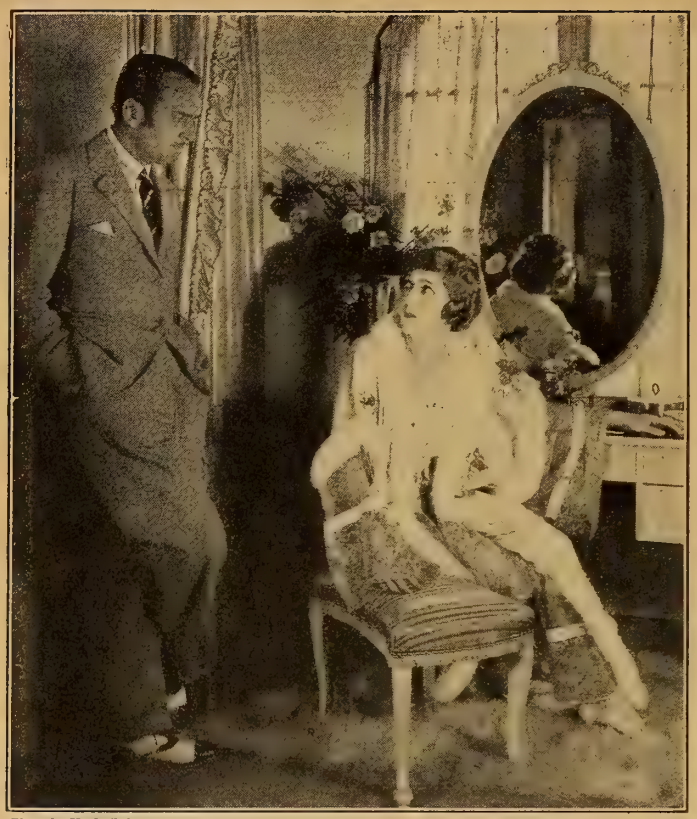


Photo by K. O. Rahmn

When kidnapers planned to capture "Our Mary," Douglas Fairbanks went armed until the danger was over.

The Perils of Being

Life is not all cream and honey out in Hollywood burglars are a constant menace to the lives and

By A. L.

UNEASY lies the head that sleeps in Hollywood for burglars, blackmailers, gun toters, forgers, kidnapers, and cranks have made the picture folk their targets and the Hollywood police are constantly pouncing upon suspicious characters. Despite the presence of watchmen, burglar alarms, police dogs, and surveillance by blue-coated officers, night raiders prey upon the colony.

The higher courts in California recently sustained the conviction of two men who plotted the kidnaping of Mary Pickford and the holding of her for a $200,000 ransom. Mary knew when the plan was afoot a little more than a year ago and Douglas Fairbanks, her husband, went about for ten days with a .45-caliber six-shooter—the "hog leg" of the old West—strapped to his body. When detectives finally trapped the intended kidnapers, Miss Pickford was in an extremely nervous condition because of the suspense.

A handsome, well-dressed young man succeeded in gaining entrance to the home of Gloria Swanson where he announced that he was "King of the League of Nations" and wanted Gloria for his queen. He was sent to a psychopathic ward for observation. In the lobby of a downtown hotel in Los Angeles a little girl was arrested by detectives to whom she confessed she had posed in a series of compromising pictures. These, she said, were to be used in blackmailing Pola Negri. Joseph Block, watchman at the Jackie Coogan home, was shot by a man who later committed suicide on a ranch near the Mexican border.

Press dispatches carried accounts of the foregoing but little has been told of robberies of the players' homes and threats made against them by cranks and plotters. One night last fall, Theda Bara and Charles Brabin, her husband, returned to their bungalow after having dined out. As Miss Bara entered her bedroom, she saw somebody standing by the dresser and grabbed the intruder by the arm.

"You can imagine my surprise," Miss Bara said, "when I found my burglar was a girl. I switched on the lights and there she stood with her loot—my furs, an evening dress, and some of my finest lingerie. I learned that she had just escaped from a reformatory. She was young and little and cried so piteously that thereafter she would 'go straight'—well, what could I do?"

Agnes Ayres, returning to her home on Martel Avenue, Hollywood, several months ago, found the place in disorder and ransacked from top to bottom. Locked in a closet on the second floor was Hassie Cowan, her personal maid, who was very much frightened.

"I was in the garden about one thirty this afternoon," the maid said, "when a very shabbily dressed man came through the driveway and asked if the lady of the house had left some clothes to go to the cleaners. When I went back to look, the man followed me in, drew a revolver, ordered me into the closet and locked the door. Then he searched the place."

Miss Ayres lost approximately $10,000 worth of jewelry and furs and clothes to the prowler.

Pola Negri heard mysterious sounds in the shrubbery beneath her window and peering out, saw a man slinking from place to place. She slowly raised the sash, stuck a little blue-steel automatic out and held the trigger till the weapon was emptied. Ernst Lubitsch, who lived near by, heard the fusillade:

"That's only leetle Pola!" he said. "Pretty soon she



Burglars waited until Jack had gone East before attempting to loot the Dempsey home, but Estelle Taylor proved equal to the occasion.

a Star

where gunmen, kidnapers and property of movie folks.

Wooldridge



Photo by Talbot

Thieves left Virginia Lee Corbin only a sport frock when they paid her an unexpected call.

get tired and go back to sleep."

Which Pola did, but she established a reputation as a gun wielder which has kept burglars away for two years.

Probably the most optimistic burglar who has operated in Hollywood recently went to the home of Madeline Hurlock on Ivar Avenue with the view of stealing jewels and clothing. And Madeline had but recently graduated from the Mack Sennett bevy of bathing beauties! But then, he might have expected little save a series of exotic bathing suits. However, according to an inventory presented to the police, he got away with jewelry, dresses, furs, and lingerie valued at two thousand six hundred and eight-one dollars.

It makes the stars pretty mad when raids on their wearing apparel are chronicled. They are so disconcerting. Just a few weeks ago one sport suit apiece constituted the entire wardrobe of Virginia Lee Corbin and her sister, Ruth. Everything else—fur coats, evening gowns, street frocks, hats, shoes, lingerie and even toilet articles were stripped from their home on North Plymouth Boulevard in Hollywood. The loot consisted of virtually everything they owned in the way of wearing apparel. Some of it was recovered when the police nailed the raiders.

A young man appeared at the studio gate and asked to see Charles Ray, explaining to the guard:

"In my possession is the secret of great wealth in the vast open spaces of the desert. I want to develop this source of boundless riches for the benefit of all humanity. I cannot reveal this secret to any one but Mr. Ray or Tommy Meighan."

He got a nice, comfortable ride to police headquarters.

While Jack Dempsey was away from home preparing for his first fight with Tunney, Estelle Taylor heard a noise in a tree outside of her bedroom window. She flashed on the light, saw a man in the branches and screamed. The fellow let go all holds, crashed to the ground, and ran. A telephone call brought the police.

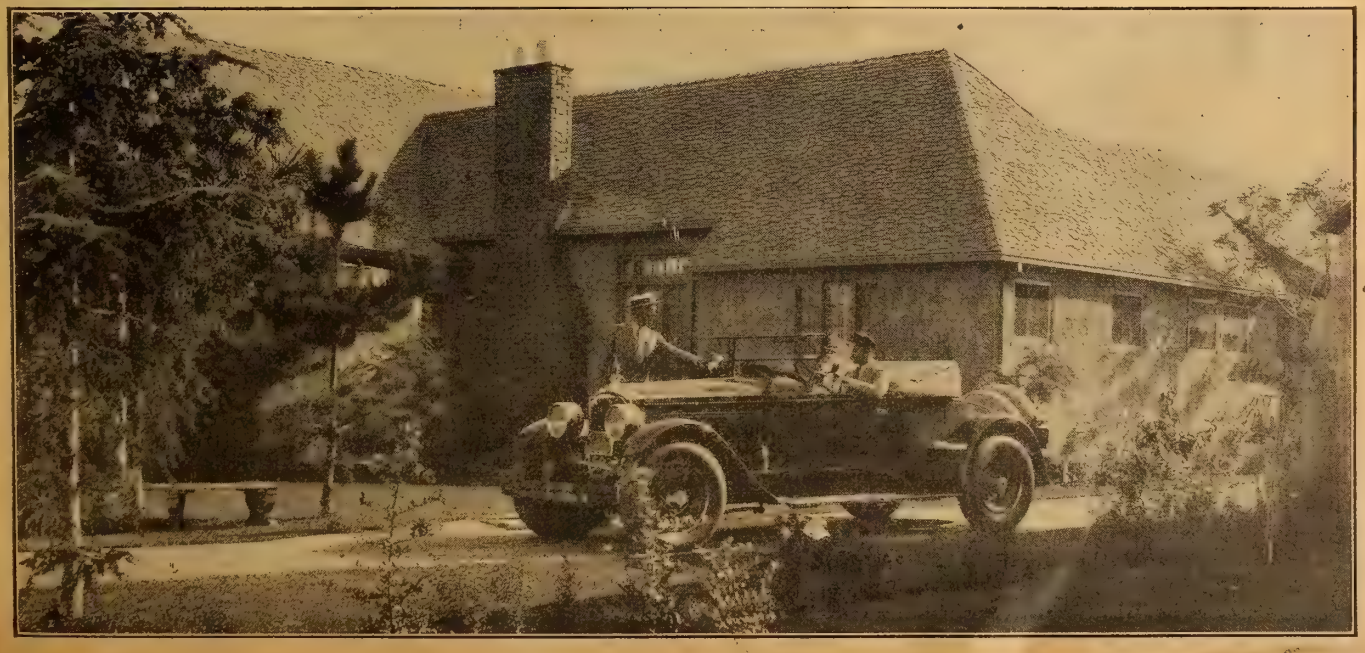
"The way he covered the hedge," Miss Taylor said, "would indicate he was in Mexico or Utah by the time the officers arrived."

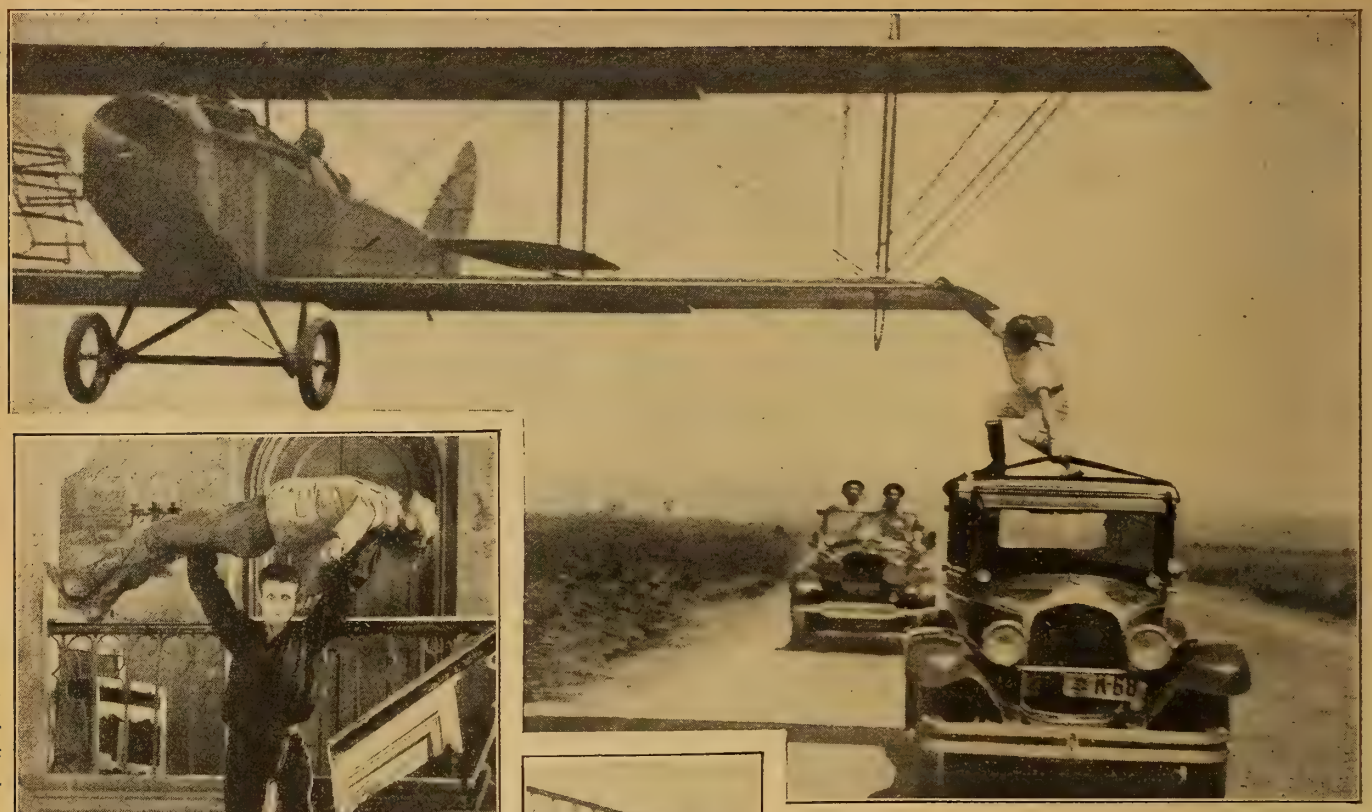
The appearance of prosperity, luxury, ease, seems to say to the night raiders that homes of the motion-picture stars offer wonderful opportunities. The enormous salaries earned, the stories of $3,000 or $4,000 or $5,000 a week among the élite, indicate that as far as money is concerned they have nothing else but.

Just a few months ago, a lad in Fresno, California, sent letters to Lew Cody, Douglas Fairbanks, and E. L. Doheny directing them to forward him at once $3,000 because he was out of a job. Doheny, the oil magnate, and Fairbanks ignored the letters. But Cody turned his copy over to the post-office inspectors and the lad was arrested. He pleaded guilty. [Continued on page 105]

When Lew Cody comes home at night he forgets all his troubles—even the boy who wrote him asking for a mere three thousand dollars.

Photo by William A. Fraker





Hold Every

Thrilling scenes in which the players risk

Above, Al Wilson, well-known stunt aviator, takes a daring jump from a speeding motor car to the wing of an airplane, in "War in the Clouds."

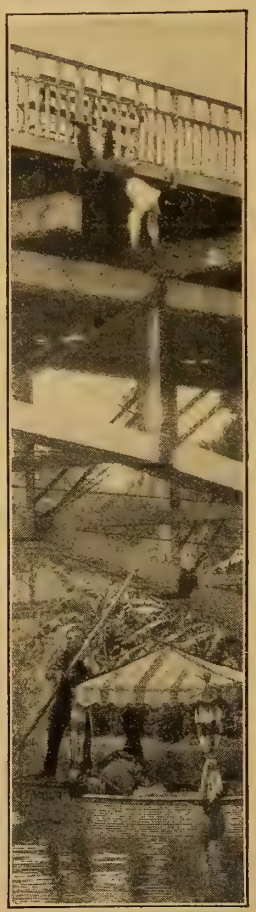
Below, Rod La Rocque made a quick get-away in "The Fighting Eagle" by leaping from a window to the back of his horse.



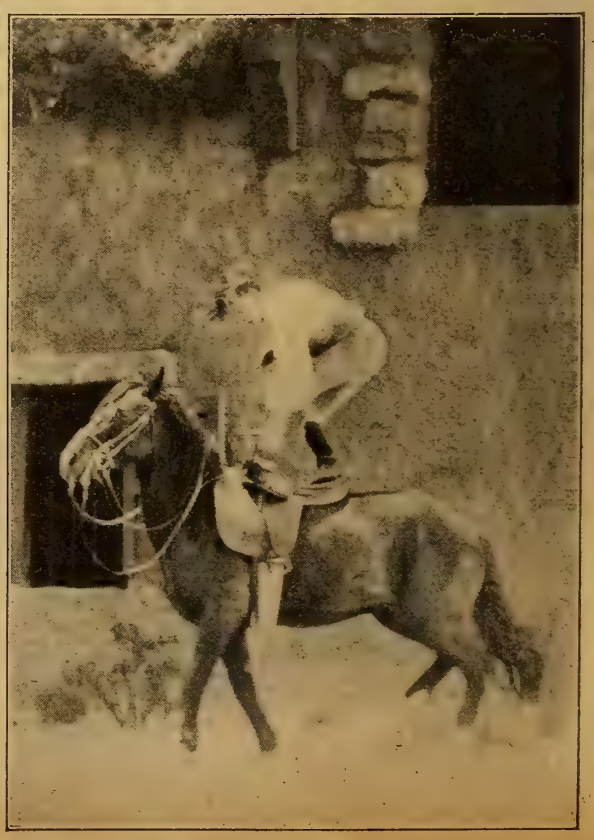
Above, the man that Fred Thomson is about to hurl down the stairs gets paid for it, you can bet!

Below, the extras had to make a dash for safety when this house was blown to pieces in "Trail of the Tiger."





Above, Raymond Griffith—or was it his double?—took a swan dive, silk hat and all, from a high bridge into a gondola, in "Time to Love"—but if he still found time to love, after all that, he's some boy!





thing!

their necks for your entertainment.

It takes courage deliberately to have a smash-up in a runaway buggy, all for the sake of a movie. That's what Hazel Keener, above, was called upon to do in "The Scarlet Arrow," and she came through without a scratch.

Below, Fred Humes just doesn't know how to *climb* onto a horse—he always makes it in one jump, preferably from about ten feet away.







Above, Tom Mix and Natalie Joyce, in "The Circus Ace," take off from Tony's back to a parachute.

Left, Fred Humes, in a fight with the villain in "Pet 'Em Up," is knocked over the side of a cliff.

Below, Edna Murphy, in a breath-taking scene in "The Black Diamond Express," had to crash her car into a train.



Boys Will

Ten more or less well-known juveniles prove as much in raising one from obscurity in the

By William



Paul Power.

Dick Folkens.



STEP forward, girls, take the most comfortable chairs, and meet the boys.

One or two may already be known to you. It will do no harm to meet them again. Most of them are newcomers within the last three years to Hollywood. Know them now, before the world at large hears of their fame!

All right, Mr. Kelly. Step forward, please. Smile and bow.

New Jersey, where he was born in 1902, may one day build a monument to Leo Kelly if he continues to jump ahead in pictures as he has done since coming to Hollywood a year and a half ago. His first bit came in "Paris at Midnight." On this set, in a slight accident, Leo had the front of his silk shirt ripped open. Frances Marion, coming upon the scene, saw the young man's distress. Impressed with his personality, she ordered a test taken.

That was our hero's start. Rôles in pictures made by some of the minor independent concerns gave Leo more experience. Now he does juvenile leads. Most recently he played in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Not a bad year's work, is it? Next year ought to see him well ahead. Yes, Mabel, dear, he is Irish.

Another young fellow soon to gain attention is Paul Power. He came from Chicago six years ago—he was seventeen then—to attend school in Los Angeles and later to try for the movies. His mother and sister back East are waiting for the day when Paul will write, "Come to Hollywood. Am building a home in Beverly Hills. You can take care of my fan mail."

This should not be far away, as Paul has already played leads in Pathé comedies, and small parts in various pictures at the more pretentious studios—the result of two years' perseverance.

What was that, Mabel? Is he very big, blond, and good looking? Well, would he be out here otherwise?

Earle Hughes should appear here, but as he is nowhere in sight we shall have to wait until later. Before we get annoyed at his delay let us be pleasant in meeting Carlo Schipa.

From Lecce, Italy, came Carlo five years ago. Not one word of English did he speak then. Now he tosses the language about like an American. Possibly you saw him in "Sally," with Colleen Moore. Without doubt you saw him as *Tony* in "Little Annie Rooney," with our Mary. If you haven't, you can see Carlo in "The Fighting Hombre," a Chadwick production. He has been playing on the stage in Los Angeles, with Marjorie Rambeau, in "They Knew What They Wanted." Just now, what Carlo wants more than anything, is to become famous.

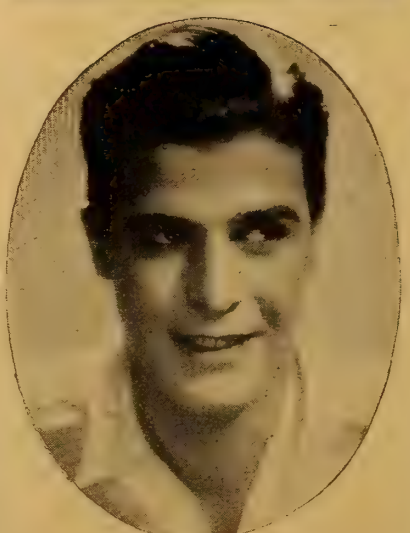
What, Mabel—you'd like to hear him sing "O Sole Mio" in the moonlight? I doubt if Carlo could oblige. His elder brother, Tito, of operatic fame, does all the singing in the Schipa family.

Leo Kelly.



Ah, pause—here is Earle Hughes. Never mind, Mr. Hughes. No need to apologize. We know that a young fellow gaining such notice as you are cannot always appear at appointed places on the dot. If you turn up the next day it is time enough.

Last spring Earle attracted attention at the Belmont Theater in Los Angeles. He started picture work in 1920, but decided that he needed stage experience to help him. He has been touring the country for the last six years. Now he is once more on the battlefield of Hollywood. Undoubtedly this time he will win. Since his return he has played the juvenile lead with Edna Murphy in "Rose of the Bowery," a *chef-d'œuvre* from one David Hartford at the Fine Arts studio. Look out for Earle!



George Lewis.



Chester Hughes.

Be Boys

that pluck and persistence count for just movies as in any other line of endeavor.

H. McKegg

What, Mabel? You're just crazy about Lloyd Hughes? Well, he and Earle are brothers. So you can divide your adoration without wandering from the family.

Here is one who is no relation—Chester Hughes. Step up on the platform, Chester! Born in Columbus, Ohio, twenty-five years ago, Chester did nothing extraordinary, he says, until he gave his relatives and friends a shock by going on the stage. From New York he toured out to the Coast in vaudeville. And then the movies.

Extra work. Plenty of it. His first bit came in "Stella Dallas." He was one of those society youths with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who ridiculed poor *Stella* when she appeared on the lawn of the fashionable hotel. Chester gained a bigger bit in "The Freshman." He now hopes he will keep on getting bigger bits until they are so big that, no matter how much gets cut out, plenty will be left in.

Earle Hughes.



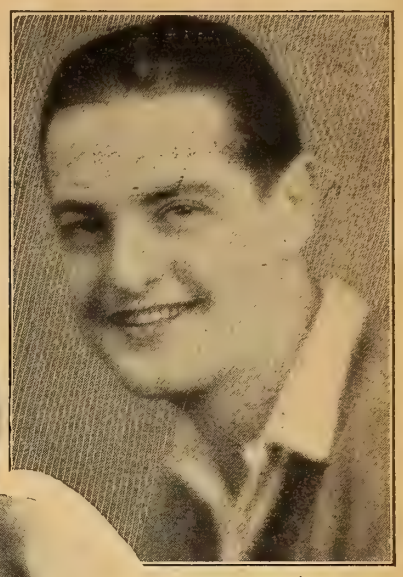
Stay in your places, girls! Don't crowd around! This young chap is Redman Finlay, a double in physique for his friend, George O'Brien. Two years ago Redman came from New York to display his bulging muscles and athletic prowess on the screen. He has done so in many pictures, such as several of "The Collegians" series, and in "The King of Kings," if you can find him.

To-day Redman drives around in his three-thousand-dollar car and can eat, when he wishes to, at Henry's. Boys, develop your muscles now.

If you saw "Brown of Harvard," you saw Dick Folkens in that free-for-all fight waged on the campus by the gay college bloods. After the fight Dick saw stars when a flower pot fell on his head. This plump little boy was born twenty years ago in Lorain, Ohio. Three years ago found him with his mother and sister in Hollywood. To-day finds him doing comedy relief. His latest essay was in "The Prince of Head Waiters."

Redman Finlay.





Malcolm Letts.

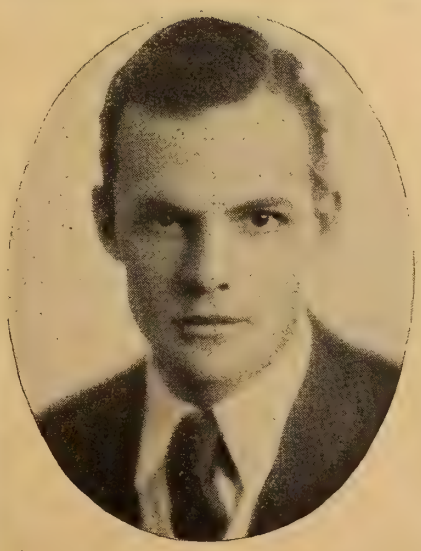
Graduating from the bit class is Malcolm Letts. Three years ago he came from New Jersey to the studio gates. He started where many of the big names have started—with the small companies in Poverty Row. Malcolm is now doing bits in some of "The Collegians" series, where many of the promising juveniles are showing what art really is, and how.

To prove that a youth is not without honor in his own home town makes it essential that Carroll Nye be called upon. A native of Los Angeles, he has, within the last two years, done the most work of all these presented. After a long engagement in "White Collars," he was signed for Corinne Griffith's "Classified." Since then Carroll has played in some fifteen pictures, either as a falsely accused son, a guilty brother, or an average youth.

Of the juveniles to gain the best notice within the last year George Lewis stands in the front. His work in "His People" got him over. "The Old Soak" was nothing for any one in it. Just being himself in "The Collegians" is gaining for George all the success he needs at present. He is considered one of the best box-office attractions of the many other precious box-office jewels in Carl Laemmle's domain beyond Cahuenga Pass.

Yes, Mabel dear. This is George stepping forward now. Good looking, yes. A little self-conscious, yes. But a very decent chap.

You are right. Taken altogether, they are a likely group, any one of whom may have his name in electric lights before long. If you can tell him how soon, you will earn his undying thanks.



Carroll Nye.



Carlo Schipa.

At Your Service

They say the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach, so perhaps that's why all the movie heroines have betaken themselves to the kitchen—seeking romance in the rôles of maids and waitresses.

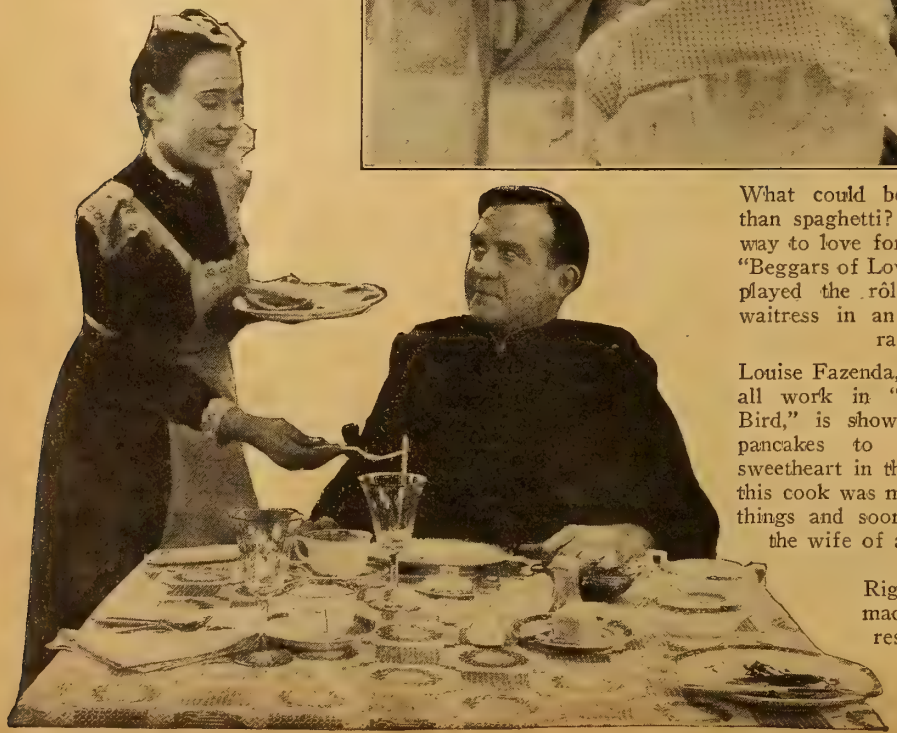


Even the comedy girls have responded to the call of the scullery, and Anne Cornwall, above, becomes a lady chef in a Christie two-reeler.



Janet Gaynor, as one of the "Two Girls Wanted," found domestic service very profitable in a romantic way.





What could be more prosaic than spaghetti? But it led the way to love for Pola Negri in "Beggars of Love," in which she played the rôle, above, of a waitress in an Italian restaurant.

Louise Fazenda, as the maid of all work in "The Gay Old Bird," is shown, left, serving pancakes to her policeman sweetheart in the kitchen. But this cook was meant for higher things and soon found herself the wife of a millionaire.



Right, May McAvoy made a dainty little waitress in "Irish Hearts."

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But you must find out for yourself how it all works out.

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Grizzly Gallagher

A Western Story

By REGINALD C. BARKER

It was a job and a tough one at that to make a man out of young, red-headed Ted Blaine, the son of the partner of one of the old-type mountaineers. But Grizzly Gallagher tackled it and the adventures of the two in the rugged Idaho wilderness makes the sort of reading that takes you clean out of yourself.

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The Carefree Mr. Kerry

But beneath Norman Kerry's gay exterior, one catches a suggestion of the grim experiences in his past which taught him how useless it is to take life too seriously.

By Margaret Ettinger

HE is a dashing cavalier, captivating and romantic, whose swaying swagger is known to the Boulevard, to the cafés, to all of Hollywood. He is the playboy supreme, whose amusing pranks have caught the breath and captured the heart of the film metropolis.

Norman Kerry has reigned as a prince of good fellows for many years. Ever since the night he and Mickey Neilan shaved their heads and eyebrows and went to the most fashionable soirée of the year, sending the guests into peals of laughter, ever since he risked his life to save two unknown persons trapped in a burning building, ever since he won honors in the World War, he has been the adored Kerry. His pranks are sometimes called foolish, his recklessness appalls the colony, but his courage is so definite a thing, his personality so engaging, that one soon forgives his dare-deviltry.

It was only recently that I had my first close-up of this screen Adonis. I had seen him dashing down the Boulevard at break-neck speed in his high-powered motor car, or enacting a hero rôle in some production in the making, or dancing at the Mayfair Club, or lunching at the Montmartre, but those had been only quick flashes of Kerry. Enough, however, to make me form a very definite impression of what he must be like. Rather an amusing person, I wagered, but he had been so much publicized by his friends and acquaintances that I thought he would probably be disappointing to meet.

I had an appointment for an interview with him at the Universal studio. In less than ten minutes after his arrival, his spacious bungalow was crowded with his studio confrères, while several others paused in passing to greet him or grouped themselves on the porch. I looked on in awe, I must confess, at one whose popularity carried so heavily



Photo by Freulich *It was after he had been through the war that Kerry threw care to the winds and set out to get as much fun out of life as he could.*

His portrayal of the dude cowboy in "Under Western Skies" typified Kerry's jesting attitude toward life.



He is highly popular at the studio, and even the wild animals eat from his hand.

right into the midst of the studio, and in a profession, too, which is reputed to be full of petty jealousies.

Kerry sat on the arm of a chair, looking as unlike an immaculate matinée idol as one can imagine. He wore white duck trousers and a white polo shirt. Dilapidated tennis shoes were given prominence by a heavy bandage on his right ankle. But even in such regalia, he was jaunty, almost Park Avenue.

In answer to a round of queries about his ankle, he said, "Honestly, just a lot of tomfoolery. I took a spill the other afternoon off my polo pony. This is the ankle that always gets it. It has been broken three times, and sprained three hundred. I have about decided to act my age and take to a wheel chair."

Some one turned on a radio. There was a deadly din of chatter and music. Through the ensuing minutes, Kerry was the life of the party. Not serious, at all, I reasoned. A playboy, all right, but nothing else.

Now he limped across the room to get a cigarette, now he an-

Continued on page 105

Continued from page 61

will have to put up with many more in the course of the picture. From the cleaner's it is purloined by *Millicent,* a food checker in a hotel, who wants to look swell at a party. She is unmasked by *Mrs. Gillespie,* whereupon prideful *Millie* unclothes herself and flings "American Beauty" at its owner. Likewise she wisely decides the society racket doesn't pay, so scampers off to the station to overtake the poor suitor she had previously scorned. Her shawl blows away and *Millie* runs through the station and onto the train in trim underclothes, for an embrace on the platform of the observation car.

All this makes for a fluffy, superficial picture, neither comedy nor drama, and dull up to the unbelievable finale. Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes, Margaret Livingston, Walter McGrail, and Alice White are in the cast.

Can This Be Miss Ralston?

Both Esther Ralston and Edward Sutherland, the director, touch the low-water mark in "Figures Don't Lie." Or rather their picture does. Miss Ralston is too beautiful ever to be blamed for anything—not even a trivial, uninteresting picture—but the memory of her verve and charm in "Fashions for Women" and "Ten Modern Commandments" only makes me resent the new picture more. She is *Janet Wells,* stenographer to a man with a jealous wife. The hero is *Bob Blewe,* a go-getter salesman, who is jealous of *Janet's* employer, even as the employer's wife is jealous of *Janet.* There you have the brawn and sinew of the plot, such as it is. Gags are injected in lieu of story, and Miss Ralston appears in a scant bathing costume instead of the lovely gowns which set off her beauty to more striking advantage. However, every cloud has a silver lining. Richard Arlen proves it with a pleasant performance, as *Bob,* which convinces me that his forte is light comedy rather than dramatics.

Who Emptied It?

In the bottom of "The Crystal Cup" are the dregs of a good story; otherwise it is empty and pretty much of a bore. Purporting to be a serious study of a girl's antipathy to men, it is exaggerated to the point of caricature, yet is played heavily.

Gita Carteret, as a child, has a terrifying experience which causes her to loathe men when she grows up. In order to make her state of mind clear to the audience, Dorothy Mackaill, who plays *Gita,* strides about in a mannish costume that would stop a fire engine if she were seen in public. Eventually she attracts two men—one a novelist, the other a physician. She marries the novelist to put an end to the gossip aroused by their platonic association and finds herself interested in his friend, the doctor. The solution comes when she shoots her husband as he comes upon her in the darkness, because she fears a repetition of what happened to her as a child. Big hearted and literary, he doesn't mind. He even sanctions her marriage to his friend, and *Gita* isn't bothered with an accusation of murder, let alone a twinge of conscience for having taken a life. Yes, it's passed by the censors. Jack Mulhall, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Clarissa Selwynne, Jane Winton, and Edythe Chapman are in the cast—more sinned against than sinning.

Short Measure.

Harry Langdon is the same plaintive little fellow and adept comedian in "Three's a Crowd" as he always has been, but the sum total of his efforts is not altogether satisfactory. The picture is monotonous in spite of some clever gags, because no one else is allowed to do anything, and there is little variety in the sets. The story is no story at all, but an incident merely. A boy rescues a runaway wife in a snowstorm and takes her to his squalid lodgings, where her baby is born. He adores her with dumb and futile devotion, living in a dream until her unworthy husband finds her. At first sight of him, she deserts the boy forever. All this is put across in Langdon's characteristic manner. Unique as that is, it hasn't succeeded in saving "Three's a Crowd" from slowness.

Without Benefit of a Smile.

A heavy, somber melodrama called "A Man's Past" brings forth the noted German actor, Conrad Veidt, as a Universal star. Remarkable as his talents are in character rôles, he is unsuited to the requirements—as I see them—of a sympathetic hero. It is in this guise that he appears as an escaped convict who goes to Algiers, impersonates a friend whose sight is failing, and resumes his practice of surgery. Eventually he is recognized by a prison officer who attempts blackmail through the girl they both love, and so on—and so on.

All this is set forth with grim earnestness, recalling a foreign picture of the old school, and while it is acted well enough, it has nothing to distinguish it from other program pictures. Barbara Bedford, Ian Keith, and Arthur Edmund Carew are the principals.

***Not* a Hero to His Valet.**

Adolphe Menjou is at his best in "A Gentleman of Paris." Though falling a bit short of the pace set by "Service for Ladies," this one is thoroughly worth seeing, if you like French farce delicately acted and produced.

The *Marquis de Marignan* is a philanderer, who is aided and abetted by *Joseph,* his valet, without whom he says he could not get along. Even when *Joseph* discovers the *Marquis* is indulging in an *affaire du cœur* with his wife, the valet does not desert him. But he does stage an elaborate revenge. After which the clouds roll by and all is serene.

A Slave to Duty.

Florence Vidor is a lady and can be absolutely depended upon never to falter in her perfect deportment, but that isn't enough to make six reels of moving pictures interesting. "One Woman to Another" is an example of the futility of trying to do without a story. *Rita Farrell,* a novelist, has every intention of marrying *John Bruce,* when her brother leaves his two children in her care. Whereupon *Rita* devotes all her time to their welfare and ultimately takes them to the country. *John* falls into the toils of a scheming blonde, but *Rita,* warned by a loyal friend, succeeds in extricating him from his difficulty and marrying him.

This tepid tale is illustrated with the maximum of good taste in settings, direction, and acting. A dash of bad taste might have given the picture the requisite vitality.

Playing Down, Not Up.

"The Gay Retreat" is another comedy of the war—if you can stand another. In its way it is funny—rough, vulgur fun, to be sure, but its speed and carefree atmosphere are in its favor. The stars are Sammy Cohen and Ted McNamara, who played with conspicuous success in "What Price Glory." In the new picture again they are doughboys, who go through all manner of idiotic nonsense while presumably remaining good soldiers, and apparently win the war by pelting the enemy with canned goods. Mr. Cohen's character name is *Sam Nosenblum.* This should give you a fairly accurate idea of the level of inspiration reached by the picture.

The Sidewalks of New York.

Trust Allan Dwan to catch the spirit of New York and put it on the screen. He has done it times without number, but never with more success than in "East Side, West

Continued on page 94

How to Wear a Title

With all the lords and ladies and kings and queens on the screen, it is every star's business to know just how to put on the regal manner at a minute's notice.



Julia Faye and Max Barwyn, left, studied many paintings of Empress Josephine and Napoleon, which explains their success in these rôles in "The Fighting Eagle."

The beauty of Claire Windsor, below, is enhanced by the aristocratic bearing of *Lady Patricia Rutledge* in "Foreign Devils."





Phyllis Haver, the comedienne, above, surprised everybody with the dignity of her *Comtesse de Launay* in "The Fighting Eagle."



Myrna Loy, left, as *Countess Veya* in "The Climbers," gave her fans a glimpse of the grand manner of old Spain.

Continued from page 92

Side," a most excellent picture. Neither subtle nor symbolic, it nevertheless tells a story replete with plot and character development in an understandable manner. It has movement, variety, suspense, as well as the best acting Virginia Valli has ever done, and a real characterization by George O'Brien.

O'Brien is *John Breen,* a boy who has spent his life on a brick barge in the harbor of New York. When the barge is run down by a steamer, he is washed ashore and befriended by the *Lipvitches,* of the lower East Side, with special attention from *Becka,* their daughter. *John's* physical prowess forces him into the prize ring, but the interest of *Gilbert Van Horn* takes him out of it and educates him to be an engineer—with special attention from *Josephine,* the rich man's ward. Thus there is a conflict between the two girls of opposite types for him, as well as turmoil within *John* himself.

This hint of the story indicates the absence of any highbrow pretensions, but the fullest synopsis never conveyed the quality of any picture. So there's nothing to do but see "East Side, West Side" and agree that its rating is A 1.

Every Inch a Hero.

The character of Jesse James, long regarded as a bandit and outlaw, a sort of American Robin Hood, has been glorified and romanticized by Fred Thomson in a picture called "Jesse James." It has been done with such success that you don't mind whether it is true or not, just so long as Mr. Thomson and Silver King continue to act as they have done in countless less pretentious films. To give the happy ending necessary to a picture of this kind, the inglorious death of Jesse James is not pictured in the last scene of the film, but is shown in a brief fade-in as what *Zerelda Mimms,* the heroine, must expect if she marries *Jesse.* Notwithstanding this, the picture has speed and beauty, suspense and thrills in greater measure than Mr. Thomson's program films, because it is longer. Otherwise it fails to throw a great white light on the life of Jesse James, but falls into the safe and profitable category of excellent Western pictures. Mr. Thomson is magnificently capable in all he does.

Up the Family Trees of the Stars

Continued from page 19

C. Corbin, her ancestor, financed a war of conquest for the French, being knighted as a reward. His son went to Holland, where he married Princess von Vorhees. Virginia is a direct descendant of this union. Her great-great-great-grandfather, on her mother's side, was Colonel Garrett, and his daughter, Ann Garrett, was one of the first woman attorneys in the United States.

No one would suspect, despite her high cheek bones, that Lilyan Tashman is of Polish descent. The blood of a line of aristocratic Polish army officers flows in her veins. Her mother, as a sturdy, flaxen-haired German *fraülein,* lived a tranquil life in a little border town until a handsome officer galloped in, courted her, and whisked her away to America, where eventually Lilyan, the seventh child, was born.

Lya de Putti also has a military background. Her father, of Italian descent, was a staff officer in the Austrian army, while her mother was a Hungarian countess.

Lois Wilson's ancestors, back in the tenth century, were English warriors, but with succeeding generations, they became squires and preachers.

For four generations Renee Adoree's people were traveling players, circus performers, pantomimists, and dancers, in France.

The influence of very staid professions may be found in demure Mary Astor, whose father taught school, and in Madge Bellamy, whose father was a professor before he took up agriculture.

More players come from the picturesque South than from any other section of the country. Virginia Bradford is from Tennessee, where her father was a civil engineer. Vera Reynolds is another Southerner. Her grandfather, a colonel in the Civil War, moved afterward from his plantation to Richmond. Her father is a newspaper man. Jobyna Ralston's parents had a large and successful farm in Tennessee.

Mary Brian's grandparents were respectively in the banking and medical professions. Her father was a wholesale jewelry merchant in Texas. Sally Rand's father, a Kentucky man, was a lieutenant colonel. Elinor Fair, daughter of a building-supply dealer, is also from the balmy South.

Jacqueline Logan's father was a noted architect in the Lone Star State.

May McAvoy is Irish and Scotch. Her father was a railroad auditor, and her grandfather an engineer. For twenty-five years Alice Joyce's father has been in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington. Julia Faye's father was a promoter. Aileen Pringle's parent was president of a large fruit company, and Ena Gregory's father was an Australian importer. Betty Bronson's paternal grandfather owned an iron foundry, while her maternal grandparent was a gentleman farmer of New England.

Lew Cody's forefathers were small-town merchants, bankers, and lawyers. His ancestry is French, the name originally being Coté. Norman Kerry's father was owner of a large silk-lingerie and hosiery company. Norman belongs to a well-known, wealthy Long Island family.

Huntly Gordon gets his canny business instinct from his father, who is a wholesale sugar distributor in Canada. Bill Haines' great-grandfather owned a plantation in Virginia. James Hall comes from prosperous small-town stock. His paternal grandfather owned a grocery in New England; his maternal grandfather was a lawyer in a small New York town.

An illustrious line of British naval officers, lawyers, and bankers, preceded Ralph Forbes. His mother, Mary Forbes, is a well-known English actress. Clive Brook's grandfather, on his mother's side, was an English landowner, and on his father's side, a barrister. Richard Arlen's forefathers were attorneys in Minnesota. Gary Cooper's father is a judge in Montana, and behind him is a long line of English barristers.

Raymond Hatton's father was a physician. On his mother's side of the family tree, there are several preachers. Victor McLaglen's father is a bishop.

Victor Varconi's father was a farmer near Budapest. Don Alvarado spent his boyhood on his father's New Mexico cattle ranch.

Gilbert Roland is the son of a Spanish bullfighter. For generations his forefathers have been matadors.

Very few of the players can boast a theatrical ancestry. Robert Edeson is the son of a noted actor, and Franklin Pangborn's grandmother was a famous English actress. Conrad Nagel is the son of a composer.

So those are the varied genealogies of the stars. Figure out for yourself whether heredity has had anything to do with putting them where they are to-day on the screen.

That Little Glass Eye

Did you ever notice what a sinister touch a mere monocle gives to a man's face?

Lucien Prival, below, finds his wicked leer is wickeder if he adds a monocle to his make-up.



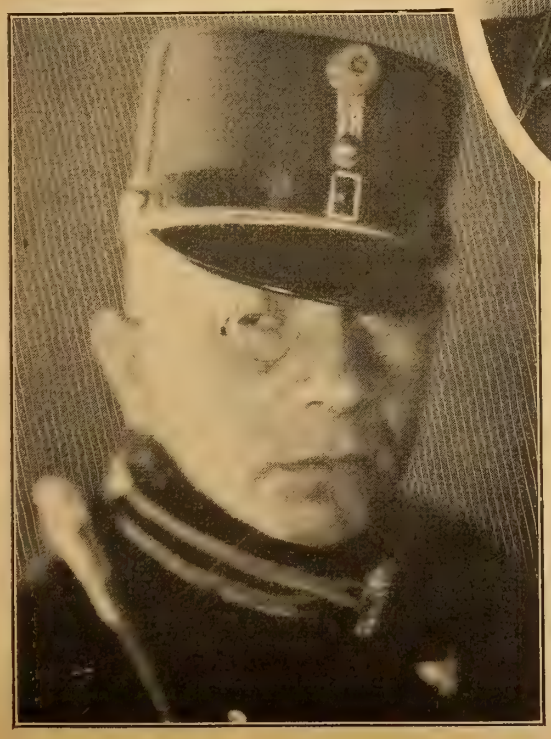
André Sarté, below, as Pola Negri's cruel husband in "The Woman on Trial," uses a monocle to denote cynicism rather than frank villainy.







Below, Erich von Stroheim introduced the monocle to the screen and is rarely seen without one.



Below, Earle Foxe will make his début as a monocled villain in "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters."



At the top of the page, Douglas Gerrard, in "The Desired Woman," finds that a monocle adds what might be called comic relief to his usual dyed-in-the-wool villainy.

Lane Chandler, the new Western star, above, fixes a monocle in his eye just to show how incongruous it is with a sombrero.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 26

The theater at the preview was a house of unrestrained sniffles, following *Little Eva's* death, and there is one scene in the picture that is worthy to be compared with the parting of Jack Gilbert and Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade," when Jack goes to the front. This is the ruthless tearing of *Eliza's* child from her when he is sold into slavery.

It is a tragic and heartbreaking sequence that all but caused the audience to shout in their excitement, every time the youngster was about to get away from his owner and return to his mother, as she ran frantically after the wagon that bore him down the road.

Altogether, we liked "Uncle Tom" immensely and we can see where it will hold great popular appeal, especially for those who know the old melodrama, or who have read the book. Incidentally, the picture will probably mean considerable for Margarita Fischer, who hasn't done any work on the screen to amount to anything for several years. Miss Fischer plays *Eliza*.

A Novarro Musicale.

Before any one knows it, Ramon Novarro will be quitting the screen and entering upon a musical career. There isn't any immediate prospect of this as yet, of course, but every time we get a chance to talk to Ramon we find him more and more engrossed with voice culture.

Already he has an amazingly interesting repertoire of Spanish ballads and some primitive Mexican folk songs, which he himself collected. He has, you know, studied with Louis Graveure, and is a devoted follower of musical events.

We heard Ramon go through quite a large repertoire of ballads and songs one evening not long ago, at Ernst Lubitsch's. He has a remarkably easy way of dashing off the familiar "Clavelitos," and he also sang a strangely pensive folk song.

Lubitsch, himself, performed with a great deal of zest on the piano, ending with a rousing rendition of the inevitable "My Hero." There is no more striking picture than Ernst with a huge black cigar in his mouth, energetically cajoling the ivories.

Charlie Seeks New Fields.

The same evening we talked to Charles Ray, and thought him a bit sad and embittered. This was on the eve of his departure for New York, whither he went probably more than anything else to get away from Hollywood for a while.

The Rays gave up their home in Beverly Hills and moved to the Garden of Alla apartments prior to their departure.

Now that they are in the East, the time of their return is indefinite, as they may go to Europe.

Charlie has enjoyed much success of late in comedy, but we do not believe that his heart is as much in this as in more serious acting. The years following his venture as an independent producer have been rather disappointing ones for him.

Certainly, though, he holds one of the highest places as an actor of exceptional ability, and we have always felt that some day he would get a big opportunity in a picture made by a director of Lubitsch's temperament, who could bring out the best of Charles Ray's talent.

Another Reunion.

Years and years, it would appear, have elapsed since Lon Chaney and Betty Compson have been in a picture together. The only time that comes to mind was in "The Miracle Man," in which Betty was the girl crook, and Chaney did his famous impersonation of the cripple, called *The Frog*.

It is curious that they are again in a crook story—this time "The Big City," which Tod Browning is directing. Chaney portrays a gangster chief and Miss Compson is one of the members of his band.

Mix Does Heavy Duty.

Tom Mix had to pay a bet recently by carrying Tom Kennedy, the 235-pound prize fighter, on his back from Grauman's Egyptian Theater across Hollywood Boulevard to the Montmartre. Was there a crowd? We'll say!

The Stroller

Continued from page 57

But it wasn't quite so hot when the expensive plane, purchased for the flight, broke down in Arizona and the pilot was obliged to walk many miles across the desert in search of meat for his hungry and irate lion.

Hollywood amused itself before and during the flight speculating on the odd turns the trip might take. Suppose, some said, the plane should be wrecked and the lion's cage shattered. Imagine the reaction of the pilot on scrambling out of the wreckage and confronting a lion indignant at the liberties which had been taken with his equilibrium!

This lion, incidentally, is said by some to be the real M.-G.-M. lion, which roars in the trade-mark of pictures made by that company. I am informed from other sources, however, that the original M.-G.-M. lion passed peacefully to his fathers some months ago, and that the lion of airplane fame is a rank outsider. Whether this new king of beasts will be able to roar out an introduction to M.-G.-M. pictures as impressively as his predecessor has not been determined.

With European actors, directors, writers, and producers dominating Hollywood films, it is only logical that the influence should extend to other circles within the city. John's Café, for years the hang-out of motion-picture cowboys, has now passed into foreign hands and become an Hungarian restaurant.

Other changes have taken place on the same famous corner of Hollywood and Cahuenga. Kress' Drug Store, diagonally across from John's, was once a favorite hang-out for curbstone actors, writers, and directors. Rather famous folk used to be seen there, buying ginger ale on Saturday night, or coming in in carpet slippers for the Sunday-morning papers. But now, with the spreading of the business district, Kress' has become just a unit in an entirely impersonal chain of drug stores.

And the row of offices immediately above that same corner have also lost their old individuality. Formerly occupying those offices were Wid Gunning, then an editor, now a producer; H. H. van Loan, scenario writer; Mike Boylan, then a press agent without portfolio, now a title writer; Eddie McRae, promoter of fundless film companies; and numerous other merry brigands, all of whom have since departed, died, or reformed.

Yes, the corner of Hollywood and Cahuenga, which used to be the village post office of the community, has taken on big-city airs.

At the First National studio, there is daily posted a call sheet of the actors needed for each troupe. Marshall Neilan, the director, has been having a lot of fun with it. His daily call list includes such fantastic requests as this: "One Italian driver of Chevrolet lunch wagon. Three fat Spanish women. One sad-eyed bromo-seltzer fiend. One wicked woman."

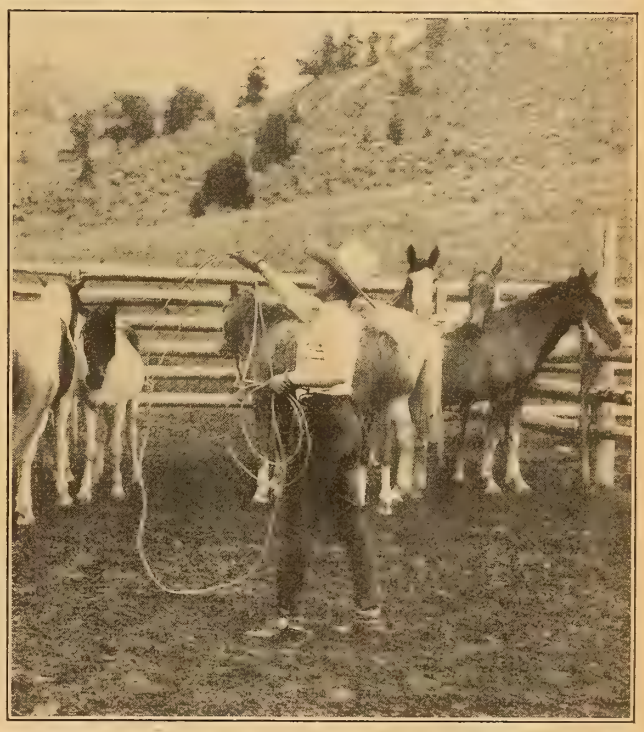


The Colonel at Home

To Colonel Tim McCoy, "home" is his ranch up in Wyoming, where he spends all the time he can steal from the studio.



Above, the Western hero and his wife sit in the sun on the porch of their cabin and allow themselves to be snapped by the visiting camera man.



Next, the camera followed the colonel down to the corral while he roped one of his ponies.



When he goes for a long ride out over his land, he carries provisions with him and stops at noon to cook his lunch over a twig fire.

Right, he makes the camera man green with envy as he sits and surveys with pride his acres and acres of rolling plains.

The Queen Receives

Continued from page 74

I have made in America is immediately compared with 'Passion' or 'One Arabian Night.' It is not possible to achieve greatness always."

"But don't you think that nothing you have made in this country approaches 'Passion?' " I asked.

She eyed me sternly for a moment, but diplomacy triumphed. She was apparently determined to stick to her rôle.

"I have made several pictures that I consider on a par with those finest German pictures," she answered. "Of course, no great artiste can make nothing but masterpieces. It is not to be expected. 'Forbidden Paradise' I liked immensely. That was a great picture. Also 'Hotel Imperial.' 'Barbed Wire,' too, I believe was as fine as any of my foreign films."

She paused to give me a challenging look. Was I believing her?

"To make pictures great is a life work," she said. "In every picture I put my heart and soul. I give myself completely to the rôle I interpret. Never am I satisfied. Always I wish to do finer things."

Looking back upon Count Dombska, Rod La Rocque, Chaplin, Valentino, and others less celebrated, not to mention her current husband, one may assume that Pola is incorrigibly romantic, but an audience with the lady brings forth no sign of this romantic streak. She seems to have few enthusiasms. She dedicates her days to Art, as she calls it.

She is regal in her formality, glacial, stylized in her gestures. After fifteen minutes it was a comparatively simple matter to anticipate the arching of the brow that was to accompany the remark about being tired of it all, the hand to the chin that emphasized her loyalty to her Art, the arms outflung to climax the statement about owing everything to Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky.

"At first it was difficult," she explained. "No one understood my temperament. I was the very first of the foreign stars, and I suffered the taunts and jealousies of the studio until they came to know me better. I had a hard time, indeed. Now the way is smoothed, and foreigners are all welcome."

There was more talk of the great artiste, her Art, and her Public. I have never heard Nazimova mention her art, nor Lillian Gish, nor Louise Dresser, nor Greta Garbo—all finer actresses than La Negri. But Pola was going according to formula, it seemed, and she did roll out the words impressively—"Study is necessary for each characterization . . . living the part . . . so tired, I read a little and drop off to sleep . . . best for my public . . . happy to be working under such fine conditions . . ." and so on, *ad infinitum*.

According to some ancient but canny Chinese philosopher, into each life some rain must fall—even if one is in Hollywood.

A Director Who Defies the Censors

Continued from page 54

hesitate about screening a story few others would care to tackle.

"I think," he said, "that when a director makes a hit with one picture of risqué plot, and puts it over in an honest, sincere way, the public expects that kind from him. He can get away with it. Von Stroheim, for instance, can present pictures to the public that they would not take from other directors."

Walsh not only directed "Sadie Thompson," but also played the part of the young marine who falls in love with the girl.

"It was only by accident," he explained, "that I jumped in to play the rôle. It is only a small one, and not so very important. We had tried out several actors for the part, but those who might have fitted in were engaged elsewhere. And then, when we at last did select a man for the rôle, he came to the studio the next morning with a black eye. We let him out, and I took the rôle."

As the young marine, Walsh gives a good performance. He is not one of your soft lovers. When he approaches *Sadie*, you cannot tell whether he will chuck her under the chin or under the table.

Gloria Swanson puts plenty of fire and racy humor into the rôle of *Sadie*. The screen treatment is taken from Somerset Maugham's short story, "Miss Thompson," from which the stage play, "Rain," was built.

The adaptation of this famous story to the screen caused much controversy. Many people said that it would be impossible to film, that it would have to be ruined to suit the censors. But people said that when Walsh started on "What Price Glory." And behold the result.

Walsh does not believe in propaganda in any form.

"Make your characters true to life and keep your story as direct and simple as possible," is his rule. "Many screen writers believe that a play or a book, if simple in plot, should be elaborated for the screen. That is not necessary."

So long as Raoul Walsh retains his honesty, his sincerity and his good sense of humor, his work will be well worth watching. "Sadie Thompson" should mark another triumph for him.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 73

raphers in New York, when Mr. Laemmle offered me a contract. I was seventeen and a half then, and had been out of school only eight months."

It was really a collar ad that gave Matty his start in pictures. The ad showed a young, clean-cut, handsome American lad who was very pleasing to look at. Matty had posed for that ad. One day Carl Laemmle saw it. He couldn't very well have missed it, for it was pasted on signboards and station walls all over the country. And the inevitable happened. When he came to New York to attend a conference, he sought out young Kemp, and after giving him a screen test, offered him a contract with Universal, plus his fare to Hollywood.

"My family were living at Rockville Centre, Long Island, at the time," says Matty, "and weren't very anxious for me to go to Hollywood. In fact, they weren't anxious to have me try the movies at all."

Matty's father is vice president of a big corporation and wanted his son to enter business. But when he saw that Matty was really keen to go into pictures, he told him to go to it.

When young Mr. Kemp arrived in the glamorous film capital, he was immediately handed a make-up box, and put to work in Westerns out at Universal City. It wasn't exactly the sort of thing that the young man had wanted to do, but it was a beginning. Next, he was given work in Reginald Denny pictures, and so pleased were the powers-that-be with his performances in these that he was assigned a rôle in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

He is now working for Mack Sennett, having signed a five-year contract with the comedy producer.

Rah! Rah!

Ziss—boom—bah! These fair maids and handsome youths deserted the college campus to act before the camera.



Shirley O'Hara, right, from the University of California, discarded her cap and gown to play the lead opposite Adolphe Menjou in "A Gentleman of Paris."



Nancy Nash, left, forsook Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, Tennessee, to take the lead in "The City," and has been on the screen ever since.





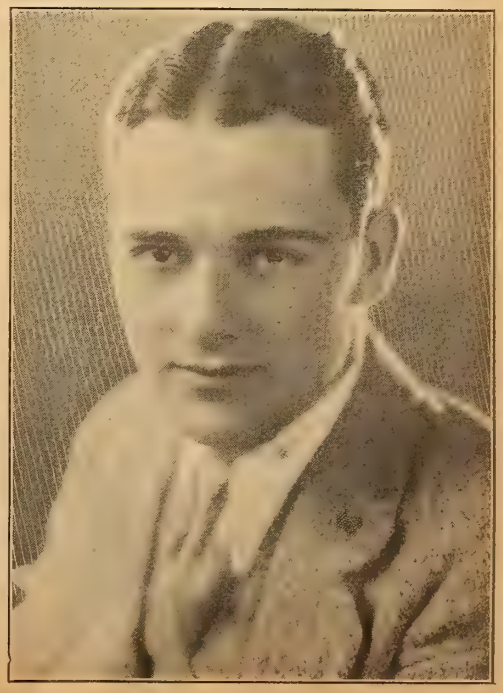


Above, on the left, Jack Stambaugh, of the University of Chicago, was one of the college boys given a try-out by First National in "The Drop Kick." He is now in "The Shepherd of the Hills."

Charles Morton, above, on the right, hails from the University of Wisconsin. He has played in "Rich But Honest," "Colleen" and "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters."

Johnny Mack Brown, left, was an athletic hero at the University of Alabama, and is now in the same rôle on the screen in "The Fair Co-ed."

Buddy Rogers, right, made a lucky move when he decided to leave the University of Kansas to go to the Paramount School. He has been climbing to fame ever since.



Continued from page 52

and daughter of his former leading lady. She is a tiny, fragile little thing, with blue eyes like Tommy's, and golden braids of hair which she wears in little knots over her ears.

Tom treats her much as he does their child—with a fatherly tenderness. When I jokingly asked her how he stood as a husband, she gave him a high recommendation: "He is a dear," she said, "and so generous. Nothing is too much trouble, too difficult for him."

As we passed through the formal dining room, furnished in mahogany of Sheraton design, I was given a glimpse of the Mix generosity. A table as long as that used at White House state dinners was being elaborately set for a big dinner party. Mrs. Mix told me that on her birthday, she had found a check for $100,000 under her plate.

Tom told me about his gifts to his wife, as a boy would boast of treating his pals to ice-cream cones: "Wealth," he said, "means nothing at all to me except to make my family comfortable and happy."

On the Mix pay roll are sixty-five men, including fifteen cowboys to look after his seventy-five horses at the Westwood ranch. All these men have their own homes, many paid for with money loaned to them by Mix without interest.

Mix attends to all his business, with the help only of a secretary, who has been with him nine years. "I have never employed a lawyer in my life," he told me, as we sat down for a moment in his den—a sensible, businesslike room, with a flat-top desk and a brass-studded safe. The first thing he pointed out was his best friend, the dictionary.

Occasionally, he slips up on a word. But he doesn't pretend to be what he is not. "Be yourself," ought to be his family crest. That is, by the way, the slogan that is engraved on a combination knife-and-fork salad fork which he carries with him to dinner parties and which he designed for himself because of a once-broken arm that doesn't take kindly to ordinary forks. When he finishes his salad, he hands this fork gravely to the butler and asks him to wash it and return it to its velvet-lined box.

In the vernacular of the press, Mix is "good copy." He is a fluent talker, a man who thinks.

"Young America has put me on a pedestal," he said, "and I dare not fall off. I never took pictures seriously until I found what a serious effect they have on the youth of the country. Since then, I have tried to put nothing in my pictures that would have a bad effect on youngsters. I try to present wholesome films, in which the hero battles for something worth while, never for a money reward. And I never marry a princess in my films. That is out of my sphere. All I win is a promotion, or a new job, or something that is within the reach of any one in everyday life."

Mix told me that all the "physical action" of his films is up to him, that the studio merely gives him a skeleton of a plot to work on. He has never received a mash note, but receives thousands of letters from such men as lawyers and doctors, telling him that they drop in to see his pictures "to get a breath of fresh air."

In recent years, Uncle Sam has coöperated with Mix in letting him use the national parks as locales for his pictures. Thus, millions of people who might never otherwise see these spots of beauty see them on the silver sheet

"Pictures really mean something, now," said Mr. Mix, "with their increased educational value. The American film is the greatest of all ambassadors. England claims that pictures are Americanizing the world so far as dress is concerned. Ultimately, they should remove race hatred by making the various nationalities acquainted with each other."

As a diplomat, Mix is playing his part. Archduke Leopold of Austria, one of the screen's latest acquisitions, was the guest of honor one night at a dinner party given by Elinor Glyn. Before his arrival, Madame Glyn instructed the rest of her guests as to the proper bows and scrapes. But the program was shot entirely to pieces when Tom Mix was introduced to the royal guest. For just as he was getting his heels together for the proper click, the archduke ran to him with open arms, crying, "Oh, Mix, the great American!" and threw his arms about him.

Let the Lion Roar!

Continued from page 22

and boisterously dressed; the mother ample, complacent, and also regally bedecked; the bread-winning Jackie sophisticated but comparatively unspoiled, polite, upstanding, a trifle disillusioned perhaps.

We stopped to see John Gilbert, we chatted with John Robertson—one of the best directors that ever lifted a megaphone—then continued on our rounds.

"I smell something burning," said Howard.

"We must be near the Garbo set," said Kate. And the little sister to Lucrezia Borgia was right.

Passing six "No Trespassing" signs and three German police dogs, we came upon "The Divine Woman," starring Greta Garbo, a slender, magnetic figure, all ice and fire, all woman, all allure. "It is too hot," she was complaining somberly. "Give me a place where autumn is fall. Here," she shrugged her alabaster shoulders and flicked an ash from her cigarette, "here every single day is summer!"

If there is a more compelling creature dedicating her talents to the great god Cinema, I have yet to find her. Garbo is all of the seven wonders of the world.

The gayest corner of the Metro-Goldwyn domain was the Pringle-Cody set, where that indefatigably merry team was engaged in a little thing called "Be Yourself" or "Act Your Age," title subject to change on an instant's notice.

"We're making this one backward," said Aileen, "in order to surprise ourselves, or something like that. It's part of the new efficiency. Stick around for tea. We *must* have tea—it's quite the thing."

Bob Leonard was excitedly directing Lew Cody and a demurely pretty brunette. There was no cause for excitement, but he trumpeted his orders through a giant megaphone and managed to look just like a director.

"The decorative touch," said Howard, "is Betty Sanford. Studio manicurist. Occasionally acts. Smart girl."

Like Ruby, the cigarette girl at Montmartre, Betty believes in treating pictures casually. She prefers being a good manicurist to being a poor actress. So she continues to beautify hands for all and sundry, only now and then accepting a small rôle in a film. She was in and out of "Spring Fever" and "Tea for Three."

Presently, Kate Key became homesick for her pets, Heustis and Minnie, so there was nothing for it but to strike out for Hollywood in the Key cabriolet.

Leaving the great iron gates and the demon doorman of the studio behind us, we could fairly hear the lion triumphantly roaring. For Metro-Goldwyn has the stars, the starlets, and the personalities that go to make an organization dominant.

Pretty Poll!

She cheers the poor movie stars up whenever they grow despondent over the hardness of their lot.





Polly have a cracker? No, this is a California Polly, so she's having an orange instead. She belongs to Irene Rich.

Above, Aileen Pringle is about to serve tea to her talkative pet.



Emil Jannings, left, shares many confidences with the Polly he brought with him from Germany.

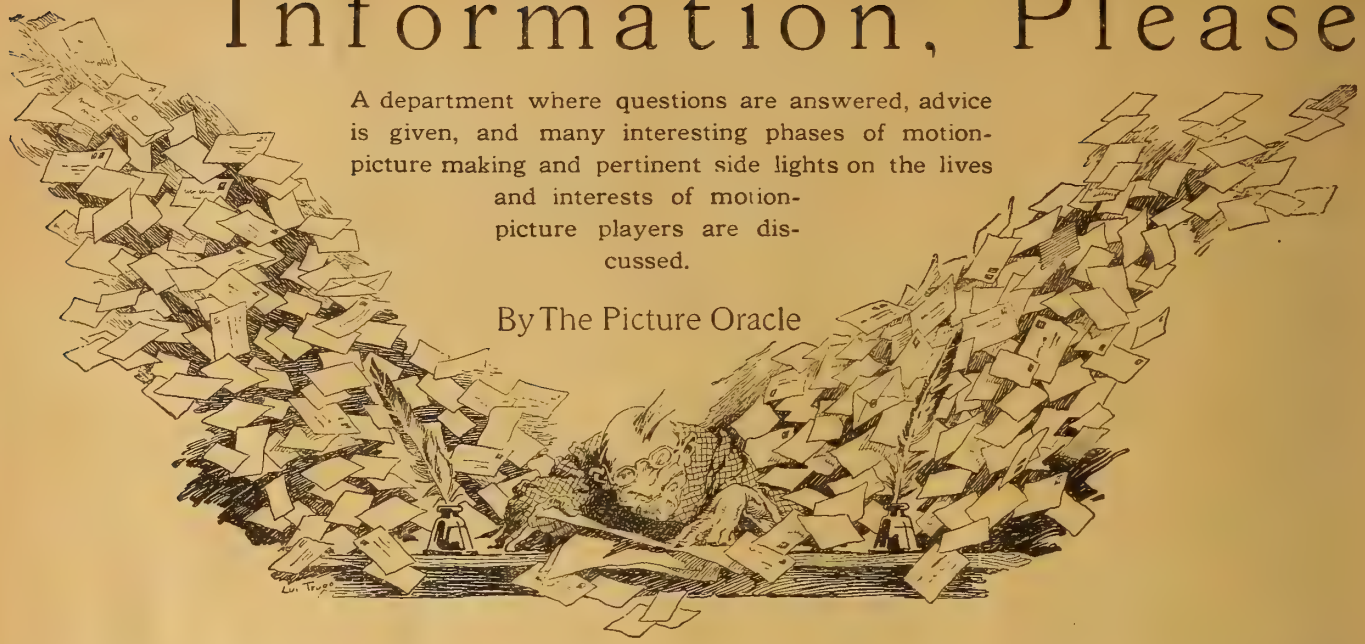
Below, Barbara Worth has a conversation with the parrot at the Universal zoo.





Right, May McAvoy admonishes her little bird to look pleasant for the camera man, and Polly obediently does so.

Information, Please



A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

LA GRANDE QUESTIONNAIRE.—Is it unladylike for young girls to "neck," you ask. Why ask me? Consult the "Book of Etiquette." As to why William Boyd resembles Francis X. Bushman—does he? If so, I'm sure he doesn't do it on purpose. Francis X. was born January 10, 1885. Eugene O'Brien is a bachelor. His permanent address is the Players' Club, Gramercy Park, New York City. But it's of no use to write to him—many plaintive fans have wailed to that effect. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago; he is of French descent. Theda Bara was the old-fashioned type of vamp on the screen, and her type went out of favor—so Theda retired. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. I still insist that Greta Garbo is a blonde, though her hair does photograph dark. John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte have been married for some time. William Austin played *Monty* in "It." I don't know whether he is married. Greta Nissen's address is not included in our standing list because she has no permanent studio connection. She has been working recently at the Fox studio.

FRECKLES.—I do hope you don't lie awake nights worrying because Lon Chaney doesn't get more credit! He receives as much fan mail as any other actor on the screen, and any one who distresses himself about Lon is just looking for worry. Colleen Moore has one brown eye and one blue eye; she is five feet three inches tall, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. There are quite a few stars with hazel eyes—Mary Pickford, Dorothy Mackaill, Marie Mosquini, Eileen Percy, Vera Reynolds, Pauline Starke, and Allene Ray. I know of no star whose birthday is August 23rd.

SHORTY.—If you have managed to secure Antonio Moreno's coöperation for a fan club in his honor, another of his admirers would like to hear from you. Please write to Miss Isabel Rogers, 20 Ebner Street, Wandsworth, London, S. W. 18, England.

HAMPTON RICE.—I'm afraid you're rather impatient, Hampton, wanting your answers in the "next" issue. Do you think a magazine can be put into print overnight? Jack Hoxie was born in your own State, Oklahoma, but he doesn't say when. I think that is his real name. Yakima Canutt was born Enos Edwards Canutt, November 29, 1896. Tom Mix is in his forties; that is his real name.

FLORENCE MCCLOSKEY.—What an interesting letter you write! You would, indeed, be a good person to take charge of a correspondence club. Yes, George Lewis was born in Mexico City, and educated in the United States. At Coronado High School he won honors in football and basket ball, and was president of the student body. He played in a stock company in Southern California for a brief time, and got his first movie job with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad." He also played in "Captain Blood," "The Lady Who Lied," and "What Price Beauty." His real chance came when he obtained the juvenile lead in "His People." On the strength of that he was given a contract with Universal, which company, as you know, has been featuring him in "The Collegians." I don't know what has become of Ramon Novarro's brother, Mario—I suppose his screen venture didn't work out. Tom Meighan's brother, King, was going to play in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" for Columbia, but the film was made with Cullen Landis, instead, and King Meighan was not in it.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF JAMES HALL.—It's astonishing, the number of ardent admirers that young man has, considering what a short time he has been on the screen. It was only two years ago, while he was playing on Broadway in a musical comedy, "The Matinée Girl," that he was called to Jesse Lasky's attention and given a film contract. His first picture was "The Campus Flirt," in which he played the lead opposite Bebe Daniels. He has light-brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Dallas, Texas, October 22, 1900. His real name is James Hamilton. His new film is "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters," for Fox, but he is under contract to Paramount.

PATSY.—Of course I like to do favors for you—so long as it's only answering questions. But please don't ever ask me to match silk for that dress you're making, or to help you buy a hat! John Boles played opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Love of Sunya;" Flobelle Fairbanks played her sister. William Haines is twenty-eight and unmarried. I think that is his real name, and I believe William Boyd uses his real name, also. Sally O'Neil is nineteen and single. Lois Wilson doesn't give her age. See answer to AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF JAMES HALL, above.

BOO.—Are you trying to scare me? It takes more than "Boo!" to do that! Marion Davies was born January 3, 1898; Ramon Novarro, February 6, 1899; May McAvoy, in 1901; William Haines, January 1, 1900; Lloyd Hughes, October 21, 1897; Clara Bow, July 29, 1905; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904.

M. B.—You certainly *are* a Thomas Meighan fan, aren't you? The newcomers seem to get most of the attention these days; you are the first fan in months who has asked me about Tommy, which is why his name happens not to be in the address list. He is, of course, at the Paramount studio. I don't know how much longer his contract is due to run; you can readily understand that, with so many hundreds of contract players in pictures, it is impossible for me to keep a record of how long their contracts run. I don't know why there is no Tom Meighan fan club—I suppose no one has thought of starting one. I have, of course, no official connection with fan clubs. It was merely PICTURE PLAY'S custom formerly, to announce new ones in these columns, until they became too numerous for the limited space of this department. See answer to FLORENCE MCCLOSKEY.

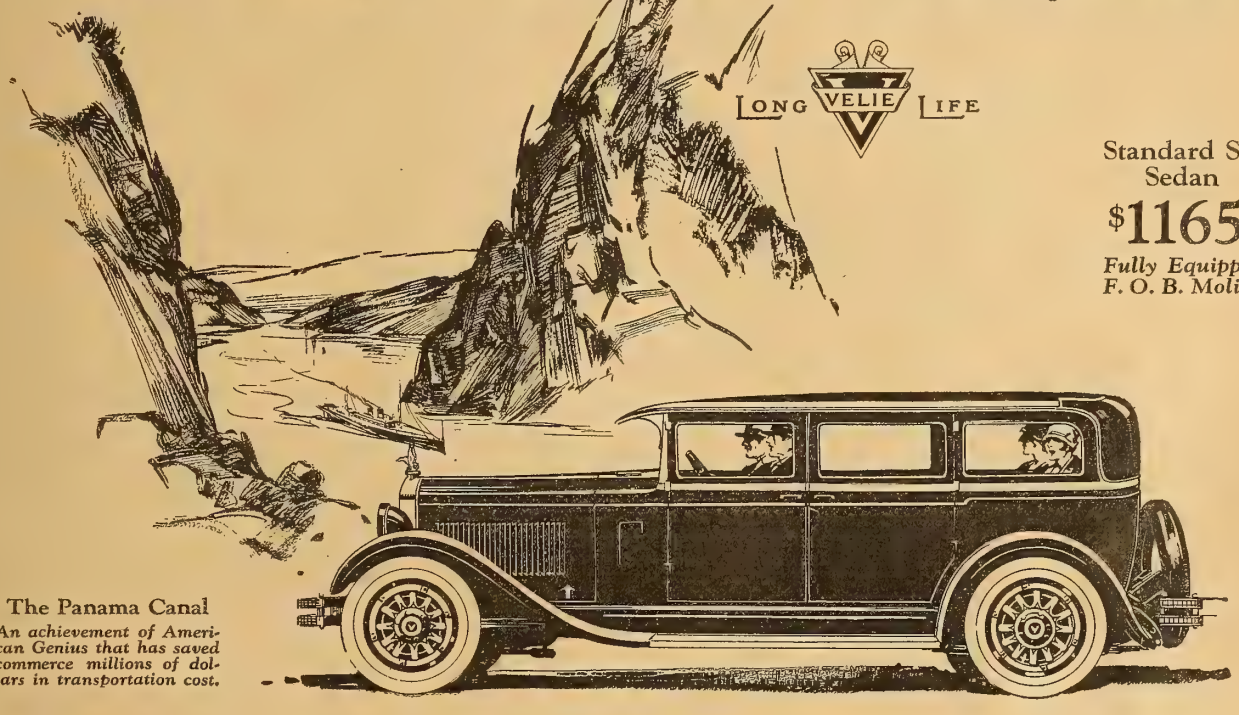
MARGIE.—So you're Margie? And how are you, Margie? A little breathless from asking questions? Charles Farrell was born in East Walpole, Massachusetts, about twenty-four years ago. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1897. He is married to Gloria Hope. Their little son, Donald, was born in December, 1926. Neil Hamilton's wife's name is Elsa. She is a nonprofessional. Neil is twenty-eight. Donald Keith was born in Boston about twenty-three years ago. He is not married. Mary Brian is nineteen, Lois Moran eighteen, Marie Prevost twenty-nine, and Betty Bronson twenty-one. Helene Costello is about twenty-one, also.

ANDY.—Am I tired of all the eye and hair questions? Now, that makes me feel like some one working in a beauty parlor. Vilma Banky was born on January 9, 1903. She is a blonde, and so is Greta Nissen.

Continued on page 118

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Continued from page 33

way lingo. His conversation is quite as funny and amusing as his stage lines. Even on the stage he is given to impromptu witticisms, to the consternation of his fellow players in a frenzy of lost cues. But, though you laugh and laugh at everything Jolson says, you find, on trying to repeat his comments, that they aren't funny at all. It's Jolson himself and his manner of saying things.

He often illustrates his remarks with an appropriate burst of song, done in his Broadway manner. In discussing the Vitaphone, he spoke of how useful that accompaniment would prove to the small theaters that cannot afford orchestras. To illustrate he described a little theater in San Bernardino, California, where "Resurrection" was being shown.

"In that scene where Dolores del Rio leans over the cradle of her dead baby," said Al, "the orchestra played 'Ain't She Sweet?'" He sang the first few phrases in the well-known blues manner. "And when the prisoners were trudging through the snow to Siberia"—Al stamped across the thick velvet carpet by way of illustration—"the orchestra played, 'I wonder what's become of Sally,'" and again he burst into song.

And so it is. The most typically Broadway person in the world. He does like the movies, however, and a chance at a film career. It is now his greatest ambition to do "Pagliacci" on the screen, with, of course, a Vitaphone accompaniment.

Jolson talks so much and so fast it's impossible to remember everything he says. But finally, when his guests rose to go, he stuck out his right hand. "Here," he said, "touch the hand that shook the hand of President Coolidge."

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey came to New York after the fight, Jack with a bit of adhesive still over his eye—several weeks after the big bout. Estelle had been buying clothes and—Estelle being a modern woman—when she shops she considers price tags in relation to her own earnings, not her husband's. She considers herself self-supporting, even though Jack does make money, one might say, hand over fist.

But Estelle finds her independence hard to maintain. She is recognized in all the shops, and in the small places up go the prices! "But I can't afford four hundred dollars for a plain little velvet sport suit," Estelle protested in one shop.

The salesgirl looked incredulous, a little supercilious. What was four hundred dollars to Mrs. Jack Dempsey! Not *afford* that? Ha-ha!

So Estelle, if she would be independent, has to do her shopping in the big stores where prices are plainly marked. And if any girls in the small shops where Estelle almost bought gowns chance to read this item, they will know why they lost a sale.

Lew Cody took a whirl at vaudeville at the termination of his M.-G.-M. contract. His engagement began at the Palace Theater in New York and is continuing for twelve weeks in some of the large Eastern cities.

His act is a monologue; he tells of his screen experiences and recites poetry. How he does recite! No one could ever say that this screen actor is wooden, that he is unable to show emotion.

There was a full-page advertisement in a theatrical paper: "Mabel Normand presents Lew Cody to vaudeville." Well, puzzles have a great popularity these days.

Who Says He's Temperamental?

Continued from page 43

"Who says I'm temperamental?" he demanded.

"Oh——" I parried, gesturing expansively, as though to indicate that his reputation was too well known to need description.

He took the issue firmly in hand.

"When a person tortures every other player on the lot with his or her actions, that is temperament," he said. "I know an actress who does that. But that isn't my nature. I try not to offend others. Perhaps people get the wrong impression because I am not as sociable as the average person. I have only a few real friends. Perhaps I *am* a bit exclusive, a bit of a recluse, but I am not the haughty person some people may say I am.

"I don't dance, I don't drink, I don't go to parties. Parties bore me. Going into a crowd and spending a few hours in meaningless talk and back-slapping doesn't interest me. But no, my dear, I don't consider myself temperamental."

I commented upon the fact that he doesn't dance, a social irregularity which he shares with few men save Charles Lindbergh.

"No, I don't care for dancing," said he. "Whenever I try to learn, I become self-conscious and awkward."

Mr. Schildkraut is familiar with three languages—English, French, and German. His library contains over seventeen thousand books. He is a skilled performer on the piano and the violin. With his beautiful home, his colorful profession, and his dogs, which he "loves very much," it is small wonder that he does not care for foolish, time-wasting parties. Why should he? He has that blessed talent for entertaining himself, which few people possess.

I found nothing in his manner or conversation to confirm the stories of his upstageness. His mode of life recalls an Emersonian aphorism: "The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

The telephone tinkled insistently.

"I will answer it to keep it from ringing," said Joseph, springing up. "Hello! . . . yes! . . . no!"

When he returned to his chair, I steered the conversation around to the subject of people, particularly women.

"I don't know much about women," he declared, "except that they are charming, quite charming. When people see me, they size me up as a man who looks as though he must 'know all about women.' But it isn't true."

It is impossible to say how much of his florid manner is assumed and how much is natural. Probably he himself does not know. When one stops to consider his amazing racial combination—Hungarian, Roumanian, Spanish, and Turkish—nothing he might do or say would seem unusual.

People usually speak of men of Schildkraut's type as being "dangerous" where women are concerned. Actually the type is the least dangerous of all. Here is no insidious fascination, no subtle allure. Mr. Schildkraut is entirely open in his light, inconsequential flirtations, so open that one could never attach danger to them.

He has a challenging, stimulating personality, but is far from being the temperamental, arrogant person that I had been led to expect.

When he had taken me back to the publicity office and departed, I was asked how I liked him.

"I expected to need nine lives to interview that man," I replied, "but he turned out to be perfectly lovely!"

The Perils of Being a Star

Continued from page 85

"I just wanted to see what kind of answers I would get," he said.

The suit against him was not pressed and as the lad's mother was gravely ill, the court set him free on probation.

In a restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard some time ago, two men sat talking in subdued voices. They were roughly dressed—not the kind of patrons usually seen in the establishment, so naturally, their appearance attracted attention. A young woman overheard fragments of their conversation.

"Better hit the brakes about one a. m."

"Yes! Or two. Kid's sick in the house."

"Norma working?"

"Yes. Hard. They've got a nurse who sleeps after midnight."

"Looks easy!"

"It is easy!"

After a few minutes had elapsed, they arose and left. And the girl rushed to a telephone.

"I just overheard two men planning to rob the home of Norma Shearer to-night!" she exclaimed. "They'll be there between one and two o'clock. They will wait till the nurse attending Norma's sister, has gone to sleep."

The police, grateful for the tip, sent plain-clothes men to lurk in the shrubbery. The home was guarded from every angle. All night through they watched and waited. And the next night—and the next. The officers found footprints on the lawn beneath the shrubbery but the burglars never appeared. Whether they had sighted the hidden police or whether there was some other "Norma" with a sick sister, never was learned. But Norma Shearer was not robbed.

Thieves stole the automobile belonging to "Bull" Montana and another from Jobyna Ralston. They tried to enter the home of Phyllis Haver but were frightened away. A man waited in the shadows of Bebe Daniels' home to kill her—for no particular reason. The officers got him.

It's just one melodramatic story after another. The movie stars who live in luxury and grandeur in Hollywood don't always live in peace. They are besieged by burglars, kidnapers, yeggmen, forgers, gun toters, and crooks. This is a little bit of the inside, intimate part of their lives which isn't told ordinarily, but it is life in Hollywood.

The Carefree Mr. Kerry

Continued from page 91

swered the telephone, now he bade a friend good-by or greeted a new arrival. It was easy to grasp the tremendousness of his popularity. He dominated the group with his bright personality.

Then, suddenly, every one was gone. Kerry sat on a wicker divan, flicking ashes from his cigarette.

"Are you ever serious?" I asked, just by way of saying something.

"Never," he came back positively. "I gave up being serious years and years ago."

"Woman or women?" I persisted.

"No." Again positively. And then, after a slight pause, "The war. I was terribly serious until I went to France and into the firing line. I took myself seriously, my work seriously, and all of life seriously. In less than two years, six months and eight days—the time I was away from Hollywood—I learned that life is of little consequence.

"Our own individual problems are petty. They are a form of selfishness. I concluded I must get as much real fun out of life as possible, because heaven knows what is headed our way. Maybe another war or a great flood or the ending of the world. The present and being happy is all that matters, so why plan for that dim, dismal future that may never come?"

"Do you think social gayeties and parties make for real happiness?" I asked.

"Not parties themselves," he answered, "but people. People and parties are somehow synonymous."

"But your work, of course, demands a certain amount of seriousness?" I questioned.

"Only enough to make me concentrate on what I am doing," he said. "Not enough to make me worry over whether the story of a film is good or bad."

Kerry believes that any story will do. He accepts every assignment given him. Not because he is namby-pamby, but because experience has taught him, he says, that there is no use in fussing. The story that looks good on paper oftentimes turns out to be poor on the screen, and vice versa.

Continued on page 112

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A Short Cut to Beauty

Continued from page 83

ringlets straighten out, and pushing some of them off their faces.

They have bared fine foreheads, given length to their faces, and best of all, have uncovered that other line of loveliness that begins at the hairline, above the temple, runs down to the outside corner of the eye, and then follows the curve of the cheek to the tip of the chin.

Lois Moran and Norma Shearer never, never hide that line completely on both sides. They know better. Bebe Daniels usually keeps it free. Louise Brooks, who has cultivated a Chinese bang, and achieved just as much expression under it as a Chinese doll, in spite of her fine features, discloses in a recent photograph of her natural self, with her forehead brushed clear, a stunning, intellectual loveliness.

The only star who can wear that stiff bang and continue to look adorably vivacious and alluring is Colleen Moore. Perhaps this is because she has such soft, dimpled features and such a lively, ever-changing expression that the stiffness of the hairdress only serves to bring them out the more by contrast. Besides, her face is really very long, and that hard, straight line cuts it off at just the right place. But it's a dangerous style, for it is sure to make any plain feature stand out much more plainly than before.

Some of the stars still cling to the "drapy" styles. There is no telling how they would look with a different hairdress, but it is interesting to imagine. Alice Terry, for instance. She has such a lovely cheek outline that it would surely do her no harm. It would probably alter her whole personality. And that, too, might do no harm, just for a change! And Pola Negri, who sticks to those draped side-curtains over the temples. And Renee Adoree, who does more or less the same. Not that they have not spent endless hours trying every kind of coiffure—that stands to reason—or that friends and directors have not told them how they look best.

Just one actress knows the immense effectiveness of variety in hairdressing and uses it to alter her entire appearance, even in a single picture. That is Greta Garbo. She is wise enough not to cut her hair really short, but to leave it just long enough to hold a comb, if necessary, and still hang loose below. And what she does with it is a marvel. Of course, you have to have just such an ever-changing expression, just such camera-proof features as hers, to get away with it. And then maybe not. The changes she rings in this way may have a good deal to do with her apparent infinite variety.

It would be interesting to see others try it.

No Complexes Here!

Continued from page 34

were two women in it—a lead and an ingénue. I was the ingénue."

She played ingénues for some time, and worked up to supporting rôles with Olga Petrova. Now and then, she took a fling at the stage, playing leads with Lionel and John Barrymore. Then, just as she began to be firmly established in pictures, she went to England.

In London, Maurice, the dancer, asked her to come to see a man who was looking for a girl to play a tough American chorus girl in "The Ruined Lady," a stage play. He offered Evelyn the part and she took it.

She stayed in London two years, during which time she made a number of English pictures. She played opposite Clive Brook in some of these. She went to Italy and made one picture there. She made two pictures in Holland. And she went to Spain to work in a picture directed by John Robertson. Then she returned to New York.

A little later, she came to Hollywood, where she has played crook parts almost exclusively for some time. One wonders what the versatile Evelyn will do next.

She has apparently obeyed her impulses upon all occasions. And the psycho-analysts tell us that that is the way to get along and to avoid complexes.

She has an Oriental sort of beauty. Her voice is husky, and she is direct almost to the point of abruptness. It is difficult to make her be serious about herself. Her eyes twinkle constantly, and her laugh is always threatening to well up and brim over.

I fancy she has few illusions about life or people or her job—or her own importance in the scheme of things. She surveys the world shrewdly, amusedly and without surprise. And I doubt whether she has a single inhibition, or will ever in all the world develop a sign of a complex!

Are Actors Unlucky in Love?

Continued from page 27

"I play love as if it were amusing, but love is tragic. It is tragic, because few have any capacity for it. No use thinking of love as anything absolute. There are as many kinds of love as there are people. The smash-ups are simple enough—one of the two parties is unequal, has failed in character.

"Marry a woman with a capacity for rich and beautiful emotion to a man who doesn't know what it means, or vice versa, and inevitably you have a blow-out. Motion-picture people have more temptations and they are more hipped on an idealization of love than the majority, I think. In the movies they do only the prelude stuff—kisses and fade-outs. When they meet the eddies of real life, they refuse to navigate, and smash the boat.

"Now your shoe clerk, Johnny, thinks he may never get as wonderful a girl as Mary again. And Mary isn't so sure if she lets Johnny go she may not forfeit her chance for the one destiny she wants. But when you've got money and fame you take chances. Any rich man who isn't held down by character knows he can get away with murder in the love game if he wants to."

We ate calf's head *vinaigrette* with Pringle and got into a pensive mood. "My heart aches sometimes," she said. "Honestly it aches." We questioned how much does it hurt them? "Not long," answered Pringle, "except when they are losing other things as well—losing their following or their looks. Oh, there are a few real, beautiful people even in Hollywood who allow it to hurt and linger just because it's love."

"But is it real with most of them while it lasts?"

"Yes," said Pringle. "I think it is very real for a while."

We had a picture in mind of Pola Negri in a scene we saw filmed in "Forbidden Paradise." There was a story relating to Lubitsch going the rounds of the studios then. Lubitsch wanted emotion. "Come out," he said, or is reported to have said, "come out, bringing your eyes out before you." We never saw such torrential passion as when Pola groveled on the palace floor begging Rod La Rocque not to forsake her.

We got the notion from seeing emotion cruel as wounds before us, that there must be a lot unsaid between newspaper headlines, because if people can bring forth such passion in play, they can hardly shelve it in life relationships.

"There are happy marriages in Hollywood," said Pringle. "The Hattons, the Nagels, the Holts, the Chaneys. They are lucky, solid people. They haven't trafficked with their emotions. But don't forget that actors like to act. Acting is a habit, and it is difficult to know when acting stops and real life begins. A quarrel starts in a home—well, why not make a big scene of it? One person dramatizes himself, then the other. Half the time the two are still in love with each other. But Hollywood is a gossipy town. Before you know it, everybody lives up to the scene. It is everybody's business. The stage is set, and the parade to the divorce court follows.

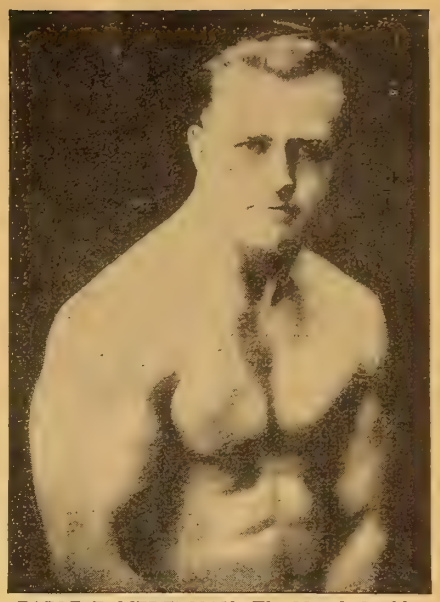
"Still, I think most of the women do get hurt. Women are primitive creatures. They wouldn't believe they had been in love if they did not allow it to hurt. There are several stars who are keeping husbands for no apparent reason than the exquisite torture it gives them.

"Comparing society divorces with movie divorces, I think the movies' shattered romances hurt the principals more. Temperamentally, actors suffer more than society people, whose standards or morals they may be said to copy. I have more feeling for a shattered romance in the movies than for a society romance. In society, the man drifts off to some one else, and the wife at her clubs and on the links has a new friend before anything comes to a head. It never mattered much, so it does not hurt."

There are more serious reasons why love does not last in the movies—nerves, dissipation, dishonesty. Menjou skirted the subject.

"All artists and would-be artists are unhappy. There may be perfection in this world and there may not, but artists are the only fools who seriously go after it in life and wreck themselves for it.

"Personally, I believe actors, actresses and opera stars when they publicly sigh for a home and babies and a rose-covered cottage. But the money to have these things carries you beyond them. The things you want change substance as you get near them. Infidelity, apart from mere philandering, is often a tragic outgrowth of growth. Love has its laws and two people cannot change substantially and go on in harmony. The stronger won't be held back, and the weaker cannot follow. Failure kills love, because the failure hates himself, and success is against it. And it's all in the game we are in."



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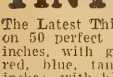
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

As Fanny paused, I started to gasp a question, but she guessed what it was to be and forestalled me.

"No, she has *not* bleached her hair—she's wearing a blond wig. But Helene Costello has bleached *her* lovely dark hair. She and Kathryn Perry are making a picture at Warners', and they looked too much alike with both of them having dark hair, so one of them had to make the sacrifice, and Helene was chosen. It seems just too bad.

"Owen Moore is playing opposite Kathryn in the Warner picture. I think it is the first time they have appeared in a picture together since their marriage."

Eventually, *any* one—even Fanny—is bound to get out of breath. And Fanny had now at last reached that point. But before I could ask her any of the thousand and one questions that had accumulated in my head, she was rambling on again.

"Did you hear about Ena Gregory changing her name? Dereos, the prophet of Ocean Park, persuaded her that her name might have something to do with the laggard way that her career had been progressing. So she took the name of Marian Douglas—the combination of her favorite stars—and her reward was a big part in 'Shepherd of the Hills.'

"Mary Nolan, the beautiful girl in 'Sorrell and Son,' who is now playing opposite Norman Kerry in 'The Foreign Legion,' used to be known in English films as Imogene Robertson. When she was brought over to this country under contract to United Artists, they picked the shortest name for her they could think of, so as to make it easy for those small-theater exhibitors who are short on electric lights. For no one doubts that she is destined for the electric lights.

"In his wildest flights of imagination, Horatio Alger never wrote a do-or-die success story to compare with hers. Her parents died when she was a baby, and she was put into a convent, where at the prattling age she stood up on a soap box in order to reach the washtub where she weekly washed out stockings for fifty children, at so much per pair. By the time she had reached the mature age of ten, she was asking for a little extra work to do evenings, so as to earn money for music lessons. She has been struggling upward ever since.

"She has been doing pretty well since she landed in Hollywood, so I suppose that, encouraged by her success, a lot of other girls in British film companies will come over. Some one ought to warn the foreigners that Hollywood is a cruel, unfeeling place, and that not even a contract is an assurance that one will get work in pictures over here. Look at the way Paramount has ignored Arlette Marchal all the time she has been under contract to them! She is going back to France soon, a little bewildered by these strange Americans. And Natli Barr has already gone. During her contract with First National, she worked in just one picture, and her entire part was cut out of that!

"Vera Veronina hung around Hollywood for months with nothing to do. Finally, she went to England, made a picture with Harry Lauder, and now that she has returned, she has landed the lead opposite John Barrymore in 'Tempest.'

"The next importation, little Camilla Horn, who played the lead in 'Faust,' is assured of at least one picture, because she is going to play opposite Barrymore in his next. But you know how long it takes him to get started on a production, so she may be fit for dowager parts by the time he starts work again."

"But she has a contract with United Artists," I protested.

"Which doesn't mean a thing," Fanny retorted. "Mary Nolan was under contract to them for months before she worked in 'Sorrell and Son,' and now they've sold the balance of her contract to Universal. And look at Estelle Taylor! She was under contract to them for a year, and never worked for them.

"Incidentally, Estelle is on her way home. And if any one tells you that Estelle stopped off to visit friends, don't believe it. She went wherever they had the gaudiest picture post cards, in order to add to my collection. Nothing so upsets my habitual poise as the receipt of picture post cards. So Estelle amused herself, while Husband Jack was training for his fight with Tunney, by getting the worst pictures of the gaudiest hotel lobbies she could find, and sending them to me!"

Then, "Here we sit talking," she remarked indignantly, "when you know perfectly well that Alma Rubens is leaving for Europe in a day or two. And it should take at least a week to find a farewell present for her. As for me, you can get *me* a dozen handkerchiefs, extra size. And please notify the casting agents that if they need a tear-stained face within the next few days, mine is available."

One Good Thing the Charleston Did

Continued from page 69

and move, but that *I* was staying right where I was until it was all fixed up. Then I'd come along, but not a minute sooner. But one afternoon, when I came home to the hotel, there were my trunks all packed and locked and ready to go, and the first thing I knew, *there* I was in the empty house, just as I'd said I wouldn't be! There wasn't a thing in the place, except iron beds to sleep on. My room was to be fixed up French style, with the bed—very grand and elaborate—on a dais. The dais was there, all right, but perched foolishly on top of it was a plain little iron cot.

"When we were trying to decide what kind of draperies and curtains to order, we had the whole house *full* of samples of material, which we used to hang up at the windows for days on end, to decide which looked best. Purple, green, pink, blue, yellow—all the colors imaginable dangling from the windows.

"Finally, we decided which to use, and sent the samples back. But it took six weeks to get those drapes made, so in the meanwhile, we put Turkish towels up at the windows.

"One day, an Eastern polo team came to town. I knew most of them. They wanted to have a party, they said, but how could they, at their hotel? So it was up to me. 'I have a house,' I told them, 'if *that's* any help, but you can't even sit down in it.' So we rented a lot of sofa pillows—every cushion in Hollywood, I think—and there were the bath towels decorating the windows, and that was *all* the furniture we had! But it was a great party—I've never had more fun."

Bessie, according to all accounts, is quite a party girl—in a thoroughly proper way, of course. She doesn't drink and she doesn't smoke, "so of course," she giggled, "you suspect the worst."

But looking at Bessie, you never suspect anything of the kind. She sat there, very demure, in a printed-silk dress and a big leghorn picture hat, and drank tea, and talked very sedately, and occasionally giggled. It was just like talking to one of your chums—very pleasant and agreeable, with conversation flowing easily, about this and that and not much of anything. If you've ever had one of those conversations—and of course you have—you know how perfectly delightful they are. And so was Miss Love.

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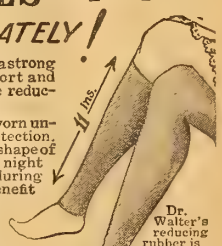
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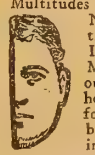
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Who Is the Greatest Man Behind the Megaphone?

Continued from page 63

had made "Wild Oranges," "Peg o' My Heart," and "Three Wise Fools." But for every one of these films, he had made at least two others that no one could remember. "The Big Parade" is Vidor's only real special. His "La Bohème" followed that, but most people were slightly bored with it.

The second outstanding war picture was "What Price Glory," for which Raoul Walsh was heaped with laurels. Walsh has been hard at work in Hollywood for eight or nine years. The first thing he did that made a big impression was "The Thief of Bagdad," though this proved to be more of an artistic triumph than a box-office success. He made a number of indifferent pictures between that and "What Price Glory." Since completing that war epic, he has made "The Monkey Talks," "Loves of Carmen" and now, "Sadie Thompson."

I suppose you wonder *why* I've not yet mentioned Von Stroheim. I've been saving him. He's probably the most forceful creative artist in the whole picture world, but he's not much of an asset to anybody who doesn't like gambling.

The greatest eulogy that any one could chant about him is the remarkable fact that though he has for years been considered a genius, he has made only six pictures in his entire career. But what pictures they have been! "Blind Husbands," "The Devil's Pass-key," "Foolish Wives," "The Merry Widow," "Greed," and the recently completed "Wedding March."

He commands the respect of every one—even the producers who hate so to lose money. And every Von Stroheim picture except "The Merry Widow" has lost money. But is Erich ever out of a job? No. He's still able to pick whatever employer he wants. And he goes resolutely ahead hiring good players instead of pretty dolls.

Speaking of foreigners, Hollywood acquired a clever quartet in Lubitsch, Dupont, Murnau, and Seastrom. Lubitsch is the critics' pet, but his American pictures have not made the profits that are the literal translation of popular appeal. Dupont, after sending "Variety" over to us and hearing our applause ring round the world, packed his trunks and came over himself. He made a production called "Love Me and the World Is Mine" and then went home again.

Murnau's fate in this country is still hanging in the balance. His first American film, "Sunrise," was only recently offered to the public. His foreign pictures—"The Last Laugh," "Faust," and others—were notable for their originality rather than for their power to entertain.

Seastrom is another whose rather dreary outlook on life has impressed audiences, but has not usually intrigued them. His greatest accomplishment and his best, if we are to believe the box-office, is "The Scarlet Letter." "The Tower of Lies" and "He Who Gets Slapped," which preceded that film, were praised as art but rebuked as popular entertainment.

Returning to our native talent, there are waiting for us those two clever young men, Mal St. Clair and Monta Bell, who have adopted the Continental manner in its lighter form, which they acquired, perhaps, from Lubitsch when they were working at the same studio with the German genius. St. Clair was making dog films at the time, and Bell fashioning bits of Broadway drama. Now they are both distinctly of the new school at its best; but neither has, as yet, turned out anything that will stand the test of time.

Bell worked as assistant director on that one masterly film achievement for which Charles Spencer Chaplin dropped his cane to pick up the megaphone—"A Woman of Paris." As a result of that picture, Chaplin, in addition to the reputation he already had as a genius interpreter of comedy, became known as a great director of realistic drama. But "A Woman of Paris" was all red ink on the ledger, so we know its appeal was limited.

And now we take a look at Victor Fleming, Frank Borzage, and Sidney Franklin. Fleming is coming along right smartly these days, with a spectacle like "The Rough Riders" galloping in front of that simple tale of human suffering, "The Way of All Flesh."

As for the other two directors, you'll remember that both achieved success telling Norma Talmadge what to do. It was Borzage who made "Secrets," and Franklin who made "Smilin' Through." Borzage also did "Humoresque," and has now crashed through with "Seventh Heaven." Franklin has kept up his reputation with comedies like "Her Sister from Paris" and "The Duch-

ess of Buffalo." Both men are good, but neither has accomplished anything of epic proportions.

And now, my children, hold on tight while I tell you who I think is the world's greatest film director. If you don't agree with me, all right. I have chosen him because he has done things of epic quality more than once. And between times, he has not made a single stupid picture. All of his films have been money getters—pictures that every one could understand and enjoy, and that people with two hundred per cent intellects have never dared to ridicule.

Ladies and gentlemen, be pleased to meet Mr. James Cruze. He made "The Covered Wagon," "The Pony Express," and "Old Ironsides." He sees life honestly—sometimes in big panoramas like the above-mentioned films, sometimes from small, interesting and often humorous angles, as in "The Goose Hangs High," "Hollywood," and "Merton of the Movies." Once or twice, he has looked at life from the fantastic angle, as in "Beggar on Horseback" and "One Glorious Day." But he always makes us see it, one way or another. And we like it. At least I do!

And so, I hereby nominate, as my choice for maestro of the megaphone, Mr. James Cruze, the cleverest director in the movies!

They Aren't All Rich

Continued from page 29

"No, I haven't a maid," she'll tell you. "It would bother me to death to have some one following me around picking up after me, or trying to find my things. Besides, there isn't a maid on earth who can cook a meal like my mother can. Anyway, with the salary I would pay a maid, I can invest in more chickens!"

That's the way Gwen feels about luxury.

Alyce Mills has the same idea. When you can do something well yourself, why pay some one else to do it, she asks. Alyce does practically everything in her home. To be invited there to dinner is a treat, and she prepares it all herself. Like hundreds of other girls all over the country, she likes to sew, and she makes all of her own lingerie and most of her dresses.

"I can't sew well enough to make my own things and save money *that* way," Priscilla Bonner once told me, "but I'm the greatest little bargain hunter in town. If I read that there is a sale on, I'm downtown before the doors open, and I haven't any shyness at all about pushing through the mobs. Unless you are making an enormous salary, I think it is foolish to spend all you do make on clothes. My pet money-saving scheme is to watch the papers for the 'marked-in-half' ads. Working in pictures is hard on your clothes, anyway, so why spend a fortune on them? *I* can't afford to!"

Maybe he wouldn't like it if I mentioned his name, so I won't, but there is one clever young actor who preserves fruit so well that he makes a business of it between pictures, and picks up quite a good deal of money by letting a certain grocery-store chain in Los Angeles handle his products.

"I learned to make preserves when I was a kid," he says, "by watching my mother, and I get a great kick out of it—not to mention some extra money that I can use. The movies may mean a million to Tom Mix, but they're just room rent to me!"

Though you couldn't exactly call Joan Crawford an economical girl, she has periodic streaks of money saving. Every now and then, for a couple of days, she goes into solitary confinement, while she cuts, fits and makes an evening gown for herself. Pleased with the idea that she has made it for practically nothing, and thus been very economical, she then calls up a florist and orders a twelve-dollar corsage of orchids to wear with it. But she does save money, at that. For she might have paid a Lanvin price for the gown and ordered the orchids as well.

Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen are very practical economists. Between the two of them, they make quite a tidy weekly sum, but they put it to the best permanent use rather than throwing it away on flashy cars and jewels.

When Dick and Jobyna became engaged, Dick gave her a cameo ring, an heirloom of his family, instead of buying an engagement ring of the customary carats.

"Joby and I talked it over," Dick says, "and we decided that with the money it would take to buy an engagement ring, we could furnish our dining room. Jobyna doesn't care anything about diamonds anyway, so we compromised on the cameo ring and the dining-room furniture."

Now, what all this goes to prove is what I hinted at in the beginning—that not all movie players are millionaires, and that there are a great many of them who live very much in the manner of you and me—maybe not you, but certainly me!

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The Carefree Mr. Kerry

Continued from page 105

Kerry has been in the movies for something more than ten years and during that time has kept a high and secure place in a profession that is frequently changing, and bringing in new talents and faces. By the law of averages, he should have been through long ago. Most leading men of his type pass on into oblivion after a success of comparatively short duration.

Temperament is entirely foreign to his nature.

"Temperament is inexcusable," he told me. "Those who indulge in it are like spoiled children."

"But with actors and actresses it is different," I suggested. "Their work is nerve-racking, and they are more highly strung than the average man or woman."

"Not at all," he said definitely. "A hod carrier or street cleaner has as much right to be temperamental as our greatest star. More right, as a matter of fact, because his work is less pleasant, he is not so well paid, and his life is a humdrum one. No! Temperament is inexcusable."

That attitude is not a pose with Kerry. He is quite devoid of affectation.

I have never seen any characterization of his that I thought should be listed among the ten, twelve, or twenty-five greatest in screen history, but he is always charming in whatever rôle he plays.

It doesn't take long, if you talk with Kerry, to get his slant on things. He is quite frank in admitting that he is not practical, that he is not saving for to-morrow, and that he loves having a good time. But it is said that his war experiences were ghastly, and that the only way he could get a grip on himself, once he was out of it, was to plunge headlong into a whirl of gayeties, without giving much thought to anything else. Now his gayeties have become a habit with him, part of him.

To one who merely brushes by him in passing, he is just amusing and clever. But to one who learns to know him, he is a person of character as well as a playboy.

He is very emotional, and balances quickly from one side of the scale to the other, now playing a practical joke, now holding out a helping hand to one who is in need. One afternoon, he phoned his friend Ford Sterling and said he was going to drop in for a chat. Instead, he sent twenty giggling chorus girls to descend upon the surprised Sterling, and "tipped off" all of Hollywood to the situation. Another day, a studio carpenter was suddenly killed, leaving a wife and baby son destitute. Kerry learned of it, dispatched a thousand dollars in cash to the widow, and was later instrumental in getting her a position which enabled her to support herself and child.

Kerry came into pictures easily and without a struggle. He and Art Acord had been stock-and-bond salesmen with the same company in New York. Then, Acord struck out for the West to try pictures. Kerry soon followed. Twenty hours after reaching Hollywood, he was playing a leading rôle in an important film. That was about eleven years ago. The intervening interim has been filled with bright splashes of success.

This, then, is the young man who has held fame so securely in the palm of his hand for such a long period of time. This is the charming, insouciant fellow who seems to become more enthusiastic about a good party than about a good part. This is the playboy of Hollywood.

"Why settle down?" he asks. "Life may last a minute, a day, or a year, so take it as it comes."

There was a mixture of laughter and deep tragedy in his eyes.

To-morrow, to him, is very far away. It is over beyond the horizon, and is laden with mystery that he has not the slightest desire to fathom. He is content to go on enjoying life as it comes, easily and cheerily, as any good playboy should.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

screen work and, since coming to Hollywood, have often seen her personally, and I can assure the fans that there is nothing hard or gritty about her. She is decidedly feminine, possessing charm, loveliness, poise, and is without question an artiste. That, in spite of having been handicapped with extremely poor pictures for at least two years. From a mutual friend I have heard much of her graciousness and sweetness, of her great loyalty to her friends and associates, of her refreshing frankness.

Surely, all these things belie L. B. D.'s simile. No doubt some of the attributes he enumerated are applicable to any of the other stars the writer disparages. But being an enthusiastic fan of Anna Q.'s, I rise particularly in her defense. But perhaps L. B. D. is a criterion on the subject of blondes. I wonder!

KAY HUNT.

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Continued on page 114

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

He's Tempted to Join the Fray.

Have any of the fans noticed a charming young man named Eddie Phillips? He can *act*. He was the reason I went to see *all* of "The Collegians" series. Why doesn't somebody grab him and give him a really good rôle? He's far more good looking, and a much better actor, than numerous leading men I've seen recently.

PICTURE PLAY is the best magazine in the world! It's like a chum, and "What the Fans Think" is one of the nicest parts of it. You can almost see the flashing eyes and clenched fists in some of the pen-and-ink arguments. You can feel the adoration of some fans for their idols and the dislike of others for their pet aversions. It's such an alive department. I want to get pen and ink and join right in the fray when some one starts knocking John Gilbert; but my motto is "Let them rave," and John's acting needs no defense!

FREDDIE LEE MERRICK.

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The Stars Should Beware of Scandals.

In a recent issue a fan asks if the stars are as bad as they are painted. I do not know whether they are or not. Probably we hear more about the stars who are involved in scandals than we do about those who lead everyday, ordinary lives.

Nevertheless, I think that some stars risk their popularity for a wild party or two. After I had read that Jack Gilbert had been locked up in the Beverly Hills jail on a charge of disorderly conduct, I had no desire to see him in any more pictures.

On the other hand, some stars seem never to become the subject of gossip or newspaper criticism. In this class I place Norma Shearer, Ramon Novarro, Vilma Banky, Rod La Rocque, Harold Lloyd, Reginald Denny and Janet Gaynor. These stars have not as yet been touched by the breath of scandal, and my enjoyment of their pictures is heightened by that fact.

MARIE PRICE.

San Pedro, California.

In Fairness to Leatrice Joy.

I read Dorothy Kendall's letter in a recent PICTURE PLAY, and wish to take exception to one statement. I, too, think John Gilbert is a fine actor, and I do not care for Leatrice Joy on the screen, but I think that, in fairness to the latter, it should be stated that she was a more or less important star for Paramount around 1922-1923, while Gilbert was hardly known at that time.

So I think that Miss Kendall's statement, that "whatever prestige she enjoys is due to the fact that she married John Gilbert," is not exactly true. I'm writing this in fairness to Miss Joy, not because I like her, for I don't.

Another thing—I think that when fans criticize stars or other fans, they should have the courage to sign their full names, instead of initials. V. KEITH SUTTON.

Bethany, Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Kendall's praise for Jack Gilbert is exactly my own. Leatrice Joy was never a favorite of mine. Nevertheless, I think Miss Kendall was quite unfair when she said that the only prestige that Leatrice gained was due to the fact that she was Mrs. John Gilbert. And the least we can say for Leatrice is that she has more *style* than the average woman on the screen.

I do not see why the fans do not give some of the other actors a little credit. Gilbert has made some wonderful pictures. But he has also made some that were not so wonderful.

I would like to say a good word for Clive Brook, who makes every picture better by being in it. He's always so natural and unassuming. VIDA DODD.

420 Eleventh Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Washington.

From a Real Admirer of Leatrice.

Why rave about Leatrice Joy? I am one of those fans who has always done just that thing, and I plead guilty before Judge Dorothy Kendall.

In a recent issue, Dorothy wrote that Leatrice had gained her popularity through her marriage to John Gilbert. That is unjust and decidedly untrue. Magazines of several years ago praised Leatrice in glowing terms when Jack was still only a handsome player, "buried," as he has since termed it, "in mediocre pictures."

As the heroine of "Manslaughter," "Saturday Night," "Triumph," and "Changing Husbands," Leatrice arrived—a new idol for fans to worship. But before lavishing their devotion on her, did the public ascertain that she was Mrs. John Gilbert? Indeed not. They saw only a winsome, graceful star who laughed her way to their hearts and claimed them for her own.

So here's to Leatrice, now and forever! In spite of shaky plots, she brings sunshine and romance with her flashing smile.

But I'm not going to "come back" at Dorothy by criticizing her favorite, John Gilbert, because I like him, too, and there isn't an artist on the screen who is his equal. VERA E. HOWARD.

Orchard, Nebraska.

A Star *Has* to Be Aloof.

This is an answer to Miss Butterfield's letter, which stated that Eleanor Boardman was upstage. I wish to ask her how she knows that Miss Boardman is a snob, when she has never had the honor of meeting her? And I know, moreover, from the tone of her letter, that she would consider it a great honor to meet Miss Boardman, and would talk about it for months afterward.

Just because Miss Boardman holds herself aloof from the general public is no reason for getting "miffed" at her. No one with the least bit of intelligence would. Could she afford to associate with the public? No!

Miss Butterfield said she intended to quit going to see her pictures. Does she suppose Miss Boardman will ever find this out? And if she did, I doubt whether she would lose any sleep over the discovery.

I should like to hear from some fans who can discuss the stars without using such antagonistic expressions.

DEWEY J. GILMORE.

Ranlo Station, Gastonia, North Carolina.

She's Disgusted with Miss Boardman.

Eva M. Butterfield's letter in a recent issue made me feel very much disgusted with Eleanor Boardman.

After all, who makes the stars, but the fans? Doesn't it pay then, for the players to be gracious to their admirers? I think it does.

Now, I have a lovely bouquet for Martha Sleeper for her pleasing work in short comedies, and a big brickbat for Olive Borden for daring to twist her face up into an artificial, mocking grimace which she evidently thinks is a smile. DIANE.

Coming Back? He Has Never Been Away!

I want to thank Margaret Reid for her recent interview with Cullen Landis.

"It has been such a long time," said Mr. Landis, "since my pictures played anywhere but in poolrooms and back-street shows." I have never been to a poolroom, but I have been to many a "back-street show" to see his pictures. It was not easy to keep track of where and when they were being shown, but I managed somehow to see them all. And it was worth the effort.

Cullen Landis coming back? Why, bless his heart, he has never been away!

LOUISE TROY.

223 West Fifteenth Street, New York City.

Interviewers Don't Tell the Truth.

Surely the movie stars' lives and personalities are glamorous and interesting enough without manufacturing false and silly things about them.

I had been told that the stuff printed in interviews was, to put it mildly, "a lot of hay wire," but until I read a recent interview with Janet Gaynor, I did not agree. However, now I am forced to, and I'll tell why.

I went to high school with Janet here in San Francisco, and if she was a "demure little thing with a knot of hair down the back of her little neck," then Clara Bow is the image of Lillian Gish! As a matter of fact, she was a typical little flapper just as the rest of us were at the time—this was four years ago. She had bobbed hair and she wore it in a bushy bob fluffed out all over her head. The interview I speak of went on to tell how shy she was and how her sister and a friend finally had to find her a beau to take her out. Shades of those days at Poly, when the boys considered her one of the most popular girls in our crowd!

And "I knew her when" experience has added to the horde one more—

DISILLUSIONED FAN.

San Francisco, California.

Why, Oh, Why, Pick Such a Name?

If I live to be a thousand, I'll never be able to see why Luis Alonso chose "Gilbert Roland" for a name. He looks and is Spanish, so why not have his name match his personality? Can you imagine Rudolph Valentino with "Wallace Randal" for a name, or Ramon Novarro called "Harry Ward?"

The same applies to Barry Norton and Donald Reed. Their names sound too "made up." But Don Alvarado has a name that fits his personality, whether it's his own or not.

Recently, I saw Gilbert Roland for the first time—in "Camille." I'll bet that, within two years, he'll be as popular as John Gilbert ever was, but I wish he'd change his name first. J. G.

Denver, Colorado.

A Fan with Photos to Exchange.

I have about five thousand pictures of motion-picture stars that I have cut from magazines. Any one wishing to exchange pictures would receive a reply if they would write to me. I especially would like photos of Laura La Plante, Ricardo Cortez, Clara Bow, Rudolph Valentino, Phyllis Haver and Olive Borden.

I wonder why Malcolm McGregor hasn't been given better pictures. He is the handsomest of the younger stars.

Buddy Rogers and Donald Reed are promising newcomers.

CALESTA YEAGER.

703 Magnolia Street, New Smyrna, Florida.

The Ruination of a Fine Actress.

If M.-G.-M. and Paramount can produce pictures like "The Big Parade," "Beau Geste" and "The Way of All Flesh," I see no reason why Warner Brothers should have to clutter up the market with the flood of movie hokum which they call "Classics of the Screen." They rarely, if ever, give the public anything above the mediocre—the few exceptions that I remember being Ernst Lubitsch's efforts.

As a result, the players presented in their atrocities have literally been forced into ruts, and as these stars are tied to Warner Brothers by long-term contracts, the prospect of escaping from their ruts before they are utterly ruined with the fans is rather slim.

Among these unfortunate stars is the screen's loveliest personality, whose charm and ability have been half buried beneath hackneyed plots and stereotyped rôles. I mean the one and only Irene Rich. In Miss Rich the Warners have an actress who could be the most glorious figure on the screen were it not for their nearsightedness, which makes them present her in silly, maudlin parts instead of in the big, beautiful things of which she is capable. The theory that Irene is a "type" is seen to be a myth when one considers that she so successfully portrayed the delicacy and sweet beauty of *Mamma G.* in "Brass" and then just as successfully pictured the seductive charm of the coldly calculating *Mrs. Erlynne* in "Lady Windermere's Fan." Any one who could do both must be versatile, and therefore *great.*

RITA DILLON.

1244 Grand Concourse, Care of Siewert, New York City.

Something the American Fans Missed.

I feel I must correct a statement made by Miss Virginia Morris in her article, "How Is a Star Made?" in the October PICTURE PLAY. She said, "Lya de Putti seems to be a one-picture star."

It is a great misfortune for American fans that Lya's wonderful film interpretation of "Manon Lescaut" was never shown there, except for one week in New York. In *Manon Lescaut,* Lya found her greatest rôle. Her performance in "Variety" was clever, but as the ill-fated *Manon* she lived and breathed—she *was* the character *Manon;* the mischievous, the vivacious, who died so tragically in the end. Also, Lya looked as Old World and exquisite as a cameo—a Watteau figure come to life.

This was one of the most artistic films I have ever seen. LAPIS LAZULI.

The Green, Fairfield, Buxton, Derbyshire, England.

What's the Matter with D. W. Griffith?

Recently I stumbled on a little movie theater, scarcely worthy of the name, which seemed, however, to hold out a lure of amusement, or at least novelty. The hall was a tiny basement, seating between fifty and sixty people. There was one standard price of sixpence—about twelve cents—which entitled one either to a seat under the screen or to the royal box. The musical accompaniment came from a piano which had certainly seen better days. The audience was that "push-and-shove" kind which belongs exclusively to the East End of London, where, indeed, the cinema was.

The program, however, was my object. After a news reel and a rusty travelogue, we were given a Sennett comedy with Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand, and I descried Chester Conklin playing a bit. I dated it as 1911—maybe it was later. But it was funny. The inimitable Chaplin, and the elfin Mabel, though they employed tricks and slapstick now universal, still by

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their own peculiar genius they made them seem novel.

The main item followed. It was a D. W. Griffith picture of 1919—"The Girl Who Stayed at Home." The cast included Carol Dempster, Richard Barthelmess, Robert Harron, Clarine Seymour, David Butler, Tully Marshall, George Fawcett and Kate Bruce. Some time ago, a letter of mine appeared in these pages bemoaning the passing of the artist Griffith. More than ever do I deplore it, now that I have had my memories revived by a glimpse of his former uncanny genius, force, personality. The picture appeared a lumbering affair to my modern UFA-nized mind, the situations were hackneyed, the subtitles sententious and wordy, but yet it contained some spark, some issue of brilliance, which overrode all the rest. The audience was held absorbed, despite the continual breakdown of the projection machine.

Then, as now, Carol Dempster showed her blatant inability to act; then, as now, she employed her windmill actions to indicate youth, pathos or love.

But there was Barthelmess—delightful, tender, very handsome and most radiantly young. Why has he allowed himself to fall so far from the high place he held?

Why has Griffith become obscure? Why does not Mabel Normand come back? There is room for them. They *must* come back. BETHE G. EDWARDS.

7 Belmont House, Candover Street, London, W. 1, England.

Have You Noticed Her?

Fans, do you remember Lon Chaney's wife in "The Blackbird?" Of *course* you do! And more recently, do you remember the kind, as well as beautiful, sister in "Is Zat So?" And lately, you have probably seen "Lonesome Ladies." Did you notice the girl who plotted and plotted, yet strangely held your sympathy straight to the end? Well, 'twas titian-haired Doris Lloyd, our British luminary from across the seas. When her name is mentioned in mimosa-scented Hollywood, it opens up a whole army of complimentary adjectives, all of which are richly deserved.

She is a versatile actress, and a clever one. She always looks to me as though she had just stepped out of a Parisian shop or the proverbial "bandbox." My only regret is that all the fans have not been fortunate enough—as I was—to hear her delightful English accent.

ADELE L. SIMONDS.

Boston, Massachusetts.

His Soul Goes Marching On.

After reading Miss "Matter-of-fact" Garrison's letter in PICTURE PLAY, my first feeling was one of anger—against any one who could write so cold-bloodedly about our beloved Rudy, but on second thought my anger quickly gave way to pity, and deep, heartfelt sorrow that any one who had ever seen Rudy act, could write such things.

We write our poems and grief-stricken letters because our idol is gone, although, as a believer in reincarnation—as Rudy also believed—I feel that we shall all see and know him on the screen in another earth life.

We know Rudy was human—that is one of the reasons we loved him so. He had his faults—who hasn't?—but what lovable faults they were!

As for being at the height of his career—that is not so. He had not attained the heights, at least not so far as it was in his power to do so. Other and far greater rôles would have been played by Valentino, had he only lived. But it was not to be.

The reason there should be guilds, memorials, clubs, and so forth, is that we human beings are human, and being so, we love when we love, and wish to place our idol on a pedestal and worship him there. Thank God, we can do this for our beloved Rudy, for he is worthy of all our love and adoration! I hope soon to see the day when there shall be memorials all over the land to him.

Rudolph Valentino lives enshrined in the hearts of thousands, imperishable, deathless, growing in beauty and grace and charm with the years.

Like a wonderful poem, like a haunting strain of music, like the waves breaking against the shore, like a glorious moonlight night in summer, flower-scented, glamorous; all these things and many more, was Valentino the Magnificent. Long may his friends adore him; and may they ever resent the slightest imputation cast at him, for Valentino lives and knows and understands. MARY HOWARD GWYNNE.

1740 Clay Avenue, Waco, Texas.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 67

"Love Thrill, The"—Universal. Laura La Plante in diverting farce of a girl who poses as the widow of a man falsely reported dead, and then is confronted by him. Tom Moore is the man.

"Madame Pompadour"—Paramount. Colorful film based on the story of Madame Pompadour, favorite of Louis XV., with Dorothy Gish in the title rôle, and Antonio Moreno as a radical poet who captures her fancy.

"Magic Flame, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in skillful but unreal melodrama of Italian circus queen, her clown sweetheart, and the villainous prince of a mythical kingdom.

"Man Power"—Paramount. Richard Dix in implausible but interesting tale of a tramp who arrives in a small town, wins an heiress—Mary Brian—and saves the town from a bursting dam.

"Mockery"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in realistic film of dull-witted Russian peasant whose doglike devotion to a countess leads to his death at the hands of the bolsheviks. Barbara Bedford and Ricardo Cortez.

"Mr. Wu" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in gruesome, slow-moving film of a baleful old Chinaman's revenge for the seduction of his daughter by a young Englishman. Renee Adoree and Ralph Forbes.

"Old San Francisco"—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of girl who is kidnaped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Dolores Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

"Paid to Love"—Fox. Fairly entertaining film of beautiful dancer who is paid to snare a crown prince, but falls in love with him. Virginia Valli and George O'Brien.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of conceited little prize

fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by a heroic act.

"Poor Nut, The"—First National. Jack Mulhall in consistently amusing college film of shy botany student who pretends to his girl that he is an athletic hero and has a bad time living up to it when she unexpectedly comes to visit him.

"Prince of Head Waiters, The"—First National. Interesting though unbelievable film of glorified head waiter with a son in high society who does not know his father. Lewis Stone, Robert Agnew, Lilyan Tashman, and Ann Rork.

"Resurrection" — United Artists. Faithful film version of Tolstoy's famous novel. Dolores del Rio and Rod La Rocque both excellent in poignant story of a Russian peasant girl whose love for a thoughtless young prince leads to her downfall.

"Rolled Stockings" — Paramount. Lively college picture of the conventional type, pleasingly played by James Hall, Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Nancy Phillips.

"Rookies" — Metro-Goldwyn. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur immensely funny as two bitter enemies in a military training camp. Marceline Day is the girl.

"Rough House Rosie"—Paramount. Clara Bow romps amusingly through foolish, far-fetched story of a Tenth Avenue hoyden who breaks into high society.

"Running Wild"—Paramount. W. C. Fields in his element in clever farce of downtrodden husband and father who eventually comes into his own. Mary Brian is the heroine.

"Satin Woman, The"—Lumas. Mrs. Wallace Reid in well-acted film of mother who, to save her flapper daughter from a foolish marriage, steps in and vamps the daughter's beau.

"Shanghaied"—F. B. O. Surprisingly good. Tale of the water front and a seaman who abducts a dancing girl because he thinks she has double crossed him. Ralph Ince and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Singed"—Fox. Blanche Sweet and Warner Baxter both capital in picture of a mining-town girl's desperate struggle to keep her ne'er-do-well wealthy sweetheart from jilting her for a society débutante.

"Slaves of Beauty"—Fox. Full of laughs. Story of a beauty shop that starts in the slums and ends on Fifth Avenue, with the usual triangle developing. Margaret Livingston, Olive Tell, Richard Walling, and Holmes Herbert.

"Smile, Brother, Smile"—First National. Typical "success" story of mild-mannered shipping clerk goaded to higher things by his telephone-girl sweetheart. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill.

"Soft Cushions"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in gay, diverting satire on Oriental spectacles. Comedy of agile street thief who saves a beautiful slave girl from the sultan.

"Special Delivery"—Paramount. Eddie Cantor proves himself one of the foremost comedians of the screen in highly entertaining film of a nervous mailman. Jobyna Ralston and William Powell.

"Stolen Bride, The"—First National. Gorgeous film of a bejeweled princess who remains true to her childhood love for a gardener's son. Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes.

"Ten Modern Commandments"—Paramount. Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in very good picture of theatrical life, based on the romance of a chorus girl and a young composer.

"Tillie the Toiler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy film based on the comic strip. Marion Davies excellent as the giddy, gum-chewing office girl who takes her choice between a millionaire and a more lowly suitor.

"Topsy and Eva"—United Artists. Hilarious but too long. The well-known Duncan sisters in a film version of their musical-comedy burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Twelve Miles Out"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in tale of what happens when a swaggering, ruthless bootlegger and a haughty society girl, Joan Crawford, are thrown together on the former's rum-running sloop.

"Underworld"—Paramount. Exciting melodrama of master crook who kills for the sake of his girl, is sentenced to death, and makes a thrilling escape only to find the girl in love with another. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook.

"Unknown, The" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in melodrama of the supposedly armless man in a circus who, to win the girl he loves, actually does have his arms amputated, only to find her about to marry his rival. Joan Crawford and Norman Kerry.

"Venus of Venice"—First National. Constance Talmadge in gay yarn of picturesque Venetian beggar maid who is also a thief, eventually reformed by the rich Antonio Moreno.

"We're All Gamblers"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in swift film of prize fighter who, after being incapacitated in an automobile accident, opens a night club, with romantic results.

"Wings"—Paramount. Spectacular picture of the heroism of the aviators in the World War. Marred only by a weak story. "Buddy" Rogers, Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Jobyna Ralston.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"After Midnight"—Metro-Goldwyn. Uninspired picture of a prim and proper cigarette girl, her wild show-girl sister, and a crook who is reformed by the heroine. Norma Shearer, Lawrence Gray, and Gwen Lee.

"Bitter Apples"—Warner. Meaningless picture of a girl who marries a man out of revenge and then falls in love with him. Monte Blue and Myrna Loy.

"Blood Ship, The"—Columbia. Sinister sea story full of bloodshed and revenge. Not very skillfully done. Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan, and Richard Arlen.

"Broadway Nights"—First National. Lois Wilson miscast as gawky, ignorant girl who marries a vaudeville actor, becomes a big success, and is tempted by a rich producer, with husband rushing to the rescue.

"Brute, The"—Warner. Monte Blue in implausible picture of genial, simple-souled cowboy who kisses a girl, then makes the horrible discovery that she works in a dance hall!

Complete Stories

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Yes! we mean just that! Take the January issue, for instance. It leads off with a corking good Western novel, by G. W. Barrington, familiar to all regular readers of COMPLETE. Then there's "The Breaking Point"—the unmasking of "Cold Deck" Jefferson, the most romantic gambler in fiction. Then, for those who like a potpourri of reading matter, you will find a race-track story, a detective story, a boxing story, a humorous cowboy yarn, a North Woods tale, and others, including a story of an Indian tiger. And then—and you'll agree when you've read it that this story is worth the price of the magazine alone—"The Ninth Posada," by Wright van Deusen. It's a Mexican tale that we think will surpass any story of its kind you have ever read, in the fascinating way it is written, in the thrilling drama of the situations, and in the romantic picture of Old Mexico which the author gives you in a convincing manner. Don't miss this number!

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"Climbers, The"—Warner. Irene Rich in dull, meandering tale of innocent Spanish duchess who is maliciously compromised, then banished to Porto Rico, where she falls in love with a sneering bandit.

"Dance Magic"—First National. Obscure, archaic film of country girl who comes to the big city to be an actress, with the usual dire results. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon.

"Fast and Furious"—Universal. Typical Reginald Denny film, but not up to his usual mark. Story of a young man afraid of automobiles who is forced into a race in order to win his girl.

"Fighting Love"—Producers Distributing. Slow-moving film involving the amorous mix-up in the middle of the desert of an Italian princess and three men. Jetta Goudal, Victor Varconi, and Henry B. Walthall.

"For the Love of Mike"—First National. Ben Lyon in commonplace film of boy from the slums of New York who goes to Yale, becomes captain of the crew, and wins the race with Harvard.

"Gingham Girl, The"—F. B. O. Lois Wilson in innocuous film of sweet country lass who sells homemade cookies in the city and attracts the eye of a villain in spats.

"Hard-boiled Haggerty"—First National. Milton Sills miscast as a roguish, frolicsome ace of the air who chases his ladylove through leafy glades.

"Heart of Salome, The"—Fox. Gaudy, heavily dramatic film of an alluring European adventuress who helps a wicked baron in his nefarious operations, until reformed at last by an athletic young American. Alma Rubens and Walter Pidgeon.

"Heart Thief, The"—Producers Distributing. Dull film of a Hungarian peasant girl who marries a rich old landowner, is almost compromised by his scheming relatives, but is saved in time by the handsome hero. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

"High Hat"—First National. Foolish satire on the motion-picture world, with Ben Lyon and Mary Brian cast to disadvantage in a silly plot.

"Joy Girl, The"—Fox. Silly picture of mercenary young girl in Palm Beach who goes out to get a millionaire who is really a chauffeur, and ignores a chauffeur who is really a millionaire. Olive Borden and Neil Hamilton.

"Lonesome Ladies"—First National. Slow, silly picture of a wife who, to spite her husband, flounces off with a villain, but is rescued at the critical moment. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

"Lovers"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in disappointing picture showing the damage done by malicious gossip.

"Matinee Ladies"—Warner. May McAvoy and Malcolm McGregor in slow, dull film about a cigarette girl and a law student who hires himself out as a professional dancing partner.

"Moon of Israel"—F. B. O. Heavy, spectacular German film, laid in biblical times and based on the love story of an Egyptian Pharaoh's son. Cast includes Maria Corda and Arlette Marchal.

"Notorious Lady, The"—First National. Conventional society melodrama beginning in London and ending in South Africa. Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford are the husband and wife eventually reconciled.

"Orchids and Ermine"—First National. Colleen Moore wasted in thin, unamusing tale of a switchboard operator who marries a rich young man posing as a valet. Jack Mulhall is the young man.

"Painting the Town"—Universal. Glenn Tryon and Patsy Ruth Miller in an energetic but tiresome comedy of a smart-aleck young inventor and a "Follies" girl.

"Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Old-fashioned farce of speed demon who deceives his aunt into believing he's a doctor, and has to hastily improvise a sanitarium when she suddenly pays him a visit. May Robson, Harrison Ford, and Phyllis Haver.

"Sea Tiger, The"—First National. Silly film, laid in the Canary Islands, of two brothers, a girl they both love, and a trouble-making vamp from Broadway. Milton Sills, Mary Astor, and Larry Kent.

"Secret Studio, The"—Fox. Crude, old-fashioned attempt at the risqué. An innocent country girl comes to the city and is duped by a wicked artist. Olive Borden, Ben Bard, and Clifford Holland.

"Tender Hour, The"—First National. Silly film of American girl who is tricked into marriage to a dissolute Russian prince, though in love with a young American. Billie Dove, Ben Lyon, and Montagu Love.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-hat society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnaped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in a stagy, artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Manon*.

"Whirlwind of Youth, The"—Paramount. Uninteresting picture of a young English girl's shattered romance, later patched up during the war. Lois Moran and Donald Keith.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

I don't know Greta's age. Norma Shearer has dark hair and blue eyes, and so has Corinne Griffith. Like many others, they are neither blondes nor brunettes, but rather in between. Billie Dove is quite definitely a brunette. Donald Reed is married, and is in his early twenties. Ramon Novarro's current picture is "The Road to Romance."

BRUNETTE.—Now, I shouldn't be so distressed over not having seen Gilbert Roland before; few people had heard much about him until he played in "Camille." Write to him in care of United Artists—address at the end of this department. Barry Norton is twenty-three. He was born in Buenos Aires. His real name is Alfredo de Biraben, Jr.

BEVERLY.—Well, I thought strawberries were out of season, but along comes your letter on stationery that looks just like strawberry ice cream. So now I wish spring were here. Greta Garbo is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. No, she isn't married. She speaks very broken English. Her new picture is "The Divine Woman."

AN AUSTRALIAN BOOSTER OF PICTURE PLAY.—I was delighted to hear all the studio gossip from Australia. So that's where Eva Novak has been all these months—making pictures there! Yes, Kathleen Key played opposite Ramon Novarro in "A Lover's Oath." That film was made even before Rex Ingram presented Ramon to the public, but it was not released until some years later, because of some legal entanglement. As to whether Ramon will really give up the screen and enter a monastery, naturally I can't prophesy. I know that he at one time threatened to do so. He has three sisters who are nuns, and the family is quite devout. It is possible that Ramon's brother, Mario, played a tiny part in either "The Red Lily" or "Thy Name Is Woman," but he is not mentioned in the casts of either of those films.

HELEN JOHNSTON.—See answer to AN AUSTRALIAN BOOSTER.

CAROL L.ADEAU.—Always glad to answer questions, particularly when they are as easy as yours! William Boyd and Elinor Fair were married in Santa Ana, California, January 12, 1926. Elinor was born in Richmond, Virginia, and William in Cambridge, Ohio. Neither says when.

JEAN, THE MOVIE FAN OF MOLINE.—I'm glad to say you were right. *Lieutenant Kiss* in "The Stolen Bride" was played by Cleve Moore, Colleen's brother. Write to him at the First National studio. As this department is part of PICTURE PLAY, naturally it has the same address.

SUNNY.—Well, I don't know how *good* my memory is, but it certainly works hard, and in this country hard workers are usually considered good. Most of the players who used to be prominent but are now no longer seen on the screen, have married and retired, or perhaps are now too old to get screen work. Bessie Barriscale has been playing in vaudeville, off and on, for years. Peggy Hyland married Fred Granville years ago, but is now divorced and is living in England. Marguerite Courtot is now "just a wife"—Mrs. Raymond McKee. Alice Howell dropped out of the public eye after a career lasting about fifteen years or so. May Allison recently announced her retirement. She was married a year ago to James Quirk; she has played in several films since then, however—"The City," "The Silent Lover," "One Increasing Purpose," and "The Telephone Girl." Screen stars, like every one else, get tired of working, and sometimes, when they have saved enough to live on, they are glad to retire.

BABE.—Ah, maybe you're Babe Ruth! Or are you one of the babes in the woods? Yes, Mack Sennett is a producer, with offices at 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Hollywood. Lon Chaney uses his real name, I believe. He was born April 1, 1883. Rin-Tin-Tin's owner is Lee Duncan, who discovered him and trained him.

VIATOR.—Dolores del Rio is under contract to Edwin Carewe, and may be reached at his headquarters at 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. Alice Joyce has recently been playing at the United Artists studio. Jacqueline Logan is under contract to DeMille; Barbara Bedford to First National.

A FAN OF ALL THE STARS.—That must keep you rather busy—have you made it your life work? Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, October 23, 1908. She is five feet one and one half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and four pounds. Renee Adoree is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and five. She was born in Lille, France, about 1901. I don't know her birthday. John Roche began life in Penn Yan, New York—he doesn't say when. He is six feet one inch in height, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Clive Brook was born in London, June 1, 1891. He weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, and is five feet eleven inches in height.

MISS ENTHUSIASM.—So your friends would tease you if they knew about your crush on Edouard Raquello? I think that would be quite annoying of them. My motto is, "Let a girl have her crush in peace"—there are so few things we *can* enjoy in peace these days! Edouard was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1901, and was educated there and in France and Germany. He played on the stage in various European cities, and was starred in films for several Polish movie companies. These pictures have never been shown in America. In December, 1925, he was appearing on the stage in Paris when Carl Laemmle met him and made arrangements to bring him to this country. He arrived here in March, 1926, and is under contract to Universal, at which studio you can reach him.

SHEILA DUNCAN.—No, I don't expect to die for some time, but you can't be sure. Lilyan Tashman is a free lance. She has been playing lately in First National pictures. Mrs. Warner Baxter is Winifred Bryson. She still appears on the screen occasionally. Carmelita Geraghty has recently been put under contract to Mack Sennett. She has played lately in "The Small Bachelor," for Universal, and in "My Best Girl," for United Artists. Sally Blane's sister, Polly Ann, has done small parts in films for First National, Universal, and other companies.

CLAYTON H. ALBERS.—Every now and then, a newcomer on the screen makes every one sit up and take notice. And Sue Carol has apparently made one of these overnight hits. She is an Eastern girl, still in her teens, who went to Hollywood on a visit and happened to meet Douglas MacLean. He was impressed with her beauty, so engaged her as his leading lady in "Soft Cushions." I don't know where you can reach her, as her future screen connections have not, at this writing, been announced. Louise Brooks is under contract to Paramount.

CULLEN LANDIS FAN.—No, I suppose it won't do you much good that Cullen hasn't a wife—that is, he is no longer married to her. Mignon Le Brun is his former wife's name. Cullen is five feet six inches, and has brown curly hair and blue eyes. He is in his thirties. Recently he worked in a Thomas Meighan film at the Paramount studio. Mae Murray's birthday, according to my records, is April 10th.

MARIAN JONES.—I can easily "say something nice" about Montagu Love; I have met him and he is charming. He is English—born in Calcutta, India, and educated in England. He was once on the stage in England and in America. I have never heard of his being married, and I think that is his real name.

MAE PASKAY.—The Paramount School graduated sixteen pupils—Buddy Rogers, Josephine Dunn, Ivy Harris, Walter Goss, Mona Palma, Jack Luden, Thelma Todd, Jeanne Morgan, Iris Gray, Claude Buchan-



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an, Robert Andrews, Greg Blackton, Charles Brokaw, Irving Hartley, Thelda Kenvin, and Dorothy Nourse. The assistant director of "The Merry Widow" is not mentioned in the cast.

HOSSFACE.—Whose hoss—Bill Hart's or Tom Mix's? Eugene and George O'Brien are not related. Rod La Rocque is six feet three inches, and weighs one hundred and eighty-one pounds; Ralph Forbes, six feet; weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Francis X. Bushman weighs one hundred and eighty-six pounds, James Hall one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and Ronald Colman about one hundred and seventy pounds. All three are five feet eleven inches.

JACK KALE.—Neither Ramon Novarro nor James Hall gives his home address. No star can possibly open all his fan mail himself, as a popular player receives hundreds of letters a week. I don't know any other name for Myrna Loy except the one she uses.

A CHARLES FARRELL FAN.—I predict that by next year every moviegoer will be a Charles Farrell fan! He is about twenty-two years old, six feet tall, and is a brunette. He was born in East Walpole, Massachusetts. I think that is his real name. He is unmarried. Write him at the Fox studio. His forthcoming films are "The Escape" and "Luna Park." Neil Hamilton is twenty-eight, a brunette, and is five feet eleven inches. He was born in Lynn, Massachusetts. His newest film is a Paramount picture, "The Spotlight." Florence Vidor, at this writing, is making "A Celebrated Woman." Tim McCoy's newest is "Foreign Devils."

MARY BRIAN ALWAYS.—You certainly are a fan! You know almost every film Mary has appeared in—except "The Air Mail," "Running Wild," and her recent one, "Man Power." "Peter Pan" was Mary's very first film. She was discovered taking part in a prologue at a movie theater in Los Angeles, and was given a screen test. I believe she has no brothers or sisters. Alfred Lunt plays on the stage, and was selected last season by New York critics as the best actor then playing. His movie appearances have been only incidental in his career. Yes, Stanley Price played on the screen with Vera Gordon in "Your Best Friend." I haven't the casts for some of those old Vera Gordon films, so cannot find anything else in which he played. Johnny Hines was the hero in "Little Johnny Jones," J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Covered Wagon." Ethel Shannon was the heroine in "Charley's Aunt." Mabel Julienne Scott was the wife in "Times Have Changed;" the young girl was played by Allene Ray. Sorry, I haven't a record of the Wampas Baby Stars for 1925. Clara Bow has played in about thirty pictures—too many to list here. Lawrence Gray's new pictures are "After Midnight" (Metro-Goldwyn) and "Pajamas" (Fox). Thanks for the home addresses of Camilla Horn and Gosta Ekman.

MAY WHITE.—I'm glad you received the photograph of Norman Kerry. He was born in New York, and is in his late thirties. He has been married thirteen years, and has a ten-year-old daughter. He is six feet two inches, and has dark hair and hazel eyes. I don't know of any fan club in his honor. His real name is Kayser.

SYLVIA SMITH.—It takes more than your few questions to drive me to a rest cure. I don't like rest cures! Stars almost never sign their own letters to fans. It is customary to send a quarter with a request for a photograph. Charles Farrell's address is the Fox studio. Einar Hansen was killed in an automobile accident last June.

MISS PHILLIS ENSIGN.—Now, Miss Phillis, don't you know that if I started sending out stars' photos to fans, I'd have to give up answering questions, because I wouldn't have time for both? Write to the stars themselves for their photographs. Billie Dove has dark-brown hair. Laura La Plante is a blonde. Blanche Sweet has gray eyes.

KATHLEEN COLLINS, TOM TYLER FAN.—Well, Tom is certainly getting along these days—in movies, not years. He was born in 1903 in Port Henry, New York. Kathleen Collins is married to Guinn ("Big Boy") Williams. She has played recently in "Satan Town," "The Border Patrol," opposite Harry Carey, "The Overland Stage," "The Devil's Saddle," opposite Ken Maynard, and in "Temptation Isle" with Conway Tearle. "The Ridin' Streak" is an old Richard Talmadge film.

QUEDA.—Of course you like Dolores del Rio! So do we all! Fox liked her so much after the hit she made in "What Price Glory" and "Resurrection" that they have added new sequences to several unreleased films in which she appears, in order to give her more footage and to star her. Dolores was born in Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905; her maiden name was Asunzolo. Prince Yucca Troubetzkoy had a very brief screen career and then disappeared from the movie horizon, so I don't know where you can reach him. Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh. Victor Varconi was born in Hungary, March 31, 1896. He is six feet tall and is a brunet. Marceline Day was born in Colorado Springs, April 24, 1906.

JUNE BUG.—Just a little out of season by now, aren't you? Nothing happened to Theda Bara except that, cinematically speaking, her type went out of vogue. She played in several two-reelers for Hal Roach last year. Wasn't Jackie Coogan the star jockey in "Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut?" Clara Bow has played in about thirty pictures—too many to list here.

LONG DISTANCE INQUIRER.—Will I send you my picture? Rat poison is really more effective, I think. Leatrice Joy doesn't give her home address; you'll just have to be satisfied with her DeMille Studio address. Leatrice was born in New Orleans; I don't know the exact date. Her real name is Leatrice Joy Zeidler. She is divorced from John Gilbert. Her latest picture is "The Angel of Broadway." Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899; no, he isn't married. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1898; I believe that is her real name. Her next picture is "The Garden of Eden."

A CLAM DIGGER.—I should say you are a "smart lady"—much too smart to be digging clams! I think it's an excellent idea to keep a notebook of information about the stars, and to copy bits of information from this department each month. If every one would do that, I shouldn't have to tell all about the same actor over and over. Lon Chaney was born April 1, 1883. Buck Jones was born in 1889, but I don't know the day of the month. Cullen Landis seems to be engaged on serials most of the time; write to him at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood.

ROWENA MOLLING.—You must be that friend of Addison Sims of Seattle who never forgets a name! No screen star is going to disappear from *your* horizon, is he? Hope Hampton is appearing on the stage in New York this winter; she has a beautiful singing voice. Her only films in the past few years have been two-

reel fashion pictures, done in color. Sigrid Holmquist also made a colored two-reeler, "Clothes Make the Woman," but she has not been active on the screen otherwise. Nita Naldi has been living in Paris. Jewel Carmen is a former film favorite who hasn't played in anything since "The Bat." She has had legal difficulties with Fox over a contract. Ann Pennington's real profession is dancing; films are just a side line for her. Clara Horton has been working in Syd Chaplin's new picture, "The Fortune Hunter." Blanche Sweet has been making two or three pictures a year. Her most recent ones were "Diplomacy" and "Singed." Helen Ferguson plays now and then in films made by the smaller companies. The other players you ask about are none of them active on the screen at present. Jackie Coogan's supporting cast in "Long Live the King," included Rosemary Theby, Ruth Renick, Vera Lewis, Alan Hale, Allan Forrest, Walt Whitman, Robert Brower and Raymond Lee. Stamps are quite satisfactory in payment for a star's photo. Jean Novelle was never featured in films. *Henry* in "Cradle Snatchers" was played by Nick Stuart.

JOHN E. THAYER, 18 Creighton Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, would like to have a picture of Cleo Madison, the former Universal star. He has been unable to get one and would appreciate it very much if any fan who has a photograph of Miss Madison that he no longer wants would pass it along.

Addresses of Players.

Richard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Carver, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathlyn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret Quimby, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, William Powell, Bebe Daniels, Louise Brooks, Noah Beery, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and Margaret Morris, at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Roy d'Arcy, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Lars Hanson, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Natalie Kingston, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Elinor Fair, Jacqueline Logan, Kenneth Thomson, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil DeMille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, Charles Farrell, Madge Bellamy, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, Warner Oland, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Frankie Darro, Buzz Barton, Kit Guard, Al Cooke, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, Californi...

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Wallace MacDonald, 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.



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"Loves of Carmen"

GEORGE O'BRIEN and LOIS MORAN *in*
"Sharpshooters"

MADGE BELLAMY *in*
"Silk Legs"

JUNE COLLYER and WILLIAM RUSSELL *in*
"Woman Wise"

MADGE BELLAMY and MARY DUNCAN *in*
"Very Confidential"

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

FOX

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MONTHLY

Picture Play

Volume XXVII CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1928 Number 6

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What the Fans Think 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

"Stand and Deliver" 15
A photo of Rod La Rocque and Lupe Velez in a scene from that film.

Here To-day, Gone To-morrow . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 16
Luncheon at Montmartre on Wednesday offers one food for thought.

Never an Emerald without a Flaw . . . Myrtle Gebhart . . 18
Revealing the physical imperfections of some of our most popular stars.

Why Are the Stars So Unhappy? . . . Helen Louise Walker . 20
Various answers to that question.

Yet Another Boy Wonder 22
His name is Freddie Fredericks, and he's only five years old.

A Twinkling, Twinkling Little Star . . . Alma Talley . . 23
Dorothy Devore has no desire to be tragic.

The Child Who Was "Abused" . . . . Margaret Reid . . 25
Buster Keaton smilingly looks back on his rough-and-tumble childhood.

"The Ghost Walks" . . . . . Mignon Rittenhouse . 27
In other words, it's pay day—and that's no joke on the movie lots.

No Temperament Here! 28
Photos of some of the most popular of the dog stars.

Manhattan Medley . . . . . Alma Talley . . 30
News and impressions of film folk visiting in New York.

That *Rara Avis*—a "Nice" Boy . . . . Ann Sylvester . . 34
Buddy Rogers is one of the few.

Favorite Picture Players 35
Rotogravure photos of several favorites.

What Is a Year Worth to a Star? . . . Elizabeth Petersen . 43
Estelle Taylor mourns over her year of high-salaried idleness.

The Stroller . . . . . Carroll Graham . . 44
A roving humorist's comments on life in Hollywood.

The Word "Star"—What Does It Mean? . . William H. McKegg . 46
Very, very few players have a real right to that title.

Wuxtra! 48
The cub reporter does his stuff.

The Face on the Cutting-room Floor . . . Dorothy Wooldridge . 49
But Eve Southern has at last retrieved it.

Hollywood High Lights . . . . . Edwin and Elza Schallert 51
Paragraphs of news from the movie town.

Good-by Ena! Hello, Marian! . . . . Ann Sylvester . . 55
It was a lucky day when Ena Gregory became Marian Douglas.

Continued on the Second Page Following

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stars of a new world

Gone are the days! Gone are the days when the sweet, simpering doll-faced heroine ruled the world of shadows! Gone are the days of too-heroic heroes, of bushy-browed "heavies" and their deep, dark villainies. It's a new world! A new public, impatient of the old, eager for the new, is demanding new screen personalities attuned to these changing times. And Paramount has them! Here they are, all your favorites, all united in one common cause—keeping the name Paramount supreme in motion pictures as it has been for fifteen years.



Harold Lloyd's next release for Paramount is "Speedy". The setting is New York, where Harold is trying to get along. Prod. by Harold Lloyd Corp.

In her next picture, Clara Bow shows you how to "Get Your Man". Adolphe Menjou plays the part of a struggling violinist in "Serenade".

Emil Jannings who was so magnificent in "The Way of All Flesh" has the role of a bully in his next picture, "The Street of Sin".

Here are our old friends, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton a riot of fun in "Now We're in Dutch" and "Now We're in the Air".

"The Gay Defender" shows Richard Dix in a new romantic role. Thomas Meighan is in a story of the underworld, "The City Gone Wild".

"She's a Sheik". Can't you picture Bebe Daniels with a role like that! The boys all fall for her! Aristocratic Florence Vidor in "Honeymoon Hate".

In his next picture, George Bancroft has a role similar to his part in "Underworld". It thrills from start to finish. "Honky Tonk".

Pola Negri is in "The Secret Hour", a story of the California orange groves. Esther Ralston is starring in "The Spotlight".

"Kit Carson" is Fred Thomson's next, the thrilling and romantic story of one of the most picturesque characters in American history.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

"Two Flaming Youths" are these two boys, W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. You've no idea what a great comedy team they make together!

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg. N. Y.

Then the Gateman Threw Him Out . . . William H. McKegg . 57
But Rex Lease is in again now.

Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander . . 58
Fanny the Fan's merry gossip of the film stars and their doings.

In and Out of the Studios 62
Informal photos of the players both on and off the set.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases 65
Terse tips on all important films now showing.

The Screen in Review . . . . . Norbert Lusk . . 66
Our critic discusses the latest releases.

At Ease 70
Photos of Gertrude Olmsted in her Santa Monica home.

"Oh, That Billy Haines!" . . . . . Helen Louise Walker . 71
Hollywood shakes its head over him, but adores him.

Foiled Again! . . . . . Madeline Glass . . 73
Molly O'Day is not a flapper, after all.

Helen of Troy in Hollywood . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger . 74
Impressions of Maria Corda, the beautiful Viennese actress.

Swallowtails and Silk Hats . . . . . Vera Standing . . 83
The rise of the Man of the World on the screen.

All Handmade . . . . . A. L. Wooldridge . . 85
A story about those girls whose beautiful hands are used in close-ups.

Found—a New Lease on Life . . . . . William H. McKegg . 87
George O'Hara snaps out of a slump.

Hardly an Ugly Duckling, But—— 88
Photos showing the interesting evolution of Laura La Plante.

No, She's Not an Exiled Countess . . . Madeline Glass . . 90
But Carrie Daumery could easily be mistaken for a noblewoman.

Information, Please . . . . . The Picture Oracle . 102
Answers to questions of our readers.



ARE NEW STARS REALLY DISPLACING OLD FAVORITES?



EVERY fan asks himself that question as he considers the many new faces on the screen and the claims made for these newcomers by their recently won admirers. But what of the stars who have held their own year after year? Are they being dimmed by the brightness of the youthful contenders for their places? Will they soon step down into supporting rôles, or retire altogether?

Edwin Schallert, in PICTURE PLAY for March, will cover this subject thoroughly and impartially, giving you his analysis of this extremely interesting situation. Don't miss it.

There is Much You Shouldn't Miss



in the next number. For example, Myrtle Gebhart will give you her impressions of "Ramona," formed during her visits with Dolores del Rio and Warner Baxter during their work in this important picture. Gilbert Roland, Phyllis Haver, and Alice White are only a few of the players who will be represented by interviews. All the regular departments will be unusually informative and sparkling, and such a timely question as "Do the Stars Answer Fan Letters?" will be answered conclusively by a fan whose experiences as a collector of letters and photographs will bring hope to those who from time to time complain that the stars ignore their fans. Every page of the next PICTURE PLAY will rate one hundred per cent.



MIRRORS OF LIFE

In Them You See
YOUTH—
BEAUTY—
IMAGINATION—
BURNING
ROMANCE



PHYLLIS HAVER
in
"CHICAGO"



LEATRICE JOY
in
"THE BLUE DANUBE"



NENA QUARTARO
in
"THE RED MARK"



WILLIAM BOYD
in
"THE NIGHT FLYER"



ROD LA ROCQUE
in
"HOLD 'EM, YALE"



Coming

These superb entertainments from the great De Mille Studios.

"Chicago"

With Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi. Directed by Frank Urson. From the famous play by Maurine Watkins. A maelstrom of emotions—the story of a wife who tried to get away with it.

"The Blue Danube"

Starring Leatrice Joy, with Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther. Directed by Paul Sloane. Associate Producer, Ralph Block. A witching title for a rarely beautiful romance.

"The Red Mark"

With Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Rose Dione and Gustav Von Seyffertitz. Personally directed by James Cruze. Remember the famous "Ticket of Leave Man"? This is that sort of a gripping drama and presents Nena Quartaro, a real "find," in her very first picture.

"The Night Flyer"

Starring William Boyd and featuring Jobyna Ralston. Directed by Walter Lang under the supervision of James Cruze. A railroad drama as powerful and fast moving as the "20th Century Limited."

"Hold 'Em, Yale"

Starring Rod La Rocque. Directed by E. H. Griffith. Produced by Hector Turnbull. The title tells the story, but it can't tell how fascinating this gem of college stories is.

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Producers International Corporation,
Wm. Vogel, President

What the Fans Think



Cured of Blindness, She Sees Her First Movie.

I SAW my first movie to-day, and it was "Ben-Hur." I am thirty-one years old and, until recently, had been blind all my life. So movies were not for me. But now, thank Heaven, I can enjoy them. I think Ramon Novarro is the handsomest man I ever saw, and he can act!

I was particularly pleased with a letter in this department from Consuelo Marsh, for she is for Novarro, as I am. Long live Novarro, and all those who had anything to do with the making of "Ben-Hur!" Oh, it's just wonderful to be able now to see movies and everything.

Everything is so wonderful. I just want to sing praises all day. This is a very incoherent missive, but it comes from a full heart. If I see it in print, I'll believe in Santa Claus.

"Happy" Louise Bayes.

Why Are the Stars Such Cradle Snatchers?

With such fine leading men to choose from as Varconi, Brook, Nagel, Kerry, and a dozen more, why do the producers permit some of the women stars to pick leading men who are from five to ten years younger than themselves? It makes the star look ridiculous and cramps the man's style. Consider, for instance, Lillian Gish with Ralph Forbes, Mary Pickford with Buddy Rogers, Norma Talmadge with Gilbert Roland, Pola Negri with Nils Asther, and Pauline Starke with Ben Lyon. It's ridiculous. Leave youth to youth. The same holds for some of the male stars, who have leading women from ten to twenty years younger than themselves.

If Mae Murray returns to the screen, I suggest that little Philippe de Lacy be put under lock and key. She will be looking for a new leading man and Philippe won't be safe.

Steve R. Dorgan.

2209 Telegraph Avenue,
Oakland, California.

He'd Spend It All Again—and on the Movies.

I wonder if, to the movie-going public, the movies ever mean more than entertainment. Do they ever stop to think how much they have gained?

Before a serious illness, over five years ago, I was an enthusiastic movie fan, averaging from four to six movies a week. Then sickness came, with almost three years of hospital life. In the hospital, practically penniless, I was asked, "Don't you wish now that you had the money that you have spent on movies?" My answer was then, as it is to-day, "If in order to get that money, I had to give up the memory of pleasant hours at the movies and the great part they played in building my character, I would not, and do not, want it."

All I have spent on movies has been worth while. I am fighting my way back to health after all those years of sickness. It is hard sometimes, but the things the movies taught me make it easier. I love beauty—it is in the movies. I love life—it is in the movies. I can't at present afford many movies or many magazines, but hope to soon.

I have gained much and lost nothing by attending movies. And my gratitude and good wishes go to all who have made this gain possible.

Laurence R. Bender.

Lafayette, Indiana.

The Death of June Mathis.

Once again, the life of a film celebrity has been snuffed out. I am referring to that queen of scenario writers, June Mathis. She should never be forgotten, for she gave great things to the world—especially her discovery of Rudolph Valentino. I have not yet seen "Ben-Hur," but I venture to say it will always stand out as her greatest scenario contribution to the moving-picture industry.

And her death was so tragic. She was just at the theater for an enjoyable evening when suddenly she threw her arms about her mother's neck and cried, "Oh, mother! I'm dying! I'm dying!" Those were her last, sobbing words.

It is a consolation, however, to think of June Mathis meeting on the other side others of the film world who have passed on—Rudolph Valentino, Barbara La Marr, our laughing, smiling Wallace Reid, and Earle Williams. And there are so many others who were cut off in the midst of their glory—Lucille Ricksen, Olive Thomas, Florence La Badie, Mary Thurman, Bobby Harron, Harold Lockwood, Martha Mansfield, and that first funster of the screen, John Bunny. And last, but not least, our beloved Charles Emmett Mack, with his ambitiously boyish face.

Continued on page 10

Great NEWS!

When He says it, it's News—
When He does it, it's News—
And when he makes a great Comedy Special with just the brand of Humor that has bowled over thousands of Follies audiences and billionaire banqueteers—that's the Greatest News of ALL!

Any day now WILL ROGERS will step right off the Front Page into your Movie Theatre . . .

America's greatest kidder proves he's the LAFF of both Parties when he leaves the woolly West to whoop it up in Washington . . .

With a whole brigade of Beauties to put the IT in Politics in



SAM E. RORK presents

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WITH

Will Rogers

AND

LOUISE FAZENDA
LILYAN TASHMAN · ANN RORK
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS Jr.

Titles by WILL ROGERS. From the play by CHAS. H. HOYT.

a RICHARD WALLACE Production

coming soon

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Continued from page 8

May June Mathis never be forgotten! She may have made the crossing, but let us keep her always in our minds and hearts—keep her there because of the many happy hours she has given us.

MARTIN BOYER.
80 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

A Bone to Pick with Novarro.

Consuelo Marsh picked on the right bone when she picked on Joan Perula. Novarro is everything Miss Marsh said he was, and more. He ought to be called "The Spirit of the Movies."

But! I have a bone to pick with him. A brand-new one. Is he trying to break his noble record of being his own noble self by letting rumors become public that he is leaving the screen to enter a monastery or to become a singer? If these stories are false, he ought to put a stop to them right now. If they are true, he is like the faithful animal who suddenly turns upon its master—he will desert the people he has taught to admire him.

He has built for himself a very high standard, through his quiet disposition, reserved manner and respectability. I have never read anything harmful about him. Those who have criticized him have yet to give a real reason for doing so.

Because he does not give us the acting that John Gilbert does, is not saying that he cannot. He probably knows better than to act so foolishly to please his fans. Novarro fans, if you admire him as you say you do, don't ever insult him again by saying he should have played in pictures which were given to John Gilbert.

M. W. N.
New York City.

What Silly Nonsense About Valentino!

It gave me excruciating pain to read the silly drivel which was incorporated in a letter from one Mercia Stanhope relating to Rudolph Valentino.

Valentino was a fine actor, and, as such, deserves a certain amount of praise. However, I can only remonstrate with a few sobs when any one who lays claim to even a feeble intelligence makes the statement that "Rudolph Valentino did more toward making this gray old world endurable to countless thousands than all the philanthropists, government officials and missionaries that ever lived."

Might I point out to this lady that such a statement reveals a surprising lack of emotional control, as well as a surprising ignorance of the subject in hand? Rather than waste my time further, I will refer the lady to the lives of such men as Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Carnegie, whose contributions to the world have affected many millions of people, and in a far more valuable and helpful fashion than Valentino ever could have.

J. A. KOUWENHOVEN.
Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

In Defense of Gilbert and Garbo.

Rene Wallington said, in the November PICTURE PLAY, "I used to be awfully amused when I read rotten things about John Gilbert, whom I loathe, but when I read such things about my own star—then it *hurts!*" To read that, one would think Miss Wallington was the only fan in the world with her own particular star. What about the thousands who have chosen John Gilbert as *their* own star? She appears to have forgotten *them*. You can bet it hurts them, too, when he is unjustly criticized, also when an unutterably rude person says she *"loathes"* him!

I would suggest that Miss Wallington use a little more care in her selection of words. She might remember, too, that others are hurt, just as she was, when their star is criticized.

And why not have a little more consideration for the stars' feelings? Are they not humans trying to do their best at all times? Of course they are, so give them a fair chance.

As for "Extremely Anti-Garbo and Gilbert," I cannot express my feelings strongly enough to say what I think of *that* person! I think both Miss Garbo and Mr. Gilbert are well rid of a so-called fan club that would disband at the mention of an "affair" which doubtless was grossly exaggerated for publicity's sake. The club had no proof whatsoever that said "affair" was in any way truthful. And did this "Anti-Garbo" fan have proof that Miss Garbo received her letter? As he—or she—did not mention having had any such proof, I think not—so why be so hard on one of the finest dramatic actresses of the present day?

This person further stated, "Can't *any one* see that he *can't act* any more than a lamp-post can?" Gilbert can't act? Ye gods! If *he* can't, who can? Nobody! I will venture to state that this person did not see "The Big Parade," "Monte Cristo" or any of Gilbert's really great pictures. If he *did* happen to see either of these pictures and can still say Gilbert can't act any more than a lamp-post, all I can say is that he is absolutely hopeless as a judge of good acting! Gilbert is, without a single doubt, the greatest actor on the screen, and neither Barrymore nor Novarro can hold a candle to him!

HAZEL I. WEATHERSTON.
210 Wellington Street, North, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

I wonder if the stars read and are interested in these columns? If they do, I hope they are wise enough to ignore such pitifully ignorant letters as the one written against Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in the November issue. Fancy any poor individual daring to criticize people who have worked hard enough to earn incomes that would buy out the slinger of the aforementioned brickbat! Isn't there a very wise little motto, *"Chac un à son gôut?"*

I was entertained by John Gilbert in his home in June, 1926, and I found him charming, witty, sincere, simple and utterly unaffected and unspoiled.

Greta Garbo is lovely, and satisfies millions of fans. She certainly isn't going to give up her career for the benefit of one lone fan who, for no reason at all, is prejudiced against her.

A TRUTHFUL FAN.
Clinton, Massachusetts.

In answer to "Extremely Anti-Garbo and Gilbert:"

Great heavens, can you imagine Greta Garbo playing in "Anti-Garbo and Gilbert's" idea of a "good, clean picture?" By all means, no! Would the public like her, à la Bebe Daniels, in a Harold Lloyd picture? Garbo is foreign. Let's hope that she remains so and doesn't try any college pictures, and that Gilbert doesn't try any comedies.

We can't think of a greater pair in a more appropriate picture than those two in "Flesh and the Devil."

EXTREMELY PRO-GARBO AND GILBERT.
Newark, Ohio.

This is the revolt of a faithful John Gilbert admirer against the slams and slurs that are hurled upon him from all sides. To his slanderers—if you dislike him and his pictures so intensely, why go to see him? Does some one rope you, when one of his films is being shown, and drag you into the theater by force? If I dislike a player, I simply ignore him.

And of all the crazy questions—"Where would he be without his mustache!" I almost had hysterics when I read that gem! He is the same charming John of the old Fox films. Maybe he *has* acquired an air of sophistication and the aforesaid mustache, but these only add to his attractiveness.

What does his private life matter to any one but himself? He has never pretended to be a saint, and he is a romantic, devil-may-care figure on the screen, bringing glowing color into drab lives.

I must admit that he is being starred in too many flaming love dramas with lurid titles, but the producers are to blame for that. He submerges his own personality in all his rôles, and his versatility is amazing.

To his slanderers again—remember the pitiful, bewildered, tired and dirty doughboy of "The Big Parade," the dashing *Bardelys*, the struggling poet of "La Bohème" and, years ago, the "Count of Monte Cristo," and "Shame," the picture that made me a Gilbert fan. Forget "Flesh and the Devil"—except the memorable performance of Lars Hanson—and "His Hour," the Glyn brainstorm.

GERTRUDE WESTENBERG.
334 Randolph Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Concerning Jack and Leatrice.

This letter is written just to show how blindly some people condemn, and others praise.

I am not writing this to "pan" John Gilbert. On the contrary, I admire his acting very much. Nor am I writing it to praise Leatrice Joy, whom I also admire.

At the time of Leatrice's divorce from Jack, the newspapers and magazines published many articles about it, and every single one condemned Leatrice and praised Jack. One article said that when Leatrice sued for divorce, Jack "fell into pits of deepest despair," hardly talking to any one, and "with his large, piercing, brown eyes filled with unutterable woe." Other articles told how he loved her and what a terrible blow it was to him. All these articles painted him as a loving, suffering husband and naturally aroused pity.

But what of Leatrice? Some articles said she certainly didn't know *what* she wanted, divorcing such a handsome husband. But her very good reasons for divorcing him were given no notice at all. While Jack was showered with sympathy, Leatrice was unjustly criticized. Her only words were, "I am so disappointed—I thought we were going to be happy." Dear, trusting Leatrice!

And yet they blindly condemned her and praised John. Justice? No!

In conclusion, I want to praise PICTURE PLAY. It was the only magazine that condemned neither, but merely said that the affair was unfortunate.

L. V.
Allentown, Pennsylvania.

A Series of Protests.

May an English fan be allowed to protest against the scarcity in PICTURE PLAY of articles and photographs of Ricardo Cortez? How many fans Ricardo has in the U. S. A. I haven't the slightest notion, but this I *do* know—he has plenty over here who eagerly look every month for news of him, but in vain.

Also, I wonder how many of Ricardo's fans agree with me in thinking that he has never been given a decent chance to show what he can do. He is one of that gallant band who struggle ever onward, taking the rough with the smooth, but never

Continued on page 12

It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play



—how had she found time to practice?

"WELL, Jim—I told you I had a surprise for you!"

She beamed at her husband, delighted to see how surprised—and pleased—he was.

And I was astonished, too. Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before. I didn't even know that she could read notes. Neither of us could conceal our curiosity.

"How did you ever do it?" her husband asked. "When did you find time to practice?"

"And who is your teacher?" I added.

"Wait, wait!" she laughed. "One question at a time. I have no teacher, that is, no private teacher, and I do my practicing between dishes."

"No teacher?"

"No—I learned to play the piano an entirely *new* way—*without* a teacher. You see, all my life I wanted to play some musical instrument, and the piano appealed to me most. I thought I'd never learn how to play it, though—for I haven't much time to spare, and I thought it would take long, long hours of hard work and study. And I thought it would be expensive, too."

"Well, it *is* hard work, and it is expensive," I said. "Why, I have a sister...."

"I know," she laughed, "but *I* learned to play the piano through the new simplified method. Some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how a young man had learned to play the piano during his spare time without a teacher. I found that thousands of others had learned to play their favorite musical instruments in this same delightful, easy way, and so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," Jim said.

"Well, you see, that was my big surprise. Ever since I received my first lesson I've been practicing by myself—during the day while you've been away at business. I turned my spare moments between housekeeping and shopping into something pleasant and profitable."

"If you planned to surprise me—you've certainly succeeded," said Jim.

Which Do *You* Want to Master in a Few Months?

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Piccolo	Harmony and Composition
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This story is typical. There are thousands of men and women who have turned their spare moments into valuable time. In hours that would otherwise be wasted, they have learned to play their favorite musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

seeming to get beyond a certain point. Why, oh, why, is it? He has the ability and personality, and I defy anybody to find a handsomer fellow on the screen. Why doesn't some great director, such as DeMille, take him and give him a real chance worthy of his talent? It makes me sick to see these youngsters, who have barely left college, succeeding and being boosted up to the skies, while a really great actor, who is capable of great things is left on the shelf because of the inability of the powers that be to see an inch in front of their noses.

Now comes the crowning insult of all. I hear he is to play comedy! Ye gods! And with that face, and those passionate eyes! Are the movie folk totally mad?—for I am really beginning to think so. Comedy should be left entirely to such splendid portrays of it as Raymond Griffith and Reginald Denny. Cortez certainly has neither the face nor style for burlesque of any description.

Having got this load off my chest, I would like to say a few words in defense of John Gilbert. I was horrified to read "Extremely Anti-Garbo and Gilbert's" letter in the November issue. I entirely agree with her about Greta, who I think is a perfectly inane-looking little idiot, and how in the world she became so popular I surely don't know, for she can't do a thing but raise her eyebrows in that absurd manner of hers. But with regard to Gilbert, I must positively disagree. She dares to say he "can't act!" I would like to know what she considers *is* acting; and as for calling him a "moonface," I shudder to think what the Gilbert followers will have to say to this. I admit that there are far too many of those "lovesick dramas," as she terms them, but Gilbert has shown what he *can* do by "The Big Parade," which was anything but a lovesick drama.

Violet S. d'A. Wade.
25 Halford Road, Leyton, E. 10, Essex, England.

Brunettes, Gilbert and Garbo.

I noticed in a recent issue that L. B. D. said that blondes screen better, and *are* better, than brunettes. I suppose Gloria doesn't screen well? Or Pola? Or Bebe? Or Estelle? I will say that Vilma Banky is about the most gorgeous and beautiful girl on the screen, in my opinion, but still, we have some swell ones with dark eyes and hair. And isn't little Sally O'Neil cute?

Why give Gilbert a lot of praise? Is he worth it? Not much! He's already so wrapped up in himself that, with any more bunk and flattery, he'll be a regular flop in no time. I think Bill Haines and Ronald Colman deserve much praise. Especially Ronald. Could Gilbert have played *Beau Geste* like that? I hardly think so. He must be swamped with necking scenes or he's a flat tire.

As for Garbo, I can't see how she gets by at all. She can play just exactly one rôle, and that's the bad, bold woman. Give me an actress than can do them all. Gloria, for instance. She can be the innocent, the vamp, the housewife, or the working girl. She's an *actress!* Garbo's a false alarm. The Garbo fans will find that out in time.

M. A. T.
Vancouver, British Columbia.

From One Prejudiced Fan to Another.

What Pacita Lerma from Manila said in the November Picture Play gave me a pain. If Greta Garbo is "beady-eyed," then I'm the Empress Josephine. Why, whoever heard of the like! And even if Greta were beady-eyed, which she is *not*, she would still be the most wonderful actress on the screen.

And is Renee Adoree just a "plump French peasant girl?" Judging by her work in "Exchange of Wives" and "Mr. Wu" and "The Show," no, but by that one picture, "The Big Parade," yes. Don't be so prejudiced, Pacita.

But, hark, I do agree with Miss Lerma in her exposal of Olive Borden. Now let me be a little prejudiced myself—to wit, Olive Borden is the most egotistical actress there is. If she weren't, she wouldn't pose and act up so much. And as to Miss Borden's being beautiful—well, I know several she couldn't hold the proverbial candle to, among them Greta, Bebe Daniels and Lya de Putti.

Last of all, let me make amends for this critical letter by handing a big bouquet to Picture Play as the most interesting and instructive cinema magazine on the market, and another to the "What the Fans Think" department.

Dan Rohrig.
Harmony, Indiana.

Two Brickbats and a Few Bouquets.

There seem to have been a great many letters about Norma Shearer lately, and of all the descriptions, John Leo's is the best—"a mere clothes rack." Did the Norma Shearer fans see her in "His Secretary?" If they did, I don't see how they could like her! She went around with a stiff neck all during the movie.

Speaking of Jack and Greta, I always thought Jack Gilbert's pictures were just about the berries until he teamed up with the eye-rolling Miss Garbo.

My idea of acting is done by such people as Billy Haines, Richard Dix, Norma Talmadge, Clara Bow and Doug and Mary. I would appreciate a few more such actors. Lon Chaney is not to be left out. He's what I call a humdinger, and I don't mean maybe! I have seen most all of his pictures, and he can't be beat.

A Massachusetts Fan.
Orange, Massachusetts.

Down with Gilbert! Bring Back Cullen Landis!

Why can't we have our Cullen Landis back? Why must he, the best actor on the screen, play in serials while John Gilbert, who can't act at all, is a star? Is that fair? John Gilbert is the materialistic type, the woman chaser, the pawing type of lover, while Cullen Landis is the spiritual type, the gentle, tender, whimsical lover. I want him back most awfully, and I am positive that there must be many others who agree with me.

Before I close, I want to bestow a whole horticultural garden on Gary Cooper. He is a splendid actor, and I know he will prove his ability in "Beau Sabreur."

Here's to Picture Play, the best magazine on the market to-day! Long may it reign!

Eve J. Robinson.
1216 West Eighth Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

William Boyd Is a Gentleman.

I am writing in reference to the untrue words that "A Fan" wrote about William Boyd. This person said that Mr. Boyd evidently is not used to being in the company of well-bred people. I must correct this know-it-all individual, who states things that are not based on proof. Mr. Boyd happens to come from a very nice family—I have been introduced to him and know. He may not be of the élite, but at least he has the good grace to speak well of people, which "A Fan" evidently lacks. I can assure him or her that five minutes of Mr. Boyd's company would change his false impression.

William Boyd's Admirer.
307 West Seventy-ninth Street, New York City.

Such Ill-Breeding!

I cannot help remarking on what William Boyd is quoted to have said to Pola Negri—namely, that he didn't think she was beautiful, that she wasn't the greatest screen actress by a long shot, and that, furthermore, he was going home. Such utter lack of courtesy toward a woman merely shows ill-breeding and ignorance.

I do not say that Pola Negri is really beautiful, but then what is mere beauty? She is a woman of great intelligence and rare charm. She is one of the most distinctive and well-dressed women on the screen. She is one of the few actresses who is just as compelling in rags as she is in silks. Her rôles in "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," "Shadows of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise" and "Hotel Imperial" proved her to be the greatest actress of the cinema.

In a recent issue of Picture Play, Miss Marie O'Hara said that she used to like Pola Negri, but that since she had married Prince Serge Mdivani only nine months after the death of Rudolph Valentino, she didn't care for Pola any more. How perfectly absurd! Does the mere fact of her marriage lower her prestige as an actress? Isn't it about time for the fans to realize that a star's private life is absolutely her own affair?

J. Donald Hoben.
Rock Rapids, Iowa.

Why Pola is Criticized.

Edith Perrin's letter in a recent number of Picture Play afforded me a great deal of amusement. Miss Perrin wished to know, with much indignation, just why every one was "handing brickbats by the dozen to Pola Negri." Miss Perrin further announced that we should respect another's grief.

My dear young lady, allow me to enlighten you. The American public has every sympathy for sincere grief. But for insincerity, it has none. We are a straight-thinking, reasoning people who are not taken in by an actress who sheds copious tears over her fiancé's death one year, and prances merrily to the altar the next. As a nation, we are more than sympathetic, but we have not yet reached the point where we cannot distinguish between real and simulated grief.

I lost all patience when I read passionate defenses of Miss Negri. There is not an actress on the stage or screen who has taken more pains to air her frequent love affairs than has Pola Negri. We are constantly confronted with her latest amours; we are continually hearing her impassioned protests, "Ah love! It is not for me!" And now we are expected to sympathize with this "frail, broken flower" because death has robbed her of one man and forced her to get herself another. It is a slap at the public's intellect.

Pola Negri is, in one respect, right. Real love is not for her.

E. G.
Cape May, New Jersey.

Oh, for a Steam Roller for Some of the Fans!

Reading the letters in "What the Fans Think" has developed in me an awful inferiority complex. First I make up my mind that Corinne Griffith is clever and beautiful. Then Mrs. G. H. B. writes in and annoys me by saying that Miss G. mouths and raises her eyebrows, instead of acting. Down goes the Griffith stock. I just begin to comment on how sweet Madge Bellamy is with bobbed hair, when a horrid person named Boyer announces to all it may concern that she has finished herself in his estimation—an announcement which will no doubt make Miss Bellamy go and hang herself. But the effect it has on me

Continued on page 114

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JOHN GILBERT - GRETA GARBO IN "LOVE"

An Edmund Goulding *production from the novel* "Anna Karenina" *by* Lyof N. Tolstoi

What more could be said about a picture—*see it!*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



A stirring tale of modern Greece, with a background of banditry, picturesque costumes and beautiful locations, is Rod La Rocque's new picture "Stand and Deliver." His heroine is Lupe Velez, the vivid young Mexican actress who has created a stir in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Gaucho." The two are seen, above, in a dramatic moment which comes about when Mr. La Rocque, as *Roger Norman,* an Englishman, is forced to defend Miss Velez, as *Jania,* a Greek girl, from her own countrymen.

Here To-day, Gone To-morrow

Montmartre on Wednesday is a constant reminder that fame is fleeting and popularity a bubble—but it's a colorful reminder.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



IF your time is limited and you are in a hurry to get a good look at Hollywood, go to Montmartre.

Unlike the Paris version, it is a spacious eating gallery midway down Hollywood Boulevard. The tapestries are tasteful, the color scheme restful, the *cuisine,* as it is termed, excellent. But tables are hard to find. Montmartre has long since been discovered by tourists.

Once you have climbed the stairs and slipped past the velvet rope barring your way, you have before you a veritable cross-section of cinemania. There are the stars of the moment who were the extra girls of yesterday, the stellar lights of a decade ago hoping to be pointed out as among those present, directors, scenario writers, assistant assistants, and innocent bystanders looking for seats.

Of course, the tourists are also there. Just as you are pausing over your hors d'œuvres to admire the sunlight playing on Claire Windsor's hair, a fat, shapeless dowager waddles past, bent upon getting a close-up of Earle Foxe or, perchance, of Milton Sills. It is the tourists who give the cackle and gurgle to the room. Otherwise, it would qualify admirably as a quiet, restful spot.

But you must take it as it stands. Montmartre without the Iowan bloc or the Nebraskan delegation or the Indiana committee would hardly be Montmartre. And although the stars will tell you how they loathe being seen and singled out for inspection by their public, it is amazing how faithfully they attend the celebrated Wednesday and Saturday luncheons.

To Montmartre they all come, stars and starving alike, to see and be seen. Struggling beginners, who wonder where the next part is coming from, manage somehow to get to this little café. Worried or not, they sit with hard smiles masking their thoughts. More than one ingénue has borrowed the money to lunch at Montmartre on Wednesday, for to be seen there is supposed to be a sign that all is well, that contracts hang high, that the future is rosy—only a superstition, but it persists. The newest stars are always there, and so are the slipping favorites, hopeful of the break that may lie just round the corner.

Presided over by the suave Mr. Brandstatter, who is often mistaken for Adolf Zukor, Montmartre is thronged by one o'clock every Wednesday, with dozens sitting patiently outside, at the head of the stairs leading to the dining room. Having climbed to paradise to see the heavenly bodies, these latter are determined to wait any number of minutes. And they do.

The fresh young starlets move jauntily from table to table, blithe as butterflies, and sometimes fancier. The fading beauties sit smiling grimly, remembering the days when *they* were riding on the wave of success.

Struggling beginners beg, borrow and steal to get to Montmartre on Wednesday and be seen among the celebrities.



Ray Griffith is lunching with Jack Holt and Lowell Sherman. Bogart Rogers, who manages the destinies of Douglas MacLean, is with them. Just beyond, against the wall, May Allison is at a table with Viola Dana, Alice Lake, and Shirley Mason, talking over old Metro days. Not far away, such newly risen stars as Phyllis Haver, Laura La Plante and Janet Gaynor are together. The decorative Carmelita Geraghty is with them.

Adolphe Menjou saunters in, dapper, airy, well pleased with the world at large, including himself. At his elbow is his fiancée, the blond Kathryn Carver. Accompanying them is Harry d'Arrast—not a title-writer, as might honestly be suspected, but a director. Dor-

othy Mackaill and Pauline Garon stop, on their way out, to say "Hello!" to Evelyn Brent.

Tourists prick up their ears to catch stray bits of conversation. Iowan eyebrows are raised. Sight-seers eye one another knowingly. The Kansas travelers are on the qui vive. These movie people——

A vaguely familiar face passes—Vera Reynolds. There are also Robert Frazer and Anita Stewart and Jason Robards and Helen Ferguson and Priscilla Dean. Great, near-great, climbing, falling—all are here.

Pseudo-foreigners, with oiled, egglike heads, and sideburns to match their patent-leather shoes, slide toward the tiny dance floor—*gigolos* seeking celluloid celebrity. Many a restaurant loses a good waiter when the urge strikes.

The panorama fascinates, with its incongruous touches. Here is a young director buying lunch for the man who gave him his first job—some one must buy it for him. Opposite the orchestra sits the radiant Joan Crawford with Dorothy Sebastian, both former sisters of the "Scandals," now addicted to limousines and yachting parties. At their table is a lovely-looking brunette with a brooding, tragic face. She, too, was a "Scandals" beauty. She, too, is young and handsome. But fame has coolly passed her by. And so she sits, waiting, waiting for the break that may never come.

". . . They had to retake all but two reels, I hear. He couldn't handle her at all." Iowan eyebrows arch understandingly. Iowan minds do not know what it is all about, but they are willing to think the worst. The film belt must be the hotbed of all that should not be.

Bess Meredyth and Dick Barthelmess, at a corner table, discuss the scenario of Dick's next picture. Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day stop to pay their respects.

At a large, round table, several directors are seated, some of them passé, some in the ascendancy, some simply dormant. Mickey Neilan dominates the conversation with his flashing repartee. Von Sternberg lends a melancholy air to the group. Michael Curtiz, the Austrian, and Paul Leni, German, show great interest in the table talk. Glazer and Ernest Vajda, imported playwrights, are of the group. Griffith comes in and quietly slips into a seat. Hobart Henley looks prosperous and happy.



It is paradise to the tourists—there they see just how the famous eat their peas.

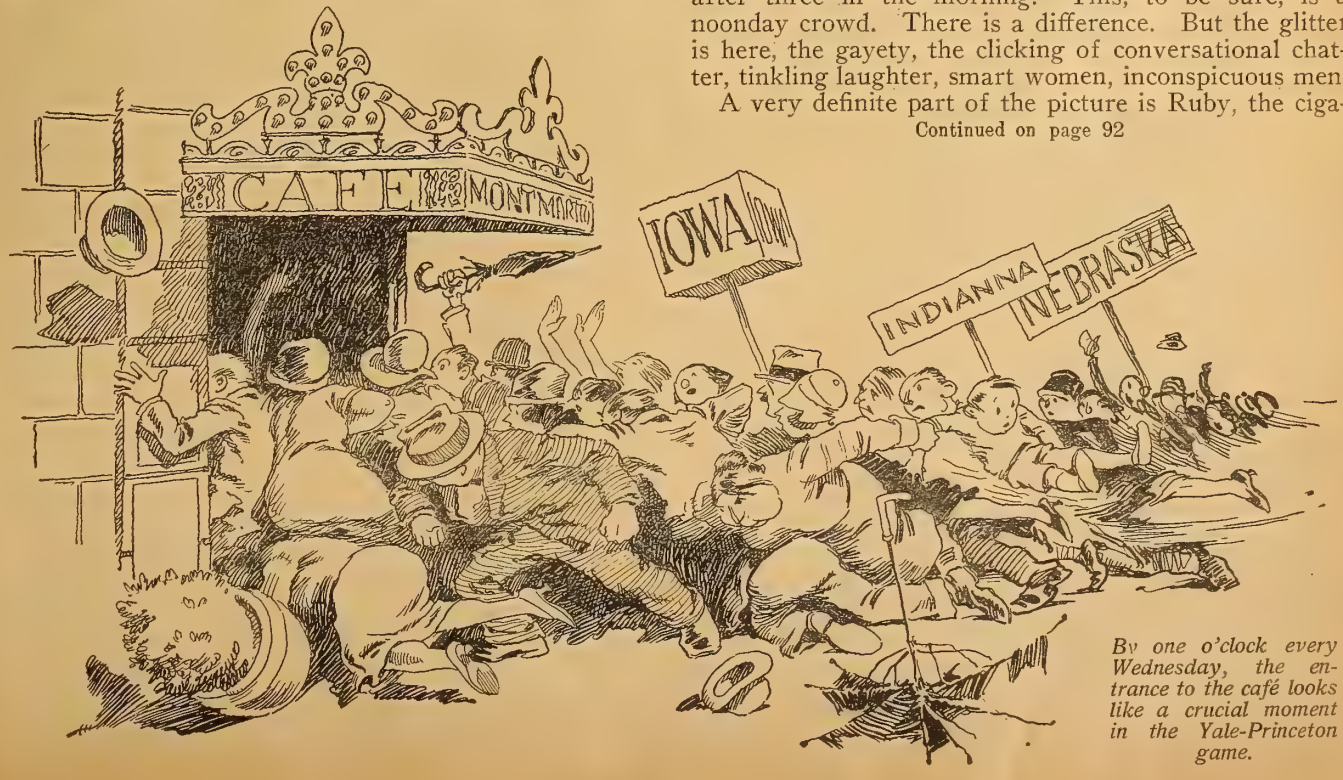
Bessie Love flits by with Ann Sylvester, the writer who could be a starlet herself. Rupert Hughes lunches with his wife. He does not fret about the picture world's whims and caprices—his novels sell in the hundred thousands.

The Duncan sisters are entertaining. Kathleen Key's Italian beauty should inspire any director to star her in a Borgia picture. Myrna Loy makes a notable stir as she glides onto the dance floor. She is tall and slender and red-headed and green-eyed. Where but in Hollywood would you see such a girl?

The dancing space shrinks as the incoming crowd grows and tables are carried aloft to the edge of the dance floor. The fringe of lunchers closes in on the dancers. Now there is room for only five couples. Now four. Now only two attempt a few steps. One is reminded of Texas Guinan's retreat in Manhattan after three in the morning. This, to be sure, is a noonday crowd. There is a difference. But the glitter is here, the gayety, the clicking of conversational chatter, tinkling laughter, smart women, inconspicuous men.

A very definite part of the picture is Ruby, the ciga-

Continued on page 92



By one o'clock every Wednesday, the entrance to the café looks like a crucial moment in the Yale-Princeton game.

Never an Emerald

So it is with the majority of the stars. This proves that loveliness and charm do not

By Myrtle



Photo by Pollard

Margaret Livingston's small eyes enhance her individuality.

JUST how important is beauty on the screen?

There is no denying that it has value, but weighed in the balance it does not measure up to ability to act, to wear clothes, to stand out from the mob.

The fact that the most nearly perfect beauty ever on the screen is no longer there, and that the most popular stars of to-day lack perfect features and proportions, would seem to indicate that the greatest an actress can have is no longer mere beauty.

Katherine MacDonald, hailed as the "American Beauty," whose flawless features were acclaimed, enjoyed but a brief reign as a star. But can you select many stars of to-day—those who have been popular for some time and may be expected to continue their sway—who might be called her equals?

In a beauty contest what chance would Norma Shearer and Colleen Moore and Clara Bow have in competition with the statuesque, flawless Katherine as she used to be?

It is a fact that most of the players have defects which by a considerable margin exclude them from any claim to conventional beauty. These defects are more noticeable in actual contact than on the screen, where the players are idealized by the atmosphere of make-believe and by expert lighting. Also, they possess such personality that it overshadows their defects. Magnetism can and does make up for much lack of physical beauty.

This is no indictment of the stars. It is, rather, a frank appraisal. Why not speak the truth? Does Mary Garden, touted far and wide as a great beauty, live up to this impression upon a face-to-face encounter? Are the beauties of the opera and the stage, when viewed at close range, all that illusion has made them appear to be? Far from it!

Patsy Ruth Miller's head is too large for her small frame, but who cares?



Norma Talmadge gains glamour through expert lighting and photography.

Photo by Millard



Lilyan Tashman's small mouth detracts not the least from her success.

Photo by Spurr



Without a Flaw

frank survey of their physical imperfections depend on one hundred per cent beauty.

Gebhart

Let's look at the players through admittedly critical eyes and notice these slight defects which mar them ever so little. It is often these minor flaws, detracting from pure perfection, which make the players more human and endear them to us.

What would Marion Davies be, for instance, without her freckles? They bridge her nose and generously coat her arms and hands. She would be such a dazzling beauty that we might stand in awe of her, admire but hesitate to become familiar. Her freckles and her stutter are a sort of friendly gesture, one might say, which tells us that she is one of us after all. They seem to say: "See, I am not something to be put in a show case." They constitute a bridge across which one may cross, unblinded by the beauty of golden hair and blue eyes, to the friendliness of her real personality. Her contagious smile also makes up for these blemishes, for it radiates *camaraderie* and often humor.



Photo by Louise

Norma Shearer's eyes are overshadowed by her pronounced charm.



Dolores del Rio's mouth is her one imperfection.

Mary Pickford, Leatrice Joy—in fact, almost every star has a good side of her face and a bad side. This does not mean that one side bears blemishes, but merely that the contour is better for photographic purposes from one angle. Jack Gilbert and Richard Dix are among the few who do not mind which side is toward the camera.

It has been remarked that Gloria Swanson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Dorothy Sebastian, and other acknowledged beauties have heads too large for their bodies, but their individuality is strong enough to overshadow this defect. It is scarcely noticeable, except to an artist with a keen eye for anatomical balance.

The stars of to-day contradict a number of old theories, one being that beautiful eyes are the first essential of screen beauty. While many do possess lovely orbs, there are more whose eyes are faulty than who have flat noses,

Continued on page 108



Dorothy Sebastian is another whose head is too large for artistic harmony.

Photo by Bull



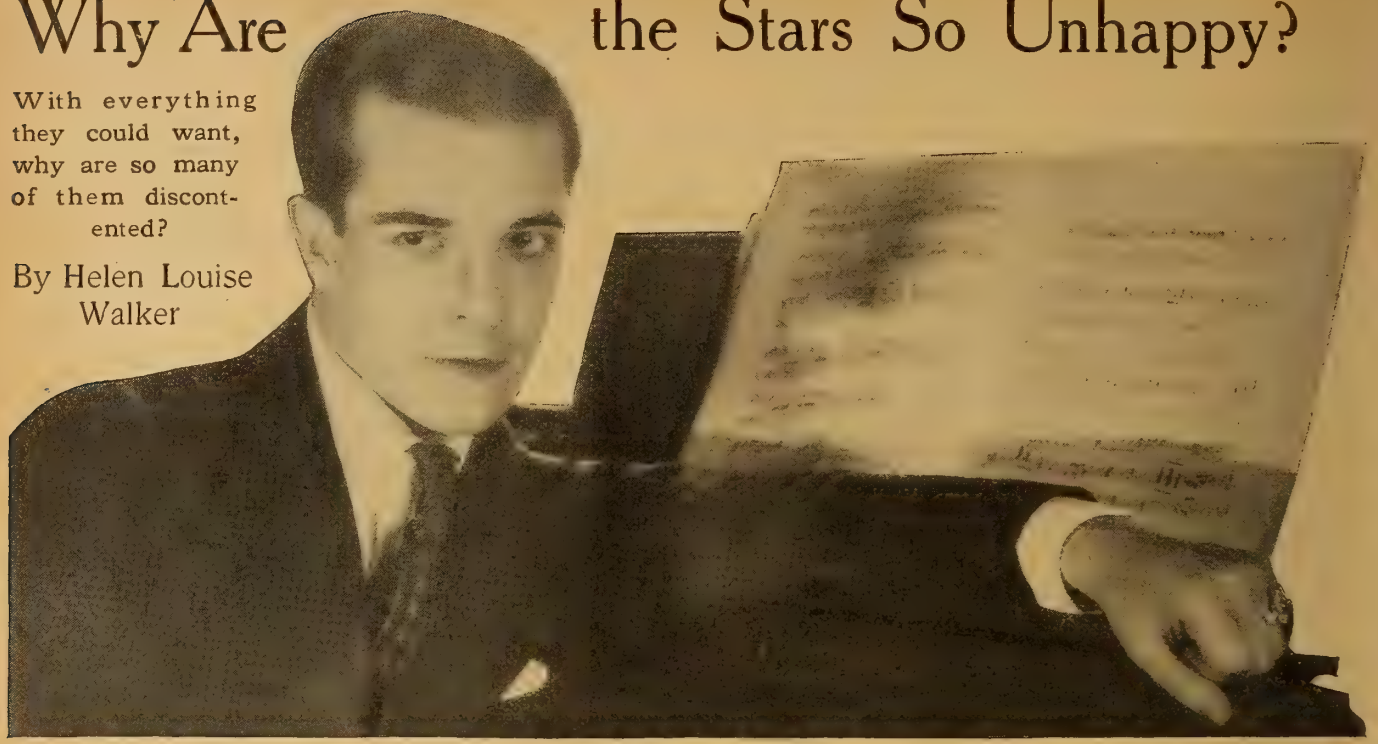
Gloria Swanson's nose, though far from perfect, adds to her arresting personality.

Photo by Ball

Why Are the Stars So Unhappy?

With everything they could want, why are so many of them discontented?

By Helen Louise Walker



The thing that hurts, says Ramon Novarro, is that success in the movies is so fleeting. Fear of the future is the cause of much of the unhappiness among film players.

MOTION-PICTURE players, as a class, it seems to me, are the most unhappy, the most harassed, worried, restless, discontented people in the world. This seems a paradox at first glance, I am well aware. Yet it is true.

There is a noticeable lack, among screen players, of that happy-go-lucky, let-the-future-take-care-of-itself attitude which one finds among seasoned troupers of the legitimate stage. The film folk are inclined to be morose, moody, fretful—and afraid. One gathers that a career on the screen is a grim business.

Much of this restlessness, doubtless, is caused by that "divine discontent" which is the penalty exacted for the possession of an artistic temperament. Your true artist is never satisfied with the thing he has done. He sets a goal for himself, high in the clouds, ever receding, unattainable, shining in the distance. It is never to be reached, but it is there, and he struggles toward it till he dies.

This accounts for many of the wails one hears from players about the rôles they are given. "If they would only let me do what I want to do!" they cry. Usually the thing they want to do is as remote as possible from the thing they *are* doing. The comedian wants to play tragedy. The ingénue wants to be a character woman. And the heavy wants to be a leading man.



George Bancroft, doomed to character rôles, longs to be a romantic lover.

John Gilbert wants to play street-car conductors and ash men—"parts that sweat," is the way he expresses it. Vera Reynolds wants to play *Nora* in Ibsen's "The Doll's House." George Bancroft wants to play romantic lovers.

But there is more than artistic discontent that harasses those in high places in the picture world. There is fear.

To the casual outsider, it would seem that the established and successful screen actor occupies one of the most enviable positions in the world, and that he should be pleased beyond measure with his achievement. He has wealth while he is still young enough to enjoy it to the utmost. He has fame—the adu-



John Gilbert will not be really happy until he can make his own pictures in his own way.

lation of millions. He is quoted, watched, imitated. And his vanity is fed by thousands of letters every month from adoring fans. He lives in a gilded palace —maybe—and drives a gaudy car of foreign make. Shrewd business men direct his career for him, build him up with reams of publicity and careful exploitation, so that he may hold the success he has won. All he has to do is to act. It looks like an easy life.

But the casual outsider is likely to forget about the players who have had success and lost it. There are so many things that can shake the hold of those who cling precariously to the pinnacle about the base of which thousands clamor and struggle for a foothold. Two bad stories in succession may do a star enormous harm. A bad break in publicity may ruin him. Strange and unaccountable changes in the trend of public favor may wreck him inside of a few months. Any one of a hundred things may leave him tottering upon the brink of disaster.

An actor is so *helpless*. He is usually under contract to some big company and he is entirely in its hands. Executives select his stories, direct his publicity, tell him what to do. Ordinarily, your actor is not a business man. He is an artist, with the artist's bewilderment as to commercial problems. He realizes that his success or failure depends upon the judgment of the men in whose hands he has put himself. He does not understand their methods and he is fearful that they are not doing all they can in the best way it can be done.

He realizes, too, that if his pictures are not good, his public will be disappointed in him personally. They will not stop to analyze the several factors that go to make a film good or bad—the combination of story, director, and star.

Often a star is "made" by one or two big pictures—super-productions—in the making of which neither time nor money was spared. Then he faces the difficulty of living up to that high standard; in films made in four or five weeks at a minimum of expense. I once heard John Gilbert almost sobbing over the contemplation of his program pictures. "Wait—oh, wait until I have enough money to produce my own films!" he raved. "Then I'll do what I *want* to do!"



Richard Dix complains that a movie star never has a chance to have normal relations with anybody.

But that experiment has been tried, to their sorrow, by other earnest and intense young actors. Witness the sad experience of Charles Ray!

A star must have publicity. It is the thing upon which his prestige lives and feeds and has its being. But so powerful and treacherous is this artificial fame that it can turn and destroy him like some fiendish boomerang if the slightest hint of unpleasantness crops up in the reports about him in the press. I have met actors who were so afraid of giving the wrong impression to the public that they cringed and shrank at the thought of an interview.

So his fame, for which he has worked so hard, is perhaps the thing that a star fears most. Publicity experts, whose business it is to study public opinion and present players to the press in the best possible light, sometimes err. Lew Cody was killed on the screen for a while by being billed as a "great lover." The public resents that claim and withdraws its patronage from the man who makes it—never realizing that it has emanated, not from the man himself, but from the people whose business it is to publicize him.

No, the life of a movie actor is not all orchids and eiderdown. He usually works twelve hours a day. Often he works late into the night. He may be required to spend weeks in the desert in midsummer or in the mountains in midwinter. Or he may be cast for a rôle in a sea picture when the very sight of water

Continued on page 98



Freddie in a scene with James Murray and Eleanor Boardman in "The Crowd."





Yet Another Boy Wonder

Freddie Fredericks, who plays the child rôle in "The Crowd," is a very wise little youngster—and take it from Freddie, he knows a penny when he sees one.

PICK 'em young, seems to be this year's slogan in filmdom. Hollywood's newest discovery is a "natural-born" actor of five—Freddie Burke Fredericks. He was selected from two hundred and fifty children for the child rôle in "The Crowd."

He is big-eyed and golden-haired, but these marks of the cherub are no handicap to his versatility. He can play a harum-scarum rôle as naturally as a Fauntleroy part, despite his wistful eyes.

He once jumped from a sissy rôle in a Universal picture to a hard-boiled urchin in a Sennett comedy. He was at first considered too pretty for the latter rôle. But the boy, getting the drift of the conversation, cued in with a belligerent swagger and tough expression and got the part.

His selection to play *Junior* in "The Crowd" was the biggest opportunity he had had, and he acquitted himself so admirably that his future looks very bright.

Freddie is a good business man. One day his mother found him on a busy corner selling pamphlets that were being given away free at a bookstore.

Again, on the evening of the Dempsey-Tunney fight, he looted his penny bank, bought a supply of extras from the newsboys, and resold them, netting a profit of seventy-one cents. He's very shrewd and observing. "Fellows," he said, "would come along with girls and gimme a dime instead of a nickel, because I looked little and they wanted to show off for the girls."

Altogether, he's a very wise little youngster.

"Raymond Griffith sure knows his onions," he observes solemnly. "He doesn't hop all over the set to put his stuff over. And Charlie Chaplin never muffs a laugh, either."





Miss Devore does the Charleston atop the Paramount Building, twenty-seven stories above Times Square.

A Twinkling, Twinkling Little Star

Dorothy Devore is one comedienne who does not yearn to be emotional—she is quite happy cutting up capers in short-reel comedies.

By Alma Talley

UNLIKE most comedians and comediennes, Dorothy Devore does not want to be dramatic. I don't dare mention that old bromide about the comic actor always wanting to play *Hamlet;* but certainly most Thespians who can make their eyes twinkle would rather roll them instead. Not content with a rare gift for comedy, they feel that their lives have been thwarted if they aren't allowed to emote. They are afraid, perhaps, that the world is not taking them seriously, that their work is not considered Art.

Well, one of the nicest things about Dorothy Devore is that she is not too serious about herself. Her twinkling, dark-brown eyes belong in comedy, and she knows it; filled with tears, they look incongruous, and she knows that, too. Miss Devore knows quite a lot. She has the common sense to realize that she's better off being herself in two-reel comedies, even with a few stray custard pies, than she is as a heroine of feature pictures, worrying because *Johnny* the hero doesn't love her, or because the mortgage hasn't been paid, or because—oh, well, you know all the reasons for worry that movie heroines have!



"No one wants to see me cry," Miss Devore stated calmly, "and I don't blame them. I don't care about seeing *myself* cry. I started my career in Christie comedies, and I was trained as a comedienne. But when I went into feature pictures, I was always having to be—oh, so emotional. And I just don't know how!"

Of course—naming no names—there are plenty of other screen players who "just don't know how," but they don't usually find that out!

Miss Devore found it out about herself as soon as she tried it. For one thing, the fans told her. The moment she became serious on the screen, her fan mail fell off. The public knows jolly well how to make it clear to a player that he'd better stick to his own type.

"I just don't know how to be emotional," says Dorothy, explaining why she quit feature pictures to go back to two-reelers.

Mary Pickford soon realized that when she put up her curls for "Rosita" and "Dorothy Vernon," and Theda Bara when she tried to make her eyes behave and stop vamping. "Be yourself" is the fans' challenge to a screen star, meaning of course that self which they have learned to know.

So Dorothy Devore, after a brief career in serious drama, went back to two-reelers, signing a contract with Educational. Not, she told me, that she wouldn't really rather be a little frog in the big pond than a big frog in a little pond, but—Mother Public knows best, and Dorothy accepted her verdict.

Miss Devore was enjoying her first visit to New York when I saw her, and *was* she thrilled! Indeed, it was the first train trip she had ever made alone; always, before, there had been her mother or her husband or a friend. And she now felt quite helpless, she said, having to take charge of everything herself, buy her own tickets, make her own reservations, and so on.

And then it all came out—Miss Devore quite definitely needs some one to look after her. Take the case of her return ticket to California, for instance. Dorothy started out from her New York hotel one day and decided that perhaps she had better not carry that ticket around with her. Perhaps she had better hide it. So she put it—of all places!—on the floor under her wardrobe trunk. Two days later, she thought of it and looked for the ticket. It wasn't there.

"Well, I looked and looked, just scared to death that I had lost it." Dorothy laughed at herself as she told the story, and there was a twinkle in her almost-black eyes, and she winked occasionally in her glee—winked quite charmingly. Anyhow, the end of the story was that, after tearing the room to pieces, she found the ticket way back in the desk drawer, where the maid, in cleaning, had put it for safe-keeping.



Miss Devore and Colleen Moore having a game of checkers in the good old days when they were both in Christie comedies.

Still, she said, she did love to hide things. It was a habit that couldn't be broken by a little scare like that. So another night, when she came home from a party, she thought perhaps she ought to hide her jewels. She was very tired, but she took the trouble to tie her gems up in a handkerchief, knotting it over and over. And then she hid her little package beneath the carpet under the bed.

A day or so later, it suddenly occurred to her that she had hidden her jewels, but for the life of her, she couldn't remember where she had put them? She looked in the drawers and under the mattress, under the pillows, in her trunk—everywhere she could think of. No jewels. The maid was called in to assist in the treasure hunt. No jewels. The entire hotel staff turned out to help search. House detectives were put on the job. The jewels must have been stolen! And then, as a rather feeble gesture, some one thought to move the bed, and there, underneath, was a huge lump in the carpet. Dorothy had most certainly hidden her jewels that time!

"I'm always hiding things," she said, again with that amusing little wink that implies that she is laughing with you at herself, "and then I can't remember where I've hidden them."

She even loses herself sometimes. One afternoon, on her way home from a matinée, she decided to ride in the subway. It was just at the rush hour—five o'clock. No one who values his life *ever* rides in the subway at five o'clock—except through dire necessity. But Dorothy had never ridden in the subway, and she wanted to know what it was like, *especially* in the rush hour. Her friends tried to dissuade her, but when they couldn't, they decided to be noble and ride with her. After all, she was a stranger in New York and she would certainly get lost, alone in the subway.

So they pushed down the stairs through the home-going mob, and dashed through the turnstile toward an incoming train. Dorothy got to the door and the guard pushed her inside the car. She looked around as the car started—her friends were not there! The door had been closed in their faces. She experienced a few moments of panic, for here she was, headed for the wilds of the Bronx. But it was very simple after all. She got out at the next stop, steaming and rumpled, and took a taxi back to her hotel.

No, it really didn't seem safe for Dorothy to be alone in the big city, though she was having the time of her life.

She looked exactly as you would expect a movie star to look. She wore a black velvet coat trimmed with yards and yards of white fur—down the front, around the neck, on the cuffs. There was a diamond dinner ring on her right hand and, on her left, an elaborately beautiful engagement ring of three large diamonds and countless little diamonds in a platinum setting.

"These three diamonds belonged to my husband's mother," she explained, when I commented on the stones. "The center one was in her engagement ring, and the two at the sides were a pair of earrings. My husband drew the design for the setting himself, and an old Chinaman in Honolulu made it, every bit by hand."

Dorothy's husband, N. W. Mather, is the owner of most of the movie theaters in Honolulu, where he lived until their marriage two years ago.

"I was visiting out there while we were engaged,"

Continued on page 112



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Buster at home is the devoted husband of Natalie Talmadge.

The Child Who Was "Abused"

That's what every one thought when Buster Keaton used to be thrown about the vaudeville stage by his father, but it all helped to make him the great comedian he is to-day.

By Margaret Reid

IF this were a biography—which it isn't—I could begin at the very beginning of Buster Keaton's life and give you the incident of his arrival in the family of Joseph and Myra Keaton during what had been intended for a one-night stand in a small town in Kansas. And I could tell you how, after the traveling players had moved on a few days later, a tornado came along and scattered the obscure little town in all directions across the prairie, leaving nothing of more consequence than a few stray timbers to mark the spot.

And again, I could tell you how, four years later, Buster became an actor. Officially, he was a tumbler, but more accurately, a prop or gadget. The vaudeville act of the Three Keatons was a famous one—Mrs. Keaton supplying the decorative touch, and Mr. Keaton getting the laughs by hurling his diminutive son across the stage, throwing chairs at him, stepping on him, and indulging in similar drollery. The infant Buster could take a fall like no one else. He seemed to be composed of wire springs and India rubber.

Some audiences were appalled. Mothers wrote indignant letters. Societies blustered. It became a case. Buster's father was haled before three successive mayors of New York, and Buster was stripped before solemn civic officials while doctors tried to find some evidence of broken bones, or even sprains, in his wiry little person.

"They were always," he says, "disappointed. In my seventeen years of doing one of the most rough-and-tumble acts on the stage, I was out



The comedian as he appears in his latest film, "Steamboat Bill, Jr."



Buster's two small boys, Joseph and Robert, are the pride and joy of his life.

only one day; and the only injuries I ever had were occasional scratches. I had to go into the movies to break a few bones."

There was a law forbidding children to engage in professional singing, dancing, juggling, or acrobatics. But nothing was said about their being hit on the head or thrown about the stage, so Buster's blithe career continued.

When he and his parents played the Palace Theater in London, the manager called Mr. Keaton aside.

"I say," he said, "is that your own son or an adopted boy?"

"Why, he's mine," Mr. Keaton answered.

"No, really? Do you know, I was convinced that he must be adopted and that you didn't give a darn what happened to him."

It is a prideful anecdote in the Keaton annals that the great Bernhardt herself tried to have Buster's father arrested for his supposed inhumanity. The three merry Keatons loved these fracases over Buster—particularly the child himself, who gloated gleefully over the tears that were shed for his plight.

And of course, no conscientious biographer could omit the incident of the Gerry Society officer. Buster's costume consisted always of long trousers, a coat, and a bushy, black crape beard, and the popular impression was that he was a midget. But on the occasion in question, the Gerry Society had reason to suspect otherwise and sent a scout to investigate. He arrived backstage and immediately approached the manager.

"Say—how about that little fellow in the tumbling act?" he asked.

"I dunno," the manager replied laconically. "Ask his wife," indicating Mrs. Keaton. And the officer believed him!

Neither should the good biography fail to mention the time when the Three Keatons played on the same bill with Lily Langtry and, while the majestic Lily was taking her bows, the small Buster ran out and stood behind her on the train of her gown, mimicking her gestures and bowing with her to the applause, much to the delight of the audience, but to the bewilderment of Lily and the chagrin of the elder Keatons, who hauled their child abruptly away.

But, as I said, this is not a biography. So all such reminiscences are beside the point.

If, now, this were a human-interest story, I'd begin it with my introduction to the famous comedian in the spacious New York offices of United Artists. I'd describe the entrance of the quiet young man. With a brief allusion to his humorous brown eyes, his nice deportment, his London cigarettes, the deep dimples that marked his frequent and hearty laughs, I'd go on to add a few words about his sane enjoyment of life and things and people, his keen pleasure in the New York shows, and so on. I'd mention the sardonic tone he employs, to cover an inordinate pride, when speaking of his two small boys.

"Norma is looking after them while Natalie and I are here," he said. "I expect to find her in a sanitarium when we get home. One is four, the other five, and they're full of the devil. They're always climbing up into the darndest places or falling downstairs or breaking something that looks good to them. What one doesn't think of, the other does.

"The younger one looks like Natalie, but I'm afraid the other one takes after me. He's always doing stunts, or getting into trouble. He's the clown, all right. The younger one is a straight lead."

"Would you like for them to be actors?" I asked.

"Sure—why not? It's a good business. Keeps you busy and out of mischief."

I could tell you that Buster recently built a new home in Beverly Hills—an enormous, pale-green stucco mansion, over which his dark-eyed wife, the former Natalie Talmadge, presides—that he is a very average, everyday young man, and that his mother and father live in Hollywood. But since this is *not* a human-interest story, all this would be irrelevant.

If, now, this were an instructive thesis, I might possibly begin with Mr. Keaton's psychology of screen

Continued on page 100



From $150,000 to $200,000 is paid out every week to the employees at the Paramount studio.

"The Ghost Walks"

That's not nearly so spooky as it sounds. It's just another way of saying that it's pay day. And the amount of money that flows through the cashier's window on a movie pay day is enough to make any ghost walk.

By Mignon Rittenhouse

DON'T get excited, folks. This is not a ghost story. It's just a tale about pay day on a movie lot. The spook isn't at all the kind of spook you're thinking about. He's a ghost who sends, not shivers, but electric thrills up and down the spinal column—the ghost with the money bag. Old-timers of the theater invented him, probably because pay day seemed a little phantomlike to them—there had been so many weeks when it had forgotten to come around, you see.

Modern screen players, in their direct way, merely say: "To-day's pay day!" But that brings the same electric thrill as the old phrase, "The ghost walks" used to. For what with the high price of new cars, and alimony, it's a tough world if you don't collect your weekly pay envelope.

The amount of money paid out by various picture companies to their employees each week is staggering. Nearly a quarter of a million dollars flows out of the cashier's office every week at several of the larger studios.

Paramount places its weekly pay roll at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to two hundred thousand dollars. Metro-Goldwyn conservatively estimates that it pays out an average of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars every Saturday. United Artists and First National pay out similar huge sums, and many of the other studios are not far behind them in the amounts that they pay to their employees.

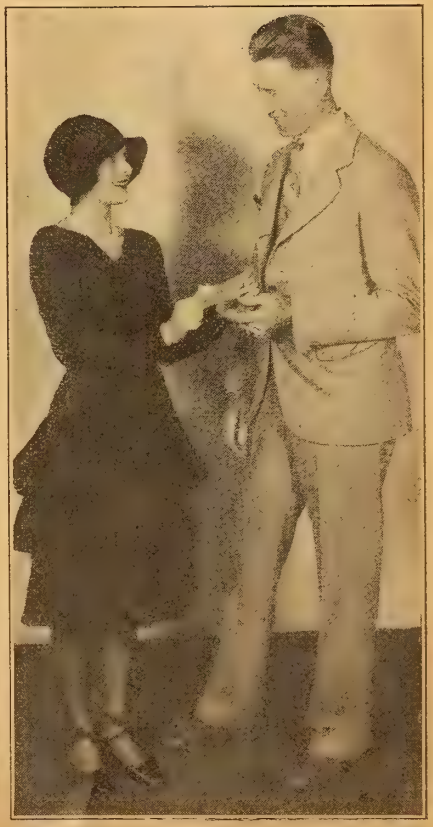
Of course, not all of this goes to the players. But in at least two companies, the salaries of actors, directors, and executives alone go well over the one-hundred-thousand-dollar mark.

In order to avoid holdups, all of the studio employees, with the exception of the lowly extras, are paid in check form. The stars have their measly five thousand or so brought to them in their dressing rooms by the office boy, who later stands in line with the army of lesser studio lights and cheerfully collects his fifteen dollars. Such are the con-

Continued on page 111



Gwen Lee pauses at the cashier's window to receive her weekly pay check.



Marceline Day is handed her check by W. K. Craig, auditor at the M.-G.-M. studio.

No Temperament

Sultana is one of the ferocious-looking bloodhounds which pursue *Eliza* across the ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Off the screen, she is a devoted mother to these pups, born during the making of the film.



King, the Scotch collie, right, made his film début in the title rôle of "His Dog."



Pat, below, specializes in aristocratic "atmosphere" in boudoirs and drawing-rooms.



Kelly, above, is always cast as a menace—no need to explain why!



Beans, right, has a contract to play exclusively with Tom Tyler.



Thunder, below, is a full-fledged star.



Mutt, above, has a bad reputation—he steals scenes from the stars.

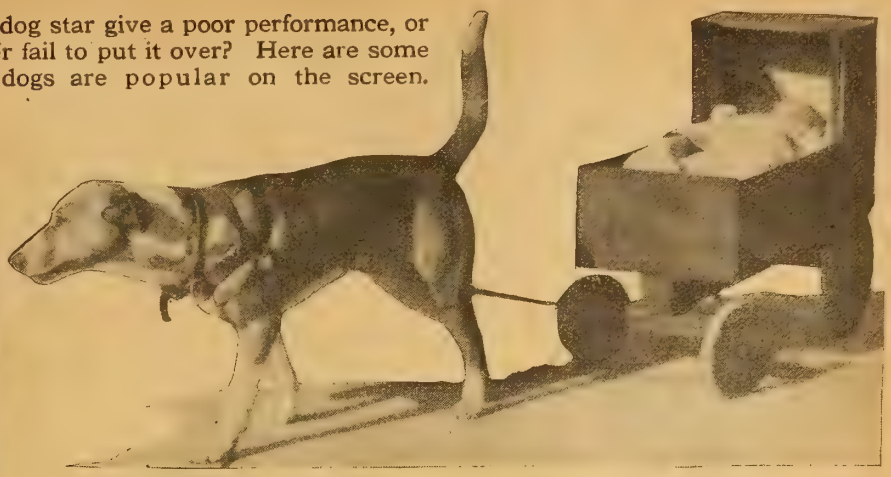


Jiggs, right, is a veteran of the screen whose successes are too numerous to mention.



Here!

Have you ever seen a dog star give a poor performance, or even a canine bit player fail to put it over? Here are some striking reasons why dogs are popular on the screen.



Hank, above, excels in domestic scenes such as this one from "Almost Human."



King Tut, above, appears in Harold Lloyd's "Speedy."



Ranger, the police dog, above, is starred in such exciting pictures as "Flaming Fury" and "Flashing Fangs."



Bonaparte, above, makes his début in "The Thirteenth Hour."



Dynamite, below, is a star with five pictures to his credit.

Below, Rin-Tin-Tin and his mate, Nanette.







Buddy, above, ruminates on his four and a half years in the movies.

Pinkie, left, is one of the few poodles on the screen.

Manhattan

Lively impressions of the stars on

By Alma



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Virginia Valli is one of those girls who thinks.

STAND around, but don't crowd, if you want to see the Ukelele Lady herself—none other than our old friend, Carmel Myers. Now, there's a girl who can vamp till ready, and she doesn't need to have a camera handy, nor even a man. Just give the little girl a little ukelele. It seems that, all these years, Carmel has been concealing a bright little accomplishment—she writes songs! Yes, girls and boys, the music as well as the words. I don't know how *you* feel about it, but as for *me*, any one who can compose music impresses me something terrible! A piano, to Carmel, is just a lot of black-and-white keys—but oh, how she can play "Yacca Hula Hickey Dula" on the uke!



Aileen Pringle came to New York on pleasure, so would see no interviewers.

Now, of course, many of us think we are composing music when we find ourselves—in our baths—whistling merry little tunes we never heard before. But did you ever try to get a melody published? The answer is: Don't! The way those hard-boiled publishers come running to meet you with contracts under their arms and fountain pens in their pockets is—well, it's a lie!

But Carmel always was a lucky girl—even in the very beginning, when she was born with that face. So, being lucky, she showed her songs to Rudolph Friml, who has been known to toss off a few ballads himself, and Herr Friml seemed to feel that everything was going to be all right. So pretty soon, you may have to throw away those old copies of "Dardenella" and "Yes, We Have No Bananas," to make room on your piano for Carmel's music.

In her *non compos* moments, Carmel is still a movie actress. Though her contract with Metro-Goldwyn came to an end last spring, did she weep, did she wail? She did not! She went right out and celebrated by turning down rôles in seven different pictures, because she didn't like 'em!

For several years she had been handed rôles and told to play them and like them. She played them, of course, a contract being, as you may have heard, a contract; but she'd be darned if she'd like them! So, the moment she became her own boss, she gave her new freedom a little bit of exercise. She turned down seven rôles, and accepted two.

First, she was starred in "The Girl from Rio," and my! wasn't it fun playing a heroine and having the audience like her instead of saying: "Why, that awful vamp!" That was a big part in a small picture, so then she went into reverse and accepted a small part in a big picture, "Sorrell and Son." This proved to be a vamp rôle, a gal, according to Carmel, "with wide-open passions."

Miss Myers, on her recent visit to New York, received several stage offers. Perhaps you didn't know that, way back about five years ago, Carmel took a fling at musical comedy, playing the second lead in "The Magic Melody." She has a nice little singing voice, and it's getting nicer all the time. But she feels that she doesn't want to go on the stage just now because—well, you know how people talk!—every one would say she couldn't get a job in the movies, now that Metro-Goldwyn was through with her. Whereas, really, Carmel is far from finished on the screen.

She's through with contracts, though. She thinks that twice in one's film career a contract is a handy thing to have. The first time is when you're a newcomer and that weekly pay check looks like Rockefeller's spending money. Hooray for a contract then! The other time

Medley

their flying visits to New York.

Talley

that a contract sits well in your safety-deposit vault is after you've become a big star and can tell those producers just where to get off—yes, you'll sign a contract, but you won't do this, and they can't do that, or else you'll tear the contract right up!

But for in-between players like Carmel—not quite important enough to have rights, yet quite popular enough to free-lance successfully—taking or leaving a rôle is great sport. Three cheers for this freedom!

About Weddings and Things.

Now let's talk about weddings. Weddings are fun, don't you think? So romantic and all. Leila Hyams had this one. Oh, yes, and Phil Berg—we mustn't forget the groom—people are so careless that way! Anyhow, they were married at Sherry's, New York, on November 5th. There were about two hundred guests; and after the ceremony, there was a reception and dance, and it was all very fancy.

Leila wore a lovely white wedding gown, and a court train that has been in her family for a hundred years. And Betty Bernard, daughter of the late Sam Bernard, was maid of honor. The next day, the bride and groom left for Hollywood, because Leila's vacation was just about over.

It hadn't been much of a vacation, anyhow — three weeks in which to cross the continent twice, buy a trousseau, say hello to all the relatives, and get married. But busy or not busy, you can't stop a girl from getting married. Leila and Phil, they say, have been in love for five years.

Everything, in addition to her romance, looks very rosy for Leila. Here she is with a Warner contract, and a film career that seems quite assured for the next few years at least.

Maybe you think that, just because her mother and father are the well-known vaudeville team of Hyams and McIntyre, it was easy for Leila to become established in the movies. Well, that did give her an entrée. But with Leila, the entrée didn't seem to do much good. She had played on the stage for years with her father and mother, but when she tried to go into the movies and kept having screen tests taken, every one said she was terrible. That's no way to encourage a girl, now, is it?

Mr. Lubin, of Sawyer and Lubin, gave her her first teeny-weeny start. He's an old friend of the family, so he arranged for Leila to have a screen test when he was casting Barbara La Marr's picture, "Sandra." Leila didn't even want to take the test; she knew all about that gag—she'd have her picture taken and then some one would say: "You're just terrible!"

But she did take the test, on a Friday, then immediately left town on a house-party, determined to forget all about it. Mr. Lubin liked her test and told Mrs. Hyams the job was Leila's. But as Leila had left town and her mother had lost her telephone number, and couldn't remember her hostess' name, there was no way of getting the news to her until she returned home.

Finally she returned to town and met her mother for lunch.

"We're meeting Mr. Lubin and his new bride for luncheon," Mrs. Hyams said.

"Oh," said Leila, "did he say anything about that part?"

"I'm sorry," said her mother, who just *would* have her little joke, "but —well, you got the job."



Photo by Robert's *Wanda Hawley broke all records on her recent vaudeville tour.*



Shirley O'Hara's ears must have burned — Ramon Novarro raved so about her.

It Ain't True.

Now who do you suppose started that story about Ramon Novarro's going into a monastery? Blame it



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Jeanne Eagels had such fun playing opposite John Gilbert that she wants to make some more films.

on his press agent, of course—he gets blamed for everything. But anyhow, Ramon knew nothing about it.

The story began up in San Francisco, he says, while he was away on location. Then some one phoned the M.-G.-M. studio to ask if the tale was true. "No," was the answer. Some one phoned the Novarro family. "No," was the answer. But the inquirer wouldn't take no for an answer—he printed the story just the same.

Ramon thought no more about it until the clippings began to roll in. Dear me, those clippings! Ninety newspapers all over the country *would* make a monk of Ramon. But for the benefit of those fans who wrote in, pleading: "Say it ain't true!" Ramon says it ain't true.

And Ramon had lots of other things to say, while he was in New York, mostly about Shirley O'Hara, who plays in his new picture, "His Night." The things he said about Shirley! " . . . beautiful . . . talented . . . she has 'It' . . . going to be the biggest star of them all before she's through . . ." Of course, Ramon may be, well, just a little prejudiced, because Shirley, even though her real name is O'Hara, grew up in Mexico City, and is just like a Mexican girl. Looks, gestures, mannerisms—a real Mexican girl, Ramon said. I really began to think that maybe he liked her! And I also think that, if some of you are the kind of people who have cures for anything and everything, you certainly ought to write to Shirley and tell her what to do when your ears burn.



Carmel Myers rejoiced over being the heroine, instead of the vamp, in "The Girl from Rio."

Aileen Fooled 'Em.

The same train that brought Ramon to New York, brought Aileen Pringle, otherwise known as "the wittiest woman in Hollywood." She and Ramon had both been making personal appearances in Kansas City, so, of course, having come that far East, they decided to make a good job of it. Besides, after one has been stymied in Hollywood for a year or more, a little jump from Kansas City to New York is really nothing.

But the New York visit wasn't part of the Metro-Goldwyn program for its two stars—they thought up that one themselves. And Aileen fooled the company that time!—she paid her own fare to New York, so her time was her own. No business on this trip. No interviews, either. So if she is being mentioned in this little squib, you can just lay it down to the kindness of my heart, and to the fact that I really feel I should tell you all the news—what is known in film-star circles as "one's duty to one's public."

Extra! Buster Keaton Smiled!

It's what you might call tough luck, to come all the way from Hollywood for the World's Series and then have the games last only four days—all over before you've had time to get your money's worth, or even to forget that long train ride.

Buster Keaton was a little annoyed that the Pirates didn't win a single game and thus make the series last longer. But it didn't blight his life. He did have fun—going to the theater, Monday night, Tuesday night, Wednesday night — somebody stop me, quick! Anyhow, he had a good old Hollywoodman's vacation. (You know, really, this department about screen stars in New York *could* be written much more easily. With almost no work at all, I could just say: "Tom, Dick, and Harry, having completed their new pictures, are in New York on a vacation and are going to the theater every night." But the editor won't let me do that—it doesn't fill up any space!)

But—where am I? as the girl said, coming out of

a faint—oh, yes, with Buster Keaton! I got a big news beat—Buster *smiled!* All during the conversation. My conversation, of course—he hasn't any. He just looks shy and smiles, and some day somebody's going to fool him and snap him that way in a picture.

An Actress Who Thinks.

When Virginia Valli was a very little girl, her mother told her that she should be seen but not heard. Well, Virginia is all grown up now, but she still remembers her mother's teachings. She's seen everywhere—oh, how she does get around! —but she's seldom heard.

Which is just my quaint way of saying that Virginia doesn't talk much. You see her on a party, with every one buzzing about. Virginia, very beautiful, just sits quietly and thinks. Yes, she's one of those girls who thinks. You feel that perhaps Virginia would *like* to talk, if only the others would shut up and give her a chance. You feel that perhaps there may be buried in that lovely head some deep secret that she would like to reveal.

I asked her, in my original fashion, what she was doing in New York. "Oh, just enjoying myself," said Virginia. *She* was going to the theater every night, too, but, bless her heart, she didn't mention it! I asked her another question, then a third one—— A whole questionnaire, in fact. And by keeping hard at it, I learned that she was going to Portland, Maine, as judge in a beauty contest, and that she works for Fox on a four-picture contract, with one, at present, to go. And I learned also—though Virginia didn't tell me—that she should be nominated for the Hall of Fame, for being the world's unique actress—one who simply cannot bear to talk about herself!



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

On the screen or off, Johnny Hines is the life of the party.

Not Out of a Bottle, Either.

No matter where you put him, on the screen or off, Johnny Hines is just a clown. Always the life of the party. Full of spirits—which, I might add, do *not* come out of a bottle.

At one of those functions still quaintly known as "teas," Johnny, the guest of honor, politely accepted a cocktail, and then unobtrusively put it on the floor beside his chair. It was there that the host's wire-haired terrier found it and sniffed at it inquisitively.

"Sick 'em, Dicky," said Johnny, who doesn't like liquor, and doesn't see why a dog should like it, either. Dicky "sicked" it, all right—he lapped up every drop! Almost in one swallow.



Leila Hyams dashed across the continent to get married to Phil Berg.

Whereupon he became very gay, and leaped up and down, and tore round the room chasing his tail. No one laughed louder than Johnny—no one ever does. It was a "swell gag."

In his serious moments, Johnny is domestic by nature, devoted to his family. His New York "vacation" consisted mostly of frequent trips to the hospital, where his sister, Lillian, was quite ill. Between visits, he shopped for furniture—Spanish and Italian reproductions —for his Spanish-Italian villa. He is said to have really excellent taste in such matters. But perhaps I had better not mention that, on the occasion of the tea, he wore, with his dark suit, a dun-colored waistcoat.

Why Wanda Hawley Left the Screen.

The very, very blond Wanda Hawley has been having a successful fling in vaudeville. Forty-four weeks on the Keith circuit—breaking all records—everywhere—even in Pittsburgh. Somehow, in telling about it, Wanda seemed to feel that it was quite a trick to break a record in Pittsburgh.

Miss Hawley appeared in a married-life skit with her husband, J. Stuart Wilkinson, a tall, dark, very charming young man with tortoise-shell glasses, who looks not at all like an actor. Fans everywhere asked her why she didn't please go back on the screen and she

Continued on page 94

That *Rara Avis*—a "Nice" Boy

There are not many to be found nowadays, but Buddy Rogers is one of the few. The quality of being "nice" is dreadfully old-fashioned, but that's the "nice" part about Buddy—that he *is* old-fashioned.

By Ann Sylvester

MEET a boy who would walk home from an automobile ride—if he had to. Meet a young man who, in this embittered and cynical age, still has illusions and beliefs and hopes. Meet a young actor who has no grudge against his producer. Meet an all-round "good kid." In short, meet Charles, commonly called "Buddy," Rogers.

It is best that you meet him quickly and mark him well, for there aren't an awful lot like him in the movies—or out of them, for that matter. Most of the young blades you meet in this ungallant day are too busy being clever to bother about being "nice." To be nice is an old-fashioned quality that was out of style for a long time, until Lindbergh brought it to the fore again—Lindbergh and Buddy.

There is something about Buddy that reminds you of the heroes of the half-forgotten novels of your teens. He is life's younger son. He is all the sensitive, proud-spirited boys that Dick Barthelmess has ever portrayed in the movies. In spite of being a husky kid, well set up, with broad shoulders and more than the average inches in height, he conveys an impression of gentleness and courtesy.

In a way, he reminds me of Ramon Novarro. But while the Latin boy hides himself from the crudities of life, Buddy simply doesn't understand them. He finds himself in the midst of sophistication, and casts upon it an interested but inexperienced eye.

I think Hollywood is still something of a show to Buddy. He goes to parties and to the Cocoanut Grove, but he is a spectator rather than a participator in the activities. He always seems to be looking on—optically lapping up the excitement around him without lending himself to it. Though he is rapidly making a name for himself, movie people and movie doings seem still to be as much of a novelty to Buddy as they would be to a fan on his first visit to Hollywood.



Photo by Otto Dyar

Buddy is the sort of boy that is not ashamed of being homesick for his family.

They say he is developing into a slick little trouper; but Buddy was not born to art—it was thrust upon him. Going into the movies wasn't his idea at all. It just came about.

It seems that Buddy was a Kansas college boy who was getting along in life as every other college boy does. He had odd jobs working at this and that. He had worked in a newspaper office and he had driven a bread wagon. For social excitement, he played the trombone and the drums. He had done just one adventurous thing in his life—he had gone to Spain on a ship loaded with mules and had helped look after them to pay his way. When he returned to Kansas from that tour, the movie-theater manager in Buddy's home town entered him in a contest of screen aspirants, and the outcome of it was that he landed in the Paramount School.

Out of that group of talent, Buddy was one of the few who achieved a Paramount contract. He photographed like the proverbial million dollars, and his histrionic possibilities were not to be ignored. Also, he satisfied that romantic something in women that brings them in throngs to the movie theaters.

Continued on page 96



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

THERE is something about Charles Rogers that reminds you of the heroes of the half-forgotten novels of your teens, says Ann Sylvester, whose story on the opposite page sets "Buddy" apart from all the other boys in Hollywood.



NATALIE KINGSTON used to decorate Mack Sennett comedies, but like many another ambitious beauty—such as Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost—she eased herself into dramatics. Her current film is "The Harvester."



Photo by Harold Dean Carney

WILLIAM BOYD is one of the few prominent players who served a long apprenticeship as an extra, which is why the fans hear no complaints from him about the rôles he is playing to-day. His next will be the lead in "The Night Flyer."



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

EVERYBODY had been waiting for Mary Astor to give a performance to equal her decided beauty, but for some reason she chose to keep us waiting until "Rose of the Golden West." Now we anticipate her "Sailors' Wives" all the more eagerly.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

FAY WRAY has been obliged to cultivate the virtue of patience, for her fate has been to play leading rôles in many big pictures that have not been released. When these are at last shown to the public, let's hope she will be the luckiest girl in Hollywood.



Two Little Orphans



WITHOUT fathers or mothers to guide them, *Dorothy* and *Lorelei*, above, the clever heroines of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" will doubtless come out all right as played by Alice White and Ruth Taylor. Emily Fitzroy, left, is *Lady Beekman*, and Trixie Friganza, right, is *Mrs. Spoffard*.





Photo by Melbourne Spurr

BY her graciousness and charm, Irene Rich has made a heroine of the married woman on the screen, when we all know that, a few years ago, all film romances were expected to end with marriage, and no one was thought to be interested in what happened afterward. Miss Rich's next argument to the contrary will occur in "Beware of Married Men."



ESTELLE TAYLOR languished for a whole year with but one rôle to console her. How she faced this unfortunate state of affairs is described on the opposite page, with congratulations on the good fortune that is now hers.

Photo by Kenneth Alexander

What Is a Year Worth to a Star?

Estelle Taylor found no compensation in $62,000 for her unhappiness during a year away from the screen. Now that she is about to return, she is still haunted by the fear of having been forgotten. Has she?

By Elizabeth Petersen

TWELVE hundred a week and not a thing to do! All the leisure in the world and a weekly pay check coming in as regularly as though the alarm clock had been calling one to work every morning at seven.

Who wouldn't have changed places with Estelle Taylor and her workless contract?

And yet there isn't a person in the movie colony who would have done so! Even an extra girl making a precarious livelihood, haunting casting offices day after day and taking her work where she finds it, wouldn't accept a year's contract if she knew that during that period she was not to appear in a single picture.

For Hollywood is the most astonishing place in the world—there's no knowing what the morrow will bring forth. Who can tell when the big chance is coming—the opportunity that came to Rudolph Valentino in "The Four Horsemen," that Richard Barthelmess found in "Broken Blossoms," that gave John Gilbert and Renee Adoree their rôles in "The Big Parade?"

Perhaps in a week or a month or a year the extra girl will play a part that attracts attention—a part that will lead to ultimate stardom. Is it to be wondered that she would rather go hungry while waiting for her big chance, than let a whole year slip by, with only a bank account to show for it?

Years are too precious in Hollywood, where youth is at a premium and the discovery of a new wrinkle brings greater consternation than the toppling of a throne.

When the critics gave high praise to Estelle Taylor's performance of *Lucrezia Borgia,* in "Don Juan," most of the producers tried to place her under contract. Miss Taylor was a distinct drawing card. Her sophisticated characterizations had lent spice to many a picture. More than that, she didn't insist upon playing so-called sympathetic rôles that limit a player's scope. She was willing to be loved or hated, sympathized with or despised, pitied or scorned—anything that the scenario called for. For she isn't a professional ingénue and would just as soon play a lady villain as anything, just so long as it is interesting.

Of all the offers she received, Miss Taylor chose a year's contract with United Artists, which stipulated that her first rôle should be opposite Rudolph Valentino in "The Firebrand."



Though Estelle Taylor was under contract, no rôle could be found for her by United Artists.

When Valentino died and "The Firebrand" was temporarily shelved, Estelle Taylor found herself without a rôle.

At first it was rather nice having a vacation. She had been one of the hardest-worked young women in Hollywood, usually starting a new picture as soon as she finished one.

But as time went on and there were no calls from the studio, she began to get restless. For a person who is used to working at top speed, idleness is rather a burden. Almost before she realized it, her nerves were shattered and she was on the verge of a breakdown.

All her friends were working. When she saw them there was the usual studio gossip, talk about new pictures, about players, directors, what other people were doing. Estelle found herself out of tune with people who were doing things. Of every one she knew, she alone was at a standstill. Nothing was happening to her, though things were humming all around her.

"Every morning I used to read the reviews of the latest pictures and I'd see new names mentioned, and praise given, and I'd feel cheated. I knew that I should be working, too, that I should be mentioned with the others."

Estelle Taylor's brown eyes flashed and her voice lost that bantering charm so characteristic of it. She seemed determined, tense.

We were sitting in her suite at the Ambassador, surrounded by baskets of fruit and boxes of candies. Flowers nodded and smiled from every corner of the room—roses and orchids and the larkspur that grows so plentifully in grandmother's old-fashioned garden and which is so expensive on Park Avenue.

"The situation became absolutely unbearable," she went on. "Do you realize what it means to be sitting at home twiddling your thumbs while the years go by, the best years of all, the years of youth?

"When I met producers and directors they told me they would have used me in certain pictures had I been free. There were rôles they felt would have been just

Continued on page 104

The Stroller

A casual humorist's pertinent comments on filmdom and its inhabitants.



By
Carroll Graham

Illustrations by
Lui Trugo

WHEN my vote is requested on the best motion picture of 1927—if that remote possibility should ever arise—I shall be forced to cast my ballot for the celluloid version of the Dempsey-Tunney battle. The flaws which infest our Hollywood products were almost entirely absent from Mr. Rickard's super-production. It should be shown as a model to all practicing scenarists, producers, directors, and actors.

In the first place, the picture was not too long, and for that reason should be called to the attention of Mr. von Stroheim and Mr. DeMille. The settings, too, caught my fancy. They were not garish, nor too large, nor overdressed. And there wasn't a single café sequence dragged in for "production value."

The acting, moreover, was sincere and the performances of both principals had a ring of authenticity. Both characterizations were finely drawn, and not without emotion. The costume designer, too, kept his work well within the tone of the production.

The plot was good, and as original as that of a movie can be. It was, to be sure, the conventional prize-fight plot, which George O'Brien and his contemporaries have done so often, but it was convincing, and the suspense was well sustained.

Taking Mr. Tunney as the hero, we saw him performing in a manner to delight any true fan, battling against odds as desperate as any that Francis X. Bushman or Thomas Meighan has ever encountered on the screen, and eventually emerging victorious.

There were no messy love scenes, no ungrammatical subtitles, no attempts to insert comic relief. Mr. Tunney is a handsome and personable gent, eminently fitted for any leading rôle. Moreover, he has youth, an attribute not possessed by every leading man in Hollywood.

You may complain that there was no girl for whom the hero battled. True, but there was a million dollars and more to be made from the victory, and I personally would go through a great deal more for that than for any blond movie cuties I've ever met.

An item in a certain movie publication read, "Albert Rogell, directing 'The Shepherd of the Hills,' directs his players in Ozark dialect to create atmosphere."

Aren't there already enough dialects among movie directors without new ones being deliberately assumed?

The First National studio, in the rôle of *Shylock,* is demanding its pound of flesh, with a great deal of accrued interest, from Molly O'Day.

Miss O'Day is a sister of Sally O'Neil, and she broke into the big time in the lead opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid." She scored a decided hit in the picture, and as a result, got a long-term contract from First National. Her next part was with Milton Sills in "Hard-Boiled Haggerty."

After that picture, however, a distressing circumstance began to assert itself. Miss O'Day, already comfortably plump, started to become uncomfortably plumper. And her rôle in "The Shepherd of the Hills" did nothing to decrease her avoirdupois, despite a rigorous location trip to the mountains.

Consequently, at the conclusion of that film, the studio officials dispatched Molly to Arrowhead Lake, a resort some miles from the movie colony which has a competent and strong-minded woman in command. Horseback riding, dieting, mud baths, exercise, and all the other methods by which the slender figure is ordinarily attained, were ordered. The studio bosses, at this writing, are anxiously awaiting results.

A confectionery and ice-cream parlor just across Hollywood Boulevard from Sid Grauman's Chinese movie palace advertises:

"Special Chinese Punch. Sid Grauman's Favorite Drink."

Gee, it must be great to be famous!

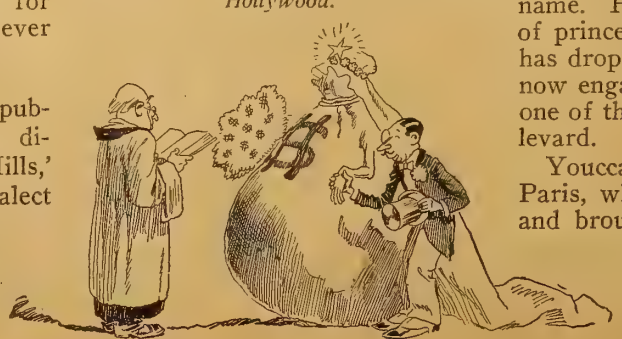
And Clara Bow herself testifies in the advertisements that she chews "Blottz Gum." That should add materially to her s. a.

One of the several thousand European noblemen who have invaded Hollywood in recent years has actually gone to work.

He is Youcca Troubetzkoy, member of the noted Russian family of that name. He is said to have held the title of prince before the revolution, but he has dropped the title voluntarily and is now engaged in selling automobiles for one of the agencies on Hollywood Boulevard.

Youcca was a dancer, I believe, in Paris, when Carl Laemmle found him and brought him to America under a long-term contract. He played in a number of pictures for Universal and then was leading man for

Marriage to a wealthy film star is a popular means of support among the European noblemen who have invaded Hollywood.



Pola Negri in Paramount's "Flower of the Night."

Things did not go so well for him on the screen after that, so Troubetzkoy wisely decided that, if he could not make his living from the movies, he'd do it some other way. Handsome and personable, with a wide acquaintance in the film colony, he should be a huge success as an automobile salesman.

The only other visible means of support for a European title bearer seems to be to marry a female film star—and that cannot be regarded as anything but a temporary occupation.



THE STROLLER *picks the Dempsey-Tunney fight film as the best motion picture of 1927.*

Comments have been made on the incongruity of Mr. Viatcheslav Tourjansky, late of France and Russia, directing Colonel Tim McCoy in a Western.

Equally incongruous is the fact that Michael Curtiz, of Germany, is filming George Ade's "The College Widow," an American story if ever there was one.

Hollywood is questioning the wisdom of Universal's purchase of the stage hit, "Broadway," for the enormous sum of $225,000.

The purchase contract stipulates that the pictorial version of the play cannot be released before 1929, so as to allow the play plenty of time to complete its run without any competition from the screen.

A company has been playing "Broadway" in Los Angeles, so that the movie directors have had an excellent opportunity to see it, and though I wouldn't for a moment accuse our film directors of lifting material, the fact remains that a wave of crook pictures is now sweeping over Hollywood. Willard Mack's play, "The Noose," is being filmed, and it has a story similar enough to "Broadway" to permit comparison. Paramount is following "Underworld" with another story of the same nature, and no doubt Metro-Goldwyn also has several crook films up its sleeve. So that probably when Universal is able to release "Broadway," the underworld will have gone out of vogue and it will be about time to start making Western epics again.

I am told—and I offer the information to you for whatever you think it is worth—that Douglas Fairbanks' leading women do not enact the final embrace with him. The osculatory fade-out, my informant tells me, is really played by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

This custom, I believe, originated with "The Black Pirate," when Mary donned Billie Dove's beautiful costume for the final scene, the camera angle being arranged, of course, so that the famous Pickford face was not exposed to the public eye.

This I regard as a striking bit of husbandly devotion on the part of Mr. Fairbanks, for I understand that it is at his behest that Miss Pickford is substituted in the last scene. Not many men would turn down an opportunity of embracing Billie Dove, whatever the reasons might be.

How long will it be, I wonder, before Ramon Novarro, Bobby Agnew, Charlie Farrell, William Haines, and the other young men of the screen will be grumbling in their beards over the faults of a new generation of actors?

Not long ago, I sat down to lunch at a table where three character players, all well known, were eating. All three, with long years of experience in vaudeville, on the stage, and in pictures, were in reminiscent mood.

"These kids nowadays," said one, "they don't study and work like we used to."

"That's right," another agreed. "Think when they've acted six months they know all about the business."

"Sure do," the third piped up. "Just finished a picture with a young juvenile. He's a good kid, too, and bright. But you can't tell him anything. Thinks he knows all there is to know about acting. Now, in *my* day, we studied our work. It's a life study, this acting business. They used to rehearse me and rehearse me, even after the show had opened."

And so it went, until another old-timer was mentioned. Their eyes brightened.

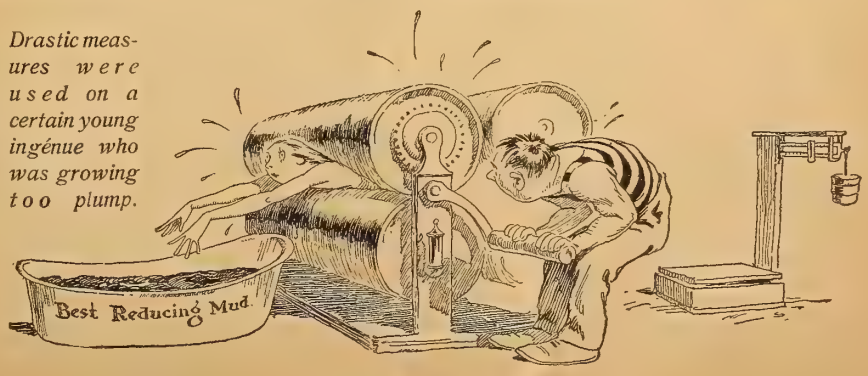
"*There's* a trouper that really knows what he's doing," they all agreed. "A real artist!"

What was this business coming to, anyway, they asked, glowering about at the dapper and confident young actors and actresses in the dining room. Who would there be to uphold the traditions of the profession when such as they were gone?

Being a quiet young man, with a respect for my elders, I said nothing. But I couldn't help thinking of the distress those old gentlemen in *their* turn must have caused their elders when they were young. Can't you see them, strutting about in the snappiest garments of the day? Always late for rehearsals, unwilling to take advice and counsel from their seniors, with the patriarchs of their generation shaking their heads over them and pulling their metaphorical beards in dismay over the future of their beloved profession.

It was amazing how many technical difficulties could arise to halt motion-picture production on afternoons

Continued on page 109



Drastic measures were used on a certain young ingénue who was growing too plump.

The Word "Star"—

Every little extra girl likes to call herself a motion- of players who can rightfully claim that title,

By William



It may surprise you to learn that Lewis Stone has never become a star—by his own choice, he remains just a featured player.

OH, I'm a motion-picture star," states the unknown little extra girl when arrested for speeding.

This inaccurate statement is constantly being made by obscure players with no claim whatever to the title of star. So indiscriminate has become the use of the word, "star," that its exact meaning is almost forgotten.

As a matter of fact, there are only about forty real stars in the entire profession. Yet one frequently sees, in the fan magazines, layouts of pictures designating certain bit players and comparative unknowns as "stars." Those little girls, so labeled, may become stars some day—let's hope—but they are still a long way from that goal.

Of course, as we know, to achieve stardom, nearly every one has to begin at the bottom. From there you pass through several grades leading toward stardom. You may be lucky and leap almost immediately from the bottom to the top. Or again, you may be unfortunate and never get very far from the bottom.

Let us take one of the very exceptional cases of a sudden rise, such as that of Janet Gaynor. Janet started as an extra. Soon she was playing bits. Then she achieved the rank of leading lady. Then she was featured —with Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven," and also with George O'Brien in "Sunrise." Finally, she was made a star, her first starring vehicle being "Two Girls Wanted." She has done all this in the short space of three years.

Let us, for clarity, define the various grades of players on the screen:

A star is the chief player in a picture, around whom the action of the story is built.

A featured player has a leading part in a production with one or two other players of equal importance.

A leading man or lady generally serves as a prop to a star.

A bit player is one who plays such small parts as butlers, maids, and so on.

An extra is just one of the crowd.

Janet, starting from the bottom, passed through all of these grades. So to-day she can say, with entire truth: "I'm a star." But being a sensible girl, she doesn't.

Olive Borden is another youngster who has risen from the extra ranks to stardom inside of three years. Olive got her first bit as one of the models in Paul Bern's "The Dressmaker from Paris." Her first leads were in Hal Roach comedies. Then Fox gave her some leading rôles and featured parts, and finally made her a star. So when "Pajamas" and "Come to My House" come to your local theater, you can call Olive the star of these films and be perfectly correct.

Olive Borden won stardom inside of three years. She is starred in "Pajamas."

Janet Gaynor is another who has risen very quickly. She is starred in "Two Girls Wanted."



What Does It Mean?

picture "star," but there are really only a handful and they have won it only after years of effort.

H. McKegg

A rapid rise to stardom, however, is not always good. Dolores Costello rose rapidly from extra parts to leads and then to stardom. She sprang suddenly into prominence in "The Sea Beast." Previous to that, she had played only extra parts. Nevertheless, she made a great hit. Warner Brothers said: "Here's a star for us!" But Dolores' first few starring pictures have lacked something or other. It might have been better for her if she had risen more gradually to fame. Poor stories that might have left her unhurt if she had been only a featured player in them, have proved rather detrimental to her as a star.

But such rapid rises to stardom are very rare. Leatrice Joy, Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd, Norma Shearer, and the Talmadge sisters all worked up to stardom very gradually. Gloria Swanson, Lillian Gish, and Colleen Moore did likewise. It took them from ten to fifteen years to make the grade. This plainly shows how difficult it is to win stardom. And only a few, out of the thousands trying, ever win it.



Photo by Rayhuff-Richter

Jetta Goudal was a featured player for two years before she was finally starred.



Though he had been a popular leading man for a long time, Rod La Rocque was not starred until "Gigolo."



Anna Q. Nilsson has always firmly refused to be starred.

Rod La Rocque started as an extra with the old Essanay Company, and worked up to leads. But several years elapsed before Rod saw his name in a solo of electrics over "Gigolo."

Phyllis Haver, after years of conscientious work is very close now to stardom. This little blonde started as an extra at Sennett's. Now DeMille is considering making her a star in "Chicago," though she may only be co-featured in that film with Victor Varconi.

And perhaps, in the long run, it's better to be merely a featured player than a star. To share a picture with some one else is often wiser than trying to play a lone hand. Still, several players have profited by leaving featured rôles for stardom. But to hold one's place as a star, a player must possess a tremendous amount of personality. Mary Pickford, for instance, has held her place for years and years.

John Gilbert can surely have no cause for complaint at what stardom has brought to him. Beginning as a featured player for Fox, he eventually became a star for that company in such program pictures as "St. Elmo" and "Monte Cristo." On joining Metro-Goldwyn he dropped back to featured parts, but his excellent work eventually brought him new stardom, "Flesh and the Devil" being his first starring picture for M.-G.-M.

Richard Dix commenced as a featured player with the old Goldwyn Company. So famous did he become that, at the merger of the Goldwyn Company with Metro, Paramount bought Dix from them. Richard, needless to say, soon became a star.

Jetta Goudal's rise to stardom was comparatively rapid. It was only four years ago that she first attracted attention in "The Bright Shawl" and "The Green Goddess." Her success in these and other films gained her a featured rôle in "Open All Night." She remained a featured player for about two

Continued on page 104



Harrison Ford, above, plays the do-or-die reporter in "Gallagher," the film based on Richard Harding Davis' famous short story.



Wuxtra!

All about the big murder!—all about the big fire!—all about the big robbery!—all about anything that those cub reporters in the movies can lay their hands on.

John Gilbert, left, bangs off a last-minute midnight story for his paper in "Man, Woman and Sin."



Jeanne Eagels, right, is society editor for the same paper in the same film.



Edmund Lowe, left, pulls out his notebook, cocks an ear, and becomes the dapper young reporter in the mystery melodrama called "The Wizard."

Right, T. Roy Barnes, as one of the newspaper boys covering the murder trial in "Chicago," telephones the latest dope in to the city editor.





Eve has played many good rôles which were never seen by the public—either her work was cut from the picture, or the entire film was shelved.

The Face on the Cutting-room Floor

For years that's where Eve Southern's screen efforts have almost invariably ended—on the cutting-room floor. But now, at last, in Doug Fairbanks' "The Gaucho," she is given a real chance to show her talent.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

EVE SOUTHERN must certainly have read the poem, "Opportunity," by John J. Ingalls:

I knock unbidden once at every gate—
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away—it is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death, but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

But the tall, stately, green-eyed Eve—she with the tawny hair and the lazy Texas drawl—doesn't believe a word of it. For, if Old Man Opportunity has knocked at Eve Southern's gates once, he has done it a dozen times, then mocked at her outstretched arms and pleading words and left her in bitterness.

Hollywood offers no more amazing tale than that of this beautiful young girl who recently emerged as second lead in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Gaucho." For ten years she has struggled, while opportunity beckoned. Always just ahead, it seemed, success was waiting. But always disappointment stepped in. The screen's greatest producers and directors have bid for her services, offered her splendid rôles, paid her good salaries, outlined a brilliant career for her, lauded her talent—only to cut most of her work from the films she has played in, or to shelve the productions entirely.



Her rôle of PRINCESS KORCHAGIN, *in "Resurrection," with Rod La Rocque, was cut completely out, to reduce the film to the right length.*

I talked to her not long ago about her past disappointments and about the capital rôle she at last won in "The Gaucho." A little embittered, a little tired, a trifle pensive, she wonders what may next be in store for her. Critics are lauding her work in Doug's picture, but she wonders whether her next screen efforts may not, like her past, find their way to the cutting-room floor.

D. W. Griffith "discovered" Eve Southern when



Despite the good fortune that has come to her in "The Gaucho," Miss Southern's past disappointments make her skeptical as to what the future may hold for her.

he was filming "Intolerance"—a slender, languid, beautiful girl with the longest eyelashes of any one in Hollywood. She looked as though she had just stepped from a magazine cover. She had come from Fort Worth, Texas. Her real name was Elva McDowell. But to Griffith she promptly became "Miss Southern."

"The girl with the Babylon eyes!" he called her.

The great director kept an eye on this languorous maiden during the filming of "Intolerance." He talked to her about her career, aided her, took an interest in her. She had only a bit in that production, but she evinced latent talent, and the keen eye of D. W. promptly detected it. He discussed future films for her. But when "Intolerance" was finished, he retired temporarily from production, and Eve's first hopes were thereby shattered.

After that, the dreams she had dreamed and the aspirations she had cherished slowly faded, and the girl with the Babylon eyes, finally returned to Texas. There she remained for a year or two, but the glamour of the movies, the desire to succeed, brought her back to Hollywood.

"I know I can make it if they'll only give me a chance!" she cried.

She got a part or two at Universal, then in William de Mille's "After the Show." After seeing rushes of the latter production, Rupert Hughes signed her for an important part in "Remembrance." Hughes was then directing for Goldwyn.

"Mother dear," she exclaimed, "I've got my big rôle at last! Here it is, and here's my contract!"

My, how the sun was shining! Overnight she was to be elevated to a distinctive place in the film firmament. She was to arrive. Eventually she played the part. She gave "Remembrance" the best she had. She put her soul into her work. And then—the newspapers said one morning that the old Goldwyn Company had merged with Metro. "Remembrance" was shelved where to-day it is probably still collecting dust and cobwebs. Thus Eve's second big chance was gone.

But Sam Goldwyn thought her work in the shelved "Remembrance" was outstanding, and he promptly offered her the leading rôle in "A Thief in Paradise." But George Fitzmaurice, who was to direct the production, stepped in and asked for Aileen Pringle instead.

"I'm sorry," Goldwyn explained to Miss Southern, "but he's to make the picture and must be allowed to choose whom he wants."

Discouraged, Eve went to Florida. Opportunity had knocked, not once, as Ingalls wrote, but thrice, and each time the Texas girl had answered, but each time had met with disappointment.

"Fate is against me!" she wailed. "Everything goes wrong."

Still, in a little scrapbook, she had a copy of the famous reply Judge Walter Malone had made to Ingall's "Opportunity:"

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wait, and rise to fight and win.

If Judge Malone only knew what an inspiration that poem was to one discouraged girl! Eve refused to give up. "And every day I stand outside your door and bid you wait, and rise to fight and win!" she repeated to herself over and over again. Then, there came a wire recalling her to Hollywood.

"Charlie Chaplin has a splendid rôle for you in 'The Woman of the Sea' with Edna Purviance," the message said. "Hurry to the studio."

So Eve boarded a train and crossed the continent to answer again the beckoning of Opportunity. A contract was signed, a featured rôle given her, and the picture filmed. But Chaplin took one look at it, rubbed his eyes as though to make sure he saw aright, then said: "Put that thing on the shelf and keep it there—it's terrible!"

So into the vault went "The Woman of the Sea." and into oblivion went another performance by the girl with the Babylon eyes, though Chaplin had nothing but

Continued on page 94



Pretty soft for the carpenters at the Educational studio! With saws and hammers and chisels and axes, Lucille Hutton and the rest of the Educational Comedy girls turn out en masse to offer their services.

Hollywood High Lights

The most interesting items of news from the town where the movies are made.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

MUCH ado there is about Dolores del Rio and what sort of film she should play in next. The reason is "The Loves of Carmen," which has been facetiously referred to as "The Legs of Carmen," and for which Miss del Rio was lent to the Fox organization. Edwin Carewe, who has Miss del Rio under contract, is reported to have opposed her playing in one or two more productions of the same sort for Fox. Several have been suggested, including a sequel to "What Price Glory" called "The Cock-eyed World" and also a story called "The Red Dancer from Moscow." Neither of these has met with much encouragement from Carewe, although the last-named, at latest report, was being considered.

It is understood that Carewe is very desirous of keeping his star free from the "vamp" sting from which so many dark-haired film actresses have suffered. In his own production of "Resurrection," he succeeded in doing this, and "Ramona" is essentially a romantic theme, with not even the slightest echo of a siren note.

So far, Dolores' opportunities have all been excellent, and she lent distinction even to such a reckless young lady as *Charmaine* in "What Price Glory."

We wonder if she could ever be thought of as a vamp. We doubt it. But just the same, it's probably a good idea to keep her in "nice" films, and "The Loves of Carmen" certainly was not such. We thought it ran to extremes of vulgarity.

Jackie the Plutocrat.

Jackie Coogan is the financial boy wonder of filmdom. It has long been known that Jackie's starring contracts have brought him numberless shekels, but now, it would seem, he is also acquiring fame as a real-estate operator de luxe.

Jackie's investments in Los Angeles alone are said to total one million five hundred thousand dollars, and in addition, he owns a one-thousand-acre mountain ranch near San Diego. One of his holdings is a business block worth three hundred thousand dollars.

What other boy ever accumulated such a fortune through his own gifts and efforts? Jackie is only thirteen years old, and he has a bank account that would make an oil magnate jealous. Furthermore, his film career is not over, though everybody predicted that it would be when he started to grow up. He isn't making as many pictures as he used to, but there is no sign of his ceasing altogether.

It will be interesting to see what happens to his screen personality when he attains maturity, but we venture to predict that, even then, he will go right on acting, and may possibly start directing and producing pictures. For a youngster who has been brought up under devastatingly affluent circumstances, his life has been singularly well managed.

News of Charlie Chaplin.

Whatever the world may have to say for or against him, Charlie Chaplin still holds our interest. It can't be denied that his achievements command admiration.

We saw the little comedian out at his studio not long ago. It was the first time in more than a year, and we found him strikingly changed. He is noticeably older and his hair has turned grayer. He was buried in work, cutting "The Circus," and he told us that he was going to start another comedy just as soon as

possible. "I have to," he said, half pathetically, half humorously.

Funny what the Chaplin official seal means for a leading lady. Merna Kennedy who played in "The Circus" at one hundred and fifty dollars a week is reported now to be receiving offers of one thousand five hundred dollars from other companies.

Chaplin recently was to leave the imprint of his comedy shoes in the cement court in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater, other stars having already performed a similar ceremony. Charlie was scheduled to be on hand one afternoon, and news reporters and photographers were summoned. After they had waited about an hour, and every one was tearing his hair, Charlie telephoned to ask if he couldn't come over in the evening instead. So the party broke up, with every one leaving in high dudgeon.

A Slaughter of Innocents.

The fate of the young newcomers in films is a question that is attracting much attention, since any number of them have recently been let out by the various studios. Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn and others have been slicing down their stock companies. We note that many names are missing from their rosters. And there have been few replacements.

But among those youngsters who have apparently made good and are on the screen to stay, there are Charles Rogers, Thelma Todd, and Ivy Harris—all Paramount School graduates. They are among the few survivors out of a large number of youngsters that Paramount recently tried out.



Ain't love just grand! Kathryn Carver gazes adoringly at her husband-to-be, Adolphe Menjou, as he practices for his rôle in "Serenade"—in which, by the way, Kathryn is the heroine.

Nancy Carroll is the name of a new girl whom Paramount has engaged. We have often wondered just how long it would be before some film organization would capture her. She has been a hit on the stage in Los Angeles, and is one of the prettiest auburn-haired charmers we have ever seen. Nancy has been engaged by Paramount to play *Rose* in "Abie's Irish Rose."

Sort of Hard on the Servants.

Emil Jannings is inimitable. Whatever rôle he plays dominates his whole personality, and we don't mean maybe.

They tell a story about an incident that occurred while he was starring in "The Last Command," a Russion military feature. Jannings was cast as a Russian general, and throughout the time the picture was being filmed, he kept up a truly imposing military swagger and manner, whether on the set or off. One evening at dinner he called, with an imperious gesture, for the presence of all the family servants. He ordered them to stand in line before him, and then, looking at them with dramatic severity, proceeded to give them a drubbing for the quality of the dinner. Mrs. Jannings was dumfounded, but on investigation she learned that that very day, as part of the action of the film, her husband had been called upon harshly to reprimand the kitchen department of the army—he was evidently just keeping in practice.

Some one very aptly remarked that life would be peaceful in the Jannings abode so long as Emil plays reasonably human characters on the screen, but that the consequences might be disastrous if he should portray a character with homicidal tendencies.

So There, Mr. La Rocque!

Rod La Rocque and Lupe Velez had a great time teasing each other during the making of "Stand and Deliver," in which Lupe was Rod's lead.

They succeeded, it appears, in discovering each other's sensitive spots. With Lupe, it is her likeness to Dolores del Rio.

"Hello, Dolores!" "How are you, Dolores?" "Good night, Dolores!" Rod kept saying to her from morning till night, while Lupe squinted her nose at him and said: "Aw, you go on, you bad man."

Finally, after several days of it, she burst out with: "Aw, you quit, you make me very tired—you Mr. Monte Blue!"

Rod was silent for a long while after that.

Just the Movie for a Scotchman.

"Have you heard the one about the Scotchman who went to the picture theater?" asked Johnny Hines at a party recently. "He was passing a theater with his girl, and he saw a sign, 'The Woman Pays.' 'Aye, yes,' he said, 'tis here we're going to-nicht.'"

Stockings for Sale.

If you have ever seen the sign that advertises milk from contented cows, you'll appreciate the following example of ingenuity.

Picture players are always finding some novel form of activity to fill in time between engagements. Huntly Gordon, for one, has been devoting a portion of his time to the hosiery business. And because his type isn't in such great demand on the screen just at present, due to those inexplicable changes in movie taste, he has been concentrating on his enterprise with great success.

"I'm not appealing to the classes with my product, but to the masses," he said. "I've learned that that's the best way, and I have a slogan that I'm proud of. It's 'Silk socks for contented calves!'"

The Wit of Will Rogers.

One can always expect some good laughs from the subtitles in any picture starring Will Rogers. Those in "A Texas Steer" are no exception.

Rogers in that film portrays a cowboy who goes to Congress, having been forced there by the social ambitions of his wife. One of the brightest lines incident to his arrival in Washington refers to the national capital as "famous for its domes—marble, teapot, and ivory."

Another is Rogers' rejoinder to a newsboy who, on seeing him clad in an old frock coat and a ten-gallon hat, yells: "Where's the circus?" "Right over there," Rogers answers, pointing toward the House of Congress. "The biggest circus in the world, and I've just joined it."

Still another bit of smart chatter, for which the star is no doubt responsible, describes the hotel where he stops as one "where honest citizens like to be mistaken for statesmen, and where statesmen like to be mistaken for honest citizens."

We saw the picture at a preview, and it kids national politics considerably, and in a way that will no doubt appeal to the admirers of Rogers' witty sayings in the newspapers.

"A Texas Steer" is not, perhaps, a great picture, but it promises to be a popular one—more popular than most of those that Rogers has made, for he has never hit very strongly with the film public. There are some roping tricks at the finish, in which he ties up all the assorted villains, that will furnish thrills and laughter.

Estelle Beats 'Em Up.

Estelle Taylor's first assignment since her contract with United Artists expired is a surprising one. She has been cast for the title part in "The Whip Woman," and her rôle is to frustrate all attentions from admirers by flogging them. What a terrible thing if Estelle should start a vogue for such a custom! Here's hoping her female fans won't take the object lesson too seriously or try to follow her example.

Antonio Moreno and Lowell Sherman are among those who suffer from her blows.

A Flying Tarantula.

The latest member of the animal kingdom to have a ride in an airplane for the sake of the movies is a tarantula.

Metro-Goldwyn tried to take a lion on a joy jaunt some time ago, but it didn't work out so successfully. The lion, very much disgusted and disgruntled, landed somewhere in the desert when the plane refused to go any farther, and a small caravan of studio employees had to go after him, in addition to one or two zealous press agents.

The tarantula fared better, but then he had to fly only from Arizona, to do a few scenes in "Woman Wise" for Fox. An immediate need for him on the set caused the company to resort to aërial transportation to get him, as no tarantula was available in California at the moment. And if you want to know how a tarantula looks after a trip à la Lindbergh, all you have to do is to see "Woman Wise." And we are not charging the company, either, for this bit of ballyhoo.

The leading actors in "Woman Wise" are William Russell, Walter Pidgeon, and a very interesting new girl, June Collyer.

Extry! Extry!

"Pretty film star thrown out of automobile!" "Beautiful picture sparkler's car smashed to smithereens!" "Popular actress hurt by slap in the face!" One reads headlines like these all the time. As a matter of fact, these accidents are not so serious as they may sound, though unpleasant enough, to be sure, for their victims.

Sally Blane, who is under contract to Paramount, was hurled out of an automobile one evening, when it turned a corner rather sharply, and the door flew open. She was rendered unconscious by the accident, and also just escaped being run over.

Thelma Todd's car was bumped by a truck and all but demolished, but she herself escaped with only a shake-up and minor bruises.

Dolores del Rio was the victim of the slap, and Vera Lewis, the villainess in "Ramona," performed the deed during the filming of that picture. The scene became unexpectedly realistic when a heavy bracelet that Miss Lewis was wearing accidentally struck Miss del Rio's face, loosening one of her teeth and cutting her cheek.

Clara Bow, while hiking in Yosemite, slipped and fell on some rocks, gashing her head rather badly.

The End of Another Happy Marriage.

There is little to be said at this late date about the divorce of Reginald Denny and his wife, except that it is a pity that two people who had no doubt found considerable happiness in their wedded life over a period of fully fifteen years should finally have separated.

Mrs. Denny filed the action, alleging that Denny spent too much time away from her, flying in his airplane, or cruising the high seas, and also that he took their daughter, Barbara, with him, which caused Mrs. Denny great anxiety.

We have always liked both Reg and his wife. Everybody thought they were very securely married and, as usual, there has been talk of a reconciliation. We hope there is some truth in it, but are afraid not.

Another Hollywood romance—Melbourne Spurr, the photographer whose photos of the stars so often appear in PICTURE PLAY, *and Lena Malena, from Germany, have announced their engagement.*



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

This Takes the Cake.

We award this month's prize to the



Photo by Freulich

SIMON LEGREE *at home—but George Siegmann, that deep-dyed villain of the screen, looks as harmless as a kitten in the quiet atmosphere of his Beverly Hills home.*

bright mind responsible for changing the title of "Annie Laurie," featuring Lillian Gish, to "Ladies from Hell."

There are at least a few million picture fans who have heard the song "Annie Laurie," but we venture to say that the number who would immediately recognize in "Ladies from Hell" a synonym for the Scotch Highlanders are in the vast minority. At any rate, Lillian Gish in "Ladies from Hell" just doesn't sound right.

The Return of Two Old-timers.

This is come-back time in the movies. The studios have evidently decided that the fans would like to see some of the old familiar faces.

William Farnum, after a long absence from the screen, is doing a feature called "Hangman's House" for Fox. It is adapted from the story by Donn Byrne. Farnum hasn't been very anxious to return to pictures, because his last effort to come back was unsuccessful, but Mr. Sheehan,, vice-president of the Fox company, finally prevailed upon him to accept an engagement. There were sentimental associations involved, as Farnum in the old days did virtually all his pictures for Fox.

House Peters has also been acting before the camera again—in the rôle of *Sergeant Malone* in "Rose-Marie," which finally is finished.

The filming of "Rose-Marie" was bravely started half a year ago, as you may remember, with a cast including Renee Adoree, Ralph Forbes, Harry Carey, and others. Then it was shelved and finally scrapped, and grave doubt was entertained as to whether the story would ever be filmed.

Several scenario writers and a new director were called in to see what they could do to revive it, and as all the old cast were now scheduled for other productions, an entirely new one was assembled, headed by Joan Crawford and James Murray. The slogan in pictures must be: "Never say die."

Wedding Bells.

Attached to a gift from Vilma Banky to Diana Kane, on the occasion of a shower given by Colleen Moore for Diana, was a card reading: "I wish you all happiness with my *hole* heart."

Diana, who is Lois Wilson's sister, was recently married to George Fitzmaurice, the director. Many parties were given in her honor before the wedding, not the least of which was one of Fitzmaurice's famous tennis parties, which took place on a Sunday and was followed by an epicurean supper. It was attended by numerous celebrities.

Fitzmaurice's new home, an English mansion in Beverly Hills, was only recently completed, and he is more than fortunate to have such a delightful girl as Diana to grace it as his wife.

Of course, Diana is to be congratulated also, because there is much to be said about Fitz—and it's all highly favorable.

A Wonderful Rôle for Phyllis.

Phyllis Haver looks utterly charming in her rôle of *Roxy Hart* in "Chicago." This is her first starring picture for Cecil DeMille, and though Frank Urson was the official director, DeMille himself took charge along toward the finish.

We saw the courtroom scenes in the making, and Phyllis was attired in a fluffy, baby-vamp dress, and wore a little poke bonnet, designed to turn the jurors' heads quite completely.

Roxy Hart is one of the most zestful characters that has been seen on the stage, and the play is such an excellent satire on the feeble way in which most of our courts conduct murder trials—especially when the accused is fair and not forty—that we hope its spirit is kept intact in the picture version.

All in the Day's Work.

Any number of professional boxers, football players, and the like have had to take beatings on the screen for the sake of the story. But seldom is a prominent leading man placed in this predicament. Jack Holt, who is famous for his great skill in polo, has to let Bill Haines win out against him in a current film. But at that, Haines had to do considerable advance practicing to make his dexterity with the mallet convincing.

Holt didn't fare very brilliantly after his separation from Paramount some months ago, but now things look much brighter for him.

The Tale of Lina Basquette.

Lina Basquette's destiny is working out very interestingly. Lina was a child star for Universal many years ago. Then she went onto the stage in New York as a dancer. Later, she married the late Sam Warner, of the Warner Brothers organization. Several months ago she decided to return to the screen, and took part in a Vitaphone prologue that her husband supervised.

Following Mr. Warner's death, she continued with her career and has now been signed up by Cecil DeMille for featured parts.

Continued on page 92



Marian Douglas is already a far happier person than was the Ena Gregory of the hard-luck days.

Good-by, Ena! Hello, Marian!

Lost—one movie actress. No reward offered. In changing her name to Marian Douglas, Ena Gregory wants to forget the girl who just couldn't get ahead in the movies, and to try to become an entirely new personality.

By Ann Sylvester

IT is bad enough to be beaten after an honest effort at success, but to be licked before you start is a whole lot worse.

Now, this is a little story about a girl who felt that way—that she had got off on the wrong foot in the movies and couldn't get switched to the right one. She was just about ready to give up. She was happily married, anyway, and with a little sigh of regret and disappointment, she packed away her grease paint and mascara stick and was about to call it quits.

That might have been all there was to this story, if her director-husband hadn't said: "Now listen, Ena, suppose we give you a new shuffle of the cards—a fresh chance—and see what happens." The gentleman who spoke was Al Rogell, and the lady, his wife, whom he addressed, was Ena Gregory.



Almost as soon as she changed her name, Ena—or rather Marian—was given an important rôle in "The Shepherd of the Hills." She is shown above with John Westwood.

Ena sighed, and there was a slight glitter of tears in her eyes. "Oh, I don't know," she said listlessly, "I just haven't the heart to keep on trying, things have broken so badly for me. I don't believe in myself any more, so how can I make any one else believe in me?"

"Well," mused Al, who is a smart man as well as a smart director, "maybe you *could* believe in yourself if you were some one else."

Ena didn't even bother to answer that one. It seemed rather silly. How can one person be somebody else?

Just how that very thing was brought about makes up the lesson for to-day, which is especially directed at those who have dug themselves so deeply into a rut that there doesn't seem to be any way out—as Ena had done.

Let's go back a bit. Several years ago, the Universal company put under contract a little Australian girl named Ena Gregory. Ena was blond and blue-eyed and young and heartbreakingly ambitious. She was so happy about this contract that she went around with her head in the clouds. In rosy daydreams, she visualized Ena Gregory in a Beverly Hills home, in close-ups and long-shots, and in electric lights. To Ena, at that time, the world looked like nothing but blue skies.



Every day she reported hopefully at the studio, believing her big chance would materialize within the next twenty-four hours. And every day she was told that no rôle had yet been found for her, but would she pose for some fashion pictures in Whoozis' furs or Whatnot's gowns? She was told that the publicity would be good for her—and, indeed, it might have worked out that way if she had ever been given a chance to do anything on the screen, but she wasn't. Now and then, she was fitted into a small part in a big picture or a big part in a small picture, but for the most part she was used to pose for fashion pictures in the Sunday papers. So gradually, her high-hearted enthusiasm became a little moth-eaten.

Once she took her courage in hand and asked the Universal officials why they weren't doing more for her? Well, they didn't know, they said. They'd try to find something. In the meantime, would she pose for the Peggy Hamilton fashion page for Sunday?

Days, weeks, months went by, and Ena's blue skies became overcast with gray. To put it less poetically, things weren't so hot. But instead of railing at her fate, Ena blamed herself and shrank more and more into the background, which is not an unusual reaction in modest and sensitive people. She began to find fault with herself. Her nose, for instance. It was a pretty good nose as noses went, but she didn't like it. There was a slight irregularity along the bridge, and slight irregularities

Continued on page 96

Then the Gateman Threw Him Out

Cecil DeMille himself had told him to stay, yet Rex Lease allowed a mere gateman to chuck him out! Now what do you think of that! But Rex has made the grade just the same, only he still wonders what *might* have happened if it hadn't been for that gateman.

By William H. McKegg

HERE are a few of the thoughts that were expressed by Mr. Rex Lease when I recently interviewed him:

"I always think we owe something to some one for everything we get."

"I like to stand on very high places. It makes you feel great to look down on a town from a hilltop and see how small everything seems compared to you where you are standing."

"I have often wondered, when walking down a street, what I should see inside the various homes and apartment houses if I could look through their walls."

Now the above quotations reveal Mr. Lease to be grateful, egotistical, and curious, all at the same time—like many other young men, it might be added. But he's a little different from most young cinema heroes, who are so weighed down with misery, unhappy love affairs, and various kinds of complexes that they can talk of little else.

Yes, Rex seemed different from the minute the interview began. "An exception," was the thought that flashed through my mind.

"Here's how I missed what might have placed me in a different position," was what he said for his premise. He tilted his canvas-back chair on its hind legs and, taking a deep breath, explained what it was he had missed and how he had missed it.

Some years ago, he said, he had stood on the wrong side of the Lasky studio gate, wondering how he could get inside. He waited until the lunch hour, then appeared with four ice-cream cones, and the ever-alert gatekeeper, in an unguarded moment, let him walk past onto the lot.

Rex offered two of his cones to a young girl, whose face seemed rather familiar. They started talking about pictures. Then, no less an individual than Cecil B. DeMille walked up to them and spoke to the girl, calling her "Dorothy." Still another person, evidently less influential, called her "Miss Dalton." Both names went together in Mr. Lease's mind and formed Dorothy Dalton. He quaked to think how fresh he had been. Nevertheless, Dorothy kept him in the conversation.

"Are you working here?" Mr. DeMille asked him.

"No, not just now," Mr. Lease, who had never worked there or anywhere else, replied.

"Are you an actor?" C. B. inquired.

"No—I want to be a director," Rex blurted out, much to his own astonishment. "I am trying to land a job as an assistant."

Mr. DeMille called one of his numerous helpers, who was just going to lunch. "When you get back," he said, "take this young man's name and address, and take him onto Mr. Blank's set." Mr. DeMille and Miss Dalton then departed on their separate ways, and Rex was left waiting for the return of his guide.

The gatekeeper, having kept his eye on our hero all the time, now came up to him. "Did you ever speak to Mr. DeMille before?" he asked.

"Why, no," Rex replied.

"If any one found out that I let you get by me, I'd lose me job. There's the gate. Now get out!" the gateman said, in a tone that meant business.

"And like an idiot," Rex admitted, "I let him put me out!"

Thus, Paramount lost a possible future director.

But Mr. Lease got a job as an actor soon after that and has been steadily progressing ever since. The first part in which he attracted attention was that of the young clergyman in "The Woman Who Sinned." Since that, he has played in many pictures for smaller companies and also for F. B. O. Among his most recent releases for the latter company have been "Moulders of Men" and "Not For Publication."

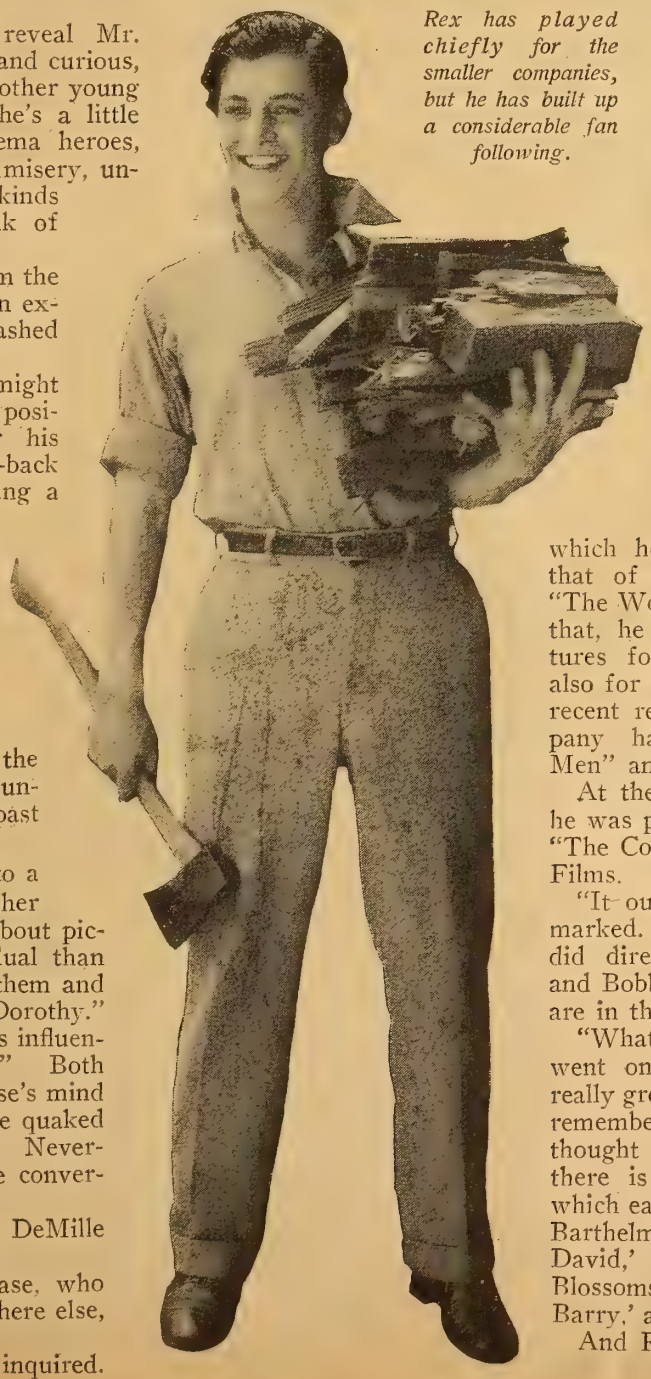
At the time I interviewed him, he was playing one of the leads in "The College Hero," for Columbia Films.

"It ought to be good," Rex remarked. "Walter Lang is a splendid director, and Pauline Garon and Bobby Agnew and Ben Turpin are in the cast.

"What I want to do," Mr. Lease went on, "is to make something really great—something that will be remembered. Have you ever thought that, among the big stars, there is just one great rôle for which each is remembered? There's Barthelmess and his 'Tolable David,' Lillian Gish and 'Broken Blossoms,' Pola Negri and 'Du Barry,' and so on."

And Rex is a young chap quite

Continued on page 114



Rex has played chiefly for the smaller companies, but he has built up a considerable fan following.



Photo by Chidnoff

Colleen Moore is enthusiastically preparing for "Lilac Time."

Over the

Fanny the Fan holds forth about prac comers and old-timers, linen showers and

By The

FANNY THE FAN was at her favorite corner table at the Montmartre, chuckling hilariously over a post card in her hand, while at her side stood a motion-picture producer whose discomfiture was obvious.

"I thought *you'd* think it was funny," he commented somewhat sourly, "but I didn't expect you to go into hysterics over it. It all looks suspicious to me. I bet you had something to do with it."

"Oh, no," Fanny protested to him blandly, as I held out my hand for the card. "Whatever made you think I would do a thing like that?"

The post card was one of the usual kind handed out to audiences at previews, asking them to express their opinions about the picture shown. This particular one was signed with the name of a prominent star, who appeared in the film, and in illiterate language it told the producer that the picture was the best that could be expected of a man of his rampant bad taste, that the only redeeming feature of it was the work of the star whose name was signed, and that that had been ruthlessly cut.

"I'd like to find out who started this," the producer went on, glowering. "These here practical jokers are going too far. Here we go to the trouble of having these post cards made up, so as to give the public an opportunity to express opinions and offer helpful criticisms——"

"Free," Fanny interposed.

"—and some self-elected humorists get hold of the cards and flood us with a lot of nonsense. There were about fifty in the bunch I got at the last preview that looked phony to me. They took up a lot of valuable time."

"Valuable to whom?" I was on the verge of saying, he being one of that type known as "snoopervisors," but Fanny spoke first, in her most conciliatory manner.

"But just think how important you must have looked to your associates, getting all that mail!"

He retired from the scene with something that resembled a disgruntled snort, and Fanny blithely turned her attention to the menu, from which she proceeded to order.

"Now take off the disguise of injured innocence," I told her, "and tell me what you know about this."

"Not much, really," Fanny insisted. "All I know is that the producers invite people to have a little fun at their expense, when they provide post cards and ask for comments on their pictures. So, lots of people—and who am I to tell you who they are, even if I know?—get fun out of signing the names of celebrities. Of all the comments I've read, my favorite said: 'This is the best production of yours that I have ever seen previewed. I found out about the others in time and stayed away from them.' And it was signed with the name of a player who was



Lupe Velez has proven herself to be the most striking newcomer on the screen.

Teacups

tical jokers in Hollywood, about new-cat parties, with characteristic volubility.

Bystander

dickering for a contract with that particular producer!

"Oh, well, she got the job anyway, because he needed her name to bolster up the box-office value of his films. Business is business. What is one insult more or less in the life of a producer. So *that* practical joke, at least, had a happy ending."

"Which reminds you of one that didn't," I ventured.

"Yes. A girl telephoned Lloyd Pantages and represented herself as secretary to the M.-G.-M. casting director. She asked him his height and weight and then kept him home all afternoon waiting for her to call back with an important message. Finally, she phoned that if he could reduce nine pounds within the next four days, she thought he would be just the type they wanted for an important rôle. So poor Lloyd lived on orange juice for the rest of the week and went to the studio Saturday morning all decked out in riding clothes, only to learn that there was no such person as the one who had phoned him!"

"And that was supposed to be funny?"

"Oh, well, everybody can't be amused by the same things. There may even be people somewhere in the world who think Monty Banks' comedies are entertaining. For my part——"

"I don't care about your part." For once I asserted myself. "Practical jokes are hardly ever funny enough to justify the discomfiture of the people victimized.

"Oh, dear." Fanny sighed despairingly. "I suppose you think it wasn't funny for the master of all Hollywood jokers to send the frowzy-looking chorus of a show up to a director's house on the day when he was giving a tea for his most formal friends. Or to phone a star and say that it is a radio station with a special telephone hook-up, so that people can broadcast from their own homes and not have to come to the studio microphone. Several stars have been inveigled into making long speeches by that ruse. Somebody tried to get Anita Stewart to sing over the telephone by telling her that radio story, but Anita caught on and gently refused."



Photo by Freulich

Marian Nixon is to play the leading rôle in "The Thoroughbred."



Janet Gaynor is happy, because she is working again with the people who made "Seventh Heaven." Photo by Autrey

Fanny is easily amused, as I found out later. A Los Angeles department store holds a fashion show at Montmartre every Wednesday. The models parade around the dance floor and then wander among the tables, smiling that glassy smile which is the exclusive talent of mannequins. Only the men at the bachelors' table were so heartless as to razz the models as they passed by. But Fanny went into shrieks of glee when Pauline Garon and Rosemary Cooper conceived the idea of mistaking passing stars for models and asking them the price of the clothes they had on.

Pauline and Rosemary became great friends during the making of a picture in which they ap-



Photo by Preston Duncan

Helene Costello, ill with flu, had to resign to Edna Murphy her rôle opposite Monte Blue.

peared together. It was called "The Girl He Couldn't Buy." If that doesn't take the year's prize as the most blatant bid for sensationalism, it is only because M.-G.-M. has renamed poor, dear "Annie Laurie" "Ladies from Hell," or because some independent company has renamed "Courage" "Satan and the Woman."

"Why, oh, why do they do such things?" I asked Fanny, quite as though I had expected her to give an intelligent answer. But Fanny, as you may have noticed, is interested only in personalities, not in the whys and wherefores of picture making.

"We must remember to go to see 'Satan and the Woman,' or else find out what other pictures Cornelius Keefe has worked in," Fanny burst out enthusiastically. "If he is as interesting looking on the screen as he is off, there will be a new face on thousands of boarding-school-girls' dressing-tables.

"I've been here a great many times and I've seen most of the matinée idols and near matinée idols pass by without causing a murmur, but the other day when Mr. Keefe came in everybody started asking who he was. He isn't handsome, according to the classic tradition, or that of collar advertisements, but he has a nice smile and an ingratiating manner.

"I've never lost much sleep rhapsodizing over handsome men," Fanny went on, "so I suppose my interest in him will wane about the time I see his first picture. He may prove to be one of those pretty-faced boys with a penchant for looking dreamily into the camera. After all, my matinée idol on the stage for years was Louis Wolheim, and now that he has brought his ugly face to the screen, in 'Two Arabian Knights,' and 'Sorrell and Son,' I don't intend to transfer my allegiance.

"He is to work in the United Artists picture 'Hell's Angels,' which makes its cast about perfect. Ben Lyon and Greta Nissen play the leads, and Thelma Todd and James Hall have supporting rôles.

"And that reminds me: Ben Lyon has become such a favorite abroad since he made 'Dancing Vienna' there last summer that he has been signed to make two pictures in Germany next summer when he gets his annual vacation from First National."

"Sounds like a bus-driver's holiday to me."

"Oh, well, you can't blame players for clutching at fame and money while they can. They are likely to fall from headliners to obscurity within a few months. A year or two of success in pictures might be expected to make people happy and secure, but for the most part it makes them disillusioned and apprehensive."

I looked at Fanny in amazement. A wave of pessimism must be all-engulfing to drown her blithe spirits even momentarily.

The most casual observer in Hollywood, however, is forced to notice the dread feeling of uncertainty that has affected even the most secure contract-players. When the ten-per-cent cut was abandoned and the producers decided to let contracts run out and not take up options, gloom settled over a large part of the colony.

"At least there are three gloriously happy girls in Hollywood," Fanny remarked



Bebe Daniels should do an underworld satire, advises Fanny.

Photo by Hommel

brightly. "No—four. Well, now that this Pollyanna streak has hit me I can think of a lot of them."

Offhand, I could think of one who has cause to rejoice—Lupe Velez. In "The Gaucho" she lives up to all the extravagant predictions that have been made for her. In fact, she was the one big attraction of the picture, so far as I was concerned. Maybe Douglas Fairbanks' ardent fans will find him as interesting in it as he used to be, but he looked to me like the oldest alumnus trying to get back in the spirit of the thing at a reunion.

"Janet Gaynor is the happiest human being I know," Fanny rambled on. "She is working again under Frank Borzage's direction, with Charlie Farrell playing opposite her, and you just can't imagine anything but a beautiful picture resulting with those three working together. Janet doesn't seem at all conscious of her success; she's the same wistful little kid with a sudden, gusty laugh that she always was.

"One day a crowd of us were having one of those Local Improvement Association meetings, where girls get together and offer suggestions. You know the kind—'I wouldn't tell you this if I didn't like you awfully well; it's just for your own good!' Well we all decided that Janet was potentially a personage and that in order to live up to the dignity of her reputation as an actress, she must cultivate a well-modulated speaking voice. Janet's has a few squeaks in it, you know, and when she gets excited, which is almost always, it has a startling way of running suddenly up the scale.

"She took us seriously for all of two seconds, spoke in a low tone and took time to e-n-u-n-c-i-a-t-e in the studied manner of an elocutionist. Then suddenly she broke into a giggle in the vicinity of high C, protesting that if she ever heard herself talking like that it might impress *other* people favorably, but never herself."

"A lot of people would think murder was too good for you if you ever succeeded in changing Janet in the slightest degree," I cautioned her. "By the way, whom else were you thinking of when you said you could think of two or three other happy girls in Hollywood?"

"Lina Basquette, chiefly. She is to play the lead in the next DeMille special, 'The Godless Girl.' Dozens of girls were tested before she was selected. Of course, Lina was a child star for Universal years ago, and has had stage training as a dancer, but this is only her third grown-up rôle, so it is really a triumph that she got the chance.



Photo by Sport

Radiant and rested after sojourning at a milk farm, Pauline Garon played in "The Girl He Couldn't Buy."



Now that Florence Vidor is about to leave Paramount, every one hopes she will not keep her word and retire. Photo by Hommel

"I was thinking of Nancy Carroll, too. She got the part of *Rose,* in 'Abie's Irish Rose,' and if she doesn't prove to be the most utterly charming hoyden you have ever seen on the screen, I'll buy myself a Maxim silencer and never be heard above a whisper again."

"I'm sorry," I said quite without conviction, "but as one of the few people in the United States who willfully refused to see 'Abie's Irish Rose' on the stage, I shall keep my record clear by staying away from the screen version."

"All right then, if you

Continued on page 105

In and Out of

Informal glimpses of
at random by



What other cat except a movie cat would be wheeled about in a perambulator and fed milk from a bottle? Above, Karl Dane serves breakfast to Happy, feline pet of the M.-G.-M. studio.

Business came to a standstill when the fair flapper below strolled down Hollywood Boulevard, but don't get excited and don't be misled—it's only Lupino Lane in his rôle for "What a Girl!"





"What are you up to, young woman?" demanded Tim McCoy of Joan Crawford when he caught her sharpening a vicious-looking knife between scenes of "The Texas Ranger." Quoth she, "It won't be long now!"



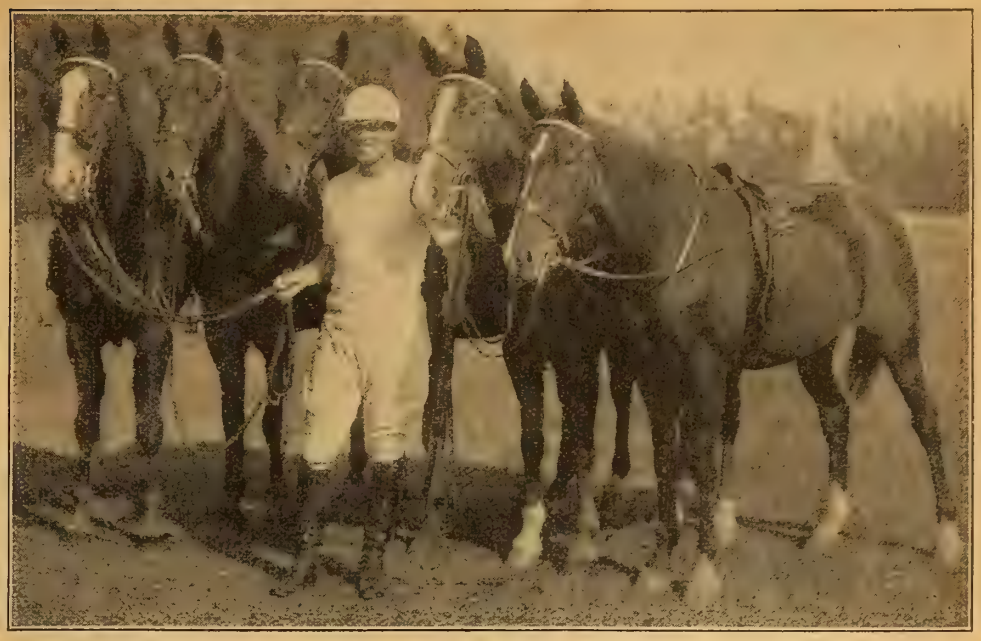
And who is the handsome heartbreaker at the left, you are wondering. It's Neil Neely, and can any one blame M.-G.-M. for signing him to a five-year contract? He plays one of the cadets in "West Point."



Right, Lon Chaney and Betty Compson portray a gangster and his goil in "The Big City."

the Studios

the players caught the camera.



Above, Jack Holt and his famous polo ponies do their duty by their public and look pleasant for the camera man—Jack being one of the star polo players of the Coast, as every good fan should know.

Below, Jimmie Adams makes a noise like an Alpine climber, and tosses off a few yodels.





Above, Shirley Mason tells the world that this is her new husband, Sidney Lanfield, who writes lots of the subtitles that you see on the screen.

Below, Marie Prevost adopts a leopard to go with the fur on her coat—but we suspect it's only for publicity.





Left, Lois Wilson was one of the first to welcome Ben Lyon back to Hollywood after his long absence from the movie town.



If you hear a terrible racket on the Universal lot, ten to one it's Laura La Plante taking a turn at the drums, and if you think she can't make them speak, just watch her in action!

Big Boy, below, has heard tell that a little salt on the tail will tame the wildest bird or beast, so he tries it on a young bear cub—and behold the result!





Above, discord breaks out on "The Cossacks" set as Renee Adoree prepares to "bean" Ernest Torrence with her Russian balalaika. But don't be nervous, fans—it's just a little fun between scenes.



Little Joyce Coad, who attracted attention as the child in "The Scarlet Letter," is now playing in D. W. Griffith's "The Drums of Love.' She is shown above diligently working on her embroidery between scenes.



Right, Kenneth Thomson proudly exhibits his new Chow dog.



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title rôle, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala;* May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their rôles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Cat and the Canary, The"—Universal. One of the best mystery stories yet filmed. Very spooky and exciting. Excellent cast, including Laura La Plante and Creighton Hale.

"Garden of Allah, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich in poetic film version of this famous story of Trappist monk who forsakes his monastery, meets a young Englishwoman in the desert, and marries her without revealing his identity.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate *Constitution* and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.

"Rough Riders, The"—Paramount. Interesting picture built round Theodore Roosevelt's part in the Spanish-American War, and interwoven with the simple, human love story of a girl and two soldiers—Mary Astor, Charles Emmett Mack, and Charles Farrell.

"Scarlet Letter, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Outstanding for the surprisingly fine performance of Lillian Gish and the magnetism of Lars Hanson. A sympathetic and dignified, though not entirely faithful, treatment of Hawthorne's novel.

"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian waif whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Haines as a wise-cracking Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neil as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountaineers themselves enacting the simple but intensely interesting story.

"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the season. Skillfully directed tale of a farmer, his wife and a city vamp. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

"Way of All Flesh, The"—Paramount. Emil Jannings' first American film. Simple, human story revealing the star at his best in a tragically pathetic rôle. Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver, and Donald Keith.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Adam and Evil"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle in amusing domestic farce of the complications stirred up between a bored married couple by the unexpected arrival of the husband's twin brother.

"Barbed Wire"—Paramount. Pola Negri and Clive Brook in unique war drama of French peasant girl who falls in love with a German prisoner and is shunned by her fellow townsmen.

"Callahans and the Murphys, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining sure-fire film of Irish brawls and reconciliations, notable chiefly for the comedy of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

"Camille"—First National. Norma Talmadge lovely in unconvincing modern version of Dumas' tragic love tale. Gilbert Roland shines in romantic rôle of *Armand.*

"Captain Salvation"—Metro-Goldwyn. Somber film of religious bigotry in New England of the '40s, and subsequent sinister happenings on board a convict ship. Lars Hanson, Pauline Starke, and Marceline Day.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"College"—United Artists. Buster Keaton in amusing college comedy of awkward bookworm who, to impress his girl, strives vainly to become an athlete.

"Cradle Snatchers"—Fox. Louise Fazenda is the ringleader in boisterous farce of three neglected middle-aged wives who hire three college boys to make their husbands jealous.

"Dearie"—Warner. Tale of a mother who secretly sings in a night club in order to put her snobbish son through college. Irene Rich and William Collier, Jr.

"Desired Woman, The"—Warner. Another of those desert films. Irene Rich in rôle of titled Englishwoman at British army post whose cruel, jealous husband sends on a perilous mission any man who dares look at her.

"Drop Kick, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in melodramatic college film of young student who becomes dangerously mixed up with a scheming vamp.

"East Side, West Side"—Fox. Excellent film of a boy prize fighter whose ambition to become an engineer leads him away from his Bowery sweetheart and into the life of a treacherous society girl. George O'Brien and Virginia Valli.

"Fighting Eagle, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Rod La Rocque in excellent rôle of patriotic French country youth in the service of Napoleon whose affair with the emperor's spy, Phyllis Haver, gets him into trouble.

"First Auto, The"—Warner. Melodrama, laid in the '90s, of a father's estrangement from his son because of the son's ardor for the newly invented horseless carriage. Charles Emmett Mack and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Gay Retreat, The"—Fox. Entertaining war comedy featuring Sammy Cohen and Ted McNamara as two doughboys who go through all sorts of idiotic nonsense but eventually emerge as heroes.

"Gentleman of Paris, A"—Paramount. Adolphe Menjou at his best in delicately acted French farce of a philanderer who is discovered by his valet to be having an affair with the valet's wife.

"Hula"—Paramount. Clara Bow, in thin story of Hawaii, is the wild daughter of a rich planter who sets her cap for a cold, reticent irrigation expert—Clive Brook—and gets him.

"Jazz Singer, The"—Warner. Vitaphone picture, featuring Al Jolson and his voice, also May McAvoy. Story of Jewish cantor's son who is disowned for going into musical comedy, but eventually returns to take his dead father's place in the synagogue.

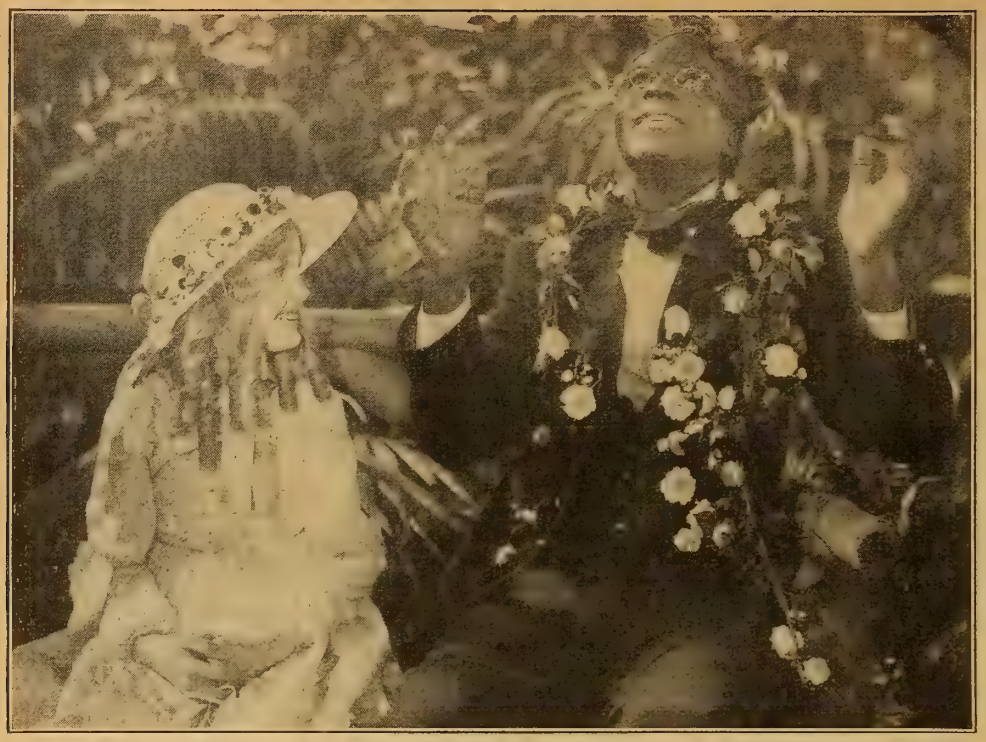
"Jesse James"—Paramount. Fred Thomson in glorified chronicle of the life of the famous bandit. Full of thrills and suspense.

"Judgment of the Hills"—F. B. O. Strong, simple tale of a hard-fisted mountaineer who is afraid to go to war, but eventually becomes a hero. Orville Caldwell and Virginia Valli.

"King of Kings, The"—Producers Distributing. Sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ. H. B. Warner dignified and restrained in central rôle. Cast includes Jacqueline Logan, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, and Rudolph Schildkraut.

"Loves of Carmen"—Fox. Robust and entertaining, but not much like the original "Carmen." Dolores del Rio is the ragamuffin gypsy heroine, Don Alvarado her soldier lover, and Victor McLaglen the toreador who comes between them.

(Continued on page 117)



Virginia Grey, as EVA, *and James Lowe, as* UNCLE TOM, *bring the traditions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the screen.*

The

The parade of new

By Norbert

A POINT in favor of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is that no one will go to see it expecting to find a subtle, imaginative picture such as Murnau or Lubitsch would produce. Therefore no one but chronic optimists will be disappointed. On the screen it has the same quality, conveys the same emotions, that it did as a tent show, though the illusion of reality is more successfully sustained in episodes such as *Eliza's* flight, the scenes along the Mississippi River and on the plantations, than was ever possible on the stage. However, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a state of mind. Either you will give your sympathies to *Eliza,* her husband, *George Harris,* and their son *Harry,* your tears to angelic *Eva,* your laughter to *Topsy* and her antics, and your horror to *Simon Legree,* or you will wonder how their preposterous story ever gained a hold on intelligent people—and dismiss them as puppets that lived only in the imagination of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Nevertheless time has made them a tradition and the screen is fostering that tradition. So it becomes the duty of the critic to comment on the result.

At best the story is chaotic. This quality has been retained in the picture, with the first part given over entirely to the anguish of *Eliza, George Harris,* and *Uncle Tom.* It is not until the second part that *Eva* and *Topsy* appear, briefly enough, to make way for the reappearance of *Eliza,* sold into slavery to *Simon Legree,* the most savage villain ever seen on the screen. For all the fidelity shown by the director to the book, a liberty—if it matters—has been taken in introducing the Civil War and Sherman's march to the sea as a means of bringing the picture to a stirring finish and reuniting *Eliza* with her husband and child, the latter somewhat miraculously turning up in a uniform.

The players have been well chosen as to type. There are moments of appeal in the performance of almost every member of the cast, notwithstanding the continuous use of the loud pedal as a means of making sure of everything. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a picture of no half measures: either you will accept it in the spirit of those who made it, or decline it with no uncertain finality.

Airs and Graces.

"Quality Street" is a quaintly charming, delicately wrought comedy of life in an English town early in the nineteenth century. The rôle of *Phœbe Throssel* provides Marion Davies with an opportunity for acting that is the direct antithesis of, let us say, *Tillie the Toiler.* She is delicate, whimsical, captivating—a true Barrie heroine, if you make allowance for the vigor of action which necessarily replaces the spoken word in bringing so frail a play to the screen.

Slight though the story is, it affords three transitions for Miss Davies. First, *Phœbe* is a demure young thing, all a-flutter over an expected proposal from *Doctor Valentine Brown.* She does all that is possible for a young lady of 1805 to encourage her bashful swain, but he lets the opportunity pass. Then he is called to war. For twelve years *Phœbe* lives for his return, eking out a modest livelihood as a school-teacher and being pointed out as an old maid. When *Valentine* comes back he does not recognize the *Phœbe* of yesterday in the pale, bespectacled little woman before him. Piqued and hurt, *Phœbe* resolves to turn the tables and bring him to terms. She transforms herself into a gay flirt, far more beautiful than she was as a girl, and calls herself *Phœbe's* niece from London. Though the result is easily imagined, it is highly entertaining to watch its development.

All this is light and pleasant, quite devoid of emotion, but most grateful to the eye and intelligence.

The production alone is well worth studying, for it is a meticulous replica of the Georgian period, of all historical epochs the one least seen on the screen. In fact, I cannot remember another picture of this kind.

The cast fits perfectly into the spirit of the story, Conrad Nagel giving his best performance, as *Valentine,* in years. Helen Jerome Eddy, seen too seldom to suit most of us, is *Susan,* the timid but loving sister of *Phœbe,* and three gossips are played with pardonable exaggeration by Flora Finch, Margaret Seddon, and Marcelle Corday. *Phœbe's* class of children, though nameless on the screen, are all accomplished little actors and add much to the scenes in which they appear. Altogether "Quality Street" is more fragrant than pungent, more a picture of innocent, romantic youth than a throbbing love story, but as such it is a credit to those who worked to make it perfect of its kind.

A Spy Pays the Price.

Take my word for it, "The Forbidden Woman" is a lady you must not let pass by. She will hold your attention every instant she is on the screen as her dramatic story is told by Jetta Goudal, Victor Varconi, and Joseph Schildkraut, all of whom lend their talents to the tale, with fire and feeling and finesse. Rarest

Screen in Review

films is duly recorded, with critical comment.

Lusk

compliment of all, they make you feel that the picture is too short; that you should have seen every hectic moment after their lives crossed, instead of permitting a subtitle to acquaint you with even the shortest lapse of time.

You will gather that "The Forbidden Woman" is engrossing. It is also beautifully produced, with glamour, taste, and steadily mounting suspense which ends in complete surprise. Now you would like to know the story, of course.

To begin with, *Zita* is Miss Goudal's best rôle, if for no other reason than the astonishingly picturesque figure she presents as the Moroccan spy, the daughter of a sultan, who is told that she must marry *Colonel Gautier* of the French army in order to obtain possession of military secrets. Then she falls in love with *Jean LaCoste,* a celebrated violinist, and he with her, neither suspecting the shock in store for them when *Colonel Gautier* introduces *Jean* to *Zita* as his brother.

Their infatuation is discovered by *Zita's* husband, who blames *Jean* and forces him into military service, where every humiliation is heaped upon him. *Zita* continues her blandishments, but *Jean* denies that she ever meant more to him than an episode. In revenge *Zita* betrays the French to the sultan and fastens the guilt on *Jean. Gautier* resigns his commission rather than sign his brother's death warrant, but a higher officer relieves him of the responsibility and *Jean* is about to be executed, when—but it isn't fair to tell you what happens. Rest assured that *Zita* doesn't do anything banal, like staging a last-minute confession. Not in this picture!

Miss Goudal's performance is perfect and her sense of costume amounts to genius. It is possessed by no one else on the screen. Mr. Varconi is vital and commanding, as befits a soldier, and is sensitive and sympathetic, too. He achieves a performance without a flaw, or one moment's absence from his rôle. Mr. Schildkraut is excellent, as *Jean.* He convinces you that he is a musician, without having recourse to his instrument.

The Screen's Best Girl.

Mary Pickford is one of the great intelligences of the screen, more akin to genius than those to whom the word is more often applied. Say that she repeats herself and is an institution rather than a many-sided artist, but do not forget that she is a supreme actress. Her portrayal of childhood and youth are unequaled, of course, but more than that she touches depths of feeling in her rôles, and conveys the most delicate shading of mood, with a sureness that is inspiring to watch. All of which—and a great deal more—can be seen in her new picture, "My Best Girl," which is among her best. It is a calculated blend of those elements which have more or less standardized Miss Pickford's films, but you have to take off your hat to skill that so plays upon your emotions that you don't know whether you are laughing or crying. But you have been taken out of yourself and lifted beyond dull care. No star could do more.

As *Maggie Johnson,* Miss Pickford is the mainstay of a shiftless family, the stock girl in a five-and-ten-cent store, where she falls in love with *Joe Grant,* a new clerk, without knowing he is the son of the owner and engaged to a society girl. When *Maggie* learns the truth, she makes a brave attempt to convince *Joe* that she knew who he was all the time and was just leading him on. This is an amazing scene, not only because it is a brilliant example of Miss Pickford's technical skill, but because of its grip on the emotions. It should not be missed.

Charles Rogers is an ideal *Joe,* boyish, tender, fully equal to the demands of his best rôle so far. The entire cast was chosen with exceeding care and could not have been improved.



Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel recapture the quaint charm of the Georgian period in "Quality Street."

Father's Day.

The motion picture "Sorrell and Son" is faithful to the book. This may be—and in fact already has been in critical quarters—considered a defect. But it seems to me that the thousands—or isn't it millions?—of readers of the novel ought to get a great deal of pleasure from the picture, if for no other reason than Herbert Brenon's refusal to take undue liberties with it.

Judging from letters to Picture Play, the majority of fans keenly resent the ruthless treatment given the average novel in its transference to the screen. When such a fault does not exist, they should be proportionately pleased. I hope they are, for "Sorrell and Son" has the leisurely quality of the novel, the same



"The Main Event."



"Two Arabian Knights."



"The Forbidden Woman."



"My Best Girl."

tightening of the tie between father and son with the passing years. The dramatic climax occurs when the boy, who has become a great surgeon, gives his father a death-dealing drug to end his unbearable pain. It has been produced with taste and feeling, if not with striking distinction, and the beautiful views of the English countryside will mean much to many, as they did to me.

In case you are not familiar with the story, it concerns *Captain Stephen Sorrell* who on his return from the war finds his wife about to leave him, and whose struggles to find employment end in his working as a porter in a third-rate hotel; the understanding companionship between *Sorrell* and his son, *Kit,* his sacrifices for the boy, the latter's rise to eminence, and the return of the mother and her attempts to demoralize him with luxury.

The cast contains many well-known names, but with the exception of H. B. Warner and the child Mickey McBan no one gives a performance to be remembered, with the possible exception of Paul McAllister as *Doctor Orange.* Anna Q. Nilsson is not the *Dora Sorrell* of the book, and Carmel Myers, as *Flo Palfrey,* is likewise a creation of the movies rather than the novelist. A singular instance of miscasting is found in a bit played by Flobelle Fairbanks, as a vampire flapper, of all things, and Mary Nolan, who looks and acts like a chorus girl, is supposed to be a fragile ingénue. However, if you liked the novel, by all means see the picture.

Miss Joy Returns to Par.

Leatrice Joy's best performance since "Manslaughter!" Even the most carping critic could not say less, and I am far from carping where Miss Joy is concerned, especially when the picture is as good as "The Angel of Broadway." One of the reasons for its merit is that it was written for the screen, therefore challenges comparison with neither book nor play. Another is the easy, effortless, but shrewd direction of Lois Weber, and of course the acting of every one in the cast, not forgetting to put Victor Varconi first on the list, because of his truly fine portrayal of *Jerry Wilson,* a truck driver. Miss Joy is *Babe Scott,* an entertainer in a rowdy cabaret, who decides to sing a number in which she appears as a Salvation Army lassie.

In search of atmosphere for her act, she visits a mission and encounters *Jerry Wilson,* who believes her sincere though "different." When he discovers her making a burlesque of the Salvation Army and what it represents, there is a conflict worth going far to see. "You can't mock God—and get away with it" is the slogan used during *Babe Scott's* stunt, and very fitting it is, too, for the girl gradually loses her enthusiasm for the act into which she threw herself with such zest at first, and begins to think. The concluding sequence finds her walking the streets in her Salvation garb and being forced to minister to a dying girl. This accomplishes her conversion.

There is much pungent detail in the night-club scenes and the gradual change in *Babe Scott's* mental state is effectively pictured. Miss Joy has never looked lovelier. Her face has taken on new fineness and tenderness for this extremely congenial rôle. Elise Bartlett, who is Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut in private life, is admirable as *Gertie,* and May Robson, Ivan Lebedeff, and Jane Keckley should each be credited with contributing an excellent portrayal to an excellent picture.

Glorifying West Point.

Talented as William Boyd is, he is not equal to an imitation of William Haines that is pleasant. Unfortunately, he is required to do this for the greater part of "Dress Parade." One sympathizes with him in his ill-chosen undertaking and wonders at the poor judgment of some one in so casting him. The picture, which is not without its good features, misses fire because Mr. Boyd is not convincing as a roughneck smart aleck; he is merely deplorable. Given to striking nonchalant poses and balancing his derby on his palm, he presents a figure to make the judicious grieve, especially the majority who have admired his skill in congenial characterizations. Another reason for the lack of merit is that West Point propaganda is laid on with too generous a hand. Subtitles help the cause with such vigor that you are

forced to believe every cadet is striving so hard to cultivate the nobler virtues, that he is not apt to descend to the level of a human being. As some one said, if only one of the boys would be bad and lose a button!

The story purports to show the development of a roughneck into a fine soldier. This is successfully accomplished, so far as pictorial evidence goes, but there are weak spots in the process. Love interest is provided by the commandant's daughter, Bessie Love, and the rivalry between *Vic Donovan,* the roughneck, and a gentleman cadet for her affections. Needless to say there is a comic cadet, for the sake of further conventionalizing the story, as well as magnificent views of West Point and the surrounding country which no camera could have missed. The hit of the cast is made by Hugh Allan, as the polite villain. The favorable impression he makes comes not from his villainy, but from a sympathetic personality suitable for heroes in future pictures.

Hearts and Fists.

"The Main Event" is another fight picture, but not *just* another one. It is out of the ordinary in plot, direction, lighting, and extraordinary so far as the art of Vera Reynolds is concerned. She is really sympathetic, as *Glory Frayne,* the cabaret girl who is in love with *"Red" Lucas,* the welterweight champion. For his sake she consents to ensnare *Johnny Regan* and keep him dancing and drinking all night so that *Red* will be certain to defeat him in their forthcoming bout. But it doesn't work out that way. *Glory* falls in love with *Johnny* and makes him knock *Red* out. A simple story well told, though scarcely worthy of the splendid effects that surround it. The director is William K. Howard, whose "White Gold" will long be remembered by thoughtful fans. He has invested his new picture with the camera values expected of a modernistic German production. In fact, so arresting is this phase of the picture that it would require no imagination to believe that the Hollywood cast had been sent over to Berlin to act in what we shall call the German manner.

Charles Delaney is *Johnny Regan,* Robert Armstrong is *Red,* Rudolph Schildkraut is memorable as *Johnny's* father, and Julia Faye is the heroine's treacherous friend.

Adventures in Arabia.

"Two Arabian Knights" is an unusual comedy and has pleased a great many persons wherever it has been shown. Those who have not enjoyed it, of whom your reviewer is one, haven't been heard from, so we are in the vast minority and perhaps shouldn't air our limitations.

It is a slapstick comedy of the war, in which all semblance of plausibility or even continuity has been sacrificed for laughs. It is a case of laughter by fair means or foul. And some of the means are foul, but no one, not even the censors, has seemed to mind.

Private W. Daingerfield Phelps and *Sergeant Peter McGaffney* are enemies, bent on getting even with each other. Their animosity is forgotten, however, when they find themselves in a German prison camp, and they are fast friends when they escape disguised as Arabs. Eventually they land in Arabia and *Phelps* falls in love with a Moslem lady of high degree. The two soldiers have many hair-raising experiences, which they invariably turn into comic mishaps, and ultimately *Phelps* and the Arabian beauty sail for the United States.

The picture has many good moments of serious acting, an unexpected feature in a comedy, and William Boyd, as *Phelps,* Louis Wolheim, as *McGaffney,* and Mary Astor, as the lady fair, will be found satisfactory.

The Great Outdoors.

"Back to God's Country" is James Oliver Curwood well done, with the addition of Renee Adoree in a congenial rôle excellently played. There you have it. She is *Renee Debois,* a trapper's daughter, who catches the eye of the villainous captain of a dissolute crew. He tries to win the girl under threat of turning her father over to the authorities for a crime committed in self-

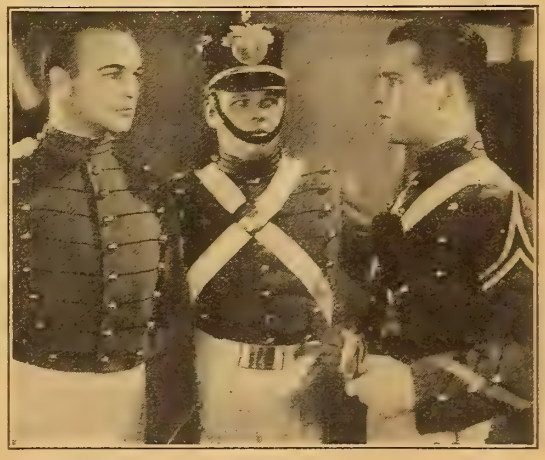
Continued on page 110



"The Wise Wife."



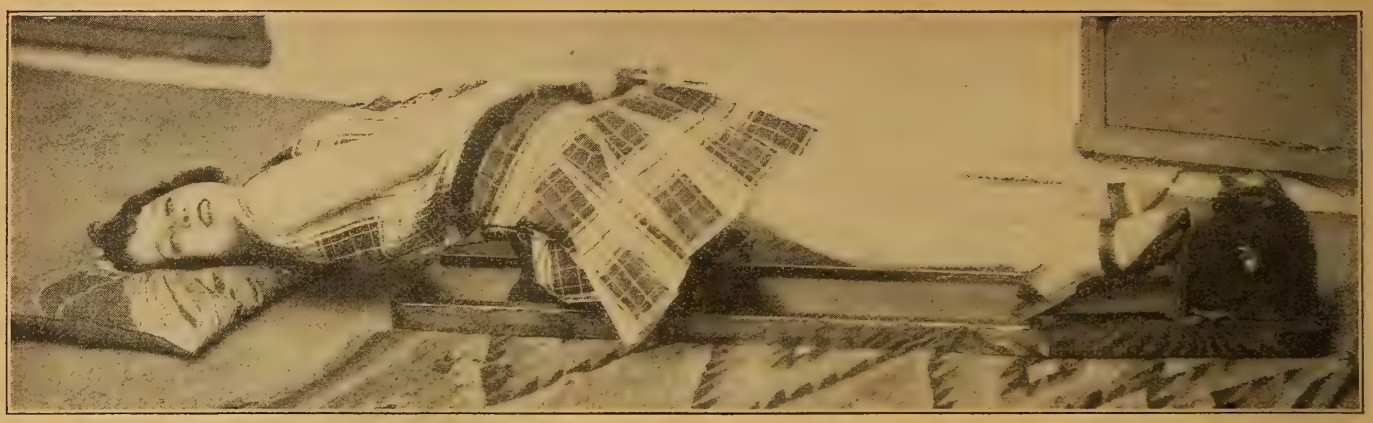
"Sorrell and Son."



"Dress Parade."

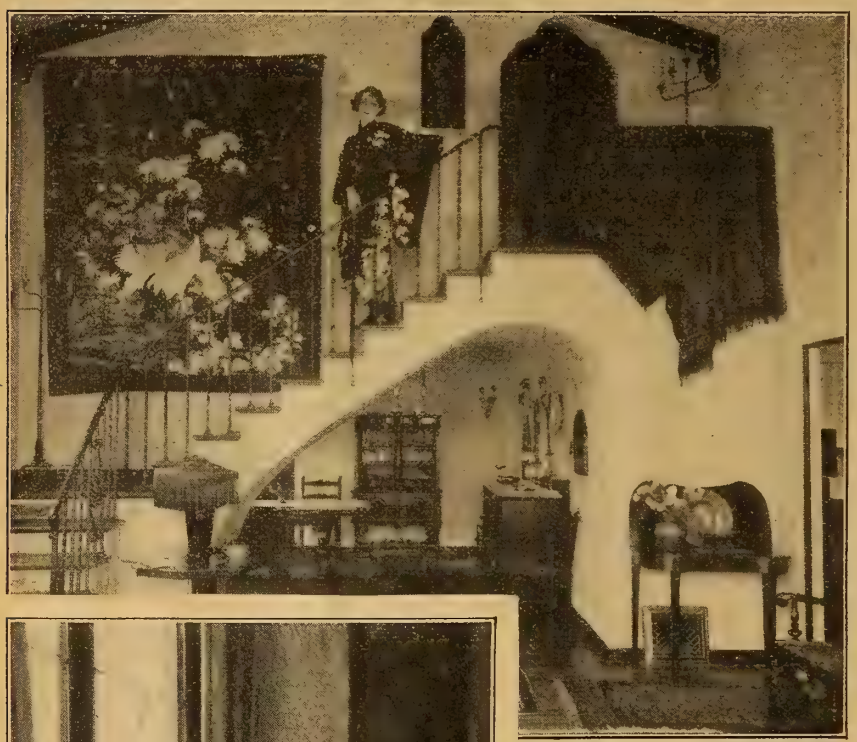


"The Angel of Broadway."



At Ease

Photos of Gertrude Olmsted taken in her Santa Monica home.





Miss Olmsted's perfect taste is revealed in every detail of the furnishings of her home in Santa Monica. Above, she presents a graceful picture on the stairway, under the arch of which a glimpse of the dining room may be caught.

Not all her hours at home are spent in idle ease. Like every good little movie actress, she does her daily dozen, and is shown at the top of the page trying out a new exercising machine.

Left, she pauses for a moment to bask in the California sunlight streaming through the window at the foot of the stairs.

But just why she should be pouring coffee from a high mantelpiece, right, is a question that only Miss Olmsted can answer for you—perhaps it's just to show you her antique coffeepot.





Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Billy's middle name is wise-crack, but he is such a thoroughly charming person that all is forgiven him.

"Oh, That Billy Haines!"

His quips and pranks are both the joy and the despair of the M.-G.-M. lot.

By Helen Louise Walker

THE first time I ever saw William Haines was when he popped into Agnes Christine Johnston's office while I was there. Agnes is one of the most popular girls in the movie industry and, whenever you are in her office, some one of interest is bound to drop in for a word or two. Well, this day, it was Billy who dropped in—a laughing, good-looking, wise-cracking youth, who swept in and out again on a gale of mirth, leaving us gasping.

"Billy," said Agnes, wiping her eyes when he had gone, "is the most uninhibited boy I have ever known! He knows nothing—or cares nothing, apparently—about the proprieties. And he *is* funny!"

"Uninhibited," I thought, was a charitable term for him. But he *was* funny, besides being about the best-looking thing I had seen in Hollywood.

That was just before Billy began to be noticed and discussed as one of the most important of the younger players. Later, I had occasion to interview him. Another young woman, an earnest-appearing soul, was just finishing an interview as I came on the set.

"He is just *hopeless!*" she wailed to me, as she passed me, going out.

Billy was doubled up with mirth. "She didn't know what to make of me!" he chortled. "I had her going!"

"Now, Mr. Haines," I said, in my most businesslike manner, "I know there is no earthly use trying to make you be serious. So let's make it a wise-cracking story. Come on—be funny!"

Billy roared. "All right!" he said. "Here's one for you." Whereat he pulled one of his best wise-cracks.

"Go on," I said, grimly. "Get 'em off your mind. Maybe out of a hundred and fifty or so, there will be two or three worth printing."

But there weren't. After ten or fifteen minutes of patient forbearance, I concluded that it was no use. Some of his cracks were funny and some of them were not. He appropriates amusing remarks he has heard other people make and intersperses them with inventions of his own. But never, for a moment, does he cease to make the effort. He is the most persistent wise-cracker I have ever seen.

But finally, after I had endured a continued bombardment of his quips, he had to go before the camera. It was a brief, tender love scene. I watched with amazement his delicate portrayal of an awkward, uncultivated boy, aglow with innocent first passion. Could this be the irrepressible Billy who had just been talking to me?

A moment later, he barged toward me, hilariously proclaiming, "Here's another!" He was off again.

Discouraged, I gave it up and went away, leaving him roaring at my discomfiture.

Another day, I again met him on the set, this time by accident. He was in a more serious mood. He told me about his early years on the M.-G.-M. lot—the long period of being "turned out to pasture," as he phrased it.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

He has his serious moments, though they never last for very long.

"Nobody paid any attention to me," he said. "I played bits and extra parts and more bits. I thought they had forgotten I was here! But I was learning more than I supposed. And when I was ready, they began giving me real parts."

He told me of a trip he had made to his home town in Virginia. He had waited until he had achieved recognition on the screen and then had returned home in a blaze of glory to receive the plaudits of the home folks. That is Billy. Young, and pleased as Punch at an opportunity to show off a little before his boyhood friends.

Perhaps on no other lot would his wise-cracking proclivities have developed so extensively. But the Metro-Goldwyn folks delight in quips. A quip travels like wildfire through the various departments. You are greeted, upon your arrival, with a volley of the latest "hot ones" that have been pulled. When I visited the lot one day just after Tom Mix had appeared as a monk for one performance of the local stage production of "The Miracle," I was told seven times during the first half hour that somebody or other had said that it was the first time Tom had ever appeared in a costume that did not have his initials on it somewhere! The M.-G.-M. family are that easily amused.

And Billy—well, Billy is the darling of them all. Billy is a tradition, a legend, the pride of the lot. At the studio café, when he comes in, there are instant bursts of laughter. Gusts of it follow in his wake as he proceeds to his table. Persons out of range of his voice, note the confusion, shake their heads with indulgent smiles, and remark, "Oh, that Billy Haines!" If he lived on Main Street, he would be described as a "card."

A pretty girl calls some remark to him and then blushes furiously at his distinctly audible reply.

"Don't you know better than to ask Billy Haines a question in public?" inquires her companion.

Ruth Harriet Louise, the photographer, comes in, all flushed and aflutter.

"I've been photographing Billy!" she gasps.



Life, to Bill, is just one huge, hilarious joke, and he gets a great kick out of the success that has come to him.

"Or *trying* to! I'm a wreck. He won't sit still. He won't be quiet. He gets up and does absurd dances when I turn on the victrola. And he wise-cracks and wise-cracks!

"The silly part of it is that the pictures will be good. I don't know how they can be, but they always are, in spite of everything he does to prevent it!"

That is Billy. He is the camera man's delight—possessed of a face that hasn't one bad camera angle. The sides of it match, and a foreshortened view is just as good as a straight front or a profile. His careless naturalness in close-ups is one of his chief assets.

He has a priceless gift of mimicry. I once heard him give an imitation of a Sunday-school teacher returned from a Cook's tour to India and giving a lantern-slide lecture to her class. He happened to be dressed in blue-and-white striped overalls and cap, for some part or other, but when he grasped the pointer and indicated the blank wall space which he said was his "screen," you could hear the taffeta of the old lady's dress rustle, and when he glanced down at the "children," you could see the steel-rimmed spectacles upon her nose and the nodding plume in her bonnet.

"Now, children," he began, in a high, cracked and condescending voice, "this is an Indian——"

The thing was a series of the inevitable wise-cracks. And it was funny. When his audience laughed at the end of a line, he snapped a reproving finger and squeaked, "Attention, please!"

Knowing all these things of Billy, you are newly amazed each time you see him on the screen. His performances have such depth and understanding and intelligence. He has repeatedly been given one of the hardest tasks for an actor—that of portraying an unpleasant character sympathetically.

I stood on the "Slide, Kelly, Slide" set and watched him in the scene where *Kelly* arrives at the training camp in Florida. He laughs uproariously at a series of practical jokes which he plays on other members of the team. They laugh, too, but gradually it begins to dawn upon *Kelly* that perhaps they are laughing more at him than with him. He senses, ever so slightly,

Continued on page 109

Foiled Again!

The writer thought that at last she had found a real, honest-to-goodness flapper in the person of Molly O'Day, but Molly turned out to be just as far from wild as all the rest of the so-called "flappers" of the movies.

By Madeline Glass

IF you are looking for a snappy, slangy flapper, the kind found in Rupert Hughes fiction, don't hunt for her among the motion-picture actresses. Honestly—I mean it.

For many months I have been stalking the young ladies of the movie colony, hoping to find a real, untamed flapper, in all her pagan glory. So far I have had no success. Clara Bow puts on a good modern-youth performance for the admiring interviewer, but not even she can be regarded seriously as a flapper. She is, for the most part, just living up to what is expected of her. Constance Howard is a little lady, Alberta Vaughn is wholesome and unaffected, Ann Rork is intelligently conservative, and Phyllis Haver, a prize home-wrecker in pictures, is in real life a model of lovely propriety.

Of late, we have been hearing a great deal about a new so-called "flapper" actress. I refer to Molly O'Day. Miss O'Day's performance in "The Patent Leather Kid" was conspicuously successful. She clicked. There is about her work much spontaneity and dramatic strength. When "Hard-Boiled Haggerty" required an actress to play a madcap French girl, Molly was given the part. Again she lived up to expectations.

Judging Miss O'Day from her screen work and from the fact that she is a sister of that peppy young lady, Sally O'Neil, I thought that at last my search for a real flapper was to be rewarded. Wrong again. Molly is as sweeet and unflapperish as any girl I have met.

On the day I called to see her at the First National studio, she was at work in "The Shepherd of the Hills," that Harold Bell Wright's romance of the Ozarks. The set, an outdoor one, of course, was filled with covered wagons, bearded men, women in cotton dresses, children, cabins and domestic animals. A short distance to the left, was a weird incongruity — a South Sea Island set, representing a tropical jungle.

Miss O'Day and I found a vacant car and climbed into the back seat. She was dressed in the character of *Sammy Lane.*



Photo by Harold Dean Cassey

Molly, you know, is Sally O'Neil's sister, and she's just eighteen.



Her latest rôle is with John Boles in "The Shepherd of the Hills."

"We've just been looking at these pictures," she said, handing me several. "See this one of John Boles? He has a very spiritual expression on his face there, hasn't he?

"We returned from location in Utah just a few days ago," she continued. "We were up there five weeks and we worked every day, including Sundays and one holiday. It was a primitive place in the mountains, quite far away from any settlement or town of any sort. I had to get up at five forty-five every morning. There was nothing to do in the evenings, so I went to bed early. On Sundays, the company gathered together and Alec Francis read a chapter from the Bible. Johnny Boles sang solo hymns. He has a wonderful voice, and the effect, high up in those beautiful mountains, was lovely. After the services, we went to work."

She doesn't sound much like a wild young thing, does she? Molly has a quiet, impersonal manner. No pose, no mannerisms, no striving for effect.

"Once," she went on, "when we were driving around a mountain, the

Continued on page 100

Helen of Troy in Hollywood

It is easy to understand why Maria Corda, the beautiful Viennese actress, was brought all the way from Germany to play that coveted rôle—such physical perfection as hers is rarely found outside the storybooks.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

WHEN the purchasing agents of First National acquired Professor Erskine's smart story about "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," cables were dispatched ordering the lady to be shipped direct from the Continent. She was to be fair, of course, and worldly, alluring, and brilliant. She was to be irresistibly beautiful, undeniably clever, and eye-filling to a degree. In short, she was to exude the charm of the true Continental, for Helen was the forerunner of such beguiling modern ladies.

Scouts went on the search, haunting theaters, parties, and balls, fine-combing the studios of Germany and France, devoting week after week to the task of seeking, until one day a particularly zealous explorer returned to the Berlin office of First National with the light of success gleaming in his eyes. He had found *Helen* in the comely person of Maria Corda, Viennese, gay, screen-trained, employed by Ufa. A contract was swiftly drawn up, arrangements completed, and Maria embarked for the United States of Hollywood.

In addition to being a widely known cinema star in Europe, and the wife of the somewhat eminent director, Alexander Korda, Maria is said to possess the most symmetrical limbs that have been seen in Vienna. Consequently, I was not altogether unenthusiastic at the prospect of meeting her.

I met Madame Corda at one of Bess Meredyth's famous soirées, and until you have attended one of these, you do not know the Hollywood that is not in the guidebooks. Bess is the blondest scenarist in the world, with a priceless sense of humor and an uncanny knack for assembling interesting people about her.

Madame Corda made a fashionably tardy entrance on the arm of her husband, a tall, sallow gentleman with melancholy eyes and a mustache. She proved to be tall and shapely, possessed of extravagantly attractive legs and a profile so classic in its purity that it was easy to understand why the scouts had elected her *Helen of Troy*.

Her hair was yellow when I saw her, but this, I am told, is subject to change without notice. Maria, they say, is now brunet, now titian, now crowned with a gleaming henna, now with a startling ashen blondness. She is all for variety and woman's whims. Thus it was that, at the moment, she was yellow-haired and beautiful. Her smile especially impressed me. It was the sort of smile that might be used as a weapon or an invitation, a rebuff or a lure. It was Continental in its subtlety, dazzling in its whiteness. Her eyes are gray-green and what an analytical fellow would doubtless term intriguing.

"I am delighted to do this *Helen of Troy*," she said. She toyed with a slim-stemmed glass and smiled at the myriad bubbles in it. "It was a great honor to be asked to come over here to your country when you have so many beautiful, capable, fine actresses here. I am indeed delighted."

She was pleased with the cast, too. She had long considered Lewis Stone a sterling actor; she was glad to have him as a vis-à-vis. Her husband, Alexander Korda, was directing the film. That, too, met with Maria's approval.

"It is such a clever story—you know? My hoosband has been working on it with greatest enthusiasm. You know him before, by reputation," she assumed. "I tell you, he is the greatest director on the Continent."

This lavish praise from a wife surprised me. As a rule, artistic couples say little or nothing of one another's accomplishments. More surprising news was to come.

"I love to work under Mr. Korda's direction. He understands me and makes me do my best. He is very fond of suggesting rather than being obvious. I think he is master of the subtle. Of course," she smiled, "in pictures there is a limit. One cannot be too subtle. There is always the box-office to be considered. Is it not so? But abroad, that is not so important. They do not spend such vast sums on pictures, and so, as a result, they do not require such vast

Continued on page 98



Photo by Russell Ball

Madame Corda's classic purity of feature makes her ideal for the rôle of the world's most famous beauty.



First National's importation of Maria Corda for the rôle of *Helen of Troy* is applauded by Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose interview on the opposite page reveals the Viennese actress as a woman of beauty, charm and allure.





As gay *King Louis,* above, Novarro has only to look at any lady of his court to win her. But when he meets the girl he really loves, he cannot marry her, for reasons of state. Left, the *King* in a romantic mood. Below, he is seen with Dorothy Cumming, as the *Queen Mother,* and Shirley O'Hara, as the *Infanta of Spain.*

When a

Ramon Novarro, in "His to save





King Loves

Night," sacrifices his heart a crown.





At the top of the page, Renee Adoree, shown with Roy d'Arcy, is *Marie*, the cardinal's niece, who becomes a nun through love of the *King*. Above, Alberta Vaughn and Sven-Hugo Borg furnish comic relief. Right, the *King* and *Marie* in a tender moment.



Charles Ray, below, is the bashful hero who allows his aristocratic relatives to taunt *Toni* with her cabaret "past" until she spurns them all.



High Life

These striking scenes from "The Garden of Eden" promise much to Corinne Griffith's fans. Above, Miss Griffith, as *Toni*, Lowell Sherman and Charles Ray. Left, Miss Griffith.





Louise Dresser, shown with Miss Griffith at the left, plays a scrub-woman who is really a baroness.



A Toy of Fate

Greta Garbo, as *Marah* in "The Divine Woman," again loves not wisely but too well. Above, she is seen with Polly Moran and Lars Hanson, who befriend her before she becomes a great actress.





Marah, above, is so fascinating over the supper table that she ruins the career of her soldier-lover. Though she's only a laundress, her possibilities as a stage star are discerned, left, by Lowell Sherman.

It Happened

Colorful scenes from "The Drums





Manuella de la Mora, a duke's daughter, consents to marry old *Don Cathos* to save her people. *Don Cathos'* young brother, *Don Leonardo*, comes to fetch her. Above, Mary Philbin, Don Alvarado and Eugenie Besserer. Right, Miss Philbin and Joyce Coad. Below, the ducal coach is pictured.

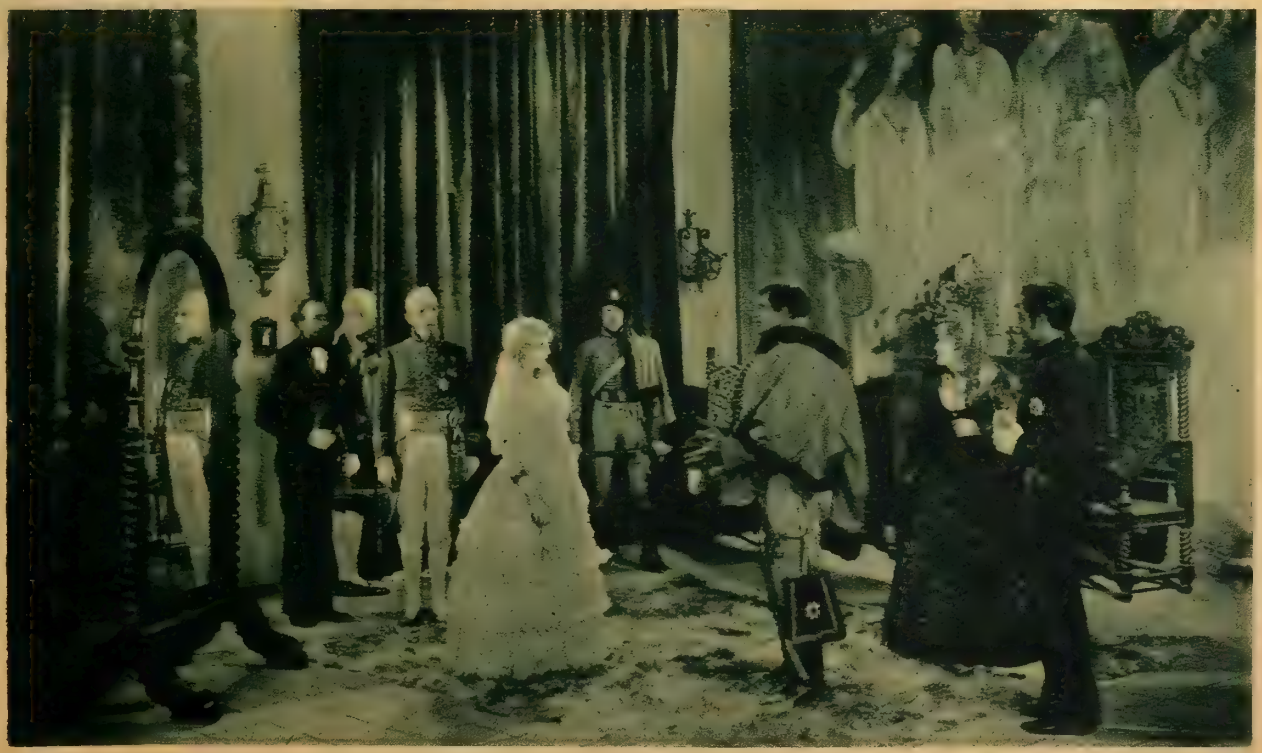


in Portugal

D. W. Griffith's
of Love."



Lionel Barrymore, as *Don Cathos*, above, takes leave of his bride, little dreaming that already she loves his brother. Left, Don Alvarado and Mr. Barrymore offer a brotherly contrast. Below, *Manuella* is received by *Don Cathos*.





Viola Richard is a girl you can't forget, because of her bright winsomeness and the ease with which the camera picks her out as she sparkles and frolics in Hal Roach comedies.

Swallowtails and Silk Hats

Tracing the evolution on the screen of that wicked but popular figure, the Man of the World.

By Vera Standing

I RECENTLY met a friend who is very, oh very, sophisticated about the movies!

"Will you tell me," she cried, "who was that perfectly stunning actor who played the husband in 'Lovers,' and why I hadn't seen him before?"

"Well," said I, "if you had paid attention when you saw 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' you would have noticed *Lord Augustus,* who loomed up——"

"Oh, was that the same man?" she interrupted. "Well, all I have to say is that he is the most satisfying sight these eyes have seen in a long time, both in appearance and ability."

"Oh, to be sure," I replied. "He's Edward Martindel, veteran of the stage, and now one of the screen's most polished portrayers of the Man of the World."

And so he is.

When the movies first discovered the Man About Town, Stuart Holmes was put into a dress suit, handed a silk hat and cane, told to kiss the lady's hand, and always, always to do wrong by our Nell!

So for years and years, following "A Fool There Was" and "The Kreutzer Sonata," Stuart Holmes was almost the only man in the flickers who could wear a dress suit as if he were poured into it, bow in a drawing-room as if he were born to it, and leer just too wickedly for words. He was the small town's idea of the dangerous and fashionable world. He always deserved what was coming to him, and oh, how he did get it! No honest American *hero* could be so completely at ease as he—it wasn't natural. So Stuart Holmes kept on being a villain.



Edward Martindel, veteran of the stage, is one of the latest to step into the polished movie boots of the dangerous Man of the World.



Stuart Holmes was the first to typify the wicked fellow on the screen—and he was very, oh very, menacing in those days!

But then, another type of Man About Town appeared one day. He was much less dastardly than Holmes. He was so fascinating in the first two reels that it was always a pity to have to despise him later on. He was, and still is, the American or British clubman, the Son of the Idle Rich. He is the charmer who takes sweetly innocent little wives to tea in his bachelor apartment, just off Fifth Avenue, the while the noble young husband beards the Wall Street lions in their dens, and comes home either broke or with a million, to find in either case that his little bird has flown.

This type of Man of the World be-



Photo by Richee

With the advent of Adolphe Menjou, our sleek Man of Fashion took on a foreign air, becoming either a sly prince or a duke.

came so popular that there had to be two of him—Lew Cody and Lewis Stone. In later years these two have been allowed to turn from their wicked ways and become heroes, but for a long while they were the two great menaces of screen high society.

Gradually, however, the public grew supercilious about society life as pictured in the movies. It had at times seen the real thing. So no wonder it wept with joy when "A Woman of Paris" offered the perfect boulevardier to its delighted eyes—Adolphe Menjou. Not only did he have a French name, but he looked too French for words. And so deliciously knowing, and so clever, and so wicked, and so blasé! He was just too wonderful!

Menjou was a gift from heaven to Lubitsch when he was casting "The Marriage Circle." Since then, he has seldom departed from the rôle for which nature cast him—that of a fascinatingly sophisticated gentleman, usually foreign. In "Are Parents People?" he was a delightful but divorced parent, whom Betty Bronson brought back to mother. In "A Social Celebrity," to be sure, he was only an aspiring young barber, but he looked so much like a society man that he was able successfully to pass for a foreign nobleman. And in "The Ace of Cads," his profound love redeemed his baser qualities, leaving him the hero after all, if you want to call it that, but in "Lost—a Wife," he was again the true boulevardier of his original success. In "The Swan" he was effete royalty, tied to a mother's apron strings, but managing to have a pretty good time in spite of it, while in "Forbidden Paradise," as the *Prime Minister,* he winked knowingly at the foibles of a queen.

Finally, he became just as foreign as is possible when he played the title rôle in "The Sorrows of Satan." But in no other film has he equaled the delightful combination of sophisticated worldling, devoted lover and true comedian that he revealed in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." His rôle in that picture was one of those parts that come only once in a dog's age, and when one does come along, only once in several dogs' ages is the actor equal to it. But Menjou was more than equal to the occasion.

Lewis Stone made the society villain so fascinating that, to satisfy the fans, he finally had to be turned into a hero.



Menjou, however, is under a handicap, though he may not consider it as such. His unique appearance is against his being allowed to play more than one type of rôle for the rest of his life. In this respect, the screen's newest Man of the World, Edward Martindel, has the advantage over him, for he is physically qualified for anything from the noblest to the basest of society parts.

Many a wicked grand duke have we seen in motion pictures, but none to equal the *Grand Duke* of Edward Martindel in "The Duchess of Buffalo." The same Mr. Martindel had already proved perfect as *Lord Augustus* in "Lady Windermere's Fan." On the other hand, he played the most noble of parts in "Lovers," in which he took it upon himself to fight a duel in place of his young ward.

This is a long step from those days of the stereotyped Man About Town, when it would have been quite out of the question for the same actor to qualify for such different parts. In "Everybody's Acting," Martindel was one of the four "adopted" fathers who brought up the little orphan girl. And we are no doubt likely to see him in a whole series of varied characterizations—as the aristocrat, the diplomat, noble or ignoble, as the case may be, native or foreign. And we may even some day see him as a cultured American gentleman, if the movies ever discover that not all Americans of middle age are business-absorbed Babbitts.

All Handmade

Do you realize that there are girls in the movies who are paid just to have their hands photographed? You never see their faces—only their hands, which are very beautiful and are used in close-ups in place of the hands of the regular players. This article tells something of these girls and of how they keep their hands in such perfect condition.

By A. L. Wooldridge

A VERY beautiful and celebrated motion-picture star sat down at a writing desk on a movie set, drew from a pigeonhole a sheet of paper, dipped a pen into the inkwell, and started to write a note. Then, suddenly, she laid the pen down, rose, and walked away. The cameras stopped clicking. A strange girl went to the desk and took the star's seat. The cameras were moved in for a close-up. Lights were switched on and the little unknown player began to write—nicely, smoothly, evenly, with only her wrist and tapering fingers seen by the eye of the camera. When the note was finished, she rose and stepped to one side, and the star resumed the seat for further long shots.

This procedure has occurred hundreds of times in the making of motion pictures. Some of the most beautiful hands in America have been drafted to the studios to be photographed in "doubling" scenes for the stars. Not that the hands of the stars are unsightly, but simply that there are others more shapely, more delicately molded. And these hands are kept busy, called from one studio to another, earning for their owners from $10 to $25 a day. Just by looking pretty!

"Delusion!" you insist. "Trickery."

Yes, but to add beauty and charm to pictures. If a talented, emotional actress happens to have short, stubby hands, is it not best for the picture's sake not to call attention to them in close-ups, but to substitute hands that fit the characterization being evolved?

At one of the large studios not long ago, an underworld picture was being filmed. The script called for a young woman to forge a check. It so happened that this player had a thin hand with rather bony knuckles. Her nails were beautifully manicured, her skin was soft, her penmanship splendid, yet in a close-up those knuckles would have been too prominent. So a double was called, a girl with long, tapering fingers. *She* forged the check.

Who are these girls? Where are they from? How do they take care of their hands? How do they keep them beautiful?

I can envision the reader asking these questions.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Olga Vana, whose lovely hands you have often seen in close-ups, scouts the idea that dishwashing and housework are ruinous to hands.



Photo by Seely

Camilla Rovelle's beautiful fingers were "discovered" by Norma Talmadge, and have been "appearing" on the screen ever since.

Let's take the case of Camilla Rovelle. Camilla arrived in Hollywood from Indianapolis, Indiana, several years ago. She did extra work for a while. Then, one day she was on a set at the United Artists studio when Norma Talmadge walked by. Norma caught a glimpse of her hands and paused.

"Pardon me," the great actress said to her, "but I was attracted by your hands. They are beautiful!"

Camilla blushed, then reddened still more when Miss Talmadge called John W. Considine and pointed to her discovery.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she exclaimed.

The result was that Camilla was called upon to hand a ring to some one in a subsequent picture, and her hands thereby made their first appearance on the screen. Other producers saw them and presently Camilla's hands were in great demand.

"I rub cold cream on them at night," Miss Rovelle says. "Then when I go to bed, I wear a pair of old



Photo by Richee

Probably few fans know that Esther Ralston got her start in the movies by doubling with her hands.

kid gloves. I play the piano and regularly each morning run over the scales. That exercises the muscles and the tendons. Any girl anxious to keep her hands in nice condition should do something to start the blood circulating through the fingers—to limber them up, I might say. Not hard work, mind you, but just enough to feed them blood. This will keep them well rounded."

There's Doris Dawson, whose hands millions have seen in the movies but whose face, until recently, had never been screened. She recently did a part with Bill Cody in a Western. After that she was chosen to play the lead opposite Billy Dooley in a Christie comedy. Doris had doubled with her hands in dozens of pictures and while thus doubling had attracted the attention of directors and so won for herself some real rôles.

"Use cold cream on your hands every night," says Doris. "When you go out, wear gloves. The air hardens and coarsens the skin, particularly when you're riding in a motor car. I admit I do not wash dishes. The warm, greasy water reddens the hands, and the caustic soap makes them lose their softness. Let the same manicurist treat your nails each week. She will learn their condition, their needs, their frailties. Use a bit of lemon juice to cut the grease if you work at the kitchen sink. Hands cannot be pretty if they are abused."

Doris came from Towaco, New Jersey. You have seen her writing letters, pulling off gloves, picking up things from the floor, and so forth, in many pictures.

Pretty hands are almost as distinguishing a physical feature as a pretty face. Olga Halstead, a Los Angeles girl, was approached by a total stranger two or three years ago.

"What marvelous hands!" he exclaimed. "Are you working in motion pictures?"

"No," Miss Halstead replied.

"Then for Heaven's sake go to see Dave Allen at the Central Casting Bureau!" he said. "Register for work."

Miss Halstead went timidly to the Bureau and sought out Mr. Allen. He took one look at her long tapering fingers and hastily drew out a registration blank.

"There's plenty for you to do," he said.

In a short while, she was called to one of the studios to spend a few moments before the camera holding up to view some letters and pictures. And a few days later, she was called again to let her long fingers play idly over the keys of a piano. Then she was asked to raise the cuff of her sleeve and exhibit a wrist watch. That was all, and she was paid fifteen dollars in each instance.



"I never go to bed without rubbing my hands with a lotion," Olga says. "Hands need cream as much as the face, if you want to keep them soft. And don't drive a motor car. Gripping the steering wheel enlarges the joints. That's a warning."

Like the old prospector who exclaimed, "There's gold in them thar hills!" these girls will tell you: "There's gold in them thar hands!" And they exhibit bank books to prove it.

Iris Stuart, Wampas Baby Star of 1927, got her start in pictures through the

Continued on page 107

And Majel Coleman, now a featured player herself, still lets her hands be used occasionally in close-ups for other actresses.

Dorothy Dillon is paid about $300 a month just for the use of her hands before the camera.



Found—a New Lease on Life

And George O'Hara needed it, too. When he suddenly lost interest in things a year or so ago and, just as he was on the verge of success, allowed himself to sink into a moody oblivion, every one thought that he was finished, but George at last snapped out of it and is now rapidly getting back on his feet.

By William H. McKegg

HOLLYWOOD usually spends little time mourning over any actor who may fall behind the front ranks. If he doesn't keep well in the van, he is allowed to drop out without so much as a requiem being uttered for him. Sometimes, though, after a drop, a player rises afresh to new heights.

This story has to do with a young actor who did temporarily drop down, but who is now rising again with increasing success. To assuage your impatience, I'll tell you immediately that the youth is George O'Hara. Two years ago, George was full of ambition. "I'm determined to strike out and go as far as I can," he said. "My mind is absorbed in pictures. I am heart and soul in the work. I mean to succeed!"

He had just left Sennett's to appear in the "Fighting Blood" series of two-reelers for F. B. O. He was considered to be a very lucky young man, with lots of promise, and he was. From the position of cutter at the Sennett studio, he had been promoted to bits in Sennett comedies, finally playing a featured rôle in "The Crossroads of New York." That six-reel burlesque was a gem of its kind, and had won George his first big notice in the reviews. Now he was winning his second big notice in the "Fighting Blood" pictures. And he followed that up with good work in another series, called "The Pacemakers."

Then, suddenly, George developed a queer streak. He started going about alone, with head lowered and brows contracted, looking as though he expected a storm to break at any minute. For days at a time he went into seclusion from the outer world. Every now and then, he came to life and joined the crowd for a while, but he soon rushed back to his seclusion.

Following the release of "The Pacemakers," people had predicted a bright future for George. But now, for some unknown reason, he seemed to have completely lost interest in what might happen to him. He had a cynical attitude toward everything. Pictures, and his progress in them, became unimportant to him. Time went on. Nothing much came from the predicted O'Hara talent. Only a year before, he had been so full of plans. What was happening to him?

"Oh, what's the good of anything?" he listlessly responded when asked about his work on the screen. He believed, he said, that there was a possibility that he might play in "His People" for Universal, but his tone implied that they might put him in news reels for all he cared.

George did not play in "His People." Instead, he played the rôle of the brother in "The Sea Beast." But with the presence of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello in the picture, he did not reap all the notice that he might have.



George and his mother look over some of his fan mail, which has been swelling since George staged his come-back.

Then he disappeared from Hollywood. The cause of his departure was not known. A thwarted love affair was hinted at. Or perhaps George's ideals had been shattered.

The next news of him was that he was in New York, making a serial, "Casey of the Coast Guard." From that time on, things began to pick up again for George. Despite his strange actions, interest in him had not grown lax, and so now, he was able to step forward again with new verve and win even better notices than any he had achieved before. He did this in "Bigger Than Barnum's." The film was not a masterpiece, but well worth seeing, and George's work in it was splendid.

He continued his rise in such pictures as "California

Continued on page 106

Hardly an Ugly

In a few years Laura La Plante has transformed her one of the beauties of the screen, by changing her hair,



Brown curls and the wistfulness of an ingénue, left, were Laura La Plante's assets when she began her career.





There is nothing of the comédienne in the picture, right, of her first dramatic rôle in a Western film.



Her first bob, above, brought forth her first smile, and all at once Laura began to find herself, though her hair had not yet become the color of golden daffodils.



As a full-fledged "movie queen," above, Laura's now-famous sense of fun was certainly concealed.

Above, she began to experiment with her hair by cutting it shorter and brushing it back.

Duckling, But——

self from just a good-looking, small-town girl into cultivating poise and learning how to wear clothes.



Eureka! She laughs at all she surveys, and has become blonde beyond recall, acting on the advice of her director-husband, William A. Seiter, who thought her "insipid" at first.



She comes into her own, above, with a sophisticated arrangement of her hair in soft waves that form a natural frame for her face, and takes on a quizzical look in her eyes, as if to say, "Wasn't I a fright when you first saw me?"



One of the stages in her transformation, above, shows that not every experiment was becoming.



Finger waving of her boyish bob, left, marked another step in her progress to beauty, but Laura was still a little obvious.

The "new" beauty made her first appearance in "Dangerous Innocence," and bore no resemblance to the brunette of yesteryear.



No, She's Not an Exiled Countess

Carrie Daumery portrays regal rôles on the screen with such an aristocratic bearing that one half suspects that she is concealing a real title. However, the talented Belgian character actress assures you to the contrary in this highly interesting tale of her life and career.

By Madeline Glass

ANY one who regularly attends the movies must have seen Carrie Daumery. And any one who has seen her must have wondered about the private life of this highly individualistic woman who plays royal ladies so brilliantly.

Miss Daumery has appeared in many pictures, under the direction of such men as Lubitsch, Ingram, and Vidor. Haughty queens, desiccated empresses, austere duchesses—such are the characterizations in which her histrionic talent finds unique expression. Her screen bearing suggests such proud and ancient lineage that her presence in a picture dealing with the aristocracy always gives it an air of authenticity.

Her regal manner seems so inherent in her that I wondered if she might be playing her own natural self on the screen. Since the war, so many people of noble family have drifted into the movies that it seemed possible that she might possess a title. The idea intrigued me, even against my better judgment. For who ever heard of an actress concealing a title? But the possibility appealed to my lively imagination. Perhaps she was an exiled countess or something.

Miss Daumery in person, however, quickly dispelled my anticipations. With a tea table between us in her little Hollywood bungalow—a house strangely unsuited to her personality—she told me the story of her life.



When she found herself, at the end of the war, an impoverished widow with a convalescent son, Miss Daumery came to this country to seek to wipe out tragic memories.

She is, as she explained in her slightly broken English, of Belgian and French parentage. She was born in Brussels and spent the greater part of her earlier life in that city. Exceptional educational advantages and a great deal of travel helped to develop her naturally aristocratic qualities.

At the age of seventeen, she went on the stage, playing what she described as "artistic" rôles. Marriage and the subsequent birth of a son interfered somewhat with her career, but she continued to act intermittently, playing such parts as appealed to her. For a time she was associated with Sarah Bernhardt. It is interesting to note that, according to Miss Daumery, Bernhardt was subject to attacks of extreme stage fright.

In the spring of 1914, Miss Daumery and her husband, a well-known musician, went on a pleasure trip to Switzerland. When the war broke out, they decided not to return home until it was over, believing, with many others, that the hostilities would last no more than three months. But when all hope of immediate peace had gone glimmering, they returned to Belgium, only to find their beautiful home occupied by German soldiers.

Fortune no longer smiled upon the aristocratic actress. Her son was in the trenches. Her husband's health was failing. Financial reverses occurred. But with her country in chaos, literally struggling in a death grip, she had little time to lament over her own personal troubles. Among other patriotic services to her country, she "adopted" twenty-five young soldiers, peasant boys in whom she took a motherly interest.

When the war finally ended, Miss Daumery was an impoverished widow with a convalescing son. As it was financially impossible for them to return to their former mode of living, they decided to go to London to make a new start and try to wipe out tragic memories. But London, unfortunately, was undergoing the aftermath of war and had little to offer them.

It was about that time that Miss Daumery's "adopted sons" decided to take London by storm and visit their benefactress. Determined that her boys should not know of her reduced circumstances, Miss Daumery gallantly spread an elaborate feast for them, with a ponderous array of silverware. When the simple-hearted peasant boys viewed all that splendor, their merriment abated perceptibly. Each one cast furtive glances about, in the hope of getting a clue as to the proper method of attack. Finally, one young chap solved the problem by picking out such pieces of silver as he expected to need and politely laying the others aside!

As the chances of securing desirable work in London seemed hopeless, Miss Daumery and her son sailed for America. While they were trying to get a start in New York, friends in San Francisco advised them to

Continued on page 106



Alice White, above, in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," uses her alluring eyes with the candor of a Grecian flapper.

Bedroom Eyes

Varied interpretations of a phrase often used to describe "speaking" orbs.



Fay Wray, above, in "The Street of Sin," regards life with sweet spirituality.



Greta Nissen, above, is subtly coquettish as a sophisticated charmer in "Fazil," and it's early in the morning, too!



Laura La Plante's bedroom eyes, right, are those of sheer terror, because of what she sees in "The Cat and the Canary."

Right, Lya de Putti as *Midnight Rose*, a cabaret dancer.



Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 54

Missing—One Comedian.

Where's Raymond Griffith?

His fans may well ask. Ray has more or less dropped out of the limelight since he severed his connection with Paramount. But there is no question that he is clever, and with the proper kind of management and supervision, should go far. Just because he was guilty of making a few weak pictures should not mean that he is out of the running.

Ray lately has been spending most of his time reading and studying at his new home in Beverly. He also frequents the Athletic Club and, of course, lavishes attention on a certain popular stage actress, to whom he has more than once been reported engaged.

When Ugliness Pays.

Louis Wolheim had ambitions to become a romantic actor, but they were nipped in the bud. Wolheim wanted to have his face lifted. He felt that his visage gave him no chance to do anything but comedy and character rôles.

But the producer who has him under contract objected to his having his face changed in any way. He expressed the belief that Wolheim's face in its present state was his fortune, and cited the popular success of "Two Arabian Knights" to prove this.

At latest reports, Wolheim still had his natural countenance, though he was said to be fuming about it. And please believe us, he is one actor who *can* fume.

Mary Pickford—Lady Orator.

Mary Pickford wants three miles of palm trees planted along Sunset Boulevard, one of the main thoroughfares through Hollywood, and she went down to tell the city council about it not long ago. It is needless to say that they were seriously impressed with her argument, despite the exorbitance of the demand.

Beautifying cities has been a pet topic with Mary for several years. She makes effective speeches on the subject too.

Looking back to the time when we first heard her speak—it was at the première of one of her early pictures—we can remember how terribly nervous she was then over having to "say a piece in public." Now, however, she is so active in the field of oratory that we shouldn't be surprised to see her some day branch out as a politician.

Divorced.

That annoying habit which husbands sometimes have of failing to return home at night seems to have been one of the chief causes of the unhappiness in Marie Prevost's wedded life. This was brought out during her testimony in her effort to obtain a legal separation from Kenneth Harlan. The divorce, which hung fire for the better part of a year, was only recently settled.

An Amicable Separation.

Olive Borden parted very amicably from the Fox company. She is reported to have wanted a bigger advance in salary than was due under her contract, and the company declined to give it to her.

Olive's stipend was seven hundred and fifty dollars a week and, if she had stayed with the company, this was to have been advanced to one thousand dollars.

The Craze for Sequels.

Sequel films are becoming a habit. Paramount has "Beau Sabreur" to follow "Beau Geste;" Douglas Fairbanks may make "Twenty Years After" as a sequel to "The Three Musketeers;" there is a new edition of "The Cohens and the Kellys;" and now Evelyn Brent will probably be seen in a continuation of her experiences in "Underworld."

Just Married.

Constance Howard, sister of Frances Howard—who is now Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn—is among the newlyweds. She was recently married to Wilson Jones, a law student. With all the legal troubles over movie contracts nowadays, a lawyer-husband should be a decided advantage to a girl in pictures.

Two New Stars.

Special recognition is due to two players who have recently achieved stardom. One is Edmund Lowe, who is starred in "Dressed to Kill," and the other is George Bancroft, who will have stellar billing in "Honky Tonk."

Bancroft's excellent portrayal of the master crook in "Underworld" is the immediate cause of his stardom, while Lowe's performance in "What Price Glory" is what made Fox decide to advance Eddie to higher prominence.

A Film that Will Be Talked About.

We saw the Lillian Gish film, "The Wind," not long ago, and consider it one of the best of recent productions. It isn't the popular sort of picture, perhaps, but it has unusual merit.

It is the story of a girl's bitter experiences in a storm-swept Texas prairie amid primitive conditions to which she is totally unaccustomed. The way in which Victor Seastrom, the director, has conveyed the effect of tempests beating upon the young girl's mind may perhaps be just a trifle theatrical, but it is amazingly effective just the same.

We expect that this production will be much talked about.

Here To-day, Gone To-morrow

Continued from page 17

rette girl. She is young and assured and beautiful. If New York were nearer Hollywood, she might be one of the glorified Ziegfeld girls. But Ruby won't go to New York. She means to stay in Hollywood. She has been the cigarette girl at Montmartre for years, and Montmartre without Ruby would not be the same.

As she weaves her way among the tables, bowing to Raymond Hitchcock, or stopping to hear a joke from Frisco, the jazz dancer, she symbolizes the independent girl of to-day. The movies once enticed her, but the work was too uncertain, the income too precarious, the career too indefinite. So Ruby went back into business. And selling cigarettes at Montmartre nets her a return that even conservative statisticians would admit is tidy.

Ruby sees the stars come and go. She sees them glittering at the height of their glory; she sees them fade into oblivion; then she sees them no longer. Perhaps this constant cycle passing before her eyes is enough to keep her contented with her lot of playing *Carmen* to the patrons of Montmartre.

The stars and the failures, the rising ingénues and the waning soubrettes—all are here. And the orchestra plays on, just as though every one were perfectly happy. But don't come to Montmartre looking exclusively for silver linings. For here is a fine blend of gayety and gloom, happiness and heartbreak, delight and despair.

Over the rococo doorway, Mine Host Brandstatter might do well to post a warning sign, and yet philosophical withal—a sign that would serve as a caution for the incoming starlets, even though it is too late for the departing ones—a sign reading: "Here To-day, Gone To-morrow!"

Assorted Kings

These monarchs of the silver sheet prove to be only human after all.



Gustav von Seyffertitz, above, is a stern king who imposes strict military discipline on *Prince Karl Heinrich* in "The Student Prince."



Tenen Holtz, right, in "His Night," plays a monarch merrily indifferent to the formalities of his rank.



John St. Polis, left, as the king in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," obliged with an embodiment of all the masculine vices, in order to justify—if possible—the straying of his queen from the path of rectitude on that twenty-one-day sojourn in Switzerland.





Max Barwyn, below, is suspicious and crafty, as *King Ferdinand* in "The Climbers."

Adolphe Menjou, above, in "The King on Main Street," is remembered by the fans for his portrayal of a king who enjoyed a visit to Coney Island with the zest of a bourgeois.

Below, Robert Edeson as the king who loved and lost Lya de Putti in "The Heart Thief"—hence his rueful expression.

Arthur Lubin, below, as the youthful *Louis XIV.* in "Bardelys the Magnificent," depicted a dandified, affected king.





Rudolph Schildkraut, above, made of the jolly old king in "Young April" an easy-going bon vivant.



Continued from page 33

told them to write to the answer man about it. But don't you do it—PICTURE PLAY'S answer man already has a lot of work, and besides, I know him, and he hasn't any influence.

What It Is to Be a Star.

George Bancroft received great acclaim for his work in "Underworld," so when he came to New York for a rest, there wasn't any rest. Interviewers. Interviewers. Oh, yes, and *he* went to the theater every night, too.

Despite the fact that he is now a star, George likes to feel that he is still at the bottom of the ladder. And he likes best to talk about his old stage days, when he wore blackface, and was the highest-priced song-and-dance man then singing and dancing.

Moral—Stay Away from Berlin.

Lya de Putti passed through New York on her way to Berlin. She really shouldn't go to Berlin. The last time she was there—if you believe what you see in the papers—she fell through a plate-glass window. And this time, according to the same source, she fell downstairs. No, she shouldn't go to Berlin. But some girls will never learn.

The Real Truth of the Matter.

Jeanne Eagels returned to New York from Hollywood, having completed her rôle opposite John Gilbert in "Man, Woman, and Sin." Jeanne had fun acting before the camera; so much fun that she hopes to make some more films.

But she wishes that the story hadn't been spread that the picture had to be finished with a double because she became so temperamental. It was all wrong, that story. There was only one scene that was finished with a double—a ballroom scene, with five hundred extras, each of whom wanted his face in front of the camera when the story demanded that Jeanne and Jack should be there. So the scene had to be taken over and over many times, and each time those extras just wouldn't behave. Till finally, Miss Eagels was so tired and so nervous, she just collapsed, and she had to go home for the rest of the day, while the scene was finished with a double.

The way these stories do get about—it does make you sorry for the poor, maligned screen stars, now doesn't it?

Another Foreign Director.

I really don't see how New York film executives ever have time to plan any pictures. They spend all their spare moments down at the docks meeting foreign directors and stars. Now it's Ludwig Berger, who has come from Germany to direct for Fox, and if there are any directors left in Germany, I want you to sit right down and tell me who they are.

New York is just full of Mr. Berger's relatives, including Otto Kahn, his father's cousin. Ludwig's grand old family name is really Bamberger, but his father, the burgomeister of Mainz, said that no Bamberger should disgrace the family name by being connected with the stage; so Ludwig said, all right, he'd just be a Berger. And that's how it is.

Charles Ray Also Ran.

Charles Ray could have had his name in this little sheet if only he had been willing to be interviewed at more than, say, one hour's notice. As it is, if you want to know what Charlie's doing, you'll just have to write and ask him yourself. This department is through for the day.

The Face on the Cutting-room Floor

Continued from page 50

kind words for her individual work in the picture.

"There's a jinx pursuing me!" thought Eve. "What is it and why is it?"

When Edwin Carewe and Count Ilya Tolstoy began selecting the cast for "Resurrection," screen tests were made of Miss Southern for the rôle of *Princess Korchagin,* and she was signed to play the part.

"Now," she exulted, "maybe that old bugaboo has gone into an eclipse!"

But had it? Well, not exactly. When the time came to cut down the footage of the completed film, every sequence in which Eve appeared was cut out. Not a flash, not a peep was left. When the picture was given its Western première and the names in the cast were posted, Eve Southern was not among them. With tears streaming from her eyes, she sought Carewe.

"Why," she pleaded, "was my name omitted?"

"I'm sorry, my dear," the producer said sympathetically, "but it couldn't be helped. We had to eliminate your sequences from the picture."

To a friend, long hours later, she confided: "It is the saddest blow of my ten years in films. I feel now like giving up. It seems that I was born under an unlucky star. I guess I never was meant to succeed in pictures."

But it's funny how the hidden hand of Fate sometimes slips in to guide the destinies of human souls. Just at the darkest hour, when everything seems hopeless and lost, some little incident occurs which in an unseen way turns the whole trend of events in a person's life. This is what happened to the disconsolate, dejected, discouraged Eve Southern. Mr. Carewe was so impressed with her work in "Resurrection" that he gathered up the scraps of film from the cutting-room floor, pieced them together, formed a complete little sequence, and hunted up Douglas Fairbanks.

"Hey, Doug!" he said. "Before you go to lunch I want to show you a little bit of film I have here. You're looking for a girl to play with you in 'The Gaucho,' aren't you? Have a look at this."

Into the projection room they went, and the pieced-together film was unreeled.

"That's enough!" said Fairbanks. "Where is she and when can I get her? She's just what I've been looking for."

Wonderingly, Eve came, when summoned by Doug. But she received the good news with only half-hearted enthusiasm. Might not this be just the same old story? Might not her work again be cut out, or the film shelved, or something like that? Assuredly, her past experiences had given her little to hope for. However, she signed a contract. She played the part, and behold! it was flashed on the screen. At last, at last, she had had her chance, and had made good!

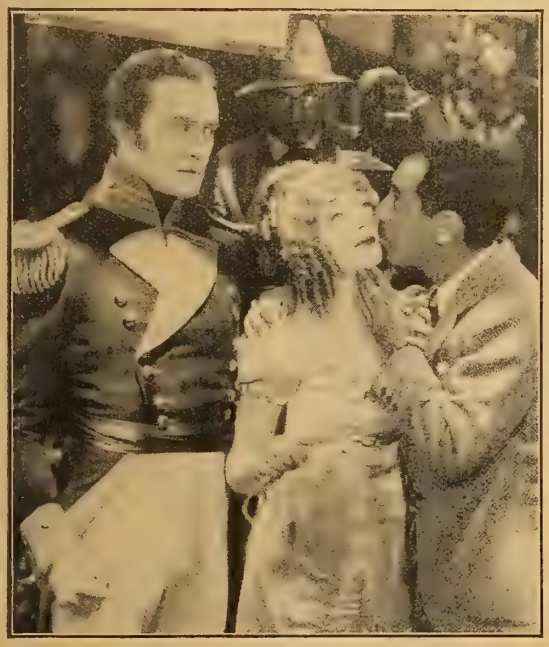
"I don't know," Eve said, as we chatted together not long ago. "Maybe my disappointments have subdued me a little. Maybe I haven't the exuberance I had a few years ago. But I've fought hard for success, and fights always leave scars of some kind."

There is something about this tawny-haired girl that suggests the languor of Greta Garbo. And to me it seems that not even yet has she fully found herself. She is baffling, this sloe-eyed girl of the South. Now that Opportunity has at last been kind to her, will she rise higher? She may, but no one knows better than Eve herself how uncertain the future is.

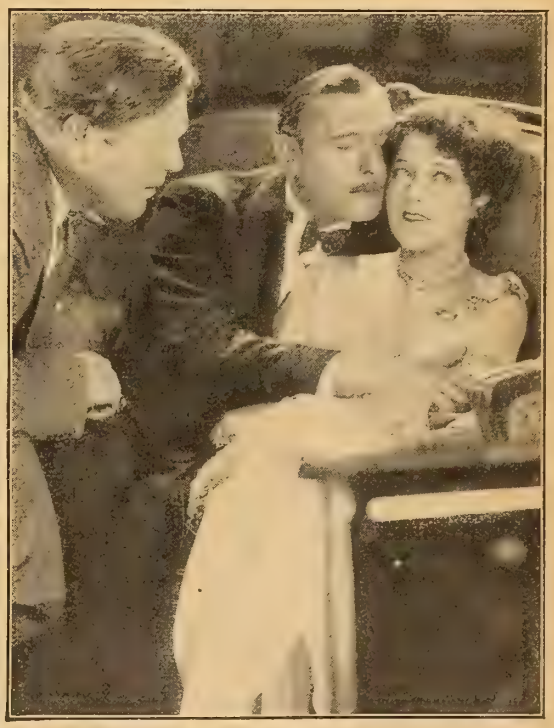
Kisses Made to Order

When we are thrilled by those passionate love scenes that we see in the movies, we never stop to think how cold-bloodedly they are manufactured. These pictures show some of them in the making.





Many a fan's pulse was quickened by the above love scene between Carmel Myers and Jerry Miley in "The Understanding Heart," but to Director Jack Conway, it was all in the day's work.



Left, Sidney Franklin shows Conrad Nagel just how to kiss Marion Davies in "Quality Street," but Conrad wants to do all the kissing himself.

"Blessings on you, my children," said Ernst Lubitsch, below, as he amiably directed Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer in one of the most heartrending scenes in "The Student Prince."





"Darling, I adore you!" murmured Lew Cody, above, to Aileen Pringle in "Adam and Evil." "A little more soulful, please!" yelled Robert Leonard, as he leaned close to watch every flicker of Aileen's eyelids.

"One, two, three, kiss!" orders Clarence Brown, left, as he supervises a love scene between Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert.

That *Rara Avis*—a "Nice" Boy

Continued from page 34

And so, he became a movie actor—this boy who might have been a teller at your bank or your favorite insurance agent.

Buddy and I have met quite frequently in our comings and goings about Hollywood. We've had several talks about any number of subjects. One night we met at a barbecue party in a glen that was deep in the shadows of big trees and illuminated by a beautiful full moon. Buddy sat next to me and seemed to be the only one in the party who realized the loveliness of the scene. The cocktail in front of his place was untouched. He sipped it a couple of times but didn't seem to have much liking for it.

"Don't you drink, Buddy?" I asked.

He turned to me in that quick, pleasant way of his. When he speaks, he smiles, revealing amazingly white teeth that are in sharp contrast to his black hair and eyes.

"Not very much," he answered, hurriedly and rather apologetically. "Sometimes I do a little—but I haven't been out to a place like this for a long time. There's no sense ——" He paused, as though afraid that what he was going to say might embarrass the rest of the party.

So I finished it for him. "No sense in blurring it away."

He laughed—he has a cute laugh. "That's right," he said.

That was one occasion. Another time, he dropped in at my apartment late one afternoon. He was still very much under the lovely spell of Mary Pickford, having just completed "My Best Girl."

"I'm afraid working on that lot may have spoiled me," he confessed. "They do everything so easily and so slowly and so correctly there. We were three months in the making of that picture."

But it wasn't the three months of leisurely shooting that had appealed to Buddy so much as the fact that Mary Pickford had said to him every day in the projection room, "Now if there is anything about your work in the rushes to-day that you don't like, we will shoot it over to-morrow." It is characteristic of Mary to have made such a generous offer, and it is characteristic of Buddy to have been flattered and impressed by it. A lot of actors, you know, aren't impressed by anything.

He hadn't the slightest idea at that time what his next picture would be but he was willing to do anything that was given him. It turned out to be the lead opposite Clara Bow in "Get Your Man," and at this writing he is at work on the rôle of *Abie* in "Abie's Irish Rose."

"Say," he said boyishly, "in what other profession could I earn as much as I'm making in the movies?"—he's making about two or three hundred a week. "That's a lot of money, *I'll* tell you! And I'm saving it, too. I pay only sixteen dollars a week for my room and with the money I save I can send my kid brother to a military academy."

It makes Buddy dizzy to think what his salary will be at the end of his five-year option. With that munificent sum, he intends to import his family to Hollywood.

"I get pretty lonesome out here," he admitted. He *would*. Buddy doesn't fit in very well with the wise-cracking smarties who make up a large part of the cinema younger set. He goes around mostly with the scions of cinema-struck society families and the local débutantes who *don't* carry hip flasks and pocket lighters. He's so new and so young that not much fuss is made over him around the studios.

Buddy has never even met B. P. Shulberg, production manager and high boss supreme at the Paramount studio. But don't get him wrong. He's not complaining.

In conclusion, let me ask you—where in the movies are you going to find another boy like this?

Good-by, Ena! Hello, Marian!

Continued from page 56

do not photograph well, no matter how slight. Was that the reason she wasn't getting work? Or couldn't she really act, after all? These questions and others passed through her mind. Ena developed what we love to call an "inferiority complex."

She lost heart. She quit trying. She went to work every day with the idea firmly planted in her mind and heart that she wasn't going to get it. She watched other girls, who had started after she had, go past her. Then her contract expired. It was after that that she decided to settle down as a housewife and give up her screen ambitions.

Which gets us back to where we started—to Al Rogell's idea to make a new person of his discouraged little wife. He said that, if her nose was bothering her, why didn't she go down and have it fixed? That's the first rule in pulling out of a rut—to correct the things that may have been holding you down. Ena consented to this suggestion, and the result was that she presently emerged with a nose as classic as plastic surgery could make it.

It was then decided to change her name. Other people had done this and achieved immediate benefit. So a numeralogist was called in and he coined the name of Marian Douglas for her—a combination of the names of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. With the new name and the new nose, there came—what do you suppose? A leading rôle opposite Ken Maynard, a featured part in "The Shepherd of the Hills," and a lot of front-page newspaper publicity such as couldn't have been bought for love or money. The dailies carried feature stories of her change of name and luck.

"I already feel like a new person," admitted the former Ena one evening at dinner. "I feel as though I had put all those hard-luck days behind me. I want to be forgotten as Ena Gregory. So far as I am concerned, I am just starting out in the movies. It isn't the past that counts, but the future. At first it was suggested that I be put over as a brand-new discovery, but that was inadvisable, as too many people remembered me as Ena Gregory. I'm not a new discovery, but I *am* a new identity, and I hope anything Ena may or may not have done won't be checked up against Marian.

"I may not accomplish all the things I plan, but at least I shall have made an honest effort; and if I fail, it will not be due to lack of belief in myself. More people than realize it whip themselves before they get a fair start. I suppose it isn't possible for every one to have his or her nose done over, or his name changed, but if people would only go to the root of their troubles, as Al did for me, and find out what is holding them back, they'd get a new start that I am willing to bet would carry them over the hurdles."

"She's a lot better actress than she used to be, too," Husband Al put in proudly.

People who have known Ena—or Marian, rather—a long time say that she is even prettier than she used to be. And it isn't all due to that new nose, either! No, I think it comes from that inner glow that is guaranteed to light up the face and personality of any one who has turned over a new leaf and taken a fresh start.

Have a Light

Do you want to keep on the good side of the director? Then never let his cigar go out, and if you see him groping for a cigarette, hastily offer him one.



Greta Garbo knows full well that there's nothing like a good smoke to soothe the ruffled feelings of a harassed director. So she and Armand Kaliz, above, offer Fred Niblo one of those elegant imported cigarettes, and set it ablaze for him.



Benjamin Christianson, above, accepts a light from Lon Chaney's cigarette during the filming of "Mockery."



Ernst Lubitsch's cigar is famous—he couldn't direct without it. Above, Ramon Novarro keeps it burning for him.



Above, Norma Shearer, as the cigarette girl in "After Midnight," was right on the spot with a little match every time Director Monta Bell's long stogie showed signs of dying.



"Why not use a torch, Mr. Robertson?" asks Oliver Marsh, the camera man, as he lights Director John S. Robertson's cigarette with a gigantic candle.

Why Are the Stars So Unhappy?

Continued from page 21

makes him deathly ill. But he goes wherever he is sent. Make no mistake about that! He is under contract and he has to. The gaudy car stands in the garage while the idol of millions bumps about the desert in a flivver or bobs about the ocean in an ancient schooner.

I visited the "Captain Salvation" company last spring when they were on location on Catalina Island. The water pipes in the old Banning house, which housed the cast, had broken, so there was no water except what was carried a quarter of a mile or so up the hill. There was heat in only one room in the building—and that was from an open fire. It was raining torrents and the weather was miserably cold. The mud in the roads was of a depressing, soupy consistency and cars could not get about. The trip to the stage and the wharf, where the scenes were being shot, had to be made through this mud on foot.

But be it said right here that I heard not one word of complaint—not even from extras or property men who were sleeping in flooded tents. The contrast between those conditions and the gilded luxury in which screen actors are reputed to live was certainly a vivid one!

But it is not the physical hardships that worry the majority of actors. These things are part of the job and are taken philosophically. It is the fact that, once having won a prominent position, they find it is much harder to keep than it was to get in the first place.

"I don't know whether all this is worth the struggle," Ramon Novarro once said to me. "But we certainly must want it a lot—this success—because we go through anything and everything to get it!

"The thing that hurts me most is the realization that my physical self is my only medium of expression. To express the thing in here," pointing to his forehead, "I have only my face, my hands, my body. When I get bald or fat or old, I shall be through. The thing for which we give our best efforts hangs upon an eyelash, so to speak. That thought hurts."

The existence which a screen star leads cannot possibly be called a normal one. He has no privacy. He cannot appear on the street or in a café or a theater without attracting a throng of curiosity seekers who make audible and not-always-polite comments upon each detail of his appearance. His garters, his soap and his preference in breakfast foods are subjects of national interest.

If he marries a member of the profession, there is inevitably that clash of egos which is so often fatal to the most idyllic of matches. If he marries outside the profession, his wife is likely to become bored beyond endurance by the constant discussion of his work.

"We never have any normal relationships with anybody!" I once heard Richard Dix remark plaintively. "The people we meet usually want something from us, or if they are outside the business, they are uncomfortable and ill at ease on account of this artificial atmosphere of glamour that is created about us for the purposes of publicity."

The strain when a star is working on a picture is terrific. He lives with it day and night. Then, when it is finished and he faces the gap of two or three weeks before starting on his next one, there is an abrupt slump—a let-down—a violent mental reaction. No one can live under that sort of strain for long and keep his perspective.

That, I believe, is the chief cause of all this restlessness and discontent. The players are too close to their work. They lose their normal outlook.

So, you see, the stars of the screen—rich, famous, adored, wrapped in glamour—have their troubles and their worries, "even as you and I!"

Helen of Troy in Hollywood

Continued from page 74

returns. An artistic success may often show a profit."

Was there no tendency to question her husband's direction? Was she not, like most wives, accustomed occasionally to disagree with her liege lord? She laughed at the thought.

"We disagree at times, certainly. But when he is directing, the scene is acted as he wishes. Directing is his job. Acting is mine.

"If we find that we are completely at odds as to a characterizing bit in a scene, we compromise by doing it first the way he suggests, then as I feel it should be done. In the projection room, we then see both sides of the question, and choose the better. But this is rarely necessary. In the studio, *he* is the director; at home, *I*." She laughed.

In Germany, this Austrian actress is one of the stellar bodies. Her pictures bring critical attention and her name spells results at the box-office. This much was vouchsafed me by Mr. Korda. Note that he spells his name with a K, while his wife prefers the gentler C. But the pronunciation is the same.

Two of Madame Corda's foreign pictures have been released in this country, but neither has received general distribution. "Madame Wants No Children" was the clumsily entitled first one, and an elaborately mounted biblical spectacle, "Moon of Israel," was the second.

"There is the man who directed the biblical picture," said Madame Corda, indicating Michael Curtiz, a tall, impressive man with a mocking smile. I asked him how good an actress he had found Miss Corda. "Colossal!" he exclaimed. "Intelligent, energetic, delightful!" He bowed toward her in military fashion.

"He is a great director, also," she told me. "This Hollywood is full of foreigners now, is it not? We are all here."

Maria and her husband are living in an imposing English residence directly opposite the building occupied by Mrs. Rod La Rocque when she was still Vilma Banky. La Corda is a sophisticated version of Vilma—an older sister, let us say.

"Mr. Korda is very jealous," she said proudly. "But you need not worry," she added, with a quick smile, as she noted my harassed expression, "you are all right. Newspapermen and journalists, he thinks, are all right!"

In comparing studios here and abroad, Madame Corda was diplomacy itself, finding much to be said in favor of both sides.

"In Ufa studios, we do not hurry. Everything seems to work out, but there is no super-efficiency. We are not checked up all the time. But we accomplish what is desired.

"Here, the equipment is far superior. You have better lighting, better settings, better facilities for making good pictures. Perhaps there is not the same artistic feeling here that you find in Europe. Here it is more purely commercial."

She interrupted herself to point out that this was not criticism but simply observation. I assured her that it was as shrewd as it was truthful. But madame would not commit herself further.

"What do I know, after all?" she asked. "I am a stranger. I come to be *Helen of Troy* in Hollywood." She laughed. "I am very happy. Look at me—here I am. Now write what you please about me."

Hard-boiled

Five charming ladies of Hollywood are seized with the desire to act, rather than just be themselves on the screen.



Marcella Daly, above, in "The Lone Eagle," has a rôle about as hard-boiled as any ambitious actress could desire. As *Ninette,* she is a hanger-on at an inn in France during the war, and gets her man in rough-and-ready fashion.



Lya de Putti, right, goes through various phases of worldly experience in "Midnight Rose," in which she plays a cabaret dancer who marries an ex-crook.



Left, Hedwig Reicher is a stage star who is adopting the screen. In "The Leopard Lady," her mysterious murder is part of the curse that follows the visit of the circus to every town.

Elise Bartlett, below, plays *Goldie,* whose death means a great deal to the plot of "The Angel of Broadway."



Olga Baklenova, left, a star of the Moscow Art Theater, makes her American film début in Emil Jannings' "The Street of Sin," in which she is *Annie,* a hard-boiled product of the London slums.



Continued from page 26

comedy. I asked him if he had seen Winthrop Ames' delightful revival of "The Mikado," and why no one had yet brought Gilbert and Sullivan to the screen.

"It would be poison to the screen," he answered. "All satire is poison on the screen. Movie audiences get mad if they think they are being fooled. They've got to believe what they see. Why, a straight comedian daren't even use a farce situation. It wouldn't get a snicker. MacLean or Beery or Cody, or one of those fellows, can get away with farce, but just let one of us straight comedians try it, and just listen to the silence! I don't know why it is, but I know it's a fact, that every gag used in a straight comedy has to be *logical* at bottom. There must be an element of possibility in everything that happens to me, or the audience is immediately resentful.

"Audiences have changed. Impossible gags that used to get over leave them quite cold now. For instance, one of the best laughs I ever got was several years ago in a two-reeler. At the finish, I dived off a high building to a swimming pool, missed the pool, and went down through the earth, leaving a big hole. Then was inserted a subtitle—'Years later.' I was then shown coming up out of the hole, brushing off my clothes, and turning to help a Chinese wife and two kids out of the hole. That sequence broke all records for long laughs, but if I did it to-day, it would die at the first preview.

"It's funny, how well you get to know your audiences. You have to read them and understand them as you would a barometer. Sometimes they're pretty deep, too.

"I remember a gag we had in 'The Navigator.' In one sequence, I was alone on a ship with the girl, all the crew having deserted. We were moving away from a cannibal island, pursued by cannibals in canoes, when our boat sprang a leak. I put on a deep-sea diving outfit and went down into the water to plug the leak. When I got down there, two swordfish attacked me. I grabbed one of them, used him as a weapon, and ran the other one through.

"Then I started fixing the leak, but a school of fish came by, all going in the same direction except one poor little fish who tried and tried to cross their track, and couldn't. I, seeing its plight, picked up a starfish, put it on my chest, whistled, and held up my hand at the school of fish. They stopped, I motioned the little fish to cross, he swam by, then I turned and signaled the school to pass on. They all went by, and I returned to the leak.

"We thought it was a grand gag, so we devoted a lot of time to it. We couldn't use real fish, of course, so we had eleven hundred rubber fish made, and attached by catgut—which is transparent—to an enormous apparatus above the water. The machine cost several thousand dollars. We went over to Catalina Island and for weeks I worked under water four and five hours a day. No fake, either—it was me in person.

"Well, we finished all our scenes, returned to Hollywood, and ran them off on the screen. The two fish gags were perfect—looked real as the deuce—sure for a laugh.

"We previewed the film at a small movie theater in Hollywood. It went over with a bang—*all except that gag about the school of fish!* The swordfish gag got a laugh, but *not* the other one, which *we* thought was so great. We were at a loss to account for it, for it seemed to us to be funnier than anything else in the picture.

"Could it be that the gag was too tricky—that the audience tried to figure out how it was done? Because as soon as an audience gets interested in technicalities, your laugh is dead. We decided it couldn't be that, because the swordfish gag, which looked much trickier, had got a big laugh. But *why* should they laugh at that and not at the other?

"At last we struck what we thought must be the reason. We figured it out this way. I had gone down to fix the leak in order to save the girl and get away. The swordfish gag was legitimate, because I was protecting myself against them. But there was no excuse for my stopping my work on the leak to go and help the little fish. It was simply illogical, and the public wouldn't have it. So we kissed that gag a sad good-by."

Buster Keaton has won the reward of all good comedians—he now makes only two pictures a year. But at that, he is working steadily.

"A comedy takes much longer to make than a drama," he told me. "Because we never know what we are going to do from one day to the next—from one sequence to the next. The first difficulty is in finding a story, but the story is only the beginning of our worries. We start with the reason for the whole thing, then work out the end, so that we know where we're heading, and last of all, we develop the middle. Then, we plant the gags as we go along."

But as this is *not* a thesis, nor a human-interest story, nor yet a biography, I cannot tell you all these things. It is, instead, to your probable surprise, an "impression." And that impression is—that Buster Keaton is a swell comedian!

Foiled Again!

Continued from page 73

driver got nervous and we very nearly went over the side. The girl sitting beside him had the presence of mind to grab the wheel and save us. Then I fell into an old swimming pool and cut my leg. In almost all of my pictures I have had some sort of accident. See this little scar on my chin? In that scene in 'The Patent Leather Kid' where I kissed Mr. Barthelmess' muddy face, I scratched myself on his beard. Some of the mud got into the scratch and it became infected."

Molly entered pictures at the age of fifteen, via Hal Roach comedies. There was the usual parental objection, but that has gradually subsided since success has come to both Molly and Sister Sally. Recently, the two girls worked in a picture together—"The Lovelorn."

"Next Saturday is my eighteenth birthday," said Miss O'Day, "and Sally is going to give me a big party. For a few days we will both be eighteen; then Sally will have a birthday and be nineteen."

It was a red-letter day in Molly's life when she was given the part of *Curley O'Callahan* in "The Patent Leather Kid."

"Several tests were taken of me," she told me, "but I wasn't promised anything definitely. Then, three days before the filming began, I was told that I had been chosen. Richard Barthelmess has always been my favorite actor, so you can imagine how thrilled I was."

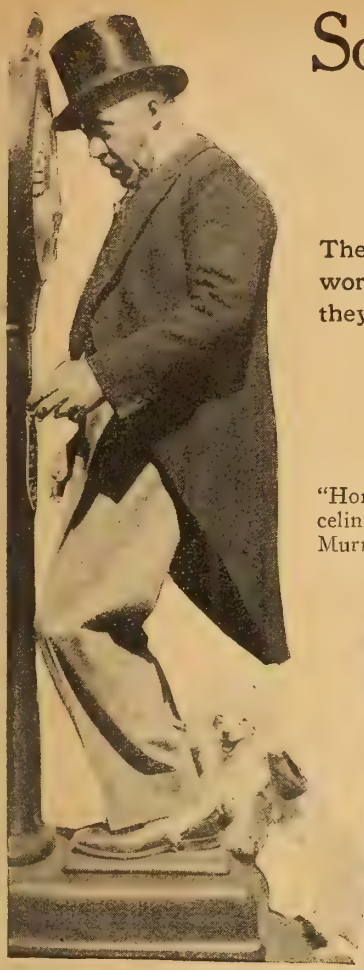
Molly is one of a large family. She has six brothers, most of whom served in the war. The oldest sister was a Red Cross nurse. Because of the service her many children had contributed to their country, Molly's mother was presented by the government with a silver urn.

An assistant director came to tell Miss O'Day to change into her party dress for the next scene, so I left.

Perhaps, some day, I shall meet the typical flapper, but in the meantime, I hope to find many more film actresses as sweet and unaffected as Molly O'Day.

Something Crooked Somewhere

The horrified stars wonder how in the world they gained all that weight, but if they'd just look down at their feet, they'd soon see the reason why.



J. Farrell MacDonald, above, can't imagine what's wrong with the scales, but his little friend the poodle just chuckles to himself.

"Horrors! Do I weigh all of *that?*" asks Marceline Day, right, but she doesn't see that James Murray is slyly presenting her gratis with ten or twenty extra pounds.







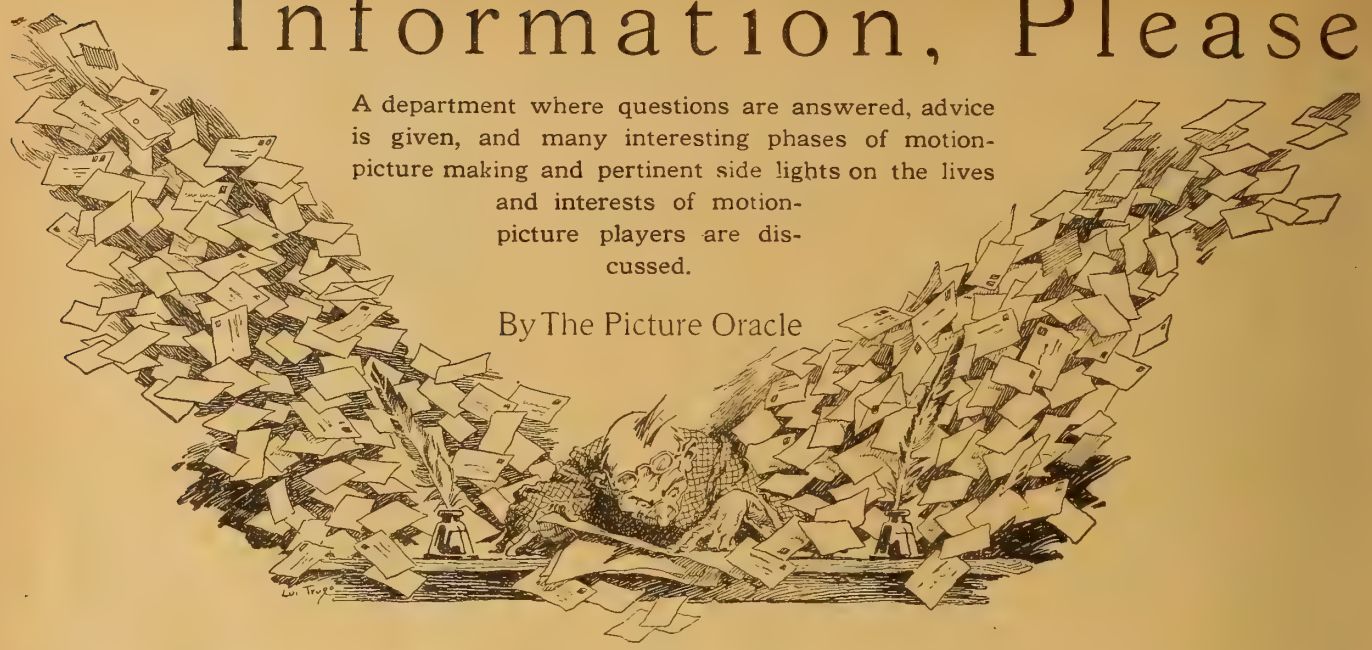
Above, Claire Windsor got an awful jolt when she let Karl Dane weigh her, but it doesn't take much guesswork to see what's at the *foot* of the trouble.

Left, May McAvoy took one look at the scales and began thinking about diets and things—till she discovered where the extra weight was coming from.

"Well, I'll be darned!" says Creighton Hale, right, but it would be much more to the point if he'd tell Jazzbo not to be quite so affectionate.



Information, Please



A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

WANDA.—I can tell that you're not a constant reader of PICTURE PLAY. If you were, you wouldn't be asking for information about John Gilbert! I thought all the fans knew his life story by heart. He is thirty-two; height, five feet eleven. He is an American, and Gilbert is his real name. He has been married only once—to Leatrice Joy. At this writing, his rumored romance with Greta Garbo is off, but it may be on again by the time this is in print. Joan Crawford is five feet four, Karl Dane about six feet.

IRISH NORA.—Oh, I shouldn't want *all* the cheers and gold medals in the world! As the young man said, who received an elephant as a gift, I haven't room in my house. As to the ages you ask for, those that I know are as follows: Dorothy Sebastian and Joan Crawford, twenty-two; Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Madge Bellamy, twenty-four; Bebe Daniels and Shirley Mason, twenty-six; Colleen Moore, twenty-five; Sally O'Neil, nineteen; Marie Prevost, twenty-nine; Constance Talmadge, twenty-seven; Laura La Plante, twenty-three. Colleen Moore's real name is Kathleen Morrison; Shirley Mason was born Leona Flugrath; Joan Crawford used to be Lucille Le Seuer, and Sally O'Neil's real name is Noonan. No, I shouldn't say that Mary Ann Jackson takes the place of Baby Peggy—she has a place of her own on the screen. The principals in "The Big Parade" were John Gilbert, Renee Adoree, Tom O'Brien, Karl Dane, Hobart Bosworth, Claire Adams and Robert Ober.

RICHARD J. LA DUE.—Well, Richard, your questions are being answered the very soonest possible! Gloria Swanson has brown hair and blue eyes. As to her home address, she keeps that a dark secret. Alice Terry, when last heard from, was to make another picture abroad with Ivan Petrovitch as her leading man.

MISS RONNIE.—I don't know that I like being called "Know-it-all." That makes me seem like a very pompous person with lots of bay window and a strut. Ronald Colman's name is pronounced with the "Col" like coal in your cellar—or does your furnace burn oil? He was born in England, but is quite secretive about the date. He is, I believe, about thirty-four or thirty-five. He was on the English stage when Lillian Gish engaged him to play opposite her in "The White Sister," which was made in Rome. Following that picture, he came to America in 1922. His pictures since then have included "Romola," "A Thief in Paradise," "His Supreme Moment," "Her Sister from Paris," "The Dark Angel," "Kiki," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "Beau Geste," "The Night of Love" and "The Magic Flame." He is divorced from Thelma Ray. I have never seen any mention of his having two children. Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, January 9, 1903. She is five feet six, and weighs one hundred and twenty. She had played in several European films before Samuel Goldwyn discovered her and brought her to America. One of them, "The Lady from Paris" was shown in New York last September. Besides having played in a number of films with Ronald Colman, Vilma played opposite Valentino in "The Eagle" and "The Son of the Sheik."

RITTER.—You're in luck, making a trip halfway around the world. Well, when you get to Hollywood, perhaps you will see Greta Garbo, though I understand that she does not go out much. She and John Gilbert are rumored to have a sort of off-again-on-again engagements. Greta is twenty-one. Her address is the Metro-Goldwyn Studio. I'm sorry your questions couldn't be answered in "the next issue;" it is necessary, in requesting answers, to allow about three months for the printing and distribution of the magazine.

G. B. L.—Please give you the life of Theodor von Eltz, you say! Don't tell me, G. B. L., that you would take a man's life! Theodor was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and educated at Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania. After that, he went onto the stage and played for ten years in stock, and in New York productions. He has been on the screen about seven years. He is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes. He is married, and has a little girl about five and a son of three. I think Von Eltz is his real name. He works for no company in particular, but free lances. He is not a star. Florence Vidor was born in Houston, Texas, and educated in a convent and at the high school there. She has played in pictures for six or seven years. She built up her fan following gradually, and is now a Paramount star. She is divorced from King Vidor, and has a ten-year-old daughter.

RIO RITA.—I'm all confused! Here you go, just throwing questions about Cherry La Mont, at me, and I don't know him at all. I can answer only one of your questions about him—the one as to how long he has been in the movies. I should say a very, very short time, not long enough for me to have heard of him. I know you'll understand when I remind you that some one new is "discovered" for the screen about once a week, so it's impossible for me to keep track of all the newcomers, in addition to the stars and featured players.

BETTY JOHNSON.—So I'll be your handsome life-saver if I give you Rin-Tin-Tin's address! Can you guarantee that saving your life will make me handsome? Rin-Tin-Tin's pictures can be obtained from Warner Brothers—address at the end of this department. Better send a quarter with your request. Rin-Tin-Tin is one star, at any rate, who can't be expected to autograph or send out his own photos!

HAY.—I hope your letter doesn't give me hay fever! Yes, it is true that Helen Mundy and Forrest James, who played in "Stark Love," were completely inexperienced as movie players. Helen was attending high school in Knoxville, Tennessee, when Paul Young, an assistant director for Paramount, saw her in a drug store and asked her if she would take a screen test for "Stark Love." A story about Helen was published in PICTURE PLAY in the issue for February, 1927. A letter addressed to her at Knoxville, Tennessee, might reach her. I don't know anything about Forrest James, but I met Helen Mundy when she came to New York after "Stark Love" was finished. She is eighteen, is five feet two inches tall, and has dark-brown eyes. Her mother teaches school in Knoxville. Helen was put under contract by Paramount, but that company later bought the contract back from her. Percy Marmont visited his native England last spring and summer and returned to Hollywood in the fall to make a series of pictures for Gotham. Kenneth Harlan's address is difficult to keep track of, as he free lances.

(Continued on page 119)

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What Is a Year Worth to a Star?

Continued from page 43

right for me. And all the time I was tied up to a workless contract and forced to do nothing.

"The worst part of it all was that I was constantly on the verge of doing something. There was always talk of some picture about to be produced in which I would have a good part—'the best you've ever had,' they would tell me.

"And so I waited, stimulated by a new hope, until at last it would be decided that for some reason or other that certain picture would not be produced. The suspense was over. All my pent-up enthusiasm fell flat. Again I was idle, waiting in vain for the part that never came.

"It isn't to be wondered that I went to pieces. I became introspective, uncertain of myself. I felt that a year of my life was going and that I was sitting by watching it slip away with nothing accomplished.

"I couldn't plan anything. When my grandfather was seriously ill in Delaware and I had gone there, I was suddenly called back to Hollywood supposedly to start work at once. I left what I thought was my grandfather's deathbed and returned to the Coast, only to discover that work on the picture had been postponed. Could you expect me to take a thing like that calmly?

"When I started on my contract I had just finished playing *Lucrezia Borgia*. It was a rôle that I adored. The critics had been kind and fan letters kept coming in day after day.

"I felt that I had increased my following, that I had done something to further myself and my career. Now a year is over and I am back where I started from—really further back than that, because now I feel that people have forgotten me.

"That year of waiting has taken something out of me. I feel that I've grown stale—that I've lost enthusiasm. For a year is a long time to lose out of your life with nothing to show for it. I think of what might have happened had I had the chance to work.

"You never can tell when the big moment of your career is coming. When you are working there is always the possibility of something big, something out of the ordinary, happening. You can never tell when some rôle is going to lift you above everything you've ever done.

"You are keyed up, enthusiastic, buoyed by the fact that you are doing something. And even though you may be worn out by the arduous studio day and come home so tired that you can't think, there is a sense of something accomplished, a satisfaction in being a part of things, that more than compensates you."

"What do you feel has been your greatest loss this year that you have been off the screen?" I asked.

Estelle's eyes darkened.

"The fear of being forgotten," she admitted. "That's what I've been most afraid of. My unknown friends see other faces on the screen; a year is a long time, and they forget."

I looked around at the flowers, the candy, the fruit, at the telephone that had jingled so incessantly during the time I had been there, and somehow I couldn't help smiling. Forgotten?—with all those remembrances there!

Whatever else this workless year has done for Estelle Taylor it hasn't succeeded in doing that. Nor is there any chance, now. For no sooner had she returned to Hollywood than she was offered a rôle. Again she was told it was the best she had ever had, and this time she had a chance to see for herself, because the picture was ready to start and she was free to work. You can imagine with what eager enthusiasm, particularly as the rôle turned out to be one after her own heart—a colorful, elemental peasant girl of modern Budapest, the heroine of "The Whip Woman," with Antonio Moreno and Lowell Sherman acting as spurs to make her give the best performance of her career.

Now you know why Estelle Taylor is the happiest girl in Hollywood and why her idle year has ended in a blaze of joy.

The Word "Star"—What Does It Mean?

Continued from page 47

years. Then Cecil DeMille decided to star her, and a star she now is.

Madge Bellamy, Ronald Colman, Thomas Meighan, Dolores del Rio, Milton Sills, and Billie Dove are a few stars who never were extras. All began as featured players or leads.

There are some players who refuse to accept stardom. Few screen actresses have been so successful as Anna Q. Nilsson in maintaining a long popularity, but time and again, she has refuse offers of stardom. After "Ponjola," Anna could have asked for anything she wanted, but she preferred to remain a featured player, rather than take the risk of accepting stardom.

Lewis Stone is one of the most successful of leading men. After "The Prisoner of Zenda," he also might have stepped into stardom, but like Anna Q., he preferred to remain a featured player. He and Miss Nilsson, incidentally, have been co-featured in many pictures with great success.

The teaming of featured players has become quite a popular practice recently. There are, for instance, Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Charlie Murray and George Sidney—all of these have proved to be very successful teams.

Quite a few juveniles have sprung up within the past few years from the extra ranks to featured rôles.

Gilbert Roland and Don Alvarado won leads with United Artists and are now to be featured players for that company. George Lewis, at Universal, has been featured in "The Collegians."

Charles Farrell is probably one of the best bets now among the younger featured players. After his tremendous success in the rôle of *Chico* in "Seventh Heaven," he is well fixed. Charlie's personality is somewhat of the Wallace Reid type. His first featured part, following "Seventh Heaven" is in "Bride of the Night," in which he plays with Greta Nissen.

Several of the European players who have come to Hollywood have been able to hold the same standing that was theirs abroad. Pola Negri and Emil Jannings were stars in Europe and have remained stars over here. Conrad Veidt was also a famous star abroad, but bad stories have handicapped his début in America. If he can get the right kind of stories, he will undoubtedly hold his own along with the rest.

Victor Varconi and Maria Corda both started in America as featured players. Varconi has won much notice in nearly all the rôles he has portrayed, and has most recently been featured in "The Forbidden Woman" and "Chicago." Maria Corda's first rôle in this country is *Helen* in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." If this proves a success, it can easily lead her to stardom.

So when any little extra girl inaccurately states that she is a movie "star," she calmly places herself on a level with such celebrities as Jetta Goudal, Pola Negri, and Mary Pickford, and you will agree that that is quite absurd.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 61

will be stubborn, but you can see her in the last picture Virginia Valli made for Fox. It's called 'Ladies Must Dress.' And that reminds me, Virginia is back from New York. I saw her here the other night. She looked awfully sleek and smart, and so did Marian Nixon, who sat a few tables away. In fact, they seemed so like well-bred schoolgirls, that some tourists looked around disgustedly and remarked that they couldn't see any movie people!

"Virginia was away just long enough to miss the two greatest cat parties Hollywood has seen in months. I doubt if I'll ever go to another. It would be sure to be a disappointment after those.

"The first was Colleen Moore's shower for Diana Kane—Lois Wilson's sister, who married George Fitzmaurice. Colleen was just finishing a picture and getting ready for 'Lilac Time,' so it was really a great achievement that she could plan such a lovely party.

"I'll admit she was nervous about it. She phoned Carmelita Geraghty and me to come over early and console her. She was in a panic for fear she had forgotten to ask people. What the party would have been if she had remembered to ask any more, I can't imagine. There must have been about seventy-five girls present. If I tried to tell you who they were, it would sound like a casting director's preferred list.

"Ordinarily at a shower there isn't anything to do after the presents have been opened and raved over, but to sit around and talk. You can always depend on Colleen, though, to provide entertainment. She had Minnie Flynn there to tell fortunes, and a lot of funny old movies to run. There was one Mary Pickford had made in about 1911, and a comedy in which Mickey Neilan and Ruth Roland were co-starred that must have been made all of twelve years ago. The picture itself was funny enough, but Ruth's comments as it was run were riotous.

"Jack Dempsey came to call for his wife about ten o'clock, and was just gloating over being the only man there when other husbands arrived and spoiled his fun.

"It was one of those parties that grew and grew, and every one had such a good time they hated to go home. And Colleen had to work next day!

"The other cat party was Gertrude Olmsted's linen shower for Edna Murphy. Edna will have to devote at least one year of her life to giving banquets in order to initiate the linens she received. Every one is so fond of Edna that they took particular care to get her the most exquisite things they could find. Breakfast sets, luncheon sets, bath mats, towels — everything a housewife could dream of. But even after seeing dozens of other beautiful things, the presents from Estelle Taylor and Frances Marion left us all breathless.

"Edna had planned to devote the next few weeks to shopping and getting ready for her wedding. And then Helene Costello came down with the flu and Edna was hurriedly called in to take her place as Monte Blue's leading woman."

Fanny was racing along so breathlessly I couldn't stop her long enough to ask for details.

"I only hope Helene has as much fun convalescing as Bebe Daniels has. Ever since Bebe has been able to sit up, she has had people over to her house to play bridge. She is anything but a languid invalid.

"I wonder what type of picture Bebe will satirize next. She is sure to have some gorgeous idea. You've heard the definition of a gag man, haven't you? A gag man is a person hired, but hardly expected, to suggest for other pictures the sort of comic situations that Bebe suggests for hers. You know, Bebe's success is anything but accidental; she has contributed more to her own stories than any other star.

"If any more people start making traveling-salesmen pictures, Bebe might turn her attention to one of those. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill made one a while ago, and Richard Dix and Norma Shearer are each at work on a salesman story now."

"But——" I began to protest.

"I bet we've both been seized with the same idea," Fanny gloated. "So it must be good. You were about to say that the prevailing mode in pictures is the underworld."

"As a matter of fact, I was."

"Then that's the field for Bebe. I'll go right out to her house now and tell her about it."

Fanny gathered up everything in sight, but the check for our luncheon, and made a hasty departure.

But if you hear of Bebe doing an underworld satire, don't credit Fanny with the suggestion. The chances are ten to one that she got into a bridge game as soon as she reached Bebe's house and never even thought to mention pictures.

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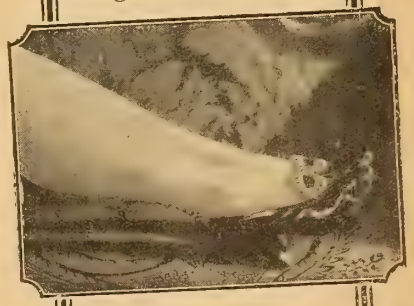


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No, She's Not an Exiled Countess

Continued from page 90

come to that city, where opportunities seemed abundant. Yes, there were opportunities there, but they were not of the sort that could be seized by a frail lady, or by a young man recovering from wounds and poison gas.

Miss Daumery's proud spirit was by this time becoming wearied and humble. As Hollywood was only five hundred miles away, she and her son gathered their belongings together, and started for the cinematic happy hunting ground.

After several unsuccessful applications at various studios, Miss Daumery approached a director who had ventured among an anxious group of would-be extras, and asked for a part.

The director glanced at her and replied, "I want some one who can wear rags. You couldn't wear rags." The actress assured him she could wear anything. So she was given a small part.

In "The Four Horsemen," Miss Daumery was one of the extras in a mob scene of a patriotic demonstration. At the crucial moment she suddenly, impulsively, seized the French flag and kissed it. Rex Ingram, who was directing the film, saw the incident and sent an assistant director to commend her.

Shortly after that, she cast her as Alice Terry's mother in "The Conquering Power." As her work in that production received good press notices, she concluded that her picture career was established and sat down to wait for suitable offers. When none came, she went again to the studios, surprised that she was being overlooked. Within a short space of time she was considered for fourteen different rôles, but one thing or another kept her from being picked for any one of them. Either her eyes were the wrong color, or she was too tall, or something else was amiss.

Eventually, she played a royal lady in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," with Mary Pickford. Since then, her screen career has consisted of just one aristocratic rôle after another, except when she played a comic scrubwoman in "Open All Night," and allowed herself to be thrown into a garbage can.

"Ah, mademoiselle," she exclaimed, shrugging her eloquent shoulders, "my friends sympathized with me because I had to play that part, but I really liked it. I wanted to prove my versatility."

Not long after that performance Miss Daumery attended a fashionable picture première. A man in faultless evening attire approached her and inquired if she remembered him. She confessed that she didn't.

"I am the man who threw you into the garbage can," he explained politely.

Found—a New Lease on Life

Continued from page 87

or Bust" and "Yours to Command." The F. B. O. officials liked his work so much that they decided to star him in "Ladies Beware."

Upon hearing this, I thought it was full time to investigate, to get a story from George, to ascertain, if possible, what had been the cause of his temporary withdrawal from activity.

I found him in exuberant spirits and full of enthusiasm over his work. Not at all the same Mr. O'Hara who had been so tired of pictures, and of life in general, a year before. He was full of the things he'd like to do on the screen.

"Say what you like about serials," he pointed out, when the one he had played in was mentioned, "they do get you plenty of notice in the small towns and with the young people. That is why I went East to play in that one."

Listening to young O'Hara was like listening to a traveler who had just returned to his home town after having spent years abroad. But in spite of all attempts, I could not make him talk about the George of the past two years, or give me some clue to why he had allowed himself to drop out of things for a while. He was so full of the present, and of his ambitions for the future that it seemed, after all, unnecessary to stress that unfortunate period when he had come to a standstill and had seemed to lose interest in his work.

Whether it was a love affair, disillusionment, self-satiation, or something else that caused his temporary indifference, matters not one bit. The important thing is that George has evidently forgotten all about it, or at any rate put it entirely out of his mind, and is now looking ahead instead of backward.

The slight drop in his career was, after all, for the best, for he is now at last giving us what was expected from him in the first place.

All Handmade

Continued from page 86

fame won by her hands. Her hands were "discovered" in New York City by a commercial artist who pictured them in many postures to advertise a certain nail preparation and also a widely used soap. Esther Ralston also got her start doubling with her hands. Majel Coleman, now under contract to Cecil DeMille, has often been declared to have the most beautiful hands in Hollywood, and has used them in many close-ups for other DeMille players.

Ruth McCray is secretary in the purchasing department at the Paramount studio. But in her spare moments between tabulating bids on materials, she is used on the sets for writing notes or picking pockets.

"I abhor soap," says Ruth, "and use it as little as possible. Lemon juice is better. But never, never let the oil in the lemon rind get on your hands. It yellows them, and you'll have an awful time removing the stain from the skin."

Lotus Thompson came to movieland from Australia. She has marvelous fingers, long, tapering, slender, artistic. Millions of moviegoers have seen Miss Thompson's fingers powdering her nose, writing notes, picking up things, forging checks, and so forth, for other players.

"No girl should go to bed at night without using cold cream on her hands," says Lotus. "I sleep with rubber gloves on my hands. They were annoying at first, but I found that they removed the fat, and acted as a bleach. It is the best method I know for keeping the hands slender."

Then there's Dorothy Dillon. Dorothy gets about $300 a month for using her hands before the camera. She was born with pretty hands, but says she deserves no credit for keeping them that way. When she lived in San Francisco, she played shortstop on a girls' baseball team and repeatedly had her fingers bunged up. But no bones were broken. And up to the time she was fourteen years old, she used to bite her fingernails. Then her mother said, "Dorothy, when you quit biting your nails, I'll send you to a manicurist, but not before."

"That promise," says Miss Dillon, "broke me of the pernicious habit. Every time I put my fingers to my mouth, my little old subconscious mind said, 'Be careful, Dorothy, or you won't get that manicure!'"

Miss Dillon was on a set working as an extra when the director decided that the star's hands would not do for close-ups. He looked over the group of extras and found the beautiful fingers of Dorothy Dillon. That discovery took her out of the extra ranks and gave her something better to do. So frequently was she called thereafter and so charmingly did her hands photograph, that one of the big producing companies asked for the exclusive use of her services and placed her on a salary.

Dorothy Dillon recommends sticking to the same manicurist. "Be sure that she knows her business," she says, "and then let her make a study of your nails. Don't try to take care of them yourself. You may do it superficially, but it requires an expert to keep them in perfect condition. And by 'expert,' I mean some one who has spent years studying nails—not a girl who has merely learned how to trim and polish.

"I believe in exercising the hands. I play the guitar—a little. I do oil painting. I do housework. I wash dishes. The theory that washing dishes hurts your hands is the bunk. I've helped my mother with the housework ever since I was thirteen and—well, the studios seem to think my hands are pretty enough to photograph. I guess that's an answer."

Olga Vana is another who scouts the idea that a girl's hands are spoiled by dishwashing and housework. Olga arrived in Hollywood from Fort Worth, Texas, about three years ago. Inside of a month the motion-picture studios had heard of her beautiful shoulders and arms, and had called upon her to use them before the camera. Her forearm measures 8½ inches, her upper arm at the biceps muscle 9½ inches, and her wrist 5½ inches. She wears a 5½ glove, and her fingers look as though they were sculptured in marble. She doesn't play tennis or golf, doesn't work with dumb-bells or Indian clubs, and gets all her finger exercise from sweeping her apartment floor.

"I rub olive oil into my hands each morning, and again at night," Miss Vana says. "I use lemon juice about every three weeks as a bleach and to remove stains. In the interim, I do what I'm told to do at the studios. That's about all."

They have beautiful hands, these girls, and many of them have found their doubling work to be an opening wedge toward real rôles, and one—Esther Ralston—has even won stardom.



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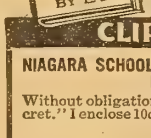
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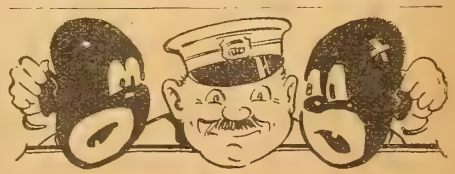
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Never an Emerald Without a Flaw

Continued from page 19

unattractive mouths, or other imperfections.

Norma Shearer's eyes are exceptionally small, and too close together for perfect balance, but you do not notice this, because of her radiant personality and the excellence of her acting. Marian Nixon's eyes are not large, either. Jack Gilbert's prominent, piercing eyes further enhance the illusion of the dashing conqueror. Norma Talmadge's eyes tend toward the oblique, slanting at the corners. Lilyan Tashman, Dorothy Mackaill, May McAvoy, and Sally O'Neil have the pale eyes that a few years ago were said to be impossible to photograph. Yet they all are successes.

Pola Negri's square face is arresting, but not beautiful. Aileen Pringle's face is too long for the shingled bob she now affects. Olive Borden also has been criticized for her exceptionally long face and prominent teeth. Badly placed teeth can be, and often are, corrected, but Roy d'Arcy realized that his were his stock in trade, contributing to his individuality that sinister grin which he uses to accompany every emotion. Monte Blue, Tom Mix, and other heroes have broad faces which, however, add to the impression they wish to create of homeliness.

Avoirdupois is the stars' Nemesis and constant bête noire. By diets and exercise most of them curb it. Renee Adoree seems at present the most conspicuous rebel in that she snaps her fingers at the embonpoint which is becoming more and more apparent. On the other hand, Colleen Moore is too thin, despite many quarts of milk daily. In fact, Colleen is plain and wiry, but she has such pep and personality, such sparkling intelligence, and she is so thoroughly likable, that you forget she is no rival of Helen of Troy.

Now that we are being critical, what other faulty features are there? Jetta Goudal's face, with its high cheek bones, slightly flat nose, and oblique eyes, adds to the mystery of her, but certainly it is far from a beautiful face.

Prominent noses cannot be hidden and only occasionally can they be made less conspicuous by plastic surgery, but the Roman nose of Anita Stewart, the "dished" nose which at one time Gloria Swanson thought of having changed, and Richard Dix's indubitably ugly nose, have detracted in no way from their fame. Indeed, they have helped to stamp them as individualities.

Betty Compson's eyes are so compelling that one does not notice that her hips are somewhat beyond the measurement that goes with her height and the rest of her figure. Helen Ferguson's eyes are beautiful, but her mouth is a little too broad for symmetry, from the strictly artistic standpoint. It has much sympathy and sweetness, however.

If *Prince Charming* rode up and stopped his steed in Hollywood, slipper in hand, Betty Bronson, Viola Dana and other tiny girls might well compete for the honor of wearing it. Certainly, however, Greta Garbo could never be *Cinderella*. And Lupe Velez, the little snappy-eyed Mexican, admits that her feet are not for publication.

While Janet Gaynor is not beautiful, she has no outstanding irregularities. Her charm lies in her freshness and her naïveté.

The smallness of Margaret Livingston's dark eyes caused her heartaches when she first tried to get a foothold in the films, but experience in make-up has taught her how to minimize this handicap and of course she has developed her personality to such an extent that her curious eyes are now an asset more than a liability. Nevertheless they remain a flaw.

Dolores del Rio's upper lip has been criticized because of its length and she has to be photographed in such a way as to lessen it, but in spite of this she is recognized as one of the beauties of the screen with an individuality wholly her own.

Now, what shall we do with Billie Dove, Claire Windsor, Dolores Costello, and Esther Ralston? I cannot find a defect in their flawless loveliness. Three are pink-and-gold and blue-eyed beauties of the fairy tales. One is a brunette of creamy skin, beautifully shaped mouth, and flashing brown eyes. They defy critics of beauty, and even the calculating appraisal of artists gives them one-hundred-per-cent perfection.

They seem to wear the few laurel wreaths for perfect beauty that can be distributed in Hollywood; they hold the golden apples. The others, charming and gifted and brilliant as they are, must, when they look honestly in their mirrors, admit that by an eye or a nose they fail to register perfection.

I don't imagine, however, that it worries them. For they have proved that such defects are no handicap to fame when there are talent and personality to overshadow them.

"Oh, That Billy Haines!"

Continued from page 72

their contempt, and he is inwardly a little uneasy, despite his outward hilarity.

The scene seemed to me to be perfectly done. The incongruity of his deft performance and the everyday behavior of the real Billy—or is it the real one?—was a strange thing to consider.

I sat across from him one day at lunch. He was just about to start for the East to make his West Point picture.

"I have a peach of a story this time!" he told me, earnestly. "The best I have ever had, I think. I'll tell you about it.

"You see"—his eyes were wide and serious—"it opens in a little, middle-Western town. I have a sweet old mother who is waiting for her runaway son—that's me—to come home. You see her in the little, shabby living room, and she gets up and goes to the window, where she places a lamp to light me home——"

Then he burst out laughing, and I realized that he had been stringing me.

"Wow!" he said. "You almost believed it, didn't you? Did you see her face?" he burbled to the others at the table and he slapped his thigh.

Nothing delights him quite so much as to make you "bite" on one of his jokes.

Just the village cut-up, is Billy. Life is one huge and hilarious joke to him. But he is a fine actor, and the predictions are that the enormous success which he has already enjoyed is only the beginning of much greater things.

The Stroller

Continued from page 45

in the autumn when football games were being played in Los Angeles.

Hollywood is one of the most rabidly enthusiastic sporting towns in America, with the stars and other film celebrities paying particular attention to football and boxing. Athletes, particularly Jack Dempsey and lesser boxers, and Johnny Mack Brown, the Alabama football star who has now turned actor, are always in the social spotlight in the film town.

Scores of film folk this fall followed the football team of the University of Southern California wherever it went, and when that team played on its home ground it attracted more celebrities than a Grauman première.



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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 69

defense. But an American engineer has more honest intentions toward *Renee* and sets out to save her from *Captain Blake*. The high lights of the picture blaze when the rivalry between the two men reaches its height. There follows the flight of *Renee* and the engineer through a raging blizzard, with the villain in pursuit. A ferocious dog, befriended by *Renee* earlier in the story, now becomes her rescuer, attacking *Blake* and driving him over a cliff.

The snow scenes are done with impressive realism and there is thrill in them. Robert Frazer, Mitchell Lewis, and Walter Long capably perform their duties.

School Days.

Of all the college films, "The High School Hero" is my favorite. It is a gay, refreshing little comedy, replete with the spirit of youth and not the labored antics of a troupe of mature actors trying to be skittish. The plot is inconsequential, but that doesn't matter. The problems of high-school heroes and heroines shouldn't be anything else. There is of course a basket-ball match for the climax—and splendidly done it is, too—but the high light is more novel. It consists of a performance in Latin by the dramatic class, with all the usual mishaps expected of amateur efforts on the stage. The humor is the natural outcome of the situations. Its spontaneous realism is of a sort to evoke hilarious, though sympathetic, amusement from every one who has been concerned in similar efforts. Most of us have been.

The principal rôles are played by comparative newcomers — Nick Stuart, Sally Phipps, John Darrow, and David Rollins, with Brandon Hurst, William Norton Bailey, and Wade Boteler as their elders. There isn't a false note in the entire cast and the youthful quartet is certain to be heard from again.

A Matter of Taste.

Do you fancy Janet Gaynor, otherwise *Diane* of "Seventh Heaven," in old-fashioned slapstick? That is what you must expect if you see "Two Girls Wanted." She is required to sit on a chair under which has been placed an alcohol stove, with a display of exaggerated discomfort and pain, and in the course of the picture she is kicked for purposes of laughter. It is either dreadful or funny, according to how you regard such goings on, but it remains a waste of fine talent and of a fragile personality.

Otherwise the picture is the story of a poor girl in search of a job, her service as a substitute secretary, her work as a maid in a rich family, and her successful accomplishment of a business deal which establishes the young man who has fallen in love with her. It rates as another "success" story, neither better nor worse than many others. Glenn Tryon, Ben Bard, Doris Lloyd, and Alyce Mills play supporting rôles capably, but Miss Gaynor's part might just as well have been given to any ingénue with comic inclinations.

Rough-house in a Sleeper.

"The Girl in the Pullman" can just as well stay there, if you ask me. The picture has the quality of an old-time stage farce forced on the suffering screen. Which means that the characters run in and out of doors, for no good reason, and their air of feverish gayety is without cause. The story is about the embarrassment of a young doctor who finds that his ex-wife occupies the compartment next to that of himself and his bride on their honeymoon. There is some amusement as well as legitimate activity when the Pullman car is uncoupled by a lunatic and careens down the mountainside. Marie Prevost, her slim outline happily recaptured, is the star and has never looked more attractive. Harrison Ford, Franklin Pangborn, Harry Myers, Ethel Wales, and Kathryn McGuire are in the cast.

A Wife Turns the Tables.

Every move of "The Wise Wife" can be anticipated, even though you enjoy a fitful doze while watching the campaign of *Helen Blaisdell* to show the folly of his ways to her husband, *John*. They have been long married when *Jenny Lou*, a flirt, comes upon the scene and *John* becomes her devoted swain. *Helen* adopts the worn expedient of taking *Jenny Lou* into the household that the two may be disillusioned by propinquity. To bring this about, *Jenny Lou* is forced to darn *John's* stockings and he is thrust upon her while she is minus make-up and masked with beauty clay—and so on. The proceedings are tedious and the acting does not ring true, probably because the players have little faith in the net result of their efforts. Phyllis Haver is virtually wasted, if such a thing be possible, on the rôle of the wife, Tom Moore is unattractive as the husband, and Jacqueline Logan is the home wrecker to an exaggerated degree. It is all quite

inexcusable, except that the settings are in good taste.

Another Shrew is Tamed.

Magnificent views of the Canadian Rockies prove a great help to the picture called "Pajamas," in which Olive Borden plays a millionaire's daughter, petulant and proud, who is tamed and won by Lawrence Gray, an up-and-coming young man with lumber interests. The development of the slim plot is rather amusing and is helped by excellent subtitles, many changes of costume for Miss Borden and the antics of Jerry Miley, as a sort of comic villain. The picture is not unusual, but it is pleasant.

Who Waltzes Nowadays?

The title of "The Last Waltz" is reminiscent of "The Waltz Dream," the German picture which made such an impression last year. There the similarity ends. Even though Willy Fritsch plays in both, his presence in the present cast is of no particular consequence. "The Last Waltz" is distinctly traceable to its origin, the libretto of an operetta, with a caddish *Crown Prince*, his ingratiating *Aide*, the *Princess* and her companion, the *Countess*. All are involved in an artificial love tangle, from which the *Aide* emerges with the right lady. The foreign backgrounds are of course interesting, and the desire of some of the fans for new faces should be fully appeased when they see this cast, for, apart from Willy Fritsch, all the members of it are unfamiliar.

"The Ghost Walks"

Continued from page 27

trasts in the world of pictures. Very few of the stars these days dispose of their weekly pay checks themselves. They are a far wiser and more businesslike group than the old-time actors, who spent while they had the money, and starved when they didn't have it. Most of the stars have business managers who handle all financial matters for them. They mail their checks to their managers each week. A portion is returned to them for household expenses and incidentals: the rest is tucked safely away in the bank, or placed in sound investments.

Most of the companies pay their employees on Wednesday, Thursday, or Saturday. But, for some of the help, such as the extras and the mechanical workers who are paid by the hour, every day is pay day—that is, every day that they work!

Salaries! Salaries! Ranging anywhere from fifteen dollars a week, or even less, up to five figures. Fifty dollars a week is the amount that a great many studio employees receive. Carpenters, electricians, readers, research workers, and publicity writers seldom rise above this sum. Thirty-five dollars a week is another popular figure. Stenographers, script girls and secretaries usually draw this amount. As for those farther down the scale—office boys, clerks, and so on—they receive just about as much, or as little, as they would in any other line of business.

There is an air of uneasiness about pay day in the average studio, especially for those employees not under contract. What with economy waves, new executives, and so on, one never knows when a cut-down in staff is going to strike your way. Though it is customary in a few of the companies to give employees at least three days' notice that they are to be let out, a large number of the studios don't inform them of their dismissal until pay day. No wonder the cashier's window is approached with fear and trembling!

On the other hand, those under contract have little to fear, so long as they live up to their end of the agreement. Whether they work or remain idle, they get their weekly pay envelopes just the same.

Often, employees placed under contract in New York find upon arrival in Hollywood that they are unwelcome additions to the studio staff. But though they may be kept idle, they are paid regularly until the expiration of their contracts. Many of them receive fat salaries, too.

Sometimes pay day serves as an excuse for contract people to get out of unsatisfactory agreements. There was a director, for instance, whose contract stipulated that his pay check was to be sent to him each week. Wishing to get out of his contract so that he could sign at a higher figure with another company, he "walked out" one week because his check was not sent to him on time.

Of course, not many contract players and directors go quite as far as that when they fail to get paid on time, but there's often some tall grumbling from many of them. One star complained because she had to walk almost a block out of her way to collect her one-thousand-dollar check one week. She had forgotten that there was once a day when she had waited eagerly and gladly for hours for the "walking of the ghost" with her thirty-five dollars.



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But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 90 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody! The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

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A Twinkling, Twinkling Little Star

Continued from page 24

said Dorothy, "and I used to watch the old Chinaman work. He was a regular motion-picture Chinaman, with a couple of wispy chin whiskers. His little old face—he looked at least a hundred—was all screwed up and his nose all wrinkled, as he peered at the ring with his beady black eyes. It was such fine work that he couldn't keep it up for very long at a stretch, so it took him eleven months to finish the ring."

Miss Devore's enthusiasm is altogether delightful—a sort of childish eagerness. You could see how excited she was over "doing New York." And, how she *was* doing it! Up early in the morning, shopping, sight-seeing, luncheons, matinées, teas, dinners, theaters, dancing. Just an inexhaustible round—only Dorothy found that *she* was *not* inexhaustible!

For one morning she started to get up, and she couldn't. She was just limp. Her shoulders shook, and her teeth chattered, and the doctor asked her if she thought it would be fun to have a nervous breakdown. Because, if not, he said, she had better stay right in bed for at least two days.

"I was so surprised," said Dorothy, rather wide-eyed. "I didn't realize I'd been doing anything extraordinary. I was just having a good time. Of course, I had been working extra hard before I left Hollywood, in order to get time off for this trip. And I had been trying to go too much in New York."

Almost the only disappointment in her trip was that she was going to have to go home alone, after having counted on having Betty Compson with her for the last half of her vacation. The Cruzes—Jimmie and Betty—and the Mathers are very intimate friends, and everything had been nicely arranged for Betty to join Dorothy in New York, have a holiday with her, and then return with her to California. But Betty was called upon by Chadwick to start a new film sooner than she had expected and so her plans had gone a-glimmering.

Mr. Mather is now general manager of James Cruze's film unit. It was Dorothy who persuaded him to live in California, because the climate in Honolulu is not very healthy for any one unaccustomed to the tropics.

"You get so old there," said Dorothy, "especially the women. They're middle-aged by the time they're in their thirties. So when we were married, I persuaded my husband to take a leave of absence and let some one else take charge of his theaters there. That was all right for a while, but he wasn't working, and he didn't want me to work when *he* wasn't—you know how husbands are. And of course, I didn't want to discontinue my career, so the ideal solution came when he had this chance to go in with Jimmie Cruze."

Dorothy is quite easy to talk to. Almost from the minute you meet her, you feel that you've known her for years. You share with her her thrill over being in New York and seeing all the shows, and you sympathize with her in her eagerness to get back to her "young man," as she referred to her husband.

She told me how difficult it was for film players in Hollywood to avoid being mobbed by the public, though she quite frankly admitted that she personally didn't have much trouble, because no one ever recognized her. But the big stars! She said that, at the opening of Sid Grauman's Chinese theater, when all the stars in Hollywood turned out, the streets were packed for blocks with people waiting hopefully to catch glimpses of the celebrities.

"We live within seven minutes of the theater," said Dorothy, "but it took us two hours and forty-five minutes to get there. We kept driving by the front of the theater but couldn't get up to the curb. The policeman again and again waved us on around the block without letting us stop. It was midnight before we finally got inside the theater. And I had arranged an after-the-performance party at our house, because we lived so close"—she winked again—"but it was four o'clock before our guests could get there—just time for breakfast and that was all."

Stars can't patronize the same dining and dancing place for very long without attracting crowds. One week they discover a new restaurant, but by the next week, all the tourists have heard that "So-and-so's is the place where all the screen stars go," and soon the place is so crowded that the stars can't get in. So they have to find a new rendezvous.

Dorothy told all this with that amusing and amused little twinkle in her brown eyes which makes her seem very alert and peppy. And if she learned that twinkle at the comedy studios, I do think it would pay a great many of us, socially speaking, to be trained as comediennes.

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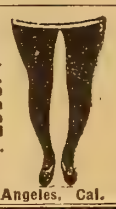
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Then the Gateman Threw Him Out

Continued from page 57

likely to gain *his* great rôle some day. The many pictures he has made for smaller companies have built up for him a considerable fan following.

Personally, he is pleasant and outspoken. Also inclined to be humorous. But——

"You know," he confessed, "I'm a rather moody fellow at times——"

There it was—and I had thought he would be an exception!

He said that he liked, at such moody times, to go to some little café downtown and sit alone, requesting the orchestra to play something like Massenet's "Elégie."

This reference to his moods was the only disappointing note in my interview with Rex, who at first had shown signs of being different from the other sorrowing movie actors. But, boys and girls, Rex has this redeeming trait—he does *not* want to apply for the rôle of *Clyde Griffiths* in "An American Tragedy!"

Step up, then, and shake hands with Mr. Lease! Who knows, he may be the coming idol of the screen.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

is this: I think I have judged correctly, and then I read these fan letters and find out my judgment is all wrong. Until I have now come to the point where I am almost afraid to have an opinion, for fear it will turn out wrong, as have so many of its predecessors.

I always thought that if a fan didn't like a certain actor it was his or her privilege to go buggy riding on the night that star was being featured at the local theater. A fan certainly doesn't need to spend his allowance on a ticket to see some one he doesn't like.

I have learned in PICTURE PLAY that Miss Nebraska thinks that Richard Barthelmess ought to go back to the laundry wagon; that Miss South Dakota thinks Gloria Swanson ought to have her voice cultivated, since acting isn't necessary on the operatic stage; that Miss Iowa thinks Jack Gilbert is poor material. I dare say, if all these letters were placed end on end, they would reach round the world. And if all the writers of them were placed end to end, a few steam rollers would do the rest. Always belittling! Darn it, they are so vitriolic in their denouncements! It makes one feel positively simple-minded to have thought anything to the contrary. At present, I am convinced that my mentality is two degrees below that of an amœba, and I'd have an alienist look me over only it just isn't worth the alienist's time and trouble.

I saw Esther Ralston recently. She is the most gorgeous blonde I ever saw, besides being a wonderful actress. And now that I have that opinion, I expect Miss Minnesota will write in to relieve me of it.

And, as they're still saying in Omaha, I hope you don't feel hurt.

JEAN SALADANA.
1627 Lincoln Way, San Francisco, California.

In the Name of Justice.

For years I have sat back in comfort and read the scrappy comments of the fans, never once offering to join in the fray, but the time has come when speak I must, and in indignant wrath at that.

The things that are being said about Lillian Gish are a trifle too much for my sense of justice. They aren't in the least fair to Miss Gish, who is one of the finest women and best actresses the screen has known. I have been her admirer since "Broken Blossoms," and I have always found her work to be sincere and good. Nor does she "flutter palely through the pictures in which she plays." Her beauty is sweet and almost puritanical. If some fans don't like her work, why do they go to see her? It would be a nicer thing to stay away than to brand her with their disapproval.

Certainly we do not all like the same types, but we should be tolerant enough to realize that others *do* like them. For my part, I like all the stars. There are none that I despise, for there are none that ever gave me reason to do so.

If John Gilbert is a wife beater, a "woman chaser," or any such thing as seems to be ascribed to him by some of the fans, it does not matter to me. John Gilbert as a man does not interest me in the least, but as the admirable hero of "The Big Parade," he *does* interest me a great deal. I can't for the life of me see why the fans should think that the personal lives of the movie stars should be the property of the masses.

And if I am more fond of Victor Hugo than of H. G. Wells, I do not scowl on all the work of the latter and brand it "trash." Because Rembrandt is my favorite artist, I do not say that the work of all the other painters is worth nothing to the world. Because Ronald Colman and Lillian Gish are my favorite screen players, I do not say that the others are inferior. But that, alas, is the way that most of the fans look at the matter.

Why not be more tolerant? If the work of a particular star does not please you, keep your quarter for one who does. And criticize the acting, not the individual, the actor, not the man. Then we shall have a real sense of sane justice.

JEAN GRISS.
1220 Fourth Avenue, Kearney, Nebraska.

Don't Be So Hard on the Stars.

What has the "What the Fans Think" department come to? Has it developed into a contest to determine what fan can send in the most bitter criticism?

Who are we to pronounce judgment upon the actors and actresses? We seem to forget that they are human like ourselves, subject to the same trials, tribulations, temptations and disappointments. Instead of heaping unjust criticism upon them, we should deign to uplift them by our loyalty and devotion, for the life of a film celebrity is a hectic one. They are forever in the limelight, never expected to act human, always obliged to sit on the pedestal where public favor has placed them, banished to oblivion at the slightest deviation from the course public adulation has set for them. They are expected to be absolutely perfect and to re-

main so. That seems to be the creed of the average motion-picture fan.

Yet, how many of us, were fate to cast us into the cinema caldron, would face the trials and temptations as bravely as they? It is a hard life, my dear fans, and the taste of the sweets of success is mingled with the bitter gall of a to-morrow when, perhaps, he who is flourishing to-day will pass into the land of the forgotten. Don't begrudge them the pitifully short time of their glory; and if, in thoughtlessness, they do things that displease us, don't be too critical—none of us has a right to cast stones.

Also, remember this: there are always two sides to every story.

FLORENCE OWENS.

San Francisco, California.

Taking Belle Bennett Down a Peg.

This is in reference to the Belle Bennett article that appeared in November's PICTURE PLAY.

Miss Bennett seems to believe that the rôle of *Stella Dallas* was her due and that not one actress could have equaled her performance. On the contrary, it was a great honor for her to have been selected.

And I wish Miss Bennett would remember that there are many stars who are given rôles in which they have little faith and yet they go through with them because they are paid to do so. Very few stars are capable enough to select their own stories.

Such an interview of complaint rouses my ire. If she is in danger of losing her faith in the movies, why doesn't she return to the stage?

We did not go to see Belle Bennett in "The Way of All Flesh" but Jannings, and we were not disappointed. Miss Bennett performed her part ably and well and for that we commend her, but should she begrudge Jannings one foot of the film that he occupied? A thousand times, no! And does she think she would be received in Europe in the manner we received Jannings here? Certainly not! One picture does not make a star, which she seems to suppose. Jannings has played rôle after rôle, making a smashing hit in each, and as for calling her the world's greatest actress, I believe Mr. Reinhardt's enthusiasm must have been momentarily running away with him.

She claims she was a star at Essanay when Gloria Swanson was unheard of. Well, she wasn't the only one—why make so much of it?

M. C. PARRISH.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A Star's Duty to the Public.

In letters to "What the Fans Think" and from various other sources, one hears much criticism of the fans because they write to the stars for photographs, and give them ovations in public. Such criticism is very unjust. A person who chooses a screen career must, of necessity, have an excess amount of personal vanity and conceit, and it is hardly possible that he would not revel in the adulation lavished on him by his public. Such a person must take the consequences of being before the public eye. He must be willing to give up the privacy which a less-conspicuous profession would afford him.

Who are the stars to complain of being annoyed by their public, just because that public gets something of a thrill from seeing their favorite screen idols in the flesh? If privacy is so sacred to the movie stars, they should certainly try some other line of endeavor. It is incredible that the players should object to recognition in public, and it is extremely unfair to the fans to criticize them because they do make the most of such occasions.

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From what one hears on all sides, any fan who writes to a star for a photograph is committing one of the seven deadly sins! I cannot see that one is imposing upon a star by requesting a photograph. Is a fan's admiration for a player not worthy of some form of appreciation? If a fan has enjoyed a player's work sufficiently to write a word of approbation, the least the player can do is to acknowledge the letter in some form, and a photograph seems to suffice.

A star owes something to his public, something more than that which he gives on the screen. What an uproar would be made were the fans to cease writing, and assume an air of utter indifference to the players when seen in public! A star's fan mail can tell him a great deal about himself, and he should not be indifferent to it.

JACK W. MCELVENY.

960 Iglehart Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

One Star Who Appreciates Her Public.

I have a simple little story to relate. Although far removed from Kleigs and megaphones, I pride myself on having grown up amidst the world of flickering shadows. The movies have always gripped me strongly. It has been a joyous pastime to study the wonderful people who provide such blessed hours of relaxation from the toil and moil of everyday existence.

I have grown to know every beloved star, and as a real honest-to-goodness fan, I have kept faithful to each and all, but there has been one player who has taken first place in my heart, and since I first saw her, no one else has really mattered. I want the world to know that I name, without hesitation, Pauline Frederick as the finest actress and most superb artiste the films have ever given us!

Has any actress yet equaled Miss Frederick's magnificent performances in such classics as "Zaza," "Bella Donna," "Sappho," "The Woman in the Case," "The Moment Before," "Resurrection," "Ashes of Embers," "The Spider," "Audrey," "La Tosca," and the immortal "Madame X?"

On Miss Frederick's tour of England last summer in a stage production of "Madame X," she packed the theaters and received an overwhelming ovation wherever she appeared. There is no other actress who could equal her marvelous portrayal of the racked and tortured *Jacqueline Floriot*.

We English are often accused of being cold, reserved, and undemonstrative! I wish those who believe this statement could have witnessed the reception Miss Frederick received in this country. Wild scenes were experienced in Manchester, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, where the actress was almost torn from her car, besieged by some few thousand admirers waiting for her outside the theater.

I had the wonderful privilege of meeting and speaking to her when she played this town, and I found my idol infinitely sweeter and more charming than I had ever imagined when watching her shadow self. She possesses the gift of putting people immediately at their ease. The outstanding feature of her face are her magnificent eyes. They are enormous, and full of a haunting sadness in their blue-gray depths. And her mouth, with its sweet upward curve, is equally expressive.

I went to see her again at a neighboring town, and at the usual time, the usual crowd began to collect outside the stage door to see her go in. There were as always the ardent autograph hunters, quite a number of them children. As the star's car drove up to the door, they hurled themselves at her and presented their autograph albums.

Now the rôle of *Madame X* is a strenuous one, and on this particular evening, Miss Frederick was looking just a little weary, but in spite of the frantic expostulations of her manager, she signed every book and autographed every photo before she went to her dressing room. Later, in the cozy interior, she turned to me with a sweet but tired little smile, and said in that low, husky, fascinating voice of hers, "I just had to sign the kiddies' books. I could not bear to see their little faces so full of disappointment. They are so sweet to me, just the sweetest things in the world!"

The wonderful art of this beloved artiste will never fade. To me, all the newcomers, such as Dolores del Rio, Vilma Banky, the wilting Greta Garbo, and the tempestuous Lya de Putti, cannot compare with her, nor do they possess one ounce of the charm and magnetism that is hers.

Devoid of all staginess, simple and unassuming, Miss Frederick possesses the rare gift of sympathy and understanding for others. As an actress, she stands unequaled, as a woman, I found her full of sincerity and charm, and for one so much in the limelight, adorably unspoiled.

PHYLLIS SILVER.

8 Marlborough Place, Brighton, Sussex, England.

The Players in Person.

Somebody asked to hear more about the stars "in person," so here goes:

I saw Joan Crawford "in person" at Loew's theater here, and I want to say she was very lovely. In fact, that girl can do something besides come out on the stage and simper at us—she danced, and how! No high hat about Joan. She is really much more girlish in real life than on the screen.

I also saw Mae Murray on the stage of a movie theater here, and the only disappointing thing about Mae is that she is allowing a double chin to develop, and her face is getting too plump for her delicate features. Miss Murray was lovely in a black-velvet gown, in which she danced her famous waltz to the tune of "The Merry Widow." Then, appearing in a delicate chiffon costume, she entertained us with a novelty dance. I am not yet, by any means, convinced that Mae Murray is a wonderful dancer. She *can* pose, and *does*. Her eyes are very blue and her mouth very small, and when she smiles, you are completely captivated, no matter how prejudiced you may be!

When Billie Dove appeared on the stage, I was at the theater early. She is every bit as beautiful as she looks on the screen. But all she did was to come out on the stage and bow and smile—she didn't say a word—and we all went away with a disappointed feeling. Her hair, in color, resembles Joan Crawford's, being a dark, coppery brown. She hasn't the usual theatrical look about her.

Lilyan Tashman might have fared better if she *hadn't* undertaken to speak, for the minute she started to talk, the throaty, husky coarseness of her voice completely broke the spell of her charm. Her speech was so stilted and affected that she didn't make much of a hit. She wore a very smart black outfit, and if only she had just bowed and smiled, we never would have known what an unattractive voice she has.

Her husband, Edmund Lowe, spoke in a perfectly natural voice that made us like him right away. He turned red with embarrassment, as though not at home on the speaking stage, but nevertheless we all liked his boyish, frank smile that revealed his beautiful teeth.

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Los Angeles, California.

A Visit to a Movie Set.

The secret dream of every real movie fan is to visit a movie set and watch his or her favorite players making a picture. Recently this dream came true for me. I had seen pictures being made before, but usually they had been films in which I was only mildly interested. This was different.

It was at the Fine Arts Studio. "The Girl from Rio" was being filmed, with Carmel Myers, Walter Pidgeon, Richard Tucker and Edouard Raquello. I had met Miss Myers several times and admired her very much, but this was the first time I had had the chance to watch her act.

It was a café scene, and the set was very colorful—handsome men in tuxedos and Spanish costumes, beautiful Spanish girls, palms, music, gayety. Then Carmel Myers came on the set with Edouard Raquello, and most of the time I was there, the camera man was busy taking close-ups of these two. Miss Myers looked simply wonderful. She was playing a Spanish girl, and she wore the most beautiful gold-colored dress the fans can possibly imagine. It was trimmed with silver lace and a touch of rose, and with it she wore a silver-lace mantilla, many jewels, and the loveliest golden slippers.

Edouard Raquello, with whom she danced the Argentine tango, wore a magnificent black-and-silver Spanish costume, with a wide scarlet girdle fringed with silver. Part of the picture was made in technicolor, so the color effect of these gorgeous costumes will not be lost on the screen.

Raquello plays the rôle of a Spaniard desperately in love with the heroine, and if the fans who see this picture do not think he is nearly as romantic a screen personality as Valentino, I'll be surprised. I admired Valentino and saw most of his pictures, but this new actor is decidedly handsomer and has a more refined face. He is a Polish ex-soldier, and was a stage and screen star in Europe.

I had an opportunity of talking with both him and Carmel Myers, and admire them so much that I can hardly wait to see them on the screen in "The Girl from Rio."

A HOLLYWOOD FAN.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65

"Love Thrill, The"—Universal. Laura La Plante in diverting farce of a girl who poses as the widow of a man falsely reported dead, and then is confronted by him. Tom Moore is the man.

"Madame Pompadour"—Paramount. Colorful film based on the story of Madame Pompadour, favorite of Louis XV., with Dorothy Gish in the title rôle, and Antonio Moreno as a radical poet who captures her fancy.

"Magic Flame, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in skillful but unreal melodrama of Italian circus queen, her clown sweetheart, and the villainous prince of a mythical kingdom.

"Man Power"—Paramount. Richard Dix in implausible but interesting tale of a tramp who arrives in a small town, wins an heiress—Mary Brian—and saves the town from a bursting dam.

"Mockery"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in realistic film of dull-witted Russian peasant whose doglike devotion to a countess leads to his death at the hands of the bolsheviks. Barbara Bedford and Ricardo Cortez.

"Mr. Wu" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in gruesome, slow-moving film of a baleful old Chinaman's revenge for the seduction of his daughter by a young Englishman. Renee Adoree and Ralph Forbes.

"Old San Francisco"—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of girl who is kidnaped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Dolores Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

"Paid to Love"—Fox. Fairly entertaining film of beautiful dancer who is paid to snare a crown prince, but falls in love with him. Virginia Valli and George O'Brien.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of conceited little prize fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by a heroic act.

"Poor Nut, The"—First National. Jack Mulhall in consistently amusing college film of shy botany student who pretends to his girl that he is an athletic hero and has a bad time living up to it when she unexpectedly comes to visit him.

"Prince of Head Waiters, The"—First National. Interesting though unbelievable film of glorified head waiter with a son in high society who does not know his father. Lewis Stone, Robert Agnew, Lilyan Tashman, and Ann Rork.

"Road to Romance, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro capital as spirited Spanish courtier of the early nineteenth century who, to save the fair heroine, Marceline Day, disguises himself as a pirate.

"Rolled Stockings" — Paramount. Lively college picture of the conventional type, pleasingly played by James Hall, Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Nancy Phillips.

"Rose of the Golden West"—First National. Beautifully filmed. Romantic story of early California. Mary Astor and Gilbert Roland.

"Rough House Rosie"—Paramount. Clara Bow romps amusingly through foolish, far-fetched story of a Tenth Avenue hoyden who breaks into high society.

"Running Wild"—Paramount. W. C. Fields in his element in clever farce of downtrodden husband and father who eventually comes into his own. Mary Brian is the heroine.

"Satin Woman, The"—Lumas. Mrs. Wallace Reid in well-acted film of mother who, to save her flapper daughter from a foolish marriage, steps in and vamps the daughter's beau.

"Shanghaied"—F. B. O. Surprisingly good. Tale of the water front and a seaman who abducts a dancing girl because he thinks she has double crossed him. Ralph Ince and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Singed"—Fox. Blanche Sweet and Warner Baxter both capital in picture of a mining-town girl's desperate struggle to keep her ne'er-do-well wealthy sweetheart from jilting her for a society débutante.

"Slaves of Beauty"—Fox. Full of laughs. Story of a beauty shop that



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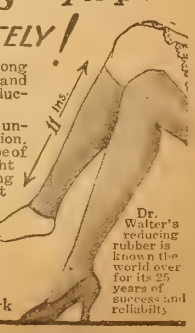
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starts in the slums and ends on Fifth Avenue, with the usual triangle developing. Margaret Livingston, Olive Tell, Richard Walling, and Holmes Herbert.

"Smile, Brother, Smile"—First National. Typical "success" story of mild-mannered shipping clerk goaded to higher things by his telephone-girl sweetheart. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill.

"Soft Cushions"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in gay, diverting satire on Oriental spectacles. Comedy of agile street thief who saves a beautiful slave girl from the sultan.

"Spring Fever" — Metro-Goldwyn. Very amusing golf-fiend farce. William Haines delightful as young office clerk who suddenly finds himself hobnobbing with a wealthy country-club set, including a rich heiress—Joan Crawford.

"Stolen Bride, The"—First National. Gorgeous film of a bejeweled princess who remains true to her childhood love for a gardener's son. Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes.

"Student Prince, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer in charming film adaptation of "Old Heidelberg"—the story of a boy prince at the famous university and of his pathetic romance with the innkeeper's daughter.

"Ten Modern Commandments"—Paramount. Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in very good picture of theatrical life, based on the romance of a chorus girl and a young composer.

"Tillie the Toiler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy film based on the comic strip. Marion Davies excellent as the giddy, gum-chewing office girl who takes her choice between a millionaire and a more lowly suitor.

"Topsy and Eva"—United Artists. Hilarious but too long. The well-known Duncan sisters in a film version of their musical-comedy burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Twelve Miles Out"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in tale of what happens when a swaggering, ruthless bootlegger and a haughty society girl, Joan Crawford, are thrown together on the former's rum-running sloop.

"Underworld"—Paramount. Exciting melodrama of master crook who kills for the sake of his girl, is sentenced to death, and makes a thrilling escape only to find the girl in love with another. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook.

"Unknown, The" — Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in melodrama of the supposedly armless man in a circus who, to win the girl he loves, actually does have his arms amputated, only to find her about to marry his rival. Joan Crawford and Norman Kerry.

"We're All Gamblers"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in swift film of prize fighter who, after being incapacitated in an automobile accident, opens a night club, with romantic results.

"Wings"—Paramount. Spectacular picture of the heroism of the aviators in the World War. Marred only by a weak story. "Buddy" Rogers, Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Jobyna Ralston.

"Woman on Trial, The"—Paramount. Well-acted film featuring Pola Negri on trial for murder, with the late Einar Hansen very effective as her artist lover.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"After Midnight"—Metro-Goldwyn. Uninspired picture of a prim and proper cigarette girl, her wild show-girl sister, and a crook who is reformed by the heroine. Norma Shearer, Lawrence Gray, and Gwen Lee.

"American Beauty"—First National. Dull, superficial film of a hotel check girl who tries to break into high society in stolen finery, but is unmasked before the entire party. Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes.

"Blood Ship, The"—Columbia. Sinister sea story full of bloodshed and revenge. Not very skillfully done. Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan, and Richard Arlen.

"Broadway Nights"—First National. Lois Wilson miscast as gawky, ignorant girl who marries a vaudeville actor, becomes a big success, and is tempted by a rich producer, with husband rushing to the rescue.

"Crystal Cup, The"—First National. Exaggerated, boring film of a girl with a violent antipathy toward men who eventually marries a novelist only to find herself more interested in his best friend. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Dance Magic"—First National. Obscure, archaic film of country girl who comes to the big city to be an actress, with the usual dire results. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon.

"Fast and Furious"—Universal. Typical Reginald Denny film, but not up to his usual mark. Story of a young man afraid of automobiles who is forced into a race in order to win his girl.

"Figures Don't Lie"—Paramount. Trivial, uninteresting tale of a stenographer, a go-getter salesman who is jealous of her employer, and the employer's wife, who is jealous of the stenog. Esther Ralston and Richard Arlen.

"For the Love of Mike"—First National. Ben Lyon in commonplace film of boy from the slums of New York who goes to Yale, becomes captain of the crew, and wins the race with Harvard.

"Gingham Girl, The"—F. B. O. Lois Wilson in innocuous film of sweet country lass who sells homemade cookies in the city and attracts the eye of a villain in spats.

"Hard-boiled Haggerty"—First National. Milton Sills miscast as a roguish, frolicsome ace of the air who chases his ladylove through leafy glades.

"Heart of Salome, The"—Fox. Gaudy, heavily dramatic film of an alluring European adventuress who helps a wicked baron in his nefarious operations, until reformed at last by an athletic young American. Alma Rubens and Walter Pidgeon.

"Heart Thief, The"—Producers Distributing. Dull film of a Hungarian peasant girl who marries a rich old landowner, is almost compromised by his scheming relatives, but is saved in time by the handsome hero. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

"Irresistible Lover, The"—Universal. Norman Kerry in rôle of a rich philanderer with a comic lawyer to settle his numerous breach-of-promise suits. Lois Moran is the policeman's daughter who brings him to his senses.

"Joy Girl, The"—Fox. Silly picture of mercenary young girl in Palm Beach

who goes out to get a millionaire who is really a chauffeur, and ignores a chauffeur who is really a millionaire. Olive Borden and Neil Hamilton.

"Lonesome Ladies"—First National. Slow, silly picture of a wife who, to spite her husband, flounces off with a villain, but is rescued at the critical moment. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

"Lovers"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in disappointing picture showing the damage done by malicious gossip.

"Man's Past, A"—Universal. Conrad Veidt in somber melodrama of escaped convict who tries to hide his past by impersonating a friend whose sight is failing. Barbara Bedford and Arthur Edmund Carew.

"Moon of Israel"—F. B. O. Heavy, spectacular German film, laid in biblical times and based on the love story of an Egyptian Pharaoh's son. Cast includes Maria Corda and Arlette Marchal.

"One Woman to Another"—Paramount. Florence Vidor in feeble film of woman who sets out to sacrifice her life to her brother's children, but comes to when she discovers her rejected beau in the toils of a scheming blonde.

"Painting the Town"—Universal. Glenn Tryon and Patsy Ruth Miller in an energetic but tiresome comedy of a smart-aleck young inventor and a "Follies" girl.

"Publicity Madness"—Fox. Weak, mildly amusing film of aggressive young man who forces himself into the job of reorganizing a soap company, incidentally transforming the heroine from a frump to a wise-cracking beauty. Edmund Lowe and Lois Moran.

"Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Old-fashioned farce of speed demon who deceives his aunt into believing he's a doctor, and has to hastily improvise a sanitarium when she suddenly pays him a visit. May Robson, Harrison Ford, and Phyllis Haver.

"Secret Studio, The"—Fox. Crude, old-fashioned attempt at the risqué. An innocent country girl comes to the city and is duped by a wicked artist. Olive Borden, Ben Bard, and Clifford Holland.

"Surrender!"—Universal. Tedious, gloomy war picture of a Russian prince and a rabbi's daughter who martyrs herself for her country. Mary Philbin and Ivan Mosjukine.

"Tender Hour, The"—First National. Silly film of American girl who is tricked into marriage to a dissolute Russian prince, though in love with a young American. Billie Dove, Ben Lyon, and Montagu Love.

"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Harry Langdon is his usual plaintive self in monotonous film of a boy who rescues a runaway wife in a snowstorm and develops a dumb devotion for her, only to be deserted in the end.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-hat society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnaped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in a stagy, artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Manon.*

"Whirlwind of Youth, The"—Paramount. Uninteresting picture of a young English girl's shattered romance, later patched up during the war. Lois Moran and Donald Keith.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

A CLARA BOW FAN.—You needn't apologize for being inquisitive. How could I get paid for answering questions if no one asked any? Clara Bow has red hair. She has never been married. Her new film is "Get Your Man." Reed Howes was starred in Western pictures for Rayart before he played opposite Clara in "Rough-House Rosie." He is now being starred in Westerns for First National release. Loretta Young plays small rôles for First National. Mary Brian is nineteen. Colleen Moore has one brown and one blue eye.

A HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, FAN.—Who do I think will be the next sheik of the movies? Well, I can remember when the movies got along very well without a sheik, and I believe that sheiks, as romantic figures, are now out of date. Sally O'Neil was born on October 23, 1908. Joan Crawford was born in 1905—I don't know the month. Neither of them is married.

MODEST.—Now, Modest, I think you couldn't have read the rest of the story about the Jack Gilbert who jumped off the roof of a hotel, because the end of the story revealed that he was a Scotch terrier. You may obtain a photograph of Valentino by sending twenty-five cents with your request to the United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

MAVOURNEEN.—Now, don't you think for a moment that you have caused me any trouble. My idea of trouble would be to have my house burn down, lose my job, or get a black eye. Margaret Livingston was born in Salt Lake City, Utah—she doesn't say when. She is five feet three in height, weighs one hundred and eighteen, and has auburn hair and brown eyes. Yes, she would probably send you a photo on request, but I don't know just where you could reach her just now, as she is not connected with any one studio. Neither is Greta Nissen. Dorothy Mackaill was born in 1903; she is five feet tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-one, and has very blond hair and hazel eyes. Write to her at the First National studio. See the address list at the end of this department for that and the other addresses you ask for. Lois Moran is, at this writing, working at the Fox studio.

CANUCK.—As to its being a "darn shame" that secretaries open the stars' fan mail, that depends on your point of view. Now, if *I* were a star, getting hundreds of letters a week, I should consider secretaries a great invention. Roy d'Arcy was born in San Francisco, and is therefore American, though doubtless of French extraction. Raymond Bloomer has been playing in pictures for about five years, but his screen appearances are rather infrequent. He is also a stage player. Yes,



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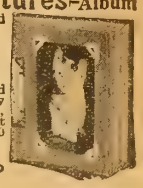
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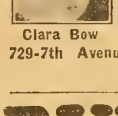
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I have seen Leatrice Joy in person, and she is just the same as she is on the screen. Her film to follow "The Angel of Broadway" will be "The Blue Danube." In "The Ten Commandments," Leatrice played *Mary Leigh* in the modern half of the film. She does not give her birth date.

CATHERINE DIEHL.—Of course I'll excuse you for asking questions. That is one thing about which I try never to get offended. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia, February 6, 1901. He has dark hair and blue eyes, and is five feet eleven in height. As he has been playing in pictures for several years, the list of his films is too long to give here. His more recent ones include "Winds of Chance," "The Pace That Thrills," "The New Commandment," "The Reckless Lady," "The Great Deception," "The Prince of Tempters," "The Perfect Sap," "High Hat," "Dance Magic," and "For the Love of Mike." Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France, twenty-six years ago. She is five feet two inches tall, and has dark-brown hair and dark-blue eyes. Her films during recent years have included "Man and Maid," "Parisian Nights," "The Big Parade," "La Bohème," "The Blackbird," "Tin Gods," "Blarney," "Heaven on Earth," "The Flaming Forest," "The Show," "Mr. Wu," and "On Ze Boulevard." If a star does not send his or her photograph on request, I do not know how you can get one.

MISS SAUCY.—I'm glad you do write me so often, and I hope you'll continue to be as saucy as ever. Marian Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin, October 20, 1904. She is five feet one in height, and weighs ninety-nine. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893. He is five feet nine inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty. Adolphe Menjou is five feet ten and one half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty-five. Adolphe was born in Pittsburgh, February 18, 1891. Dolores del Rio was born in Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905. I don't know her exact weight and height.

BILLIE DARE.—Well, you *might* tire me out, but that's not serious. Nowadays there are so many cure-alls for that tired feeling—if you believe the ads! Virginia Lee Corbin was born December 5, 1909. She is under contract to First National. Clara Bow arrived on earth July 29, 1905; her first screen appearance was in a bit in "Beyond the Rainbow," about four years ago. Gary Cooper's birth date was May 7, 1901. Louise Brooks is about twenty-one, "Buddy" Rogers twenty-two; I don't know either of their birthdays. October is a favorite birth month for screen stars, but there seems to be no movie birthday on the third. Vivian Rich hasn't been appearing on the screen lately. I'm all upset because I can't tell you anything about Douglas Gilmore; he is comparatively new to the screen, and all I know about him is that he has played in a few Metro-Goldwyn films, and in "Rough House Rosie" for Paramount. Try him at either studio.

BLUEBELLE.—So you think it's a comfort to have somebody to answer questions? That's fine. Now, every time Blue Monday comes along, I'll just cheer up, thinking, "Oh, well, I'm a comfort to Bluebelle." Florence Vidor's husband in "The World at Her Feet" was Arnold Kent, an Italian newcomer. The blond girl was Margaret Quimby. In "Sandy," *Douglas Keith* was played by Leslie Fenton; I haven't all the character names in the cast, but I assume that *Timmy* was Charles Farrell's rôle, and that Gloria Hope played *Judith*. Patsy Ruth Miller's biography gives her birthplace as St. Louis; however, Webster Groves is a suburb of that city. Players frequently give as their birthplace the city nearest to where they were actually born. Probably the old film you describe was "Beyond the Rainbow."

AN OKLAHOMAN.—Well, here is Donald Reed coming to the forefront! I have two letters together asking about him. His real name is Ernesto Guillen, and he was born in Mexico City. So many film stars come from there nowadays that I doubt if that place has any population left! Donald started on the screen under the name of Ernest Gillen, but I don't know what his early pictures were, as he was quite obscure then. Recently he has played in "Convoy" and "Naughty but Nice," and is now working in a Pathé serial. Art Acord and Jack Hoxie were both born in Oklahoma. I don't know of any star whose birthday is June 24th.

ANNA EUNIS.—Another Donald Reed admirer! Donald changed his name about a year ago. He has been playing in pictures about two years altogether. I don't know whether he went to college or not. See AN OKLAHOMAN.

C. A. V.—I'm covered with confusion—because I know so little about the players you ask about. Most of them are new, and I haven't yet learned all their life histories. George K. Arthur was born in Ealing, London—he doesn't say when. He is five feet six, weighs one hundred and forty-five, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. He is a Metro-Goldwyn player. Jean Alden works for Universal. Her real name is Marion Rice, and she won her Universal contract in April, 1926, as a prize for winning a beauty contest. Robert Ames is six feet tall, and is a blond. He was for a while under contract to DeMille, but has now returned to the stage. Don Alvarado is with United Artists.

AN EAGER FAN.—Well, you see your letter did reach me—was I supposed to write and let you know if it didn't? To find out whether a star sends out photographs free, write to the star and ask. I have to be tactful—you see, a star once said to me, "Yes, I do send photos free, but for heaven's sake, don't say so, because then no one would ever send a quarter with his request, and I can't afford that."

JEAN D. M.—Your hopes that I will get a raise have raised my hopes—but probably that's all that will come of it. It is only courtesy to inclose a quarter, or its equivalent, with your request for a star's photo. See the answer to AN EAGER FAN. In "The Light That Failed," *Maisie* was played by Sigrid Holmquist. Alice White is under contract to First National, but was lent to Paramount for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Write to Lupe Velez at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Jean Arthur has been playing in a serial, "The Masked Menace." You should be able to reach her at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California. Dorothy Coburn and Amber Norman are new to me.

JERSEY JUSTICE.—Do I call it service not to print Conway Tearle's address in PICTURE PLAY? No, I call that an unavoidable omission. Conway isn't playing in pictures much these days. The story about salaries in the November PICTURE PLAY explained why. He demands more money than most producers are willing to pay him. Address a letter to him just to Hollywood, California.

CONCEPTA MANZELLI.—Conway Tearle's address is a difficult problem. See the answer to JERSEY JUSTICE. Conway's latest picture is "Temptation Island," for Columbia. He free lances.

JERRY.—What an ambition, Jerry—to want to become a Picture Oracle! I don't know how that could be arranged, as there are only four or five of us, and none of us seems inclined to give up his job. We all got started by working on film magazines in editorial capacities. Louise La Grange has about dropped out of sight in the film world. Nance O'Neil may be reached care of Arthur Hopkins, 236 West 45th Street, New York City. I should doubtless be shot at sunrise if I published Gloria Swanson's home address—I don't know it, anyway.

Addresses of Players.

Richard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts, Lawrence Gray, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Kathryn Carver, Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Donald Keith, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal, Kathlyn Williams, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Fred Thomson, Margaret Quimby, Gary Cooper, James Hall, Douglas MacLean, William Powell, Bebe Daniels, Louise Brooks, Noah Beery, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and Margaret Morris, at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Rex Ingram, Gwen Lee, Roy d'Arcy, Antonio Moreno, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Sally O'Neil, Helena d'Algy, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Lars Hanson, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Natalie Kingston, Joyce Compton, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lola Todd, Art Acord, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Norman Kerry, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Rita Carita, Vera Reynolds, Majel Coleman, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Sally Rand, Elinor Fair, Jacqueline Logan, Kenneth Thomson, and Joseph Striker, at the Cecil DeMille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.

Lou Tellegen, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, Charles Farrell, Madge Bellamy, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chaplin, John Patrick, Dorothy Devore, May McAvoy, Warner Oland, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Hoxie, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ruth Hiatt, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Frankie Darro, Buzz Barton, Kit Guard, Al Cooke, at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1131 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nazimova, 8080 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Creighton Hale, Selig Studio, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, care of B. & H. Enterprises, 135 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Theodor von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

George Fawcett, care of The Lambs Club, West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Wallace MacDonald, 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

Marceline Day, 1337 North Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Bert Lytell, 8012 Waring Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Alice Calhoun, 626 South Lorraine Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.



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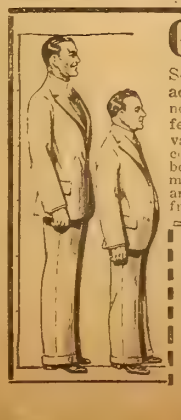
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